



JOHN DRYDEN

*From the Painting by James Maubert*

OXFORD EDITION

THE POEMS  
OF  
JOHN DRYDEN

EDITED WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND  
TEXTUAL NOTES

JOHN SARGEAUNT



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## INTRODUCTION

THE text of Dryden's poems as printed in England, whether in his own time or after his death, has never been in a satisfactory state. There is no edition wholly free from errors, and most editions contain many gross blunders. Only one of the editors has really collated the original editions, and even he seems not always to have compared Dryden's translations with the original works.

Badly as Dryden's editors have served him, the author himself is not wholly blameless. It was his misfortune that he could not always see his works through the press. Thus he was in Wiltshire while *Annuus Mirabilis* was printing, and before his return the book had come out and some copies had been sold. The list of errata, for which he found room on a fly-leaf, was so hurriedly made that itself is full of false references. But errors were more often due to Dryden's fault than to his misfortune. That he could be careful in correcting the press he showed in the case of the *Epistle to John Dryden*, a work for which he had a special affection, as the child of his old age and the encomium of his ancient race. But the last of his publications, the very volume which contains this epistle, has, in other poems, some glaring errors of the press. Some of these, and others in other works, were silently corrected in subsequent editions. It needed no Bentley to detect the husband of Eurydice in a line which Dryden allowed to appear in this form :

Had Orphans sung it in the neather Sphere.

But there are cases in which the true reading may reasonably be a matter of doubt. Thus in *Eleonora* the original text gives :

And some descending Courtier from above

Had giv'n her timely warning to remove.

The word 'Courtier', or, as Dryden would have said, the word of 'Courtier', was changed by Broughton into 'Courier', and Todd denounced the original reading as 'a laughable error of the press'. The original reading is defended by Christie and Dr. Saintsbury, and there is something to be said on either side. In *Palamon and Arcite* a line in the original appeared as

Rich Tap'stry spread the Streets and Flowers the Pots adorn.

The earlier editors changed 'Pots' into 'Posts', and, although Dr. Saintsbury prefers the original reading, the passage cited in my note seems to show that they were right.

Many of the poems were republished soon after Dryden's death, some in a collection and some in volumes of Miscellanies. Jacob Tonson, who had succeeded Herringman as Dryden's publisher, was also the publisher of these early posthumous editions. Whom he employed to see the books through the press does not appear. The work was not well done, and some of the corruptions which were then allowed to defile the text have appeared in every later edition. The first editor with a name was Thomas Broughton, who published two incomplete collections, one in 1741, the other in 1743. Broughton introduced new errors, and some of these have held their ground in the published texts. In 1760 four volumes of the poems appeared under the editorship of Samuel Derrick. Derrick, who in his poetical character is the louse of Johnson's famous epigram, as an editor is styled by Dr. Saintsbury 'the accursed'. What right Dr. Saintsbury had to throw this stone will appear hereafter. That Derrick deserved it is unhappily true. In his edition the game of corruption went merrily on. Not satisfied with accidental errors, Derrick took upon himself to alter Dryden's text, and always altered it for the worse. From his volumes other editions were printed, and in spite of the boasts of later editors, some of his abominations are still printed as the genuine work of Dryden.

In 1808 appeared Walter Scott's complete edition of the works of Dryden. It was unfortunate that the great poet and man of letters hardly suspected the existence of corruption in the text. It is astonishing that he should have passed many passages which on the face of them did not make sense. Nor was there much improvement in the Wartons' edition of 1811. To one of the poems in it were appended some notes by Todd, a textual critic of some capacity, who corrected a few, but only a few, of Derrick's mistakes. Mitford's Aldine edition of 1832 is bad, and was hardly made better by Mr. Richard Hooper, who claims to have revised it in 1866 and again in 1891. Mr. Richard Bell's edition, which appeared in 1854, was quite in Derrick's manner, and added many fresh errors to a corrupt text. And so the melancholy tale goes on.

The first, and, down to the present century, the only serious attempt to present a correct text was made by William Dougal Christie. His edition, which does not contain the translations

from Greek and Latin poets, appeared in 1870. Christie had zeal and industry, and was a man of undoubted ability. He was at the pains to consult and in some cases to collate the original editions. That his collation was not as complete or as accurate as he implies is evident from the errors which he allowed to stand in his text. In fact, some evil spirit seems to have dogged the steps of Dryden's editors, and may well raise apprehension in one who ventures to add himself to their number. Some of the blunders in Christie's text are so absurd, so ruinous to sense, that it is hard to see how he passed them even without a collation, and inconceivable that he could have left them if once a collation had called his attention to them. As an editor he had two faults: he was not sure in judgement, and he seems to have had no ear. When Dryden wrote

If they, through Sickness, seldom did appear,  
Pity the Virgins of each Theatre!

Christie remarks that 'Theatre' was pronounced with the *a* long. When Dryden wrote

An Universal Metempsychosis,

Christie gives a stress both to the penultimate and to the antepenultimate of the last word in the line. From a line in *The Wife of Bath's Tale*,

But, not to hold our Proffer in Scorn,

a syllable has undoubtedly dropt out. Christie filled the gap with a word which gives no sense. This lack of judgement sometimes makes it doubtful whether he carelessly followed an error of his predecessors, or actually misunderstood his text. An example may be found in the line from *Cymon and Iphigenia* which is cited below. Christie's want of ear, very manifest in his notes, made him overlook some errors which would certainly have roused Dryden's indignation.

Scott's edition was republished in 1883 and the following years as revised and corrected by Dr. George Saintsbury. However well Dr. Saintsbury may have deserved of Dryden in other respects, it must be regretfully declared that his work on the text was worse than useless. It is true that in some of the poems his text is a great improvement on Scott's, but the improvement is due, not to Dr. Saintsbury, but to Christie. Dr. Saintsbury acknowledges to some extent his obligation to his predecessor, but he claims to have made a collation of the original editions. It



is unfortunate that he should have used a phrase which well might be, and actually has been, misunderstood. He has been taken to mean that he had throughout collated his text with the original editions. This was not the case. It must be clear to one who really has made the collation that Dr. Saintsbury cannot have meant more than that he had verified the corrections which Christie mentioned in his notes. It follows that, where Scott and Christie agree in an error, that error, however monstrous and palpable, is usually reproduced by Dr. Saintsbury. A few instances will suffice. In Stanza 23 of *Annus Mirabilis*, Dryden wrote and printed :

So reverently Men quit the open air,  
When Thunder speaks the angry Gods abroad.

This remained the text in both the editions published in Dryden's lifetime. After his death the first word of the second line was corrupted into 'Where', much to the detriment of the text, and 'Where' it remained for two hundred years. It is 'Where' in Christie's text, and consequently it is 'Where' in Dr. Saintsbury's. The error was the more unpardonable that Dryden was proud enough of his simile to reproduce it in his contemporary play of *The Maiden Queen* :

As, when it thunders,  
Men reverently quit the open air  
Because the angry gods are then abroad.

Here Dr. Saintsbury prints his text correctly with no corruption of 'then' into 'there'. The same poem presents us with an error infinitely worse. In Stanza 224, Dryden, after picturing the ghosts of traitors as descending from London Bridge and dancing round the Fire of London, goes on thus :

Our Guardian Angel saw them where he sate  
Above the Palace of our slumbring King.

In the Miscellany Poems, published after Dryden's death, 'he' was turned into 'they', and this piece of egregious nonsense figures in all subsequent English editions, even in Christie's and consequently in Dr. Saintsbury's. It appears even where special care should have been taken to secure sense, in Mr. Humphry Ward's *English Poets*. The editors did not stay to ask themselves why the ghosts should have mounted to the roof of Whitehall, how they could dance in a place so unfit for the exercise, or by

what supernatural duplicity they could at the same moment sit on the ridge of the Palace and dance round the Fire.

Another curious error may be quoted from *Cymon and Iphigenia*. The poet, in describing the effect of Love upon one whom he calls a 'Man-Beast', a human being

Above, but just above, the Brutal kind,

declares that

- Love made an active Progress through his Mind,  
The dusky Parts he clear'd, the gross refin'd,  
The drowsy wak'd; and as he went impress'd  
The Maker's Image on the human Beast.

So the lines appear in the first and only contemporary edition. The last word was afterwards corrupted into 'Breast'. This piece of nonsense with its absurd suggestion of tattooing is printed in Christie's text and consequently in Dr. Saintsbury's

Since Christie did not print Dryden's translations from the ancient poets, Dr. Saintsbury had here no help from his predecessors. He does indeed remark that liberties have been taken with the text and implies that he has taken pains 'to note them singly'. That he has done so I cannot perceive except in one instance, and even there he leaves the error in his text. Of the errors which he has not corrected some are very unfortunate. Thus Ovid has a passage which Dryden correctly rendered:

Nor cou'd thy Form, O *Cyllarus*, foreslow  
Thy Fate; (if Form to Monsters Men allow.)

The regret that qualities, mental or physical, do not save one from death is a commonplace of ancient poetry. Yet here the editors unanimously change 'foreslow' into 'foreshow'. What sense the lines might then have would certainly not have been known to Dryden or to Ovid. In one of the versions from Lucretius there is a line which points the contrast between the brief life of Homer and the eternity of his *Iliad*. As Dryden wrote and printed it, the line ran:

Th' immortal Work remains, the mortal author's gone.

Will it be believed that the English editors print 'immortal' instead of 'mortal'?

Since the English editors have ignored Dryden's own texts, it can hardly be expected that they should have consulted the

originals of his translations. Nor have they. They have so changed the text as to display their ignorance both of their poet and of his authorities. Dryden translated the Twenty-ninth Ode of the Third Book of Horace, and prefixt to it the correct title. His English editors, one and all, change 'third' into 'first'. One only remarks that 'first' ought to be third, and even he leaves the error in his text because he supposed it was Dryden's.

When Juvenal wrote

veniet cum signatoribus auspex,  
and Dryden wrote and printed

The Publick Notaries and *Auspex* wait,

the English editors print 'Haruspex', an emendation which makes the scansion harsh in Dryden and impossible in Juvenal. They seem to have desired to display their learning, since at a Roman marriage in Juvenal's time the augur did not use birds for divination. But their learning goes astray, for, as often happens, the old name outlived the change.

Occasionally Dr. Saintsbury following Scott, who himself followed a bad text, has printed a reading other than Christie's. His variations are sometimes for the worse. Thus in the second part of *Absalom and Achitophel*, when Monmouth suggests that Shaftesbury's motives are self-interested, the Earl replies in effect that, if this be so, there is all the more reason why Monmouth should trust him, since his interest lies all in Monmouth's advancement.

Royal Youth, fix here,  
Let Int'rest be the Star by which I Steer.  
Hence to repose your Trust in Me was wise,  
Whose Int'rest most in your Advancement lies.

The lines may be Tate's but were at least passed by Dryden. Here it is plain that 'let' is used in the sense of 'assume'. An edition published after the deaths of both authors changed 'I' into 'you', taking 'let' in a hortative sense. This illogical reading is deliberately preferred by Dr. Saintsbury.

In some forms used by Dryden his editors have made changes without system and without justification. He uses according to the sense and the sound either 'them' or 'em'. The latter has sometimes been allowed to stand, and has sometimes been altered. It may be that Dryden was not always careful in his use, but there are clear cases where his choice was deliberate. He was doubtless

not aware that the two words are etymologically different, but his choice must be respected. A line in the *Epistle to John Dryden* is thus printed by most editors :

Who, while thou shar'st their lustre, lend'st them thine.

This is not what Dryden wrote, nor could he have been guilty of such a cacophony. Again, he chose to write 'ev'n', but Mr. Hooper invariably prints 'e'en'.

These restorations of the text are such as Dryden's editors might with reasonable industry have succeeded in making. There is, however, one problem of which they never suspected the existence. My friend, Mr. Henry B. Wheatley, discovered that what profess to be copies of the first edition of *Absalom and Achitophel* differ from one another. His discovery led me to the solution of a point which had much puzzled me. In Stanza 105 of *Annus Mirabilis*, the copy of the first edition which I first collated gave a text which has escaped the notice of all editors. An examination of other copies showed me why, for these copies did not give it. Moreover, these copies had a list of errata which the other had not. What must have happened is this. When Dryden came back from Wiltshire after the publication of the poem, he saw for himself, or was told by others, that his lines would give great offence and might even be accused of blasphemy. In those copies which had not been sold he was at the charge of cancelling a sheet in order to give an inoffensive version of the lines. Observing that there was a blank page at the end of the Preface, he printed on it a list of such errors as 'by mistaken words have corrupted' the text. Something of the same kind must have happened in the case of other poems, but it is obviously impossible to collate all existing copies.

After the copy of the present text, together with the first draft of this Introduction, was in the hands of the press, there appeared at Cambridge, Massachusetts, the first scholarly edition of the poems. The editor, Dr. George Noyes, has made a complete collation of the original texts, and has removed by far the larger number of the defacing errors. Most of the cases in which he has overlooked an error are of small importance, as when in the line

What is't to thee if he neglect thy Urn?

he prints 'neglects' for 'neglect', or when in the line

The Fiend, thy Sire, has sent thee from below,

he prints 'hath' for 'has'. There are, however, cases in which he has followed our predecessors in altering the original text without, as it seems to me, just cause. It may be that this deviation has not been intentional. Thus, when Dryden printed

Not all the Wealth of Eastern Kings, said she,  
Have Pow'r to part my plighted Love and me:

the Cambridge editor prints 'Has' for 'Have'. Here the assumption of a misprint seems highly improbable. The irregular construction, called by Dr. Abbott 'the confusion of proximity', is common and natural. It is paralleled by the taunt thrown at Antony by Cassius in Shakespeare's play:

The posture of your blows are yet unknown.

Another case in which a misprint has been unduly assumed occurs in *Baucis and Philemon*:

Heav'ns Pow'r is infinite: Earth, Air, and Sea,  
The Manufacture Mass, the making Pow'r obey.

The change of 'Manufacture' into 'Manufactur'd' may seem plausible, but before it can be accepted there must be some evidence that the verb or participle was used precisely in this sense. The *New English Dictionary* supplies no such evidence. The verb was new in Dryden's time, but the noun had been in use for some time, and sometimes had the sense, now obsolete, of handicraft. Its attributive use in the present passage may be harsh, but it can be justified by analogy, and in all probability the original text is right.

Again, there are instances in the Translations where a reference to the translated work shows that the editor's silent alterations of the original text are mistaken. Thus when Dryden printed

More grateful to the sight than goodly Planes,

a reference to Ovid's 'platano conspectior alta' shows that the alteration of 'Planes' into 'plains' is a clear error. Nor is it easy to see what sense the Cambridge editor attaches to a passage in Persius when in Dryden's

There boast thy Horse's Trappings, and thy own:

he substitutes 'Their' for 'There'. This line is, as it happens, given correctly in most of the English editions.

In the matter of spelling the Cambridge editor has occasionally introduced forms for which I find no warrant in the original texts. Thus he prints 'color'd' where the original gives 'colour'd'. Moreover, he seems to have made insufficient allowance for Dryden's love of his own Northamptonshire speech. In some cases his alterations obscure the rhyme. Thus when Dryden printed

A Tuft of Daisies on a flow'ry Lay

They saw, and thitherward they bent their way :

there can be no justification for changing 'Lay' into 'lea', though it is only natives who know that the word is still 'lay', not 'lea', in Dryden's own village. Again, such a form as 'smoother'd' should not be ejected in favour of 'smother'd'. Yet again it is not easy to see why such phonetic forms as 'pact' and 'tane' should give way to 'pack'd' and 'ta'en', the latter a bad representative of a monosyllable. I should add that on the other hand in finally revising the text, I have seen reason to abandon some original readings which I once thought capable of defence, and that I have occasionally corrected an error which I had at first overlooked.

The matter of spelling opens a difficult question. It must be admitted that Dryden was neither careful nor consistent. We cannot always tell whether the spelling was his own or his printer's. We may fairly ascribe to him certain letters which indicate a pronunciation. Usually he wrote 'salvage' rather than 'savage', with a sound in the first syllable such as we give to 'calves'. It is not likely that here he was under Italian influence, for this would imply a theory, and of theory he was clearly guiltless. He wrote 'agen' when he wished to pronounce the word as we do, but, if he desired the diphthong, as poets sometimes do, he wrote 'again'. Christie regarded some of Dryden's spellings as repulsive, for instance, 'eugh' for 'yew' and 'ghess' for 'guess', though the form 'ghess' is more phonetic than our own. Dr. Saintsbury modernizes the spelling unless there be strong reason to the contrary, and sometimes when there is. Thus on the line

The Theatres are Berries for the Fair

he complains that Scott has obscured the sense for modern readers by printing 'berries', which is Dryden's word, and himself prints 'burrows'. This is worse than obscuring the sense, it is

corrupting it. The word 'berry' does not mean a burrow, but a collection of burrows or warren. It still has that sense in Dryden's own county, and in this place is a much more appropriate word. This, at any rate, is not one of those modernizings of which, according to Dr. Saintsbury, Dryden would have approved. That he would have approved of some cannot in face of the Preface to the *Fables* lightly be denied. Still, it must be remembered that a pious adherence to Dryden's wishes is not always possible. It would, in face of the same Preface, have prevented Dr. Saintsbury from republishing some of the Plays. The reader is entitled to know what Dryden passed in the press. Moreover, with a simplified spelling, some of his forms may return into use. Some of them are more rational and phonetic than our own. We write 'her sex's arts', thus pretending to have dropt a vowel which we in fact pronounce. Dryden's 'her Sexes Arts' is better, but he does not always observe this use. Nor does he always keep such better spellings as 'woolf', 'mold', 'sute', 'scepter', 'sheckle'. His 'indew'd' is nearer to speech than our 'endued'. It is true that some of his spellings leave the sense ambiguous, but here editors have not always improved matters by making a choice. Thus Dryden printed

'Old as I am, for Ladies Love unfit.

Here Warton printed 'Ladies' and Christie 'Lady's'. Since Dryden undoubtedly had in mind a line of Horace, it is certain that here Christie is wrong, but there are cases where there well may be a doubt. Again, Dryden sometimes uses the apostrophe not only in the genitive singular but also, where it is etymologically or less correct, in the nominative plural. He writes it especially in words that end in 'a', whether English or foreign. Thus we have 'Sea's', 'Epocha's', and 'Idea's', all as nominatives. There seems no valid reason for altering these forms. There is certainly none where the changed spelling obscures a rhyme or a scansion. In the Epilogue to *Tyrannick Love*, the editors make Dryden rhyme 'slattern' with 'Catherine', though he printed neither of these words in this form. In this edition no spelling has been altered except in the case of undoubted misprints, nor then without a note.

Most editors have taken on themselves to correct Dryden's Greek, changing for instance his εὔρεκα into ἡύρηκα. But with this form the line will not, as we pronounce Greek, scan as Dryden scanned it. The truth is that Dryden's master, the great Busby,

mistook, like some good people of our own times, the mark of accent for a mark of stress. Like a modern Greek, and unlike an ancient Greek, he made no difference in pronunciation between ἵπεκα and ἡῖπεκα. In proper names Dryden is not consistent in its use, falling sometimes under the influence of Latin. On the one

But *Iphigenia* is the Ladies care

Dr. Saintsbury has a note to express his hope that Dryden did not scan the name as *Iphigenia*, and adds that 'it is not impossible'. Nearly the implication is that Dryden was guilty of a false quantity. That he did so scan the name is not only possible but certain, but his fault was no mistake of the quantity, but adherence to a mistaken theory. It is characteristic of the want of thought displayed by Dryden's editors that they should either never have noticed that he said *Cleomēnes* and *Hippodamia*, or else not have asked themselves why he did so. And so the poor poet has no answer for his editors' errors as well as for his own. Thus he wrote and printed :

*Aetion* Heir, who on the Woody Plain  
Of *Hippoplacus* did in *Thebe* reign,

But Dr. Saintsbury takes on himself to print '*Aetion's*', saying in a note that '*Aetion's*' would be a better form, but that Dryden probably meant to write '*Aetion's*'. But, if Dryden meant what is wrong, why was he at the pains to print what is right? Why should a false diphthong be foisted on him, when he took trouble to print the mark of diaeresis? It is true that Dryden's Greek was not unexceptionable. His '*Hippoplacus*' involves no less than three errors. His editors by printing '*Hypoplacus*' get rid of one, and seem to show that they have not noticed the other two. One cannot blame an editor who changes Dryden's '*Caledonian*' into '*Calydonian*', but if in an incorrect text of Ovid Dryden found '*Alyxothoe*', there seems no reason for printing the correct form. Dryden wrote, as he had a right to do, '*Perithous*', a form of as sound Latin as the '*Pirithous*', upon which his editors insist. On his faults in this kind his editors have been severe, but, as they have failed to perceive some of them, they have turned their barbs against themselves. When Dryden erred not from the acceptance of a wrong theory, nor, if that be an error, from the desire to put his Greek names into an English dress, but from sheer ignorance,



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his editors for the same reason have failed to correct him. There is an ugly and glaring example in his quotation of the first line of the *Iliad*. He wrote *μήνω*, and *μήνω* it is in all the editions. He would not mind much if his errors were pointed out to him, but he would rather his editors corrected him when he was wrong than when he was not.

Again, most editors have robbed Dryden of his italics. His employment of them, apart from the habitual use in proper names, is not perhaps always happy, but the reader should be allowed to know what he printed. His italics are used sometimes for emphasis, sometimes to show, as in the case of *Ogden* and *Parterre*, that a word was not fully naturalized. There is an interesting and exceptional case in *Palamon and Arcite*, where he wrote

A Virgin-Widow and a *Mourning Bride*.

The English editors print without capitals or italics. It might be thought that they had never heard of Congreve. At any rate, they deprive the dramatist of the compliment which Dryden meant to pay him. It may be that as literature the line is better without the allusion, but, as Dr. Saintsbury, better in his theory than in his practice, once remarks, we are entitled 'to read what Dryden wrote and not what some forgotten pedant thought that Dryden should have written'. Of Dryden's poems some few of those which were prefixed to plays or other works were printed in italics. In this case the italicized words, if we may so call them, were printed in the roman type.

Again, Dryden is entitled to his marks of elision. Dr. Saintsbury drops them on the ground that they are 'a conventional form, now disused, of indicating what Dryden calls "synalaepha", and not affecting the actual scansion'. But it is pretty clear that, unlike Milton, and probably unlike the ancient Greeks, Dryden actually did in speech drop the elided vowel. Dr. Saintsbury holds that 'slurring, not elision, is proper to English'. That may be so, but, if so, Dryden did what is not proper to English, and the reader is entitled to know what Dryden wrote, and not what Dr. Saintsbury thinks that 'Dryden should have written'.

In the matter of punctuation Dryden was often very careless, though it is clear that he was by no means indifferent. Of the first edition of *Annus Mirabilis*, he complains that false stops 'confounded the sense'. Of another poem he complained that the printer had served him ill, and to the printer he seems often

to have left his punctuation, the more that he was often pressed for time in correcting the press. To find his principles of punctuation we must take some work to which he gave special care. Such a work is the *Epistle to John Dryden*, of which he was greatly but not unduly proud. A comparison of the text below, with other editions, or with modern usage, will show what Dryden meant his stops to convey. If no poet in the highest sense of the word, he was at least a surpassing rhetorician, and his stops are a guide to reading aloud. They may not mark the logical divisions of a sentence, but they do indicate the places where a skilful reader would choose to pause. Thus in the third line Christie prints

Who, studying peace and shunning civil rage,  
whereas Dryden printed :

Who studying Peace, and shunning Civil Rage,  
where the comma, if not logical, is the reader's guide. Again,  
where Christie gives

Even then industrious of the common good ;  
Dryden has

Ev'n then, industrious of the Common Good ;  
where the comma marks an emphasis and a consequent pause. Where there is evidence of careless proof-reading the stops in this edition have been altered, but not without a note.

In any case Dryden's English editors are the last people who can quarrel with the punctuation in this volume. Again and again they have so altered Dryden's stops as to deprive his lines of all sense. The opening lines of the Prologue to *Tyrannick Love* present us with an admirable contrast, and were printed by Dryden almost as we should print them to-day. The sole difference is the use of two parenthesis marks for two commas. As the editors print them they appear thus :

Self-love, which, never rightly understood,  
Makes poets still conclude their plays are good,  
And malice in all critics reigns so high,  
That for small errors they the whole decry.

In this form the lines have neither construction nor sense. ' Self-love ' is a subject without a verb, and ' understood ' is a participle

without a meaning. Mr. Hooper and Dr. Saintsbury, even Christie no less, have not seen that 'understood' is a verb. 'The printer,' said Dryden on one occasion, 'is a beast.' To what would he have compared the editor? The printer, poor soul, had Dryden's handwriting to wrestle with, yet in this and in many other instances the printer was right until the editor came with his ineradicable predilection for absolute nonsense.

The English editors of Dryden, except Christie, who did not cover the whole ground, even of the poems, have always begun at the wrong end. Eager to annotate and criticize their author, they have been at no pains to ascertain what their author wrote. It follows that some of their efforts have been sadly beside the mark. Thus Scott wrote and Dr. Saintsbury repeated a note on a line in one of the translations from Horace, which, being based upon a false reading, is absolutely mistaken. Again, in one of the versions from Ovid, Scott, by accidentally omitting a line, has given cause to some amusing or exasperating futility. Dr. Saintsbury, instead of referring to the original text, assumes that Scott's was right, and finding a line with none to rhyme with it resorts to misplaced and impossible conjectures. He even complains that Dryden's version is so free that the original gives no help. This is not the fact, nor near the fact. Ovid's lines are

Et secum tenui suspirans murmura dicat,  
Ut puto, non poteris ipsa referre vicem.  
Tum de te narret, tum persuadentia verba  
Addat, et insano iuret amore mori.

In Dr. Saintsbury's text this is represented by

And sighing make his mistress understand  
She has the means of vengeance in her hand;  
And swear thou languishest and diest for her.

It needs little scholarship to see that the English, which is at least as close as is usual in Dryden's version, has no representative of the third line in the Latin. The two phrases of that line are well represented by the line which Dr. Saintsbury omits,

Then naming thee thy humble suit prefer.

It would be hard to name a more serious fault in a textual critic than that which Dr. Saintsbury has here committed.

Another case where a misprint has led to misplaced annotation

and false emendations occurs in *Mac Flecknoe*, l. 185. Christie prints :—

But so transfused as oil on waters flow,

and repeats this as the reading of 'all the early editions'. He defends the false grammar on the strange ground that 'the verb is made plural following the plural noun'. Earlier editors changed the text to 'oil and water', and some later ones, accepting Christie's report, have printed this impossible alteration. But Christie's report is not true. The first edition gives

But so transfus'd as Oyls on Waters flow,

and this is the only reading that gives any sense.

That the present text should be wholly free from errors is more than can be hoped, but it is at least more correct than any printed in our own country. It does not contain Dryden's translations from Virgil, which are long enough for a separate volume. For another reason it excludes one version from Theocritus and one from Lucretius. Nor has room been found for a few poems which have at various times without authority or probability been attributed to Dryden. On the other hand, it has been thought well to reprint such of the songs in the plays as could be detached from their context.

My best thanks are due to my friend, Mr. Henry B. Wheatley, for the loan of first editions and for generous help on the bibliography, and to the Secretaries of the Clarendon Press, the Reader, and the Printers, who have done their best to save me from errors. Such errors as remain must be ascribed to me alone.

The notes are intended to record, with defined exceptions, the cases in which this text differs from the original editions. The exceptions are indisputable misprints, such as 'pobability' for 'probability', though some of these have been recorded, false stops, where the printer, not the author, was clearly in fault, and false capitals in the same case.

WESTMINSTER, 1910.



A  
P. O E M  
UPON THE  
D E A T H  
O F  
His Late Highness,  
O L I V E R,  
Lord Protector  
O F  
E N G L A N D, S C O T L A N D, & I R E L A N D.

---

*Written by Mr. Dryden.*

---

L O N D O N,  
Printed for *William Wilson*; and are to be sold in  
*Well-Yard, near Little St. Bartholomew's*  
*Hospital, 1659.*



HEROICK STANZA'S,  
 CONSECRATED TO THE MEMORY OF<sup>5</sup>  
 HIS HIGHNESS,  
 OLIVER,  
 LATE LORD PROTECTOR  
 OF THIS  
 COMMONWEALTH, &c.

WRITTEN AFTER THE CELEBRATING OF HIS FUNERAL.

<sup>1</sup>  
 AND now 'tis time ; for their officious haste,  
 Who would before have born him to the  
 Sky,  
 Like eager *Romans* e'er all Rites were past,  
 Did let too soon the sacred Eagle fly.

<sup>2</sup>  
 Though our best Notes are Treason to his  
 Fame,  
 Join'd with the loud Applause of publick  
 Voice,  
 Since Heaven, what Praise we offer to his  
 Name,  
 Hath render'd too Authentick by its  
 Choice.

<sup>3</sup>  
 Though in his Praise no Arts can liberal be,  
 Since they, whose Muses have the highest  
 flown,  
 Add not to his Immortal Memory ;  
 But do an Act of Friendship to their own.

<sup>4</sup>  
 Yet 'tis our Duty and our Interest too,  
 Such Monuments as we can build, to raise ;  
 Lest all the World prevent what we shou'd do,  
 And claim a Title in him by their Praise.

<sup>5</sup>  
 How shall I then begin, or where conclude,  
 To draw a Fame so truly Circular ?  
 For in a Round, what Order can be shew'd,  
 Where all the Parts so equal perfect are ?

<sup>6</sup>  
 His Grandeur he derived from Heav'n alone,  
 For he was great, e'er Fortune made him so ;  
 And Wars, like Mists that rise against the Sun,  
 Made him but greater seem, not greater  
 grow.

<sup>7</sup>  
 No borrow'd Bays his Temples did adorn,  
 But to our Crown he did fresh Jewels  
 bring ;  
 Nor was his Vertue poison'd, soon as born,  
 With the too early Thoughts of being  
 King.

<sup>8</sup>  
 Fortune (that easie Mistress of the Young,  
 But to her ancient Servants coy and hard)  
 Him, at that Age, her Favourites ranked  
 among,  
 When she her best-lov'd *Pompey* did dis-  
 card.

<sup>9</sup>  
 He, private, marked the Faults of others  
 Sway,  
 And set as Sea-marks for himself to shun ;  
 Not like rash Monarchs, who their Youth  
 betray  
 By Acts their Age too late wou'd wish un-  
 done.

<sup>10</sup>  
 And yet Dominion was not his Design ;  
 We owe that Blessing not to him, but  
 Heav'n,  
 Which to fair Acts unsought Rewards did join,  
 Rewards that less to him, than us, were  
 giv'n.

11  
Our former Chiefs, like Sticklers of the War,  
First sought t' inflame the Parties, then to  
poise :

The Quarrel lov'd, but did the Cause abhor,  
And did not strike to hurt, but make a noise.

12  
War, our Consumption, was their gainful  
Trade ;  
We inward bled, whilst they prolong'd our  
Pain ;  
He fought to end our Fighting, and assay'd  
To stench the Blood by breathing of the  
Vein.

13  
Swift and resistless through the Land he  
pass'd,  
Like that bold Greek, who did the East  
subdue ;  
And made to Battels such Heroick Haste,  
As if on Wings of Victory he flew.

14  
He fought, secure of Fortune, as of fame ;  
Till by new Maps, the Island might be  
shown,  
Of Conquests, which he strew'd where-e'er  
he came,  
Thick as the *Galaxy* with Stars is sown.

15  
His palms, tho' under Weights they did not  
stand,  
Still thriv'd ; no Winter could his Laurels  
fade :  
Heaven in his Portraict shew'd a Work-man's  
Hand  
And drew it perfect, yet without a Shade.

16  
Peace was the Prize of all his Toil and Care,  
Which War had banish'd and did now  
restore :  
*Bologna's* walls thus mounted in the Air,  
Tosent themselves more surely than before.

17  
Her Safety, rescued *Ireland*, to him owes ;  
And treacherous *Scotland*, to no Int'rest  
true,  
Yet bless'd that Fate which did his Arms  
dispose,  
Her Land to civilize, as to subdue.

18  
Nor was he like those Stars which only shine,  
When to pale Mariners they Storms port-  
tend :

He had his calmer Influence, and his *Mien*  
Did Love and Majesty together blend

19  
Tis true, his Count'nance did imprint an Awe,  
And naturally all Souls to his did bow ;  
As Wands of Divination downward draw,  
And point to Beds where Sov'rain Gold  
doth grow.

20  
When, past all Off'rings to *Pheretrian Jove*,  
He *Mars* depos'd and Arms to Gowns  
made yield,  
Successful Counsels did him soon approve  
As fit for close Intrigues as open Field.

21  
To suppliant *Holland* he vouchsaf'd a Peace,  
Our once bold Rival in the *British* Main,  
Now tamely glad her unjust Claim to cease,  
And buy our Friendship with her Idol,  
Gain.

22  
Fame of th' asserted Sea, through *Europe*  
blown,  
Made *France* and *Spain* ambitious of his  
Love ;  
Each knew that Side must conquer, he wou'd  
own ;  
And for him fiercely, as for Empire, strove.

23  
No sooner was the *French*-Man's Cause em-  
brace'd,  
Than the light *Monsieur* the grave *Don*  
out-weigh'd :  
His Fortune turn'd the Scale where-e'er  
'twas cast,  
Tho' *Indian* mines were in the other laid.

24  
When absent, yet we conquer'd in his Right ;  
For tho' some meaner Artist's Skill were  
shown,  
In mingling Colours, or in placing Light,  
Yet still the *fair* Designment was his own.

25  
For from all Tempers he cou'd Service draw  
The worth of each, with its Alloy, he knew ;  
And, as the Confident of Nature, saw  
How she Complexions did divide and brew.

14 4 is] are *1699*.

16.3 *Bologna's*] Dryden's spelling of *Bologna*.

26  
Or he their single Vertues did survey,  
By Intuition, in his own large Breast,  
Where all the rich *Idea's* of them lay,  
That were the Rule and Measure to the rest.

27  
When such Heroick Vertue Heaven sets out,  
The Stars, like Commons, sullenly obey;  
Because it drains them, when it comes about;  
And therefore is a Tax they seldom pay.

28  
From this high Spring, our Foreign Con-  
quests flow,  
Which yet more glorious Triumphs do  
portend;  
Since their Commencement to his Arms they  
owe,  
If Springs as high as Fountains may ascend.

29  
He made us Free-men of the Continent,  
Whom Nature did like Captives treat  
before;  
To nobler Preys the *English* Lion sent,  
And taught him first in *Belgian* Walks to  
roar.

30  
That old unquestion'd Pirate of the Land,  
Proud *Rome*, with Dread the Fate of *Dun-*  
*kirk* heard;  
And trembling, wish'd behind more *Alps* to  
stand,  
Although an *Alexander* were her Guard.

31  
By his Command we boldly cross'd the Line  
And bravely fought where Southern Stars  
arise;  
We trac'd the far-fetched Gold unto the *Mine*,  
And that which brib'd our Fathers, made  
our Prize. G

32  
Such was our Prince, yet own'd a Soul above  
The highest Acts it could produce to show:  
Thus poor Mechanick Arts in Publick move,  
Whilst the deep Secrets beyond Practice  
go.

33  
Nor dy'd he when his Ebbing Fame went  
less,  
But when fresh Laurels courted him to  
live:  
He seem'd but to prevent some new Success,  
As if above what Triumphs Earth could  
give.

34  
His latest Victories still thickest came,  
As near the Centre, Motion does increase;  
Till he, press'd down by his own weighty  
Name,  
Did, like the Vestal, under Spoils de cease.

35  
But first, the Ocean, as a tribute, sent  
That Giant-Prince of all her Watry Herd;  
And th' Isle, when her protecting *Genius*  
went,  
Upon his Obsequies loud Sighs conferr'd.

36  
No Civil Broils have since his Death arose,  
But Faction now, by Habit, does obey;  
And Wars have that Respect for his Repose,  
As winds for *Halcyons* when they breed at  
Sea.

37  
His Ashes in a Peaceful Urn shall rest,  
His Name a great Example stands to  
show,  
How strangely high Endeavours may be  
bless'd,  
Where Piety and Valour jointly go

[Title-page of First Edition]

Altræa Redux.

A

P O E M

On the Happy

Restoration & Return

Of His Sacred Majesty

Charles the Second.

By JOHN DRYDEN.

Sam. Keadis & Virgo, Redempti Saturnia Regna. Virgil.

L O N D O N,

June 19<sup>th</sup>

Printed by J. M. for Henry Herringman, and are to be sold at his Shop, at the Blcw-Anchor, in the lower Walk of the New-Exchange, 1660. June 19

[Title-page of Second Edition.]

ASTRÆA REDUX'  
A  
P O E M  
On the Happy  
Restoration and Return.  
Of His Sacred Majesty  
Charles the Second.

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By JOHN DRIDEN.

---

*Jam redit & Virgo, redeunt Saturnia Regna. Virgil.*

---

L O N D O N,

Printed for Henry Herringman, and sold by Jacob Tonson  
at the Judges-Head in Chancery-lane. 1688

# Afræa Redux.

A

## P O E M

On the Happy Restoration and Return of His  
Sacred MAJESTY

Charles the Second.

Now with a general Peace the World was blest,  
While Ours, a World divided from the rest,  
A dreadful Quiet felt, and worse far  
Than Armes, a sullen Interval of War:  
Thus, when black Clouds draw down the  
lab'ring Skies,  
Ere yet abroad the winged Thunder flies,  
An horrid Stillness first invades the ear,  
And in that silence We the Tempest fear.  
Th' ambitious *Swede* like restless Billows tost  
On this hand gaining what on that he lost,  
Though in his life he Blood and Ruine  
breath'd,  
To his now guideless Kingdom Peace be-  
queath'd; [Fate,  
And Heaven, that seem'd regardless of our  
For *France* and *Spain* did Miracles create,  
Such mortal Quarrels to compose in Peace  
As Nature bred and Int'rest did encrease.  
We sigh'd to hear the fair *Iberian* Bride  
Must grow a Lillie to the Lilies side, [bed  
While Our cross Stars deny'd us *Charles* his  
Whom Our first Flames and Virgin Love did  
wed.  
For his long absence Church and State did  
groan; [Throne:  
Madness the Pulpit, Faction seiz'd the  
Experienc'd Age in deep despair was lost  
To see the Rebel thrive, the Loyal crost:  
Youth that with Joys had unacquainted been  
Env'y'd gray hairs that once good Days had  
seen: [content,  
We thought our Sires, not with their own  
Had ere we came to age our Portion spent.  
Nor could our Nobles hope their bold Attempt  
Who ruined Crowns would Coronets exempt:  
For when by their designing Leaders taught  
To strike at Pow'r which for themselves they  
sought,

The vulgar gull'd into Rebellion, arm'd,  
Their blood to action by the Prize was  
warm'd;  
The Sacred Purple then and Scarlet Gown,  
Like sanguine Dye, to Elephants was shewn.  
Thus when the bold *Typhoeus* scal'd the Sky  
And forc'd great *Jove* from his own Heaven  
to fly,  
(What King, what Crown from Treasons  
reach is free,  
If *Jove* and *Heaven* can violated be?), 40  
The lesser Gods that shar'd his prosperous  
State  
All suffer'd in the Exil'd Thunderer's Fate.  
The Rabble now such Freedom did enjoy,  
As Winds at Sea, that use it to destroy:  
Blind as the *Cyclops*, and as wild as he,  
They own'd a lawless savage Libertie,  
Like that our painted Ancestors so priz'd  
Ere Empire's Arts their Breasts had Civiliz'd.  
How Great were then Our *Charles* his woes,  
who thus  
Was forc'd to suffer for Himself and us! 50  
He toss'd by fate, and hurried up and down,  
Heir to his Fathers Sorrows, with his Crown,  
Could taste no sweets of Youths desired Age,  
But found his Life too true a Pilgrimage.  
Unconquer'd yet in that forlorn Estate,  
His Manly Courage overcame his Fate.  
His Wounds he took like *Romans* on his  
Breast,  
Which by his Vertue were with Laurels drest.  
As Souls reach Heav'n, while yet in Bodies  
pent,  
So did he live above his Banishment. 60  
That Sun, which we beheld with couz'n'd eyes  
Within the Water, mov'd along the Skies.  
How easie 'tis when Destiny proves kind,  
With full spread Sails to run before the Wind,  
But those that 'gainst stiff Gales haveering go  
Must be at once resolv'd and skilful too.

He would not like soft *Otho* hope prevent,  
But stay'd and suffer'd Fortune to repent.  
These Virtues *Galba* in a Stranger sought;  
And *Piso* to Adopted Empire brought. 70  
How shall I then my doubtful Thoughts  
express

That must his Sufferings both regret and bless!  
For when his early Valour Heav'n had crost,  
And all at *Worcester* but the honour lost,  
Forc'd into exile from his rightful Throne,  
He made all Countries where he came his own,  
And viewing Monarchs secret Arts of sway  
A Royal Factor for their Kingdoms lay.  
Thus banish'd *David* spent abroad his time,  
When to be Gods Anointed was his Crime, So  
And when restor'd, made his proud Neigh-  
bours rue [drew:

Those choice Remarks he from his Travels  
Nor is he only by Afflictions shown  
To conquer others Realms, but rule his own:  
Recov'ring hardly what he lost before,  
His Right indears it much, his Purchase more.  
Inur'd to suffer ere he came to reign,  
No rash procedure will his Actions stain.  
To bus'ness ripened by digestive thought,  
His future rule is into Method brought: 90  
As they who first Proportion understand,  
With easie Practice reach a Master's hand.  
Well might the Ancient Poets then confer  
On Night, the honour'd name of *Coinceller*,  
Since struck with rayes of prosp'rous Fortune  
blind,

We Light alone in dark Afflictions find.  
In such adversities to Scepters train'd,  
The name of *Great* his famous Grandsire  
gain'd:

Who yet a King alone in Name and Right,  
With hunger, cold and angry *Jove* did fight;  
Shock'd by a Covenanting Leagues vast  
Pow'rs, 101

As holy and as Catholick as ours: [known  
Till Fortunes fruitless spight had made it  
Her blows not shook but riveted his Throne.

Some lazy Ages, lost in Sleep and Ease  
No action leave to busie Chronicles;  
Such, whose supine felicity but makes  
In story *Casmas*, in *Epoche's* mistakes;  
O're whom *Time* gently shakes his wings of  
Down, 109

Till with his silent Sickle they are mown:  
Such is not *Charles* his too too active age.  
Which govern'd by the wild distemper'd rage

108 *Casmas*] *Chasmes* 1660.

Of some black Star infecting all the Skies,  
Made him at his own cost like *Adam* wise.  
Tremble ye Nations who secure before,  
Laught at those Arms that 'gainst our selves  
we bore;

Rous'd by the lash of his own stubborn Tail,  
Our Lion now will foreign Foes assail.

With *Alga* who the sacred Altar strows?  
To all the Sea-Gods *Charles* an Offering owes;  
A Bull to thee *Portunus* shall be slain 121  
A Lamb to you the Tempests of the Main:  
For those loud Storms that did against him  
rore

Have cast his shipwrack'd Vessel on the shore.  
Yet, as wise Artists mix their Colours so  
That by degrees they from each other go,  
Black steals unheeded from the neighb'ring  
white

Without offending the well couz'ned sight,  
So on us stole our blessed change; while we  
Th' effect did feel but scarce the manner see.  
Frosts that constrain the ground, and birth  
deny 131

To Flow'rs that in its womb expecting lie,  
Do seldom their usurping Pow'r withdraw,  
But raging Floods pursue their hasty Thaw:  
Our Thaw was mild, the Cold not chas'd away,  
But lost in kindly heat of lengthened day.  
Heav'n would no bargain for its Blessings  
drive,

But what we could not pay for, freely give.  
The Prince of Peace would, like himself, confer  
A Gift unhop'd without the price of war. 140  
Yet, as he knew his Blessings worth, took care  
That we should know it by repeated Pray'r,  
Which storm'd the skies and ravish'd *Charles*  
from thence,

As Heav'n itself is took by violence.  
*Booth's* forward Valour only serv'd to shew  
He durst that duty pay we all did owe:  
Th' Attempt was fair; but Heav'n's prefixed  
hour

Not come; so like the watchful Traveller,  
That by the Moons mistaken light did rise,  
Lay down again and clos'd his weary eyes.  
'Twas *MONK*, whom Providence design'd  
to loose 151

Those real bonds false Freedom did impose.  
The blessed Saints that watch'd this turning  
Scene

Did from their Stars with joyful wonder lean,

148 *Travel*] *Traveller* 1660.

151 *MONK*] *MONCK* 1660.

To see small Clues draw vastest weights along,  
Not in their bulk but in their order strong.  
Thus Pencils can by one slight touch restore  
Smiles to that changed face that wept before.  
With ease such fond *Chymara's* we pursue  
As Fancy frames for Fancy to subdue ; 160  
But when ourselves to action we betake,  
It shuns the Mint, like Gold that Chymists  
make :

How hard was then his Task, at once to be,  
What in the body natural we see ;  
Mans Architect distinctly did ordain  
The charge of Muscles, Nerves, and of the  
Brain.

Through viewless Conduits Spirits to dispense,  
The Springs of Motion from the Seat of Sense.  
Twas not the hasty product of a day,  
But the well ripened Fruit of wise delay. 170  
He like a patient Angler er'e he stroak,  
Would let them play a while upon the hook.  
Our healthful food the Stomach labours thus,  
At first embracing what it strait doth crush.  
Wise Leeches will not vain Receipts obtrude,  
While growing Pains pronounce the Humors  
crude ;

Deaf to complaints they wait upon the Ill,  
Ill some safe *Crisis* authorize their Skill.  
Nor could his Acts too close a Vizard wear  
To scape their Eyes whom Guilt had taught  
to fear, 180

And guard with caution that polluted nest,  
Whence Legion twice before was dispossess'd.  
Once Sacred house, which when they enter'd in,  
They thought the place could sanctifie a sin ;  
Like those that vainly hop'd kind Heav'n  
would wink,

While to excess on Martyrs Tombs they  
drink.

And as devouter *Turks* first warn their Souls  
To part, before they taste forbidden Bowls,  
So these when their black Crimes they went  
about,

First timely charm'd their useless Conscience  
out. 190

Religions Name against it self was made ;  
The Shadow serv'd the Substance to invade :  
Like Zealots Missions they did Care pretend  
Of Souls in shew, but made the Gold their end.  
The incensed Pow'r's beheld with scorn from  
high

An Heaven so far distant from the Sky,

171 stroak] strooke 1660.

Which durst, with horses hoofs that beat the  
Ground

And Martial Brass bely the Thunders Sound.  
'Twas hence at length just Vengeance  
thought it fit 199

To speed their Ruin by their impious wit.  
Thus *Sforza* curs'd with a too fertile brain,  
Lost by his wiles the Pow'r his Wit did gain.  
Henceforth their Fogue must spend at lesser  
rate,

Than in its flames to wrap a Nations Fate.  
Suffer'd to live, they are like *Helots* set  
A virtuous Shame within us to beget.

For by example most we sinn'd before 207  
And glass-like clearness mixt with frailty bore,  
But since, reform'd by what we did amiss,  
We by our sufferings learn to prize our bliss.  
Like early Lovers, whose unpractis'd hearts  
Were long the May-game of malicious arts,  
When once they find their Jealousies were  
vain,

With double heat renew their Fires again.  
'Twas this produc'd the Joy, that hurried o're  
Such swarms of *English* to the Neighb'ring  
shore

To fetch that Prize, by which *Batavia* made  
So rich amends for our impoverish'd Trade  
Oh had you seen from *Schevelines* barren Shore,  
(Crowded with troops, and barren now no  
more,) 220

Afflicted *Holland* to his Farewel bring  
True sorrow, *Holland* to regret a King ;  
While waiting him his Royal Fleet did ride,  
And willing Winds to their low'd Sails  
denied. 230

The wavering Streamers, Flags, and Standart  
The merry Seamens rude but cheerful Shout ;  
And last the Cannons voice that shook the  
Skies,

And, as it fares in sudden Extasies, 228  
At once bereft us both of Ears and Eyes.

The *Naseby* now no longer *Englands* shame,  
But better to be lost in *Charles* his name  
(Like some unequal Bride in nobler sheets)  
Receives her Lord : The joyful *London* meets  
The Princely *York*, himself alone a freight ;  
The *Swiss*-sure groans beneath great *Glouc'*s  
s-lers weight. (these,

Secure as when the *Halcyon* breeds, with  
Hes that was born to drown might cross the  
Seas.

Heav'n could not own a Providence, and take  
The wealth three Nations ventur'd at a stake.



The same indulgence *Charles* his Voyage  
bless'd, 240

Which in his right had Miracles confess'd.  
The Winds that never Moderation knew,  
Afraid to blow too much, too faintly blew;  
Or out of breath with joy could not enlarge  
Their straightned Lungs, or conscious of  
their Charge.

The British *Amphitryte* smooth and clear  
In richer Azure never did appear;  
Proud her returning Prince to entertain  
With the submitted Fasces of the Main.

And welcom now (*Great Monarch*) to your  
own; 250

Behold th' approaching Cliffs of *Albion*;  
It is no longer Motion cheats your view,  
As you meet it, the Land approacheth you.  
The Land returns, and in the white it wears  
The marks of Penitence and Sorrow bears.  
But you, whose Goodness your Descent doth  
show,

Your Heav'nly Parentage and Earthly too;  
By that same mildness which your Fathers  
Crown

Before did ravish, shall secure your own.  
Not ty'd to rules of Policy, you find 260  
Revenge less sweet than a forgiving mind.  
Thus, when th' Almighty would to *Moses* give  
A sight of all he could behold and live;  
A voice before his Entry did proclaim

*Long-Suffering, Goodness, Mercy* in his  
Name. [Cause,

Your Pow'r to Justice doth submit your  
Your Goodness only is above the Laws;  
Whose rigid Letter, while pronounc'd by you,  
Is softer made. So winds that tempests brew  
When through Arabian Groves they take  
their flight 270

Made wanton with rich Odours, lose their  
sight.

And as those Lees, that trouble it, refine  
The agitated Soul of Generous Wine,  
So tears of Joy for your returning spilt,  
Work out and expiate our former Guilt.  
Methinks I see those Crowds on *Dover's*  
Strand,

Who in their haste to welcom you to Land  
Choak'd up the Beach with their still growing  
store,

And made a wilder Torrent on the Shore:  
While, spurr'd with eager thoughts of past  
Delight, 280

Those who had seen you court a second sight;  
Preventing still your Steps and making hast  
To meet you often whereso-e're you past.  
How shall I speak of that triumphant Day  
When you renew'd the expiring Pomp of  
*May!*

(A month that owns an Interest in your  
Name:

You and the Flow'rs are its peculiar Claim)  
That Star, that at your Birth shone out so  
bright,

It stain'd the duller Suns Meridian light,  
Did once again its potent Fires renew, 290  
Guiding our Eyes to find and worship you.

And now times whiter Series is begun,  
Which in soft Centuries shall smoothly run;  
Those Clouds that overcast your Morn shall  
fly,

Dispell'd to farthest corners of the Sky.  
Our nation, with united Int'rest blest,  
Not now content to poize, shall sway, therest.  
Abroad your Empire shall no Limits know,  
But like the Sea in boundless Circles flow.  
Your much lov'd Fleet shall with a wide  
Command 300

Besiege the petty Monarchs of the Land:  
And as Old Time his Off-spring swallow'd  
down,

Our Ocean in its depths all Seas shall drown.  
Their wealthy Trade from Pyrate's Rapine  
free,

Our Merchants shall no more Advent'ers be:  
Nor e'n the farthest East those Dangers fear  
Which humble *Holland* must dissemble here.

*Spain* to your gift alone her *Indies* owes;  
For what the Pow'rful takes not he bestows  
And *France* that did an Exiles presence Fear  
May justly apprehend you still too near. 311

At home the hateful names of Parties cease  
And factious Souls are weary'd into peace.  
The discontented now are only they

Whose Crimes before did your Just Cause  
betray:

Of those your Edicts some reclaim from sins,  
But most your Life and Blest Example wins.  
Oh happy Prince whom Heav'n hath taught  
the way 318

By paying Vows to have more Vows to pay!  
Oh Happy Age! Oh times like those alone,  
By Fate reserv'd for great *Augustus* throne!

When the joint growth of Arms and Arts  
foreshew

The World a Monarch, and that Monarch You.

TO HIS SACRED  
**MAIESTY.**  
A  
**PANEGYRICK**  
ON HIS  
**CORONATION.**

BY JOHN DRYDEN.



L O N D O N, <sup>a</sup>

Printed for *Henry Herringman*, at the *Anchor* on the Lower walk in the  
New Exchange. 1661.

# TO HIS SACRED MAJESTY, A PANEGYRICK ON HIS CORONATION.

1661.

<p>In that wild Deluge where the world was drown'd, When life and sin one common Tomb<sup>t</sup> had foud<sup>d</sup>, The first small prospect of a rising hill With various notes of Joy the Ark did fill : Yet when that flood in its own depths was drown'd, It left behind it false and slipp'ry ground, And the more solemn pomp was still deferr'd Till new-born Nature in fresh looks appear'd; Thus (Royall Sir,) to see you landed here Was cause enough of triumph for a year : Nor would your care those glorious joyes repeat <span style="float: right;">11</span> Till they at once might be secure and great : Till your kind beams by their continu'd stay Had warm'd the ground and call'd the Damps away. Such vapours, while your pow'rful Influence dries, Then soonest vanish when they highest rise. Had greater hast these sacred rights pre- par'd, Some guilty Moneths had in your Triumphs shar'd : But this untainted year is all your own, Your glory's may without our crimes be shown. <span style="float: right;">20</span> We had not yet exhausted all our store, When you refresh'd our joyes by adding more: As Heav'n, of old, dispenc'd Cœlestial dew, You gave us Manna and still give us new, Now our sad ruines are remov'd from sight, The Season too comes fraught with new delight ; Time seems not now beneath his years to stoop, Nor doe his wings with sickly feathers droop : Soft western winds waft o're the gaudy spring, And open'd Scenes of flow'rs and blossoms bring <span style="float: right;">30</span> To grace this happy day, while you appear Not King of us alone but of the year.</p>	<p>All eyes you draw, and with the eyes the heart, Of your own pomp yourself the greatest part: Loud shouts the Nations happiness proclaim, And Heav'n this day is feasted with your Name. Your Cavalcade the fair Spectators view, From their high standings, yet look up to you. From your brave train each singles out a Prey And longs to date a Conquest from your day. Now charg'd with blessings while you seek repose, <span style="float: right;">41</span> Officious slumbers haste your eyes to close ; And glorious dreams stand ready to restore The pleasing shapes of all you saw before. Next to the sacred Temple you are led, Where waits a Crown for your more sacred Head : How justly from the Church that Crown is due, Preserv'd from ruine and restor'd by you ! The gratefull quire their harmony employ Not to make greater, but more solemn joy. Wrapt soft and warm your Name is sent on high, <span style="float: right;">51</span> As flames do on the wings of Incense fly : Musique herself is lost, in vain she brings Her choisest notes to praise the best of Kings : Her melting strains in you a tombe have found And lye like Bees in their own sweetnesse drown'd. He that brought peace and discord could attone, His Name is Musick of itself alone. Now while the sacred oyl anoints your head, And fragrant scents, begun from you, are spread <span style="float: right;">60</span> Through the large Dome, the peoples joyful Sound Sent back, is still preserv'd in hallow'd ground : Which in one blessing mixt descends on you, As heightned spirits fall in richer dew. Not that our wishes do increase your store, Full of your self, you can admit no more :</p>
--	---

We add not to your glory, but employ  
Our time like Angels in expressing Joy  
Nor is it duty or our hopes alone  
Create that joy, but full fruition : 70  
We know those blessings which we must  
possesse

And judge of future by past happinesse,  
No promise can oblige a Prince so much  
Still to be good, as long to have been such.  
A noble Emulation heats your breast,  
And your own fame now robs you of your  
rest :

Good actions still must be maintain'd with  
good,

As bodies nourish'd with resembling food.  
You have already quench'd sedition's brand;  
And zeal (which burnt it) only warms the  
Land. 80

The jealous Sects, that dare not trust their  
cause

So farre from their own will as to the Laws,  
You for their Umpire and their Synod take,  
And their appeal alone to *Cæsar* make.

Kind Heav'n so rare a temper did provide  
That guilt repenting might in it confide  
Among our crimes oblivion may be set,  
But 'tis our Kings perfection to forget.  
Virtues unknown to these rough Northern  
climes

From milder heav'ns you bring, without  
their crimes. 90

Your calmnesse does no after Storms provide  
Nor seeming patience mortal anger bide.  
When Empire first from families did spring,  
Then every Father govern'd as a King ;  
But you that are a Sovereign Prince, allay  
Imperial pow'r with your paternal sway.

From those great cares when ease your soul  
unbends,

Your Pleasures are design'd to noble ends :  
Born to command the Mistress of the Seas,  
Your Thoughts themselves in that blue  
Empire please. 100

Hither in Summer ev'nings you repair  
To take the fraischeur of the purer air :

Undaunted here you ride when Winter raves,  
With *Cæsars* heart that rose above the waves.  
More I could sing, but fear my Numbers  
stays ;

No Loyal Subject dares that courage praise.

In stately Frigats most delight you find,  
Where well-drawn Battels fire your martial  
mind.

What to your cares we owe is learnt from  
hence,

When ev'n your pleasures serve for our  
defence. 110

Beyond your Court flows in the admitted tide,  
Where in new depths the wond'ring fishes  
glide :

Here in a Royal bed the waters sleep,  
When tir'd at Sea within this bay they  
creep.

Here the mistrustfull soul no harm suspects,  
So safe are all things which our King pro-  
tects.

From your lov'd *Thames* a blessing yet is due,  
Second alone to that it brought in you ;

A Queen, from whose chaste womb, ordain'd  
by Fate, 119

The souls of Kings unborn for bodies wait.  
It was your Love before made discord cease ;  
Your love is destined to your Countries  
peace.

Both *Indies* (Rivalls in your bed) provide  
With Gold or Jewels to adorn your bride.

Thus to a mighty King presents rich ore  
While that with Incense does a God implore.

Two Kingdoms wait your Doom ; and, as  
you choose,

This must receive a Crown or that must  
loose.

Thus from your Royal Oke, like *Jove's* of old,  
Are Answers sought, and Destinies fore-told :  
Propitious Oracles are beg'd, with Vows 131  
And Crowns that grow upon the sacred  
boughs.

Your Subjects, while you weigh the Nations  
fate,

Suspend to both their doubtfull love or hate :  
Choose only, (Sir,) that so they may possesse  
With their own peace their Childrens happi-  
nesse.

119 from] Some editors give near. It is clear  
that ed. 1 is right, since doubtless Dryden had in  
mind *Virgil, Æneid* vi. 711 sqq

122 Your] Your your 1661, a misprint

133 Nations] Most editors give Nation's, but  
*Christie* gives Nations'. The word is probably  
genitive plural.

*To my Lord CHANCELLOR,  
presented on New-Years-Day, 1662.*

MY LORD,  
WHILE flattering Crowds officiously appear  
To give themselves, not you, an happy Year,  
And by the Greatness of their Presents prove  
How much they hope, but not how well they  
love,  
The *Muses*, who your early Courtship boast,  
Though now your Flames are with their  
Beauty lost,  
Yet watch their Time, that, if you have  
forgot  
They were your Mistresses, the world may not:  
Decay'd by Time and Wars, they only prove  
Their former Beauty by your former Love,  
And now present, as Ancient Ladies do 11  
That courted long at length are forc'd to woo.  
For still they look on you with such kind  
Eyes  
As those that see the Church's Sovereign rise,  
From their own Order chose, in whose high  
State  
They think themselves the second Choise of  
Fate.  
When our great Monarch into Exile went,  
Wit and Religion suffer'd Banishment.  
Thus once, when *Troy* was wrapt in Fire and  
Smoke,  
The helpless Gods their burning Shrines for-  
sook ; 20  
They with the vanquished Prince and Party  
go  
And leave their Temples empty to the Foe.  
At length the *Muses* stand restor'd again  
To that great Charge which Nature did  
ordain, 1  
And their lov'd Druids seem reviv'd by Fate,  
While you dispense the Laws and guide the  
State.  
The Nation's Soul, our Monarch, does dis-  
pense  
Through you to us his vital Influence ;  
You are the Channel where those Spirits flow  
And work them higher as to us they go 30  
I open Prospect nothing bounds our Eye  
Until the Earth seems join'd unto the Sky :  
So in this Hemisphere our utmost View  
Is only bounded by our King and you. 4

Our Sight is limited where you are join'd  
And beyond that no farther Heav'n can find.  
So well your Virtues do with his agree  
That, though your Orbs of different Great-  
ness be,  
Yet both are for each other's use dispos'd,  
His to enclose, and yours to be enclos'd : 40  
Nor could another in your Room have been,  
Except an Emptiness had come between.  
Well may he then to you his Cares impart  
And share his Burden where he shares his  
Heart.  
In you his Sleep still wakes ; his pleasures find  
Their Share of Business in your labouring  
Mind.  
So, when the weary Sun his Place resigns,  
He leaves his Light and by Reflection shines.  
Justice, that sits and frowns where publick  
Laws  
Exclude soft Mercy from a private Cause, 50  
In your Tribunal most herself does please ;  
There only smiles because she lives at Ease,  
And, like young *David*, finds her Strength the  
more [more.  
When disencumber'd from those Arms she  
Heaven would your Royal Master should  
exceed  
Most in that Virtue, which we most did need ;  
And his mild Father, who too late did find  
All Mercy vain but what with Pow'r was  
join'd,  
His fatal Goodness left to fitter Times,  
Not to increase but to absolve our Crimes :  
But when the Heir of this vast Treasure  
knew 61  
How large a Legacy was left to you,  
Too great for any Subject to retain,  
He wisely tied it to the Crown again :  
Yet, passing through your Hands, it gathers  
more,  
As Streams through Mines bear Tincture of  
their Ore.  
While Emp'rick Politicians use Deceit,  
Hide what they give and cure but by a Cheat,  
You boldly show that Skill which they pre-  
tend  
And work by Means as noble as your End :  
Which should you veil, we might unwind the  
Clue 71  
As Men do Nature, till we came to you.

Text from the original edition, 1652, which seems to lack a title-page.

And as the *Indies* were not found before  
Those rich Perfumes which from the happy  
Shore

The Winds upon their balmy Wings convey'd,  
Whose guilty Sweetness first their world  
betray'd,

So by your Counsels we are brought to view  
A rich and undiscover'd World in you.

By you our Monarch does that Fame assure  
Which Kings must have, or cannot live  
secure: 80

For prosperous Princes gain the Subjects  
Heart,

Who love that Praise in which themselves  
have part. \*

By you he fits those Subjects to obey,  
As Heaven's Eternal Monarch does convey  
His Pow'r unseen, and Man to his Designs  
By his bright Ministers, the Stars, inclines.

Our setting Sun from his declining Seat  
Shot Beams of Kindness on you, not of Heat:  
And, when his Love was bounded in a few 89  
That were unhappy that they might be true,  
Made you the Favourite of his last sad Times,  
That is, a Sufferer in his Subjects' Crimes:  
Thus those first Favours you receiv'd were  
sent,

Like Heaven's Rewards, in earthly Punish-  
ment.

Yet Fortune, conscious of your Destiny,  
Even then took Care to lay you softly by,  
And wrapt your Fate among her precious  
Things,

Kept fresh to be unfolded with your Kings.  
Shown all at once, you dazzled so our Eyes  
As new-born *Pallas* did the Gods surprise;  
When, springing forth from *Jove's* new-  
closing Wound, 101

She struck the warlike Spear into the Ground;  
Which sprouting Leaves did suddenly enclose,  
And peaceful Olives shaded as they rose.

How strangely active are the Arts of Peace,  
Whose restless Motions less than War's do  
cease! \* [Noise,

Peace is not freed from Labour, but from  
And War more Force, but not more Pains  
employs.

Such is the mighty Swiftmess of your Mind  
That, like the Earth's, it leaves our Sense  
behind, 110

While you so smoothly turn and roll our  
Sphere

That rapid Motion does but Rest appear.

For as in Nature's Swiftmess, with the Throng  
Of flying Orbs while ours is borne along,  
All seems at rest to the deluded Eye,  
Mov'd by the Soul of the same Harmony,  
So, carried on by your unwearied Care,  
We rest in Peace and yet in Motion share.

Let Envy then those Crimes within you see  
From which the happy never must be free;  
Envy that does with Misery reside, \* 121  
The Joy and the Revenge of ruin'd Pride.

Think it not hard, if at so cheap a Rate  
You can secure the Constancy of Fate,  
Whose kindness sent what does their Malice  
seem

By lesser ills the greater to redeem;  
Nor can we this weak Shower a Tempest call,  
But Drops of Heat that in the Sunshine fall  
You have already wearied Fortune so, 129  
She cannot farther be your Friend or Foe;  
But sits all breathless, and admires to feel  
A Fate so weighty that it stops her Wheel.

In all things else above our humble Fate,  
Your equal Mind yet swells not into State,  
But like some Mountain in those happy Isles,  
Where in perpetual Spring young Nature  
smiles,

Your Greatness shows; no horror to affright.  
But Trees for Shade and Flowers to court  
the Sight;

Sometimes the Hill submits itself a while  
In small Descents, which do its Height  
beguile; 140

And sometimes mounts, but so as Billows  
play,

Whose rise not hinders but makes short our  
way.

Your Brow, which does no fear of Thunder  
know,

Sees rolling Tempests vainly beat below;  
And, like *Olympus' Top*, the Impression  
wears

Of Love and Friendship writ in former Years.  
Yet, unimpair'd with Labours or with Time.  
Your Age but seems to a new Youth to climb,  
(Thus heavenly Bodies do our Time beget  
And measure Change, but share no part of it.)  
And still it shall without a Weight increase,  
Like this New-year, whose Motions never  
cease; 152

For since the glorious Course you have begun  
Is led by *Charles*, as that is by the Sun,  
It must both weightless and immortal prove,  
Because the Centre of it is above.

[Title-page of Original Edition.]

ANNUS MIRABILIS:  
The Year of  
WONDERS,  
1666.

AN HISTORICAL  
POEM:

CONTAINING  
The Progress and various Successes of our Naval  
War with *Holland*, under the Conduct of His  
Highness Prince RUPERT, and His Grace the  
Duke of ALBEMARL.      †

And describing  
THE FIRE  
OF  
LONDON.

---

By JOHN DRYDEN, Esq;

---

*Multum interest res pascat, an homines latius imperare velint.*  
Trajan. Imperator. ad Plin.  
*urbis antiqua vixit, multos dominata per annos*      Virg

---

London, Printed for Henry Herringman, at the An-  
chor in the Lower Walk of the New Exchange. 1667.

[Title-page of Second Edition.]

ANNUUS MIRABILIS.  
The YEAR of  
**WONDERS,**  
M. DC. LXVI.  
AN  
Historical Poem.

ALSO  
A POEM on the Happy RESTORATION and RETURN of  
His Late Sacred MAJESTY

**Charles the Second.**

LIKEWISE  
A PANEGYRICK on His CORONATION.  
TOGETHER

With a POEM to My LORD CHANCELLOR  
Presented on New-Years-Day. 1662.

By **JOHN DRYDEN, Esq;**

LONDON, Printed for Henry Harringman, and sold by  
Jacob Tonson at the Judges-Head in Chancery-Lane. 1688



TO THE  
METROPOLIS  
OF  
GREAT BRITAIN

The most renowned and late flourishing  
City of London,  
in its

REPRESENTATIVES

The LORD MAYOR and Court of ALDERMEN,  
the SHERIFFS and COMMON COUNCIL of it.

10

As perhaps I am the first who ever presented a work of this nature to the Metropolis of any Nation, so is it likewise consonant to Justice, that he who was to give the first Example of such a Dedication should begin it with that City, which has set a pattern to all others of true Loyalty, invincible Courage, and unshaken Constancy. Other Cities have been prais'd for the same Virtues, but I am much deceiv'd if any have so dearly purchas'd their Reputation; their Fame has been won them by cheaper trials than an expensive, though necessary, War, a consuming Pestilence, and a more consuming Fire. To submit yourselves with that humility to the Judgments of Heaven, and at the same time to raise yourselves with that vigour above all human Enemies; to be combated at once from  
20 above and from below, to be struck down and to triumph; I know not whether such Trials have been ever parallel'd in any Nation, the resolution and successes of them never can be. Never had Prince or People more mutual reason to love each other, if suffering for each other can indear affection. You have come together a pair of matchless Lovers, through many difficulties; He, through a long Exile, various traverses of Fortune, and the interposition of many Rivals, who violently ravish'd and withheld You from Him: and certainly you have had your share in sufferings.<sup>6</sup> But Providence has cast upon you want of Trade, that you might appear bountiful to your Country's necessities; and the rest of your afflictions are not more the effects of God's Displeasure (frequent examples of them having been in the Reign of the most excellent Princes) than occasions for the  
30 manifesting of your Christian and Civil virtues. To you, therefore, this *Year of Wonders* is justly dedicated, because you have made it so. You, who are to stand a wonder to all Years and Ages, and who have built yourselves an Immortal Monument on your own Ruins. You are now a *Phoenix* in her ashes, and, as far as Humanity can approach, a great Emblem of the suffering Deity. But Heaven never made so much Piety and Virtue, to leave it miserable. I have heard indeed of some virtuous Persons who have ended unfortunately, but never of any virtuous Nation: Providence is engaged too deeply, when the Cause becomes so general. And I cannot imagine it has resolved the ruin of that People at home, which it has blessed abroad with such Successes. I am, therefore, to conclude that your Sufferings are at an end, and that one part of my Poem  
40 has not been more an History of your destruction, than the other a Prophecy of your restoration. The accomplishment of which happiness, as it is the wish of all true Englishmen, so is by none more passionately desired than by

The greatest of Your Admirers,  
and most humble of your Servants,  
JOHN DRYDEN.

AN  
ACCOUNT  
OF THE  
ENSUING POEM,  
IN  
A LETTER  
TO THE HONOURABLE  
S<sup>r</sup> ROBERT HOWARD.

SIR,

I am so many ways obliged to you and so little able to return your Favours that, like 10  
those who owe too much, I can only live by getting farther into your debt. You have not only  
been careful of my Fortune, which was the effect of your Nobleness, but you have been solicitous  
of my Reputation, which is that of your Kindness. It is not long since I gave you the trouble  
of perusing a Play for me, and now, instead of an Acknowledgment, I have given you a greater  
in the Correction of a Poem. But since you are to bear this Persecution, I will at least give  
you the encouragement of a Martyr, you could never suffer in a nobler cause. For I have  
chosen the most heroick Subject which any Poet could desire: I have taken upon me to describe  
the motives, the beginning, progress, and successes of a most just and necessary War, in it  
the care, management, and prudence of our King; the conduct and valour of a Royal Admiral  
and of two incomparable Generals; the invincible courage of our Captains and Seamen, and 20  
three glorious Victories, the result of all. After this, I have in the Fire the most deplorable,  
but withal the greatest Argument that can be imagined; the destruction being so swift, so  
sudden, so vast and miserable, as nothing can parallel in Story. The former part of this  
Poem, relating to the War, is but a due expiation for my not serving my King and Country  
in it. All Gentlemen are almost oblig'd to it: and I know no reason we should give that  
advantage to the Commonalty of England, to be foremost in brave actions, which the noblesse  
of France would never suffer in their Peasants. I should not have written this but to a Person  
who has been ever forward to appear in all Employments, whither his Honour and Generosity  
have called him. The latter part of my Poem, which describes the Fire, I owe, first, to the  
Piety and Fatherly Affection of our Monarch to his suffering Subjects; and, in the second 30  
place, to the Courage, Loyalty, and Magnanimity of the City; both which were so conspicuous  
that I have wanted words to celebrate them as they deserve. I have called my Poem Historical,  
not Epick, though both the Actions and Actors are as much Heroick as any Poem can contain.  
But since the Action is not properly one, nor that accomplish'd in the last successes, I have  
judg'd it too bold a title for a few Stanza's, which are little more in number than a single Iliad  
or the longest of the Æneids. For this reason (I mean not of length, but broken action, it'd  
too severely to the laws of History) I am apt to agree with those who rank Lucan rather among  
Historians in Verse than Epique poets; in whose room, if I am not deceiv'd, Silius Italicus,  
though a worse Writer, may more justly be admitted. I have chosen to write my poem in  
quatrains or stanza's of four in alternate rhyme, because I have ever judg'd them more noble 40  
and of greater dignity both for the Sound and Number than any other Verse in use amongst  
us; in which I am sure I have your approbation. The learned Languages have certainly  
a great advantage of us in not being tied to the slavery of any Rhyme, and were less constrained

in the quantity of every syllable, which they might vary with Spondaes or Dactiles, besides so many other helps of Grammatical Figures for the lengthening or abbreviating of them, than the Modern are in the close of that one Syllable, which often confines, and more often corrupts, the sense of all the rest. But in this necessity of our Rhymes, I have always found the couplet-verse most easy (though not so proper for this occasion), for there the work is sooner at an end, every two lines concluding the labour of the Poet: but in Quatrains he is to carry it farther on; and not only so, but to bear along in his head the troublesome sense of four lines together. For those who write correctly in this kind must needs acknowledge that the last line of the Stanza is to be considered in the composition of the first. Neither can we give ourselves the liberty of making any part of a Verse for the sake of Rhyme, or concluding with a word which is not current English, or using the variety of Female Rhymes; all which our Fathers practised. And for the Female Rhymes, they are still in use amongst other Nations: with the Italian in every line, with the Spaniard promiscuously, with the French alternately, as those who have read the *Alarique*, the *Pucelle*, or any of their latter Poems, will agree with me. And besides this, they write in Alexandrins or Verses of six feet, such as, amongst us, is the old Translation of Homer by Chapman; All which by lengthening of their Chain makes the sphere of their activity the larger. I have dwelt too long upon the choice of my Stanza, which you may remember is much better defended in the Preface to *Gondibert*; and therefore I will hasten to acquaint you with my endeavours in the writing. In general I will only say I have never yet seen the description of any Naval Fight in the proper terms which are used at Sea; and if there be any such in another Language, as that of Lucan in the third of his *Pharsalia*, yet I could not prevail myself of it in the English; the terms of Art in every Tongue bearing more of the Idiom of it than any other words. We hear, indeed, among our Poets, of the Thundring of Guns, the Smoke, the Disorder and the Slaughter; but all these are common notions. And certainly as those who, in a Logical dispute, keep in general terms, would hide a fallacy, so those who do it in any Poetical description would veil their Ignorance.

Descriptas servare vices, operumque colores,  
Cur ego, si nequeo ignoroque, Poeta salutor?

For my own part, if I had little knowledge of the Sea, yet I have thought it no shame to learn: and if I have made some few mistakes, 'tis only, as you can bear me witness, because I have wanted opportunity to correct them; the whole Poem being first written, and now sent you from a place where I have not so much as the converse of any Sea-man. Yet though the trouble I had in writing it was great, it was more than recompens'd by the pleasure; I found myself so warm in celebrating the Praises of Military men, two such especially as the Prince and General, that it is no wonder if they inspired me with thoughts above my ordinary level. And I am well satisfied, that as they are incomparably the best subject I have ever had, excepting only the Royal Family, so also that this I have written of them is much better than what I have performed on any other. I have been forc'd to help out other Arguments; but this has been bountiful to me: they have been low and barren of praise, and I have exalted them and made them fruitful: but here—*Omnia sponte sua reddit justissima tellus*. I have had a large, a fair, and a pleasant field; so fertile, that, without my cultivating, it has given me two Harvests in a Summer, and in both oppress'd the reaper. All other greatness in Subjects is only counterfeited, it will not endure the test of danger; the greatness of arms is only real: other greatness burdens a Nation with its weight, this supports it with its strength. And as it is the happiness of the Age, so is it the peculiar goodness of the best of Kings, that we may praise his Subjects without offending him: Doubtless it proceeds from a just confidence of his own Virtue, which the lustre of no other can be so great as to darken in him; for the Good or the Valiant are never safely praised under a bad or a degenerate Prince. But to return from this digression to a farther account of my Poem, I must crave leave to tell you, that, as I have endeavour'd to adorn it with noble thoughts, so much more to express those thoughts with elocution. The Composition of all Poems is or ought to be of wit; and wit in the Poet, or wit writing (if you

will give me leave to use a School distinction), is no other than the faculty of imagination in the Writer & which, like a nimble Spaniel, beats over and ranges through the field of Memory, till it springs the Quarry it hunted after; or, without metaphor, which searches over all the Memory for the Species or Ideas of those things which it designs to represent. W't written, is that which is well defin'd, the happy result of Thought, or product of Imagination. But to proceed from guil in the general notion of it to the proper wit of an Heroique or Historical Poem; I judge it chiefly to consist in the delightful imaging of Persons, Actions, Passions, or Things. 'Tis not the jerk or sting of an Epigram, nor the seeming contradiction of a poor Antithesis (the delight of an ill-judging Audience in a Play of Rhyme), nor the gingle of a more poor Paronomasia; neither is it so much the morality of a grave Sentence, affected by Lucan, 1c but more sparingly used by Virgil; but it is some lively and apt description, dressed in such colours of speech, that it sets before your eyes the absent object, as perfectly and more delightfully than nature. So then, the first happiness of the Poet's Imagination is properly Invention, or finding of the thought; the second is Fancy, or the variation, deriving or moulding of that thought as the Judgment represents it proper to the subject; the third is Elocution, or the Art of clothing and adorning that thought so found and varied, in apt, significant and sounding words: The quickness of the Imagination is seen in the Invention, the fertility in the Fancy, and the accuracy in the Expression. For the two first of these, Ovid is famous amongst the poets, for the later Virgil. Ovid images more often the movements and affections of the mind, either combating between two contrary passions, or extremely compos'd by one: his words 2c therefore are the least part of his care; for he pictures Nature in disorder, with which the study and choice of words is inconsistent. This is the proper wit of Dialogue or Discourse, and, consequently, of the Drama, where all that is said is to be suppos'd the effect of sudden thought; which, though it excludes not the quickness of Wit in repartees, yet admits not a too curious election of words, too frequent allusions, or use of Tropes, or, in fine, anything that shows remoteness of thought, or labour, in the Writer. On the other side, Virgil speaks not so often to us in the person of another, like Ovid, but in his own, he relates almost all things as from himself, and thereby gains more liberty than the other, to express his thoughts with all the graces of elocution, to write more figuratively, and to confess as well the labour as the force of his Imagination. Though he describes his Dido well and naturally, in the violence of her 3c Passions, yet he must yield in that to the Myrrha, the Biblis, the Althæa of Ovid; for as great an admirer of him as I am, I must acknowledge that, if I see not more of their souls than I see of Dido's, at least I have a greater concernment for them: And that convinces me that Ovid has touch'd those tender strokes more delicately than Virgil could. But when Action or Persons are to be described, when any such Image is to be set before us, how bold, how masterly are the strokes of Virgil! We see the objects he represents us within their native figures, in their proper motions; but so we see them, as our own eyes could never have beheld them, so beautiful in themselves. We see the Soul of the Poet, like that universal one of which he speaks, informing and moving through all his Pictures, Totamque infusa per artus Mens agitat molem et magno se corpore miscet; we behold him embellishing his Images, as he makes Venus breathing 4c beauty upon her son Æneas.

lumenque juvenæ

• Purpureum, et lætos oculis afflrat honores:

Quale manus addunt Ebori decus, aut ubi flavo

Argentum, Pariusve lapis circumdatur auro.

See his Tempest, his Funeral Sports, his Combat of Turnus and Æneas, and in his Georgicks, which I esteem the Divinest part of all his writings, the Plague, the Country, the Battel of Bulls, the labour of the Bees, and those many other excellent Images of Nature, most of which are neither great in themselves nor have any natural ornament to bear them up: But the words wherewith he describes them are so excellent, that it might be well appl'd to him which was said by Ovid, Materiam superabat opus: The very Sound of his Words has often somewhat that 50 is connatural to the subject; and, while we read him, we sit, as in a Play, beholding the Scenes

of what he represents. To perform this, he made frequent use of Tropes, which you know change the nature of a known word, by applying it to some other signification; and this is it which Horace means in his Epistle to the Pisos:

Dixeris egregie, notum si callida verbum  
Reddiderit junctura novum.

But I am sensible I have presum'd too far to entertain you with a rude discourse of that Art which you both know so well, and put into practice with so much happiness. Yet before I leave Virgil, I must own the vanity to tell you, and by you the world, that he has been my Master in this Poem: I have followed him everywhere, I know not with what success, but I am sure with diligence enough: My Images are many of them copied from him, and the rest are imitations of him. My Expressions also are as near as the Idioms of the two Languages would admit of in translation. And this, Sir, I have done with that boldness, for which I will stand accountable to any of our little Criticks, who, perhaps, are not better acquainted with him than I am. Upon your first perusal of this Poem, you have taken notice of some words which I have innovated (if it be too bold for me to say refin'd) upon his Latin; which, as I offer not to introduce into English prose, so I hope they are neither improper nor altogether unelegant in Verse; and, in this, Horace will again defend me.

Et nova, fictaque nuper, habebunt verba fidem, si  
Græco fonte cadant, parcè detorta.

The inference is exceeding plain; for if a Roman Poet might have liberty to coin a word, supposing only that it was derived from the Greek, was put into a Latin termination, and that he used this liberty but seldom, and with modesty: How much more justly may I challenge that privilege to do it with the same prerequisites, from the best and most judicious of Latin Writers? In some places, where either the Fancy, or the Words, were his or any others, I have noted it in the Margin, that I might not seem a Plagiary; in others I have neglected it, to avoid as well tediousness as the affectation of doing it too often. Such descriptions or images, well wrought, which I promise not for mine, are, as I have said, the adequate delight of heroic Poetrie; for they beget admiration, which is its proper object; as the Images of the Burlesque, which is contrary to this, by the same reason beget laughter; for the one shows Nature beautified, as in the Picture of a fair Woman, which we all admire; the other shows her deformed, as in that of a Lazar, or of a Fool with distorted face and antique gestures, at which we cannot forbear to laugh, because it is a deviation from Nature. But though the same Images serve equally for the Epique Poetrie, and for the historique and panegyrique, which are branches of it, yet a several sort of Sculpture is to be used in them: If some of them are to be like those of Juvenal, Stantes in curribus Æmilianis, Heroes drawn in their triumphal Chariots and in their full proportion; others are to be like that of Virgil, Spirantia mollius æra: there is somewhat more of softness and tenderness to be shown in them. You will soon find I write not this without concern. Some, who have seen a paper of Verses which I wrote last year to her Highness the Dutches, have accus'd them of that only thing I could defend in them; they have said, I did humi serpere, that I wanted not only height of Fancy, but dignity of Words to set it off; I might well answer with that of Horace, Nunc non erat his locus, I knew I address'd them to a Lady, and accordingly I affected the softness of expression and the smoothness of measure, rather than the height of thought; and in what I did endeavour, it is no vanity to say, I have succeeded. I detest arrogance; but there is some difference betwixt what and a just defence. But I will not farther bribe your candor, or the Readers. I leave them to speak for me; and, if they can, to make out that character, not pretending to a greater, which I have given them.

*Verses to Her Highness the DUTCHES on the  
Memorable Victory gained by the DUKE against  
the Hollanders, June the 3<sup>d</sup>. 1665. And  
on Her Journey afterwards into the North.*

MADAM,

WHEN for our sakes your *Heroe* you resign'd  
To swelling Seas and every faithless wind ;  
When you releas'd his Courage and set free  
A Valour fatal to the Enemy,  
You lodg'd your Countries cares within your  
breast,

(The mansion where soft love should only  
rest :)

And e're our Foes abroad were overcome,  
The noblest conquest you had gain'd at  
home.

Ah, what concerns did both your Souls  
divide !

Your Honour gave us what your Love dem'd :  
And 'twas for him much easier to subdue  
Those Foes he fought with, than to part from  
you.

That glorious day, which two such Navies  
saw

As each, unmatch'd, might to the world give  
Law,

*Neptune*, yet doubtful whom he should obey,  
Held to them both the Trident of the Sea :  
The Winds were hush'd, the Waves in ranks  
were cast,

As awfully as when God's People past :  
Those, yet uncertain on whose Sails to blow,  
These, where the wealth of Nations ought  
to flow.

Then with the Duke your Highness rul'd  
the day :

While all the Brave did his Command obey,  
The Fair and Pious under you did pray.  
How pow'rful are chaste Vows ! the Wind  
and Tyde

You brib'd to combat on the *English* side.  
Thus to your much loved Lord you did  
convey

An unknown succour, sent the nearest way.

New vigour to his wearied arms you brought  
(So *Moses* was upheld while *Israel* fought )  
While, from afar, we heard the Cannon  
play,

Like distant Thunder on a shiny day.

For absent Friends we were asham'd to fear,  
When we consider'd what you ventur'd there.  
Ships, Men and Arms our Country might  
restore,

But such a Leader could supply no more.  
With generous thoughts of Conquest he did  
burn,

Yet fought not more to vanquish than return.  
Fortune and Victory he did persue

To bring them as his Slaves, to wait on you :  
Thus Beauty ravish'd the rewards of Fame  
And the Fair triumph'd when the Brave  
o'recame.

Then, as you meant to spread another way  
By Land your Conquests far as his by Sea,  
Leaving our Southern Clime, you march'd  
along

The stubborn North, ten thousand *Cupid's*  
strong.

Like Commons the Nobility resort,  
In crowding heaps, to fill your moving Court :  
To welcome your approach the Vulgar run,  
Like some new Envoy from the distant Sun,  
And Country Beauties by their Lovers go,  
Blessing themselves, and wondring at the  
show.

So, when the New-born *Phoenix* first is seen,  
Her feather'd Subjects all adore their Queen,  
And, while She makes her Progress through  
the East,

From every Grove her numerous Train's  
increast :

Each Poet of the air her Glory sings,  
And round him the pleas'd Audience clap  
their Wings.

*And now, Sir, 'tis time I should relieve you from the tedious length of this account. You have better and more profitable employment for your hours, and I wrong the Publick to detain you longer. In conclusion, I must leave my Poem to you with all its faults, which I hope to find fewer in the Printing by your amendations. I know you are not of the number of those.*

of whom the younger Pliny speaks ; Nec sunt parum multi, qui carpere amicos suos judicium vocant ; I am rather too secure of you on that side. Your candor in pardoning my Errors may make you more remiss in correcting them ; if you will not withal consider that they come into the world with your approbation, and through your hands. I beg from you the greatest favour you can confer upon an absent person, since I repose upon your management what is dearest to me, my Fame and Reputation ; and, therefore, I hope it will stir you up to make my Poem fairer by many of your blots. If not, you know the story of the Gamster who married the rich Man's Daughter and, when her Father denied the Portion, Christened all the Children by his Surname, that, if in conclusion they must beg, they should do so by one Name as well as by the other. But since the reproach of my faults will light on you, 'tis but reason I should do you that justice to the Readers to let them know, that, if there be anything tolerable in this Poem, they owe the Argument to your choice, the Writing to your encouragement, the Correction to your judgment, and the Care of it to your friendship, to which he must ever acknowledge himself to owe all things, who is,

Sir,

The most Obedient and most  
Faithful of your Servants,

JOHN DRYDEN.

From Charlton, in  
Wiltshire, Nov.  
10, 1666.

## ANNUS MIRABILIS:

THE YEAR OF WONDERS,

M DC LXVI

<p><sup>1</sup> In thriving Arts long time had <i>Holland</i> grown, Crouching at home, and cruel when abroad : Scarce leaving us the means to claim our own ; Our King they courted, and our Merchants aw'd.</p>	<p><sup>3</sup> For them alone the Heav'ns had kindly heat ; * In Eastern Quarries ripening precious Dew : For them the Idumæan Balm did sweat, And in hot Ceylon Spicy Forrests grew.</p>
<p><sup>2</sup> Trade, which like Blood should circularly flow, Stopp'd in their Channels, found its Freedom lost : Thither the Wealth of all the World did go, And seem'd but Shipwrack'd on so base a Coast.</p>	<p><sup>4</sup> The Sun but seem'd the Lab'rer of their Year ; * Each waxing Moon supplied her watry store, To swell those Tides, which from the Line did bear Their brim-full Vessels to the <i>Bel'an</i> shore.</p>

Text from the second edition, 1688, except where noted. In the first edition, 1667, some faults 'escaped the press'. The readings of the first edition are given wherever there was a deliberate change. The current texts have bad errors in 23 4 and 224 1. No editor seems to have observed the earliest text of 105.

\* In Eastern Quarries, &c. Precious Stones at first are dew, condens'd, and harden'd by the warmth of the Sun, or subterranean Fires.  
\* Each waxing, &c. According to their opinion, who think that great heap of Waters under the Line is depressed into Tides by the Moon toward the Poles.

4-2 waxing] waxing 1667.

# THE YEAR OF WONDERS.

5  
Thus, mighty in her Ships, stood *Carthage*  
long,  
And swept the Riches of the world from far,  
Yet stoop'd to *Rome*, less wealthy, but more  
strong :  
And this may prove our second Punick War.

6  
What peace can be, where both to one pre-  
tend ?  
(But they more diligent, and we more strong)  
Or if a peace, it soon must have an end ;  
For they would grow too pow'rful were it  
long.

7  
Behold two nations then, engag'd so far,  
That each seven years the Fit must shake  
each Land ;  
Where *France* will side to weaken us by  
War,  
Who only can his vast Designs withstand.

8  
See how he feeds th' *Iberian* \* with delays,  
To render us his timely Friendship vain ;  
And, while his secret soul on *Flanders* preys,  
He rocks the Cradle of the babe of *Spain*.

9  
Such deep designs of Empire does he lay  
O're them, whose Cause he seems to take in  
hand ;  
And, prudently would make them Lords at  
Sea,  
To whom with ease he can give Laws by  
Land.

10  
This saw our King ; and long within his  
breast  
His pensive counsels ballanc'd too and fro ;  
He griev'd the Layd he freed should be  
oppress'd,  
And he less for it than Usurpers do.

11  
His gen'rous mind the fair *Ideas* drew  
Of Fame and Honor, which in dangers lay ;  
Where wealth, like Fruit on precipices, grew,  
Not to be gather'd but by Birds of prey.

12  
The Loss and Gain each fatally were great ;  
And still his Subjects call'd aloud for War :  
But peaceful Kings, o're martial people set,  
Each other's poize and counter-balance are.

13  
He, first, survey'd the Charge with careful  
eyes,  
Which none but mighty Monarchs could  
maintain ;  
Yet judg'd, like vapours that from Limbecks  
rise,  
It would in richer showers descend again.

14  
At length resolv'd t' assert the watry Ball,  
He in himself did whole Armado's bring :  
Him aged Sea-men might their Master call,  
And choose for General were he not their  
King.

15  
It seems as every Ship their Sovereign knows,  
His awful Summons they so soon obey ;  
So hear the skaly herd when *Proteus* blows,  
And so to Pasture follow through the Sea.

16  
To see this Fleet upon the Ocean move,  
Angels drew wide the Curtains of the Skies :  
And Heav'n, as if there wanted Lights above,  
For Tapers made two glaring Comets rise.

17  
Whether they unctuous Exhalations are,  
Fir'd by the Sun, or seeming so alone ;  
Or each some more remote and slippery  
Star,  
Which loses footing when to Mortals shown.

18  
Or one that bright companion of the Sun,  
Whose glorious aspect seal'd our new-born  
King ;  
And now, a round of greater years begun,  
New influence from his walks of light did  
bring.

\* when *Proteus* blows, or *Cœruleus Proteus*  
*inimam ponti armenta, & magnas pascit sub*  
*gurgite phocas Virg*

\* th' *Iberian*. *The Spaniard*



19

Victorious *York* did first, with fam'd success,  
To his known valour make the *Dutch* give  
place:  
Thus Heav'n our Monarch's fortune did  
confess,  
Beginning conquest from his Royal Race.

20

But since it was decreed, Auspicious King,  
In *Britains* right that thou shouldst wed  
the Main,  
Heav'n, as a gage, would cast some precious  
thing,  
And therefore doom'd that *Lawson* should  
be slain.

21

*Lawson* amongst the formost met his fate,  
Whom Sea-green *Syrens* from the Rocks  
lament:  
Thus as an off'ring for the *Grecian* state,  
He first was kill'd who first to Battel went.

22

Their Chief † blown up in air, not waves  
expir'd,  
To which his pride presum'd to give the  
Law;  
The *Dutch* confess'd Heav'n present, and  
retir'd,  
And all was *Britain* the wide Ocean saw.

23

To nearest Ports their shatter'd Ships repair,  
Where by our dreadful Canon they lay  
aw'd:  
So reverently Men quit the open air,  
When Thunder speaks the angry Gods  
abroad.

24

And now approach'd their Fleet from *India*,  
fraught  
With all the riches of the rising *The*  
Sun: *attempt at*  
And precious Sand from 'Southern *Berghen*,  
Climates brought,  
(The fatal Regions where the War begun.)

† *The admiral of Holland*  
‡ *Southern Climates, Guinny.*

23 4 When] *The editors wrongly give Where*

25

Like hunted *Castors*, conscious of their Store,  
Their way-laid wealth to *Norways* coasts  
they bring:  
There first the North's cold bosome spices  
bore,  
And Winter brooded on the Eastern Spring.

26

By the rich scent we found our perfum'd  
Prey,  
Which flank'd with Rocks, did close in  
covert lie;  
And round about their murdering Canon lay,  
At once to threaten and invite the Eye.

27

Fiercer than Canon, and than Rocks more  
hard,  
The English undertake th' unequal War:  
Seven Ships alone, by which the Port is  
barr'd,  
Besiege the *Indies*, and all *Denmark* dare.

28

These fight like Husbands, but like Lovers  
those:  
These fain would keep, and those more fain  
enjoy:  
And to such height their frantick Passion  
grows,  
That what both love, both hazard to destroy.

29

Amidst whole heaps of Spices lights a Ball,  
And now their Odours arm'd against them  
lie:  
Some preciously by shatter'd Porcelain fall,  
And some by Aromatick Splinters die.

30

And though by Tempests of the Prize bereft,  
In Heavens inclemency some ease we find;  
Our foes we vanquish'd by our valour left,  
And only yielded to the Seas and Wind.

31

Nor wholly lost we so deserv'd a prey;  
For storms, repenting, part of it restor'd:  
Which, as a tribute from the Baltic Sea,  
The British Ocean sent her mighty Lord.

27 2 undertake] undertook 1667.

32

Go, Mortals, now, and vex yourselves in vain  
For Wealth, which so uncertainly must come:  
When what was brought so far, and with  
such pain  
Was onely kept to lose it nearer home.

33

The Son, who twice three months on th'  
Ocean tost,  
Prepar'd to tell what he had pass'd before,  
Now sees in *English Ships* the *Holland* coast,  
And parents Arms, in vain, stretcht from  
the shore.

34

Thus careful Husband had been long away,  
Whom his chaste Wife and little Children  
mourn;  
Who on their fingers learn'd to tell the day  
On which their Father promis'd to return.

35

'Such are the proud Designs of human kind,  
And so we suffer Shipwrack every where!  
Alas! what port can such a Pilot find,  
Who in the mght of Fate must blindly steer

36

The undistinguish'd Seeds of Good and Ill,  
Heaven, in his bosom, from our knowledge  
hides;  
And draws them in contempt of human skill,  
Which oft, for friends, mistaken foes, pro-  
vides.

37

Let *Munsters* Prelate ever be accurst,  
In whom we seek the *German* Faith in  
vain:  
Alas, that he should teach the *English* first,  
That Fraud and Avarice in the Church could  
reign!

38

Happy who never trust a Strangers will,  
Whose Friendship's in his Interest under-  
stood!  
Since Money giv'n but tempts him to be ill,  
When pow'r is too remote to make him good.

<sup>1</sup> Such are, &c from Petronius Si bene cal-  
culum ponas, ubique sit naufragium

<sup>2</sup> The German faith Tacitus saith of them,  
Nullus mortaliū fide aut armis ante Germanos  
esse.

39

Till now, alone the Mighty Nations strove;  
The rest, at gaze, without the Lists  
did stand:  
And threatening *France*, plac'd like *War de-  
clared by*  
a painted *Jove*, *France*.  
Kept idle Thunder in his lifted hand.

40

That Eunuch Guardian of rich *Holland's*  
trade,  
Who envies us what he wants pow'r t' enjoy;  
Whose noiseful valour does no Foe invade,  
And weak assistance will his Friends destroy.

41

Offended that we fought without his leave,  
He takes this time his secret Hate to  
show:  
Which *Charles* does with a mind so calm  
receive,  
As one that neither seeks, nor shuns his Foe.

42

With *France*, to aid the *Dutch*, the *Danes*  
unite,  
*France* as their Tyrant, *Denmark* as their  
slave.  
But when with one three Nations join to  
fight,  
They silently confess that one more brave.

43

*Lewis* had chas'd the *English* from his shore;  
But *Charles* the *French* as Subjects does  
invite:  
Would Heav'n for each some *Solomon* restore,  
Who, by their mercy, may decide their right.

44

Were Subjects so but only by their choice,  
And not from Birth did forc'd Dominion  
take,  
Our Prince alone would have the publique  
voice;  
And all his Neighbours Realms would desarts  
make.

45

His without fear a dangerous War pursues,  
Which without rashness he began before.  
As Honour made him first the danger choose,  
So still he makes it good on virtues score.

46

The doubled charge his Subjects love supplies,  
Who, in that bounty, to themselves are kind:  
So glad Egyptians see their *Nilus* rise,  
And in his plenty their abundance find.

47

With equal pow'r he does two Chiefs create,  
Two such, as each seem'd  
worthiest when alone;  
Each able to sustain a Nations  
fate,  
Since both had found a greater  
in their own.

*Prince Rupert and  
Duke Albemarle sent  
to sea.*

48

Both great in Courage, Conduct and in  
Fame,  
Yet neither envious of the other's Praise;  
Their Duty, Faith, and Int'rest too the same,  
Like mighty Partners equally they raise.

49

The Prince long time had courted Fortune's  
love,  
But once possess'd did absolutely reign;  
Thus with their *Amazons* the *Heroes* strove,  
And conquer'd first those Beauties they  
would gain.

50

The Duke beheld, like *Scipio*, with disdain,  
That *Carthage* which he ruin'd, rise once  
more;  
And shook aloft the *Fasces* of the Main,  
To fright those Slaves with what they felt  
before.

51

Together to the watry Camp they haste,  
Whom Matrons passing to their children  
shew:  
Infants first vows for them to Heav'n are  
cast.  
And future<sup>b</sup> people bless them as they go.

52

With them no riotous pomp, nor *Asian* train,  
T<sup>r</sup> infect a Navy with their gaudy fears:  
To make slow fights, and victories but vain;  
But war, severely, like it self, appears.

<sup>b</sup> future people] Examina infantum futurusque  
populus. Plin Jun in Pan. ad Traj

53

Diffusive of themselves, where'er they pass,  
They make that warmth in others they  
expect;  
Their Valour works like Bodies on a glass,  
And does its Image on their men project.

54

Our Fleet divides, and straight the *Dutch*  
appear,  
In number, and a fam'd Com- *Duke of*  
mander, bold: *Albemarle's*  
The Narrow Seas can scarce *Battel, first*  
their Navy bear *day*  
Or crowded Vessels can their Soldiers hold.

55

The Duke, less numerous, but in Courage  
more,  
On wings of all the winds to Combat flies;  
His murdering Guns a loud Defiance roar,  
And bloody Crosses on his Flag-staffs rise.

56

Both furl their Sails, and strip them for the  
Fight,  
Their folded Sheets dismiss the useless Air:  
'Th' *Elean* plains could boast no nobler  
sight,  
When struggling Champions did their Bodies  
bare.

57

Born each by other in a distant Line,  
The Sea-built Forts in dreadful order move:  
So vast the noise, as if not Fleets did join,  
<sup>a</sup> But lands unfixt, and floating Nations  
strove.

58

Now pass'd, on either side they nimbly tack,  
Both strive to intercept and guide the wind:  
And, in its eye, more closely they come back,  
To finish all the Deaths they left behind.

59

On high-raisd Decks the haughty *Belgians*  
ride,  
Beneath whose shade our humble Frigats go:  
Such port the *Elephant* bears, and so defid  
By the *Rhinocero's* her unequal foe.

<sup>a</sup> Th' Elean, &c. Where the Olympic Games  
were celebrated.

<sup>b</sup> lands unfix'd, from Virgil. Credas mare  
revulsas Cycladas, &c.

60

And as the Built, so different is the Fight,  
Their mounting Shot is on our Sails design'd;  
Deep in their Hulls our deadly Bullets light,  
And through the yielding Planks a passage find.

61

Our dreaded Admiral from far they threat,  
Whose batter'd Rigging their whole war receives;  
All bare, like some old Oak which Tempests beat,  
He stands, and sees below his scatter'd leaves.

62

Heroes of old, when wounded, Shelter sought;  
But he, who meets all Danger with disdain,  
Ev'n in their Face his Ship to Anchor brought,  
And Steeple-high stood propt upon the Main.

63

At this excess of Courage all amaz'd,  
The foremost of his Foes a while withdraw:  
With such respect in enter'd Rome they gaz'd,  
Whoo high Chairs the God-like Fathers saw.

64

And now, as where *Patroclus* Body lay,  
Here *Trojan* Chiefs advanc'd, and there the  
Greek:  
Ours o're the Duke their pious wings display,  
And theirs the noblest Spoils of *Britain* seek.

65

Mean time his busie Mariners he hasts,  
His shatter'd Sails with Rigging to restore,  
And willing Pines ascend his broken Masts,  
Whose lofty heads rise higher than before.

66

Streight to the *Dutch* he turns his dreadful  
Prow,  
More fierce th' important Quarrel to decide:  
Like Swans, in long array his vessels shew,  
Whose crests, advancing, do the waves divide.

67

They charge, recharge, and all along the Sea  
They drive, and squander the huge *Belgian*  
Fleet;

Berkley alone, who nearest Danger lay,  
Did a like Fate with lost *Creusa* meet.

673 who etc ] not making equal way 1667.

68

The night comes on, we eager to persue  
The Combat still, and they asham'd to leave:  
Till the last streaks of dying day withdrew,  
And doubtful Moon-light did our rage deceive.

69

In th' *English* fleet each Ship resounds with  
Joy,  
And loud applause of their great Leader's  
Fame:  
In fiery dreams the *Dutch* they still destroy,  
And slumbring, smile at the imagin'd Flame.

70

Not so the *Holland* fleet, who tired and done,  
Stretch'd on their Decks like weary Oxen lie:  
Faint Sweats all down their mighty Members  
run;  
(Vast bulks which little Souls but ill supply.)

71

In Dreams they fearful Precipices tread:  
Or, shipwreck'd, labour to some distant shore;  
Or in dark Churches walk among the Dead;  
They wake with horror and dare sleep no  
more.

72

The Morn they look on with unwilling eyes,  
Till from their Main-top joyful  
news they hear *Second*  
Of Ships, which by their mould *days*  
bring new Supplies, *Battel.*  
And in their colours *Belgian* Lions bear.

73

Our watchful General had discern'd from far  
This mighty succour, which made glad the  
Foe:  
He sigh'd, but, like a Father of the War,  
' His face spake hope, while deep his Sorrows  
flow.

74

His wounded men he first sends off to shore,  
(Never, till now, unwilling to obey.)  
They, not their wounds but want of Strength  
deplore,  
And think them happy who with him can  
stay.

*His face, &c. Spem vultu simulat, premit  
altum corde dolorem. Virg.*

692 Leader's ] 1667: Lead'rs 1688.

75

Then to the rest, Rejoyce (said he) to-day ;  
In you the fortune of *Great Britain* lies :  
Among so brave a people, you are they  
Whom Heav'n has chose to fight for such  
a Prize.

76

If number *English* courages could quell,  
We should at first have shun'd, not met  
our Foes :  
Whose numerous Sails the fearful only tell ;  
Courage from hearts, and not from numbers,  
grows.

77

He said ; nor needed more to say : with  
hast  
To their known Stations chearfully they go ;  
And all at once, disdain'd to be last,  
Solicite every Gale to meet the Foe.

78

Nor did th' encourag'd *Belgians* long delay,  
But, bold in others, not themselves, they  
stood :  
So thick, our Navy scarce could sheer their  
way,  
But seem'd to wander in a moving wood

79

Our little Fleet was now ingag'd so far,  
That, like the Sword-fish in the Whale, they  
fought.  
The Combat only seem'd a Civil War,  
Till through their Bowels we our Passage  
wrought.

80

Never had Valour, no not ours, before, c  
Done ought like this upon the Land or  
Main :  
Where not to be o'rcome was to do more  
Than all the Conquests former Kings did  
gain.

81

The mighty ghosts of our great *Harries* rose,  
And armed *Edwards* look'd with anxious  
eyes,  
To see this Fleet among unequal Foes,  
By which fate promis'd them their *Charles*  
should rise.

78 3 sheer] 1667: steer 1688. Probably a mis-  
print

82

Mean time the *Belgians* tack upon our Reer,  
And raking Chase-guns through our Sterns  
they send ;  
Close by, their fire-ships, like *Jackals*, appear,  
Who on their Lions for the Prey attend.

83

Silent in smoke of Cannons they come on  
(Such Vapours once did fiery *Cacus* hide.)  
In these the height of pleas'd Revenge is  
shewn,  
Who burn contented by anothers side.

84

Sometimes from fighting Squadrons of each  
Fleet,  
(Deceiv'd themselves, or to preserve some  
Friend,)  
Two grappling *Etna's* on the Ocean meet,  
And *English* Fires with *Belgian* Flames con-  
tend.

85

Now, at each tack, our little Fleet grows less ;  
And, like maim'd Fowl, swim lagging on the  
Main ;  
Their greater loss their Numbers scarce con-  
fess,  
While they lose cheaper than the *English*  
gain.

86

Have you not seen, when, whistled from the  
Fist,  
Some Falcon stoops at what her Eye design'd,  
And, with her eagerness, the quarry miss'd,  
Streight flies at check, and clips it down  
the Wind ?

87

The dastard Crow that to the Wood made  
wing,  
And sees the Groves no shelter can afford,  
With her loud Kaws her Craven kind does  
bring,  
Who, safe in numbers, cuff the noble Bird.

88

Among the *Dutch* thus *Albemarle* did fare :  
He could not conquer, and disdain'd to flie ;  
Past hope of safety, 'twas his latest care,  
Like falling *Cæsar*, decently to die.

83 1 Cannons] The editors give Cannon  
86.4 Wind?] Wind. 1667 and 1688.

89

Yet Pity did his manly Spirit move,  
To see those perish who so well had fought ;  
And, generously, with his despair he strove,  
Resolv'd to live till he their safety wrought.

90

Let other Muses write his prosp'rous fate,  
Of conquer'd Nations tell, and Kings restor'd :  
But mine shall sing of his eclips'd estate,  
Which, like the Sun's, more wonders does afford.

91

He drew his mighty Frigats all before,  
On which the Foe his fruitless Force employs :

His weak ones deep into his Reer he bore  
Remote from Guns, as Sick-men from the noise.

92

His fiery Canon did their passage guide,  
And following Smoke obscur'd them from the Foe :

Thus *Israel*, safe from the *Egyptian's* pride,  
By flaming Pillars, and by Clouds did go.

93

Elsewhere the *Belgian* force we did defeat,  
But here our Courages did theirs subdue :  
So *Xenophon* once led that fam'd Retreat,  
Which first the *Asian* Empire overthrew.

94

The Foe approach'd, and one, for his bold  
Sin,  
Was sunk, (as he that touch'd the Ark was slain :)

The wild Waves master'd him and suck'd  
him in,  
And smiling *Eddies* dimpled on the Main.

95

This seen, the rest at awful distance stood ;  
As if they had been there as Servants set,  
To stay, or to go on, as he thought good,  
And not persue, but wait on his Retreat.

96

So *Lybian* Huntsmen on some Sandy plain,  
From shady coverts rous'd, the Lion chase :  
The Kingly beast roars out with loud disdain,  
And slowly moves, unknol'ing to give place.

*The Smile is Virgil's. Vestigia retro im-  
properata refert, &c.*

91-4 from the noise] are from noise 1667  
96 [ *Lybian*] The editors correct to *Libyan*

97

But if some one approach to dare his Force,  
He swings his Tail, and swiftly turns him round :

With one Paw seizes on his trembling Horse,  
And with the other tears him to the ground

98

Amidst these Toils succeeds the balmy  
night ;

Now hissing waters the quench'd Guns  
restore ;

"And weary waves, withdrawing from the  
Fight,

Lie lull'd and panting on the silent Shore.

99

The Moon shone clear on the becalmed flood,  
Where, while her beams like glittering silver  
play,

Upon the Deck our careful General stood,  
And deeply mus'd on the "succeeding day.

100

That happy Sun, said he, will rise again,  
Who twice victorious did our Navy see :  
And I alone must view him rise in vain,  
Without one ray of all his Star for me.

101

Yet like an *English* Gen'ral will I die,  
And all the Ocean make my spacious grave :  
Women and Cowards on the Land may lie,  
The Sea's a Tomb that's proper for the Brave.

102

Restless he pass'd the remnants of the Night,  
Till the fresh Air proclaim'd the Morning  
nigh :

And burning Ships, the Martyrs of the Fight,  
With paler fires beheld the Eastern sky.

103

But now, his Stores of Ammunition spent,  
His naked Valour is his only  
guard ;

Rare Thunders are from his dumb  
Cannon sent,

And solitary Guns are scarcely heard.

*"weary waves, from Statius Sylv.  
Nec trucibus fluvii idem sonus : Occidit horror  
aquoras, et terris maria acclinata quiescant.*

*"The third of June, famous for two former  
Victories.*

104

Thus far had Fortune pow'r, here forc'd to stay,  
Nor longer durst with Virtue be at strife:  
This, as a Ransom, *Albemarl* did pay  
For all the Glories of so great a Life.

105

For now brave *Rupert* from afar appears,  
Whose waving Streamers the glad General knows:  
With full-spread Sails his eager Navy steers,  
And every Ship in swift proportion grows.

106

The anxious Prince had heard the Cannon long,  
And from that length of time dire Omens drew  
Of *English* over-match'd, and *Dutch* too strong,  
Who never fought three days but to persue.

107

Then, as an eagle, (who, with pious care,  
Was beating widely on the wing for prey.)  
To her now silent *Eiry* does repair,  
And finds her callow Infants forc'd away.

108

Stung with her Love, she stoops upon the Plain,  
The broken Air loud whistling as she flies:  
She stops, and listens, and shoots forth again,  
And guides her Pinions by her Young ones cries.

109

With such kind passion hasts the Prince to fight,  
And spreads his flying Canvass to the sound;  
Him, whom no danger, were he there could fright,  
Now, absent, every little noise can wound.

110

As in a drought the thirsty Creatures cry,  
And gape upon the gather'd Clouds for Rain;  
And first the Martlet meets it in the Sky,  
And, with wet wings, joys all the feather'd Train.

105 The text of 1688 is that of later copies of 1667. The earliest copies of 1667 have

For now brave *Rupert's* Navy did appear,  
Whose waving streamers from afar he knows:  
As in his fate something divine there were  
Who dead and buried the third day arose.

111

With such glad hearts did our despairing Men  
Salute the appearance of the Princes Fleet;  
And each ambitiously would claim the Kén,  
That with first eyes did distant safety meet.

112

The *Dutch*, who came like greedy Hinds before,  
To reap the harvest their ripe Ears did yield;  
Now look like those, when rowling Thunders roar,  
And sheets of Lightning blast the standing Field.

113

Full in the Princes Passage, hills of Sand  
And dang'rous Flats in secret Ambush lay,  
Where the false tides skim o'er the cover'd Land,  
And Sea-men with dissembled Depths betray.

114

The wily *Dutch*, who, like fall'n-Angels, fear'd  
This new *Messia's* coming, there did wait,  
And round the verge their braving Vessels steer'd,  
To tempt his Courage with so fair a Bait.

115

But he, unmov'd, contemns their idle threat,  
Secure of fame when e're he please to fight:  
His cold Experience tempers all his heat,  
And inbred worth doth boasting Valour slight.

116

Heroick Virtue did his Actions guide,  
And he the substance not th' appearance chose:  
To rescue one such Friend he took more pride,  
Than to destroy whole Thousands of such Foes.

117

But when approach'd, in strict Embraces bound,  
*Rupert* and *Albemarl* together grow:  
He joys to have his Friend in safety found,  
Which he to none but to that Friend would owe.

115 & doth] does 1667.

118

The chearful Soldiers, with new stores supplied,  
Now long to execute their spleenful Will;  
And, in revenge for those three days they tri'd,  
Wish one, like *Joshuah's*, when the Sun stood still.

119

Thus re-inforc'd, against the adverse Fleet,  
Still doubling ours, brave *Rupert* leads the way;  
With the first blushes of the Morn *Fourth days Battle.*  
they meet,  
And bring night back upon the new-born day.

120

His presence soon blows up the kindling Fight,  
And his loud Guns speak thick like angry men:  
It seem'd as Slaughter had been breath'd all night,  
And Death new pointed his dull Dart agen.

121

The *Dutch* too well his mighty Conduct knew,  
And matchless Courage since the former Fight!  
Whose Navy like a stiff-stretch'd cord did show,  
Till he bore in, and bent them into flight.

122

The wind he shares, while half their Fleet offends  
His open side, and high above him shews,  
Upon the rest at pleasure he descends,  
And, doubly harm'd, he double harms bestows.

123

Behind, the Gen'ral mends his weary Pace,  
And sullenly to his Revenge he sails:  
So glides some trodden Serpent on the Grass,  
And long behind his wounded Volume trails.

*So glides, &c. from Virgil: Quam mediū nexū extremæque agmina caudæ solvantur, tardosque trahit sinus ultimus orbes, &c.*

DR

124

Th' increasing Sound is born to either shore,  
And for their stakes the throwing Nations fear:  
Their Passion, double with the Cannons roar,  
And with warm wishes each Man combats there.

125

Pli'd thick and close as when the Fight begun,  
Their huge unwieldy Navy wasts away;  
So sick'ning waning Moons too near the Sun,  
And blunt their Crescents on the edge of day.

126

And now reduc'd on equal terms to fight,  
Their Ships like wasted Patrimonies show;  
Where the thin scatt'ring Trees admit the light,  
And shun each others Shadows as they grow.

127

The warlike Prince had sever'd from the rest  
Two giant Ships, the pride of all the Main;  
Which, with his one, so vigorously he press'd,  
And flew so home they could not rise again.

128

Already batter'd, by his Lee they lay,  
In vain upon the passing Winds they call:  
The passing Winds through their torn Canvas play,  
And flapping Sails on heartless Sailors fall.

129

Their open'd sides receive a gloomy light,  
Dreadful as day let in to shades below:  
Without, grim death rides bare-fac'd in their sight,  
And urges ent'ring billows as they flow.

130

When onedire shot, the last they could supply,  
Close by the board the Prince's Main-mast bore:  
All three now, helpless, by each other lie,  
And thus offends not, and those fear no more.

131

So have I seen some fearful Hare maintain  
A Course, till tri'd before the Dog she lay,  
Who, stretch'd behind her, pants upon the Plain,  
Past pow'r to kill as she to get away.

124 & Passion] Some editors give Passions

C



132  
With his loll'd tongue he faintly licks his  
Prey,  
His warm breath blows her fliv up as she lies ;  
She, trembling, creeps upon the ground away,  
And looks back to him with beseeching eyes.

133  
The Prince unjustly does his Stars accuse,  
Which hinder'd him to push his Fortune on ;  
For what glory to his Courage did refuse,  
By mortal Valour never must be done.

134  
This lucky hour the wise *Batavian* takes,  
And warns his tatter'd Fleet to follow home :  
Proud to have so got off with equal stakes,  
Where 'twas a Triumph not to be o're-come.

135  
The General's force, as kept alive by fight,  
Now, not oppos'd, no longer can persue :  
Lasting till Heav'n had done his courage  
right ;  
When he had conquer'd he his Weakness  
knew.

136  
He casts a Frown on the departing Foe,  
And sighs to see him quit the watry Field :  
His stern fix'd eyes no satisfaction shew,  
For all the glories which the Fight did yield.

137  
Though, as when Fiends did Miracles avow,  
He stands confess'd e'en by the boastful  
*Dutch*,  
He only does his Conquest disavow,  
And thinks too little what they found too  
much.

c 138  
Return'd, he with the Fleet resolv'd to stay ;  
No tender thoughts of Home his heart divide ;  
Domestick Joys and Cares he puts away ;  
For Realms are households which the Great  
must guide.

139  
As those who unripe veins in Mines explore,  
On the rich bed again the warm Turf lay,  
Till time digests the yet imperfect Ore,  
And know it will be Gold another day : c

c 140  
So looks our Monarch on this early Fight,  
Th' essay and rudiments of great Success,  
Which all-maturing time must bring to Light,  
While he, like Heav'n, does each days labour  
bless.

141  
Heav'n ended not the first or second day,  
Yet each was perfect to the work design'd ;  
God and Kings work, when they their work  
survey,  
And passive aptness in all Subjects find.

142  
In burden'd Vessels first, with speedy care,  
His plenteous Stores do season'd  
Timber send  
Thither the brawny Carpenters  
repair,  
And as the Surgeons of maim'd Ships  
attend.

143  
With Cord and Canvass from rich *Hamburg*  
sent,  
His Navies molted wings he imps once more ;  
Tall *Norway* Fir, their Masts in Battel spent,  
And *English* Oak sprung Leaks and Planks  
restore.

144  
All hands employ'd the Royal work grows  
warm :  
Like labouring Bees on a long Summers day,  
Some sound the Trumpet for the rest to  
swarm,  
And some on bells of tasted Lillies play.

145  
With glewy wax some new Foundations lay  
Of Virgin-combs, which from the Roof are  
hung :  
Some arm'd within doors, upon Duty stay  
Or tend the Sick, or educate the Young.

146  
So here some pick out Bullets from the side,  
Some drive old Okum through each Seam  
and Rift :  
Their left-hand does the Calking-iron guide,  
The rattling Mallet with the right they lift.

c Fervet opus the same similitude in Virgil.

\* From Horace : quos opimus  
Fallere & effugere est triumphus

142 & Surgeons] Chyrurgions 1667.  
145 & Foundations] Foundation 1667.  
146 & side] sides 1667 and 1655

147

With boiling Pitch another near at hand,  
 (From friendly Sweden brought) the seams  
 instops:  
 Which well paid o'r, the salt-Sea waves with-  
 stand,  
 And shake them from the rising Beak in  
 drops.

148

Some the gall'd Ropes with dawby Marling  
 bind,  
 Or sear-cloth Masts with strong Tarpawling  
 coats:  
 To try new Shrouds one mounts into the  
 wind,  
 And one, below, their Ease or Stiffness notes.

149

Our careful Monarch stands in Person by,  
 His new-cast Cannons Firmness to explore:  
 The strength of big-corn'd Powder loves to  
 try,  
 And Ball and Cartrage sorts for every bore.

150

Each day brings fresh supplies of Arms and  
 Men,  
 And Ships which all last Winter were  
 abroad:  
 And such as fitted since the Fight had  
 been,  
 Or new from Stocks were fall'n into Road.

151

The goodly London in her gallant Trim,  
 (The Phoenix daughter of the  
 vanish'd old :)  
 Like a rich Bride does to the *Loyal*  
*London*  
*Ocean swim,* *described*  
 And on her shadow rides in Floating-gold.

152

Her Flag aloft spread ruffling to the Wind,  
 And sanguine Streamers seem the Floud to  
 fire:  
 The Weaver charm'd with what his Loom  
 design'd,  
 Goes on to Sea, and knows not to retire.

147 & shake) shakes 1667 and 1688  
 150 & Road] Some editors wrongly give the  
 Road

153

With roomy Decks, her Guns of mighty  
 strength,  
 Whose low-laid Mouths each mounting  
 Bulwark laves:  
 Deep in her Draught, and warlike in her  
 Length,  
 She seems a Sea-wasp flying on the Waves.

154

This martial Present, piously design'd,  
 The Loyal City give their best-lov'd King:  
 And with a Bounty ample as the wind,  
 Built, fitted and maintain'd to aid him bring.

155

By viewing Nature, Nature's Hand-maid  
 Art  
 Makes mighty things from small *Digression*  
 beginnings grow: *concerning*  
 Thus Fishes first to Shipping did *Shipping*  
 impart, *and Naviga-*  
*tion.*  
 Their Tail the Rudder, and their Head the  
 Prow.

156

Some Log, perhaps, upon the waters swam,  
 An useless drift, which rudely cut within,  
 And, hollow'd, first a floating Trough became  
 And cross some Riv'let Passage did begin.

157

In shipping such as this, the Irish Kern,  
 And untaught Indian, on the Stream did  
 glide:  
 Ere sharp-keel'd Boats to stem the Floud did  
 learn,  
 Or fin-like Oars did spread from either side.

158

Add but a sail, and Saturn so appear'd,  
 When from lost Empire he to Exile went,  
 And with the Golden age to Tyber steer'd,  
 Where Coin and first Commerce he did  
 invent.

159

Rude as their Ships was Navigation, then;  
 No useful Compass or Meridian known;  
 Coasting, they kept the Land within their  
 ken,  
 And knew no North but when the Pole-star  
 shone.

160

Of all who since have used the open Sea,  
Than the bold *English* none more Fame have  
won ;

\* Beyond the Year, and out of Heav'n's  
high-way,

They made discoveries where they see no Sun.

161

But what so long in vain, and yet unknown,  
By poor man-kinds benighted Wit is sought,  
Shall in this Age to *Britain* first be shewn,  
And hence be to admiring Nations taught.

162

The Ebbs of Tides and their mysterious Flow,  
We, as Arts Elements shall understand,  
And as by Line upon the Ocean go,  
Whose Paths shall be familiar as the Land.

163

\* Instructed ships shall sail to quick Com-  
merce,

By which remotest Regions are alli'd ;  
Which makes one City of the Universe ;  
Where some may gain, and all may be sup-  
pli'd.

164

Then we upon our Globes last verge shall go,  
And view the Ocean leaning on the Sky :  
From thence our rolling Neighbours we shall  
know,

And on the Lunar world securely pry.

165

This I fore-tel from your auspicious Care,  
Who great in search of God and

Nature grow ;

Who best your wise Creator's  
Praise declare,

Since best to praise his works is best to know.

*Apostrophe  
to the Royal  
Society*

166

O truly Royal ! who behold the Law,  
And rule of Beings in your Makers mind :  
And thence, like Limbecks, rich Idea's draw,  
To fit the levell'd use of Human-kind.

167

But first the toils of War we must endure,  
And from th' injurious *Dutch* redeem the Seas,  
War makes the valiant of his right secure,  
And gives up Fraud to be chastis'd with ease.

\* Extra anni solisque vias. *Virg.*

† By a more exact measure of Longitude.

168

Already were the *Belgians* on our Coast,  
Whose Fleet more mighty every day became  
By late success, which they did falsely boast,  
And now by first appearing seem'd to claim.

169

Designing, Subtil, Diligent, and Close,  
They knew to manage War with wise delay :  
Yet all those arts their Vanity did cross,  
And, by their pride, their prudence did  
betray.

170

Nor staid the *English* long : But well sup-  
pli'd,  
Appear as numerous as th' insulting Foe :  
The Combat now by Courage must be  
tri'd,  
And the Success the braver Nation shew.

171

There was the *Plimouth* Squadron new come  
in,  
Which in the Streights last Winter was  
abroad ;  
Which twice on *Biscay's* working-Bay had  
been,  
And on the Mid-land sea the *French* had  
aw'd.

172

Old expert *Allen*, Loyal all along,  
Fam'd for his action on the *Smirna* fleet :  
And *Holmes*, whose name shall live in Epick  
Song,  
While Musick Numbers, or while Verse has  
Feet.

173

*Holmes*, the *Achates* of the Gen'ral's Fight ;  
Who first bewitch'd our eyes with *Guinny*  
gold :  
As once old *Cato* in the *Roman's* sight  
The tempting Fruits of *Africk* did unfold.

174

With him went *Sprag*, as bountiful as brave,  
Whom his high Courage to command had  
brought :  
*Harman*, who did the twice fir'd *Harry* save,  
And in his burning ship undaunted fought.

171.1 new] 1667: now 1688. Probably a mis-  
print.

175

Young *Hollis* on a *Muse* by *Mars* begot,  
 Born, *Cæsar*-like, to write and act great  
 Deeds :  
 Impatient to revenge his fatal Shot,  
 His right hand doubly to his left succeeds.

176

Thousands were there in darker fame that  
 dwell,  
 Whose Deeds some nobler Poem shall adorn :  
 And though to me unknown, they, sure,  
 fought well,  
 Whom *Rupert* led, and who were *British* born.

177

Of every size an hundred fighting Sail,  
 So vast the Navy now at Anchor rides,  
 That underneath it the press'd Waters fail,  
 And, with its weight, it shoulders off the  
 Tides.

178

Now Anchors weigh'd, the Sea-men shout  
 so shrill,  
 That Heav'n, and Earth, and the wide Ocean  
 rings :  
 A Breeze from Westward waits their Sails to  
 fill,  
 And rests, in those high beds, his downy  
 Wings.

179

The wary *Dutch* this gathering storm fore-  
 saw,  
 And durst not bide it on the *English*-coast :  
 Behind their treacherous Shallows they with-  
 draw,  
 And there lay Snarcs to catch the *British*  
 Hpst.

180

So the false Spider, when her Nets are spread,  
 Deep ambush'd in her silent Den does lie :  
 And feels, far off, the trembling of her  
 thread,  
 Whose filmy Cord should bind the struggling  
 Fly.

181

Then, if at last she find him fast beset,  
 She issues forth, and runs along her Loom :  
 She joys to touch the Captive in her Net,  
 And drag the little Wretch in triumph  
 home.

182

The *Belgians* hop'd that, with disorder'd  
 haste,  
 Our deep-cut Keels upon the Sands might  
 run :  
 Or, if with caution leisurely were past,  
 Their numerous Gross might charge us one  
 by one.

183

But with a Fore-wind pushing them above,  
 And swelling Tide that heav'd them from  
 below,  
 O'er the blind Flats our warlike Squadrons  
 move,  
 And, with spread Sails, to welcom Battel go.

184

It seem'd as there the *British Neptune*  
 stood,  
 With all his hosts of Waters at Command,  
 Beneath them to submit th' officious Floud ;  
 "And, with his Trident, shov'd them off the  
 Sand.

185

To the pale Foes they suddenly draw near,  
 And summon them to unexpected Fight ;  
 They start like Murderers when Ghosts  
 appear,  
 And draw their Curtains in the dead of night.

186

Now Van to Van the foremost Squadrons  
 meet,  
 The midmost Battels hastning up *Second*  
 behind : *Battel*  
 Who view, far off, the storm of falling Sleet ;  
 And hear their Thundergating in the wind.

187

At length the adverse Admirals appear ;  
 (The two bold Champions of each Countries  
 right)  
 Their Eyes describe the lists as they come  
 near,  
 And draw the lines of Death before they fight.

181 2 hosts host 1667  
 186 2 hastning hastning 1667.

# ANNUS MIRABILIS,

188

The distance judg'd for Shot of every size,  
The Linstocks touch, the pond'rous Ball  
expires :

The vigorous Sea-man every Port-hole plies,  
And adds his heart to every Gun he fires.

189

Fierce was the Fight on the proud *Belgians*  
side,

For Honour, which they seldom sought  
before :

But now they by their own vain Boasts were  
ti'd

And forc'd, at least in show, to prize it more.

190

But sharp remembrance on the *English*  
part

And shame of being match'd by such a  
Foe,

Rouze conscious Virtue up in every heart,  
\* And seeming to be stronger makes them so.

191

Nor long the *Belgians* could that Fleet sus-  
tain,

Which did two Gen'als fates, and *Cæsar's*  
bear :

Each several Ship a Victory did gain,  
As *Rupert* or as *Albemarle* were there.

192

Their batter'd Admiral too soon withdrew,  
Unthank'd by ours for his unfinish'd Fight ;

But he the Minds of his *Dutch* Masters knew,  
Who call'd that providence which we call'd  
flight.

193

Never did Men more joyfully obey,  
Or sooner understood the sign to fly :

With such alacrity they bore away,  
As if to praise them All the States stood by.

194

O famous leader of the *Belgian* fleet,  
Thy Monument inscrib'd such praise shall  
wear,

As *Varro* timely flying once did meet, \*  
Because he did not of his *Rome* despair.

\* *Possunt, quia posse videntur. Virg*

195

Behold that Navy, which a while before  
Provok'd the tardy *English* close to Fight ;  
Now draw their beaten Vessels close to  
shore,

As Larks lie dar'd to shun the Hobbies flight.

196

Who e're would *English* Monuments survey,  
In other Records may our Courage know :

But let them hide the Story of this day,  
Whose Fame was blemish'd by too base  
a Foe.

197

Or if too busily they will enquire  
Into a Victory which we disdain :

Then let them know, the *Belgians* did  
retire

\* Before the Patron Saint of injur'd *Spain*.

198

Repenting *England* this revengeful day  
To *Philip's* Manes † did an offering bring

*England*, which first, by leading them astray,  
Hatch'd up Rebellion to destroy her King.

199

Our Fathers bent their braveful industry,  
To check a Monarchy that slowly grew ;

But did not *France* or *Holland's* late fore-  
see,

Whose rising Pow'r to swift Dominion flew.

200

In fortunes Empire blindly thus we go,  
And wander after pathless Destiny ;

Whose dark resorts since Prudence cannot  
know,

In vain it would provide for what shall be.

201

But what e're *English* to the bless'd shall go,  
And the fourth *Harry* or first *Orange* meet ;

Find him disowning of a *Burbon* foe,  
And him detesting a *Batavian* Fleet.

\* *Patron Saint* : St James, on whose day this  
Victory was gain'd.

† *Philip's Manes* : Philip the Second of Spain,  
against whom the Hollanders rebelling, were  
aided by Queen Elizabeth

202

Now on their Coasts our conquering Navy  
rides,  
Way-lays their Merchants, and their Land  
besets;  
Each day new Wealth without their Care  
provides;  
They lie asleep with Prizes in their Nets.

203

So, close behind some Promontory lie  
The huge Leviathans t' attend their Prey;  
And give no Chace, but swallow in the  
Frie,  
Which through their gaping Jaws mistake  
the way.

204

Nor was this all: In Ports and Roads remote,  
Destructive Fires among whole  
Fleets we send;  
Triumphant Flames upon the  
Water flote,  
And out-bound Ships at home  
their Voyage end.

*Burning of  
the fleet in  
the Vly by  
Sir Robert  
Holmes.*

205

Those various Squadrons, variously design'd  
Each Vessel freighted with a several  
Load,  
Each Squadron waiting for a several wind,  
All find but one, to burn them in the Road.

206

Some bound for *Gumny*, golden Sand to find,  
Bore all the Gauds the simple Natives  
wear:  
Some for the pride of *Turkish* Courts design'd,  
For folded *Turbants* finest *Holland* bear.

207

Some *English* wool, vex'd in a *Belgian* Loom,  
And into Cloth of spongy softness made,  
Did into *France* or colder *Denmark* doom,  
To ruine with worse ware our staple Trade.

208

Our greedy Sea-men rummage every hold,  
Smile on the Booty of each wealthier Chest;  
And, as the Priests who with their Gods  
make bold,  
Take what they like, and sacrifice the rest.

206 4 *Turbants*] *Turbans* 1667.  
207.2 made,] made 1667 and 1688

209

But, ah! how unsincere are all our Joys!  
Which, sent from Heav'n, like  
Lightning, make no stay: *Transit to  
the Fire of  
London.*  
Their palling Taste the Journeys  
Length destroys,  
Or Grief, sent post, o'takes them on the  
way.

210

Swell'd with our late Successes on the Foe,  
Which *France* and *Holland* wanted power  
to cross,  
We urge an unseen Fate to lay us low,  
And feed their envious Eyes with *English*  
loss.

211

Each Element his dread Command obeys,  
Who makes or ruins with a Smile or Frown;  
Who as by one he did our Nation raise,  
So now, he with another pulls us down.

212

Yet *London*, Empress of the Northern Clime,  
By an high Fate thou greatly didst expire:  
Great as the Worlds, which, at the death  
of time,  
Must fall, and rise a nobler frame by fire.

213

As when some dire Usurper Heav'n provides  
To scourge his Country with a lawless sway:  
His birth perhaps some petty Village hides,  
And sets his Cradle out of Fortune's way.

214

Till fully ripe his swelling Fate breaks out,  
And hurries him to mighty Mischiefs on:  
His Prince, surpriz'd at first, no ill could  
doubt,  
And wants the pow'r to meet it when 'tis  
known.

215

Such was the Rise of this prodigious fire,  
Which in mean Buildings first obscurely bred,  
From thence did soon to open Streets aspire,  
And straight to Palaces and Temples spread.

216

The diligence of Trades and noiseful Gain,  
And luxury, more late, asleep were laid:  
All, was the nights, and in her silent reign  
No sound the rest of Nature did invade.

z Quam mare, quam tellus, correptaque regia  
cell, ardeat, &c. *Ovid*

217

In this deep quiet, from what source unknown,  
Those seeds of Fire their fatal Birth disclose ;  
And first, few scatt'ring Sparks about were  
blown,  
Big with the flames that to our Ruin rose.

218

Then, in some close-pent Room it crept  
along,  
And, smouldring as it went, in silence fed ;  
Till th' infant Monster, with devouring  
strong,  
Walk'd boldly upright with exalted head.

219

Now like some rich or mighty Murderer,  
Too great for Prison, which he breaks with  
Gold,  
Who fresher for new Mischiefs does appear  
And dares the World to tax him with the old :

220

So scapes th' insulting Fire his narrow Jail  
And makes small out-lets into open air :  
There the fierce Winds his tender Force assail,  
And beat him down-ward to his first repair.

221

\* The Winds, like crafty Courtizans, withheld  
His Flames from burning, but to blow them  
more :  
And every fresh attempt he is repell'd  
With faint Denials, weaker than before.

222

And now, no longer letted of his Prey,  
He leaps up at it with irrag'd desire :  
O'relooks the Neigh'ours with a wide survey,  
And nods at every House his threatening Fire.

223

The Ghosts of Traitors from the Bridge  
descend,  
With bold Fanatick Spectres to rejoyce :  
About the fire into a Dance they bend,  
And sing their Sabbath Notes with feeble  
voice.

\* *like crafty, &c.*, Hæc arte tractabat cupidum  
vrum, ut illius animum inopia accenderet.

221 note. Some editors correct the misquotation.

224

Our Guardian Angel saw them where he sate  
Above the Palace of our slumbring King ;  
He sigh'd, abandoning his charge to Fate,  
And, drooping, oft lookt back upon the wing.

225

At length the crackling noise and dreadful  
blaze  
Call'd up some waking Lover to the sight ;  
And long it was ere he the rest could raise,  
Whose heavy Eye-lids yet were full of Night.

226

The next to Danger, hot persu'd by Fate,  
Half-cloth'd, half-naked, hastily retire :  
And frighted Mothers strike their Breasts,  
too late,  
For helpless Infants left amidst the Fire.

227

Their Cries soon waken all the Dwellers near ;  
Now murmuring Noises rise in every Street ;  
The more remote run stumbling with their  
fear,  
And, in the dark, Men jostle as they meet.

228

So weary Bees in little Cells repose ;  
But if Night-robbers lift the well-stor'd Hive,  
An humming through their waxen City  
grows,  
And out upon each others wings they drive.

229

Now Streets grow throng'd and busie as by  
day ;  
Some run for Buckets to the hallow'd Quire :  
Some cut the Pipes, and some the Engines  
play ;  
And some more bold mount Ladders to the  
fire.

230

In vain : For from the East a Belgian wind  
His hostile Breath through the dry Rafters  
sent ;  
The Flames impell'd soon left their Foes  
behind  
And forward, with a wanton fury went.

224 [ he] By a most thoughtless error all Eng-  
lish editors give they

231

A Key of Fire ran all along the Shore,  
 And lightn'd all the River with a blaze:  
 The waken'd Tides began again to roar,  
 And wond'ring Fish in shining waters gaze.

232

Old Father Thames rais'd up his reverend  
 head,  
 But fear'd the fate of *Sinweis* would return:  
 Deep in his *Ooze* he sought his sedgy Bed,  
 And shrunk his Waters back into his Urn.

233

The Fire, mean time walks in a broader gross;  
 To either hand his Wings he opens wide:  
 He wades the Streets, and streight he reaches  
 cross,  
 And plays his longing Flames on th' other  
 side.

234

At first they warm, then scorch, and then  
 they take;  
 Now with long Necks from side to side they  
 feed:  
 At length, grown strong, their Mother-fire  
 forsake,  
 And a new Colony of Flames succeed.

235

To every nobler Portion of the Town  
 The curling Billows roll their restless Tide:  
 In parties now they straggle up and down,  
 As Armies, unoppos'd, for Prey divide.

236

One mighty Squadron with a Side-wind sped,  
 Through narrow Lanes his cumber'd Fire  
 does haste:  
 By pow'rful charms of Gold and Silver led,  
 The Lombard Banquers and the *Change* to  
 waste.

237

Another backward to the *Tow'r* would go,  
 And slowly eats his way against the Wind:  
 But the main body of the marching Foe  
 Against th' Imperial Palace is design'd.

<sup>b</sup> *Sigæa igni freta lata relucet. Virg.*

238

Now Day appears, and with the day the  
 King,  
 Whose early Care had robb'd him of his rest:  
 Far off the Cracks of Falling houses ring,  
 And Shrieks of Subjects pierce his tender  
 Breast.

239

Near as he draws, thick harbingers of Smoke  
 With gloomy Pillars cover all the place:  
 Whose little intervals of Night are broke  
 By Sparks, that drive against his Sacred  
 Face.

240

More than his Guards his Sorrows made him  
 known,  
 And pious Tears, which down his Cheeks did  
 show'r:  
 The Wretched in his Grief forgot their own;  
 (So much the Pity of a King has pow'r.)

241

He wept the Flames of what he lov'd so well,  
 And what so well had merited his love:  
 For never Prince in Grace did more excel,  
 Or Royal City more in Duty strove.

242

Nor with an idle Care did he behold:  
 (Subjects may grieve, but Monarchs must  
 redress.)  
 He cheers the Fearful and commends the  
 Bold,  
 And makes Despairers hope for good Success.

243

Himself directs what first is to be done,  
 And orders all the Succours which they bring:  
 The Helpful and the Good about him run,  
 And form an Army worthy such a King.

244

He sees the dire Contagion spread so fast  
 That where it seizes, all Relief is vain:  
 And therefore must unwillingly lay waste  
 That Country, which would, else, the Foe  
 maintain.

245

The Powder blows up all before the Fire:  
 Th' amazed flames stand gather'd on a heap;  
 And from the precipices-brink retire,  
 Afraid to venture on so large a leap.

235 3 straggle] 1667: struggle 1688. *A mis-  
 print.*

238 3 Falling houses] 1667: Falling houses 1682



246

Thus fighting Fires a while themselves consume,  
But streight like *Turks*, forc'd on to win or die;  
They first lay tender Bridges of their fume,  
And o're the Breach in unctuous vapours flie.

247

Part stays for Passage, 'till a gust of wind  
Ships o're their Forces in a shining Sheet :  
Part, creeping under ground, their Journey blind,  
And, climbing from below, their Fellows meet.

248

Thus to some desert Plain, or old Wood-side,  
Dire Night-hags come from far to dance their round :  
And o're broad rivers, on their Fiends, they ride,  
Or sweep in Clouds above the blasted ground.

249

No help avails : for, *Hydra*-like, the Fire  
Lifts up his Hundred heads to aim his way :  
And scarce the wealthy can one half retire,  
Before he rushes in to share the Prey.

250

The Rich grow suppliant, and the Poor grow proud :  
Those offer mighty gain, and these ask more ;  
So void of pity is th' ignoble Crowd,  
When others Ruin may increase their Store.

251

As those who live by Shores with joy behold  
Some wealthy Vessel split or stranded nigh ;  
And from the Rocks leap down for ship-  
wreck'd Gold,  
And seek the Tempest which the others flie :

252

So these but wait the Owners last despair,  
And what's permitted to the flames invade :  
Ev'n from their Jaws they hungry morsels tear,  
And, on their backs, the Spoils of *Vulcan*  
lade.

246 2 die,] die. 1667 and 1688.  
251.4 Tempest] 1667. Tempests 1688. A mis-  
print.

253

The days were all in this lost labour spent ;  
And when the weary King gave place to Night,  
His Beams he to his Royal Brother lent,  
And so shone still in his reflective Light.

254

Night came, but without darkness or repose,  
A dismal Picture of the gen'ral Doom ;  
Where Souls distracted when the Trumpet blows,  
And half unready with their Bodies come.

255

Those who have Homes, when Home they do repair,  
To a last Lodging call their wand'ring Friends :  
Their short uneasie Sleeps are broke with Care,  
To look how near their own Destruction tends.

256

Those who have none, sit round where once it was,  
And with full Eyes each wonted Room require :  
Haunting the yet warm Ashes of the place,  
As murder'd Men walk where they did expire.

257

Some stir up Coals, and watch the Vestal fire,  
Others in vain from sight of Ruin run ;  
And, while through burning Lab'rins they retire,  
With loathing Eyes repeat what they would shun.

258

The most in Feilds like herded Beasts lie down,  
To Dews obnoxious on the grassie Floor ;  
And while their Babes in Sleep their Sorrows drown,  
Sad Parents watch the remnants of their Store.

259

While by the Motion of the Flames they guess  
What Streets are burning now, and what are near,  
An infant waking to the Paps would press,  
And meets, instead of Milk, a falling Tear.

260

No thought can ease them but their Sovereign's Care,  
Whose Praise th' afflicted as their Comfort sing;  
Ev'n those, whom Want might drive to just despair,  
Think Life a Blessing under such a King.

261

Mean time he sadly suffers in their Grief,  
Out-weeps an Hermite, and out-prays a Saint:  
All the long night he studies their relief,  
How they may be suppl'd, and he may want.

262

O God, said he, thou Patron of my Days,  
Guide of my Youth in Exile and Distress!  
Who me unfriended brought'st  
by wondrous ways,  
The Kingdom of my Fathers to possess:

*King's Prayer.*

263

Be thou my Judge, with what unwearied Care  
I since have labour'd for my People's good;  
To bind the Bruises of a Civil War,  
And stop the Issues of their wasting Blood

264

Thou, who hast taught me to forgive th' Ill,  
And recompense, as Friends, the Good mis-  
led:  
If Mercy be a Precept of thy Will,  
Return that Mercy on thy Servants head.

265

Or, if my heedless Youth has stept astray,  
Too soon forgetful of thy gracious hand;  
Oa me alone thy just Displeasure lay,  
But take thy Judgments from this mourning Land.

266

We all have sinn'd, and thou hast laid us low,  
As humble Earth from whence at first we came:  
Like flying Shades before the Clouds we shew,  
And shrink like Parchment in consuming Flame.

267

O let it be enough what thou hast done;  
When spotted Deaths ran arm'd thro' every Street,  
With poison'd Darts which not the Good could shun,  
The Speedy could out-flie, or Valiant meet.

268

The living few, and frequent Funerals then,  
Proclam'd thy Wrath on this forsaken place:  
And now those few, who are return'd agen,  
Thy searching Judgments to their dwellings trace.

269

O pass not, Lord, an absolute Decree,  
Or bind thy Sentence unconditional:  
But in thy Sentence our Remorse foresee,  
And, in that foresight, this thy Doom recall.

270

Thy Threatings, Lord, as thine thou maist revoke:  
But, if immutable and fix'd they stand,  
Continue still thy self to give the stroke,  
And let not Foreign-foes oppress Thy Land.

271

Th' Eternal heard, and from the Heav'nly Quire  
Chose out the Cherub with the flaming Sword:  
And bad him swiftly drive th' approaching Fire  
From where our Naval Magazins were stor'd.

272

The blessed Minister his Wings display'd,  
And like a shooting Star he cleft the night;  
He charg'd the Flames, and those that disobey'd  
He lash'd to duty with his Sword of light.

273

The fugitive Flames, chastis'd, went forth to prey  
On pious Structures, by our Fathers rear'd;  
By which to Heav'n they did affect the way,  
Ere Faith in Church-men without Works was heard.

270.1 Threatings] threatnings 1607.

274

The wanting Orphans saw with watry Eyes  
Their Founders Charity in Dust laid low,  
And sent to God their ever-answer'd cries,  
(For he protects the Poor, who made them so)

275

Nor could thy Fabrick, *Paul's*, defend thee  
long,  
Though thou wert Sacred to thy Makers  
praise:

Though made Immortal by a Poet's Song,  
And Poets Songs the *Theban* walls could  
raise.

276

The daring Flames peep't in, and saw from  
far

The awful Beauties of the Sacred Quire:  
But, since it was prophand by Civil War,  
Heav'n thought it fit to have it purg'd by fire.

277

Now down the narrow Streets it swiftly  
came,

And, widely opening, did on both sides prey:  
This benefit we sadly owe the Flame,  
If only Ruin must enlarge our way.

278

And now four days the Sun had seen our  
Woes;

Four nights the Moon beheld th' incessant  
fire;

It seem'd as if the Stars more sickly rose,  
And farther from the feav'rish North retire.

279

In th' Empyrean Heav'n (the Bless'd abode,)  
The Thrones and the Dominions prostrate lie.

Not daring to behold their angry God:  
And an hush'd silence damps the tuneful Sire.

280

At length th' Almighty cast a pitying Eye,  
And Mercy softly touch'd his melting Breast:  
He saw the Towns one half in Rubbish lie,  
And eager flames drive on to storm the rest.

281

An hollow chrystal Pyramid he takes,  
In firmamental Waters dipt above;  
Of it a broad Extinguisher he makes  
And hoods the Flames that to their quagry  
strove.

274 2 Dust] the Dust 1667.

280 4 drive] give 1667.

282

The vanquish'd Fires withdraw from every  
place,

Or, full with feeding, sink into a sleep:  
Each household Genius shows again his face,  
And, from the hearths, the little Lares creep.

283

Our King this more than natural change  
beholds;

With sober Joy his heart and eyes abound:  
To the All-good his lifted hands he folds,  
And thanks him low on his redeemed ground.

284

As when sharp Frosts had long constrain'd  
the earth,

A kindly Thaw unlocks it with mild Rain,  
And first the tender Blade peeps up to birth,  
And streight the Green fields laugh with  
promis'd grain:

285

By such degrees the spreading Gladness grew  
In every heart, which Fear had froze before:

The standing Streets with so much joy they  
view,

That with less grief the Perish'd they deplore.

286

The Father of the People open'd wide  
His Stores, and all the Poor with Plenty fed:

Thus God's Anointed God's own place sup-  
pli'd,

And fill'd the Empty with his daily Bread.

287

This Royal bounty brought its own Reward,  
And, in their Minds, so deep did print the  
sense;

That if their Ruins sadly they regard,  
Tis but with fear the sight might drive him  
thence.

288

But so may he live long, that Town to sway,  
Which by his Auspice they will  
nobler make,

As he will hatch their Ashes by  
his stay,

And not their humble Ruins  
now forsake.

289

They have not lost their Loyalty by Fire;  
Nor is their Courage or their Wealth so low,

That from his Wars they poorly would retire,  
Or beg the Pity of a vanquish'd Foe.

284, 2 mild] Editors till *Christie* give cold

*Cities re-  
quest to the  
King not to  
leave them*

290

Not with more Constancy the *Jews* of old,  
By *Cyrus* from rewarded Exile sent,  
Their Royal City did in Dust behold,  
Or with more vigour to rebuild it went.

291

The utmost Malice of their Stars is past,  
And two dire Comets, which have scourg'd  
the Town  
In their own Plague and Fire have breath'd  
their last,  
Or, dimly, in their sinking sockets frown.

292

Now frequent Trines the happier lights  
among,  
And high rais'd *Jove* from his dark Prison  
freed,  
(Those Weights took off that on his Planet  
hung.)  
Will gloriously the new-laid Works succeed.

293

Me-thinks already, from this Chymick flame,  
I see a city of more precious mold:  
Rich as the town which gives the *Indies*  
name,  
With Silver pav'd, and all divine with Gold.

294

Already l-bouring with a mighty fate,  
She shakes the Rubbish from her mounting  
Brow,  
And seems to have renew'd her Charters date,  
Which Heav'n will to the death of time  
allow.

295

More great than human now, and more  
<sup>d</sup> *August*,  
New deified she from her Fires does rise:  
Her widening Streets on new Foundations  
trust,  
And, opening, into larger parts she flies.

296

Before, she like some Shepherdess did shew,  
Who sate to bathe her by a River's side;  
Not answering to her fame, but rude and low,  
Nor taught the beauteous Arts of Modern  
pride.

<sup>c</sup> Mexico<sup>d</sup> Augusta, the old name of London.

292 4 Works] 1683. Work 1667.

297

Now, like a Maiden Queen, she will behold,  
From her high Turrets, hourly Sutors come:  
The East with Incense, and the West with  
Gold,  
Will stand, like Suppliants, to receive her  
Doom.

298

The silver *Thames*, her own domestick Floud,  
Shall bear her Vessels, like a sweeping Tram,  
And often wind (as of his Mistress proud,)  
With longing eyes to meet her Face again.

299

The wealthy *Tagus*, and the wealthier *Rhine*,  
The glory of their Towns no more shall boast,  
And *Sein*, that would with *Belgian* Rivers  
join,  
Shall find her Lustre stain'd, and Traffick  
lost.

300

The vent'rous Merchant who design'd more  
far,  
And touches on our hospitable Shore,  
Charm'd with the Splendour of this Northern  
Star,  
Shall here unlade him, and depart no more.

301

Our pow'ful Navy shall no longer meet,  
The wealth of *France* or *Holland* to invade:  
The beauty of this Town without a Fleet,  
From all the World shall vindicate her Trade.

302

And, while this fam'd Emporium we prepare,  
The *British* Ocean shall such Triumphs boast,  
That those, who now disdain our Trade to  
share,  
Shall rob like Pyrats on our wealthy Coast.

303

Already we have conquer'd half the War,  
And the less dang'rous part is left behind:  
Our Trouble now is but to make them dare,  
And not so great to Vanquish as to Find.

304

Thus to the Eastern wealth through Storms  
we go,  
But now, the Cape once doubled, fear no  
more:  
A constant Trade-wind will securely blow,  
And gently lay us on the Spicy shore.

[Title-page of First Edition.]

# ABSALOM

A N D

# ACHITOPHEL.

---

A

# P O E M.

-----*Si Propius flet*

*Te Capiet Magis*-----

---

L O N D O N,

Printed for J. T. and are to be Sold by W. Davis in  
*Amen-Corner, 168 1.*

[Title-page of Second Edition.]

ABSALOM  
AND  
ACHITOPHEL.

---

A  
POEM

---

-----*Si Propius stes*

*Te Capiet Magis*-----

---

The Second Edition ; Augmented and Revised.

---

L O N D O N,

Printed for J. T. and are to be Sold by  
W. Davis in Amen-Corner, 1681.

# TO THE READER.

'Tis not my intention to make an Apology for my Poem: Some will think it needs no  
Excuse, and others will receive none. The Design, I am sure, is honest; but let it decide  
his Pen for our Party must expect to make Enemies of the other. For War as I Took are  
Consequents of Whig and Tory; and every man is at a Loss to see the contrary side.  
There's a Treasury of Merits in the Phryniack Church as well as in the Papist, as I have  
worth to be had of Sanctity, Honesty, and Piety, for the Land, the Church, and the People.  
heads: But the longest Chapter in Deuteronomy I am not to be excus'd for an Apostrophe  
to him. My Comfort is, their manifest Persecution to my Cause, will render them justly  
of less Authority against me. Yet if a Poet has a favour, as all Poets are, to be just  
World. For there's no reason to go to Verse, which Tully calls a whole of Words. And  
man can be heartily angry with him, who shows I am against him still. The Consideration  
of Adversaries, is the greatest Triumph of a Writer; because it is a more honest Victory.  
But I can be satisfied on more easy terms: If I happen to please the more Moderate part,  
I shall be sure of an honest Party; and, in all good Judgments, of the best Judges; for the best  
Concern'd are commonly the least Biass'd. And, I confess, I am not in the least biass'd  
the Satire (where Justice would allow it), from any one too sharp an Edge. They, who  
Criticism so wisely, as to imagine I have done my Worst, may be Convinced at the end of  
that I can write Secretly, with more ease, than I can Gently. I have but but at some  
times Politics, when I could have declin'd against their Vices; and, when I was Vicious  
I have committed as freely as I have told their Crimes. And now, if you are a Moderate  
Reader, I expect you should receive upon me all I expect to be able to do, in a just  
I am. But if you are not to be judg'd by this Preface, but by your own common sense,  
reason, for professing so plainly for the Government. You cannot be so Unanimous, as  
to charge me for not Subscribing of my Name; for that I could expect to do, upon my  
own Party, who never dare, though they have the advantage of a Party to give it. If you  
like not my Poem, the fault may possibly be in my Writing; but not that I had for me, but  
to judge against himself.) But, more probably, 'tis in your Merits, which cannot be so  
truth of it. The Violent on both sides will condemn the Character of Absalom, as either  
favourably or too hardly drawn. But they are not the Violent whom I desire to please. The  
fault, on the right hand, is to Exaggerate, Palliate, and Irregularly conduct the story, till  
endangerous to commit it. Besides the respect I had to the Poet, I had a regard for his  
heroick Features; and, David himself, could not be more tender of the Victory than I did.  
I would be of his Reputation. But, since the great excellent Nature are all, as the most  
and, as being such, are the account given by all Councils, except the most illustrious.  
and Glory, 'tis no more a wonder that I should not be the transporter of Achitophel, than  
it was for Adam not to have relinquish'd the Serpent and his Whore. The Poet's  
of the Story, I purposely forbore to proceed; for, were I, could not obtain from my self  
show Absalom Unfortunate. The Frame of it was not out but for a Picture to the World;  
and if the Draught be so far true, 'tis as much as I design'd.

Were I the Inventor, who am only the Historian, I should certainly avoid the Piece,  
with the Recommendation of David. And, I know, but that my name is put  
Things were not brought in an Extremity where I left the Story. There seems yet to be  
left for a Composure; hereafter, there may only be for Peace. I have not so much as my  
charitable Wish against Achitophel, but am content to be accus'd of a partiality to David.

The first edition and the second were both of 1681. The text is from the latter, except as noted.  
The current texts have several serious errors.  
16 probably ed. 1. for a utility ed. 2  
40 only ed. 1. only ed. 2

and to hope with Origen, that the Devil himself may, at last, be sav'd. For which reason, in this Poem, he is neither brought to set his House in order, nor to dispose of his Person afterwards, as he in wisdom shall think fit. God is infinitely merciful; and his Viceroy is only not so, because he is not Infinite.

The true end of Satyre is the amendment of Vices by correction. And he who writes Honestly, is no more an Enemy to the Offender than the Physician to the Patient, when he prescribes harsh Remedies to an inveterate Disease: for those, are only in order to prevent the Chyrurgeon's work of an Ense rescindendum, which I wish not to my very Enemies. To conclude all, If the Body Politique have any Analogy to the Natural, in my weak judgment, an Act of Oblivion were as necessary in a Hot, Distempered State, as an Opiate would be in a Raging Fever. 10

## ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

A POEM.

IN pious times, e'r Priest-craft did begin,  
Before Polygamy was made a Sin;  
When Man on many multipl'd his kind,  
E'r one to one was cursedly confin'd,  
When Nature prompted and no Law deni'd  
Promiscuous Use of Concubine and Bride;  
Then Israel's Monarch, after Heavens own  
heart,

His vigorous warmth did, variously, impart  
To Wives and Slaves: And, wide as his Com-  
mand,  
Scatter'd his Maker's Image through the  
Land. 10

Michal, of Royal Blood, the Crown did wear,  
A soil ungrateful to the Tiller's care:  
Not so the rest; for several Mothers bore  
To God-like David several sons before.  
But since like Slaves his Bed they did ascend,  
No True Succession could their Seed attend.  
Of all this Numerous Progeny was none  
So Beautiful so Brave as Absalon:  
Whether, inspir'd by some diviner Lust, 20  
His father got him with a greater Gust,  
Or that his Conscious Destiny made way  
By manly Beauty to Imperial Sway.  
Early in Foreign Fields he won Renown  
With Kings and States allied to Israel's  
Crown:

In Peace the thoughts of War he could re-  
move

And seem'd as he were onely born for Love.  
What e'r he did was done with so much ease,  
In him alone, 'twas Natural to please;  
His motions all accompanied with grace;  
And Paradise was open'd in his face. 30

With secret Joy, indulgent David view'd  
His Youthful Image in his Son renew'd;  
To all his wishes Nothing he deni'd  
And made the Charming Annabel his Bride.  
What faults he had (for who from faults is  
free?)

His father could not or he woud not see.  
Some warm excesses, which the Law forbore,  
Were constru'd Youth that purg'd by boil-  
ing o'r:

And Amnon's Murther, by a specious Name,  
Was call'd a Just Revenge for injur'd Fame.  
Thus Prais'd and Lov'd, the Noble Youth  
remain'd, 41

While David, undisturb'd, in Sion reign'd.  
But Life can never be sincerely blest:  
Heav'n punishes the bad, and proves the  
best.

The Jews, a Headstrong, Moody, Murm'ring  
race

As ever tri'd th' extent and stretch of grace;  
God's pamper'd People, whom, debauch'd  
with ease,

No King could govern nor no God could  
please;

TO THE READER 4 only] ed 1: only ed. 2.  
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Country of Origin	Ward	Age
United States	1	25
Canada	2	30
United Kingdom	3	35
France	4	40
Germany	5	45
Italy	6	50
Spain	7	55
Portugal	8	60
Greece	9	65
Turkey	10	70
India	11	75
China	12	80
Japan	13	85
South Korea	14	90
Philippines	15	95
Indonesia	16	100
Malaysia	17	105
Singapore	18	110
Thailand	19	115
Vietnam	20	120
Laos	21	125
Cambodia	22	130
Myanmar	23	135
Burma	24	140
Sri Lanka	25	145
Nepal	26	150
Bhutan	27	155
Tibet	28	160
Mongolia	29	165
North Korea	30	170
South Korea	31	175
Japan	32	180
China	33	185
India	34	190
Pakistan	35	195
Bangladesh	36	200
Sri Lanka	37	205
Malaysia	38	210
Indonesia	39	215
Philippines	40	220
Thailand	41	225
Vietnam	42	230
Laos	43	235
Cambodia	44	240
Myanmar	45	245
Burma	46	250
Sri Lanka	47	255
Nepal	48	260
Bhutan	49	265
Tibet	50	270
Mongolia	51	275
North Korea	52	280
South Korea	53	285
Japan	54	290
China	55	295
India	56	300
Pakistan	57	305
Bangladesh	58	310
Sri Lanka	59	315
Malaysia	60	320
Indonesia	61	325
Philippines	62	330
Thailand	63	335
Vietnam	64	340
Laos	65	345
Cambodia	66	350
Myanmar	67	355
Burma	68	360
Sri Lanka	69	365
Nepal	70	370
Bhutan	71	375
Tibet	72	380
Mongolia	73	385
North Korea	74	390
South Korea	75	395
Japan	76	400
China	77	405
India	78	410
Pakistan	79	415
Bangladesh	80	420
Sri Lanka	81	425
Malaysia	82	430
Indonesia	83	435
Philippines	84	440
Thailand	85	445
Vietnam	86	450
Laos	87	455
Cambodia	88	460
Myanmar	89	465
Burma	90	470
Sri Lanka	91	475
Nepal	92	480
Bhutan	93	485
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China	99	515
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Figure 1

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**Figure 1**

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Their busie Teachers mingled with the *Jews*  
And rak'd for Converts even the Court and  
Stews:

Which *Hebrew* Priests the more unkindly  
took,

Because the Fleece accompanies the Flock.  
Some thought they God's Anointed meant to  
slay 130

By Guns, invented since full many a day:  
Our Author swears it not; but who can  
know

How far the Devil and *Jebusites* may go?  
This Plot, which fail'd for want of common  
Sense,

Had yet a deep and dangerous Consequence;  
For as, when raging Fevers boil the Blood  
The standing Lake soon floats into a Flood;  
And ev'ry hostile Humour which before  
Slept quiet in its Channels bubbles o're:

So, several Factions from this first Ferment  
Work up to Foam, and threat the Govern-  
ment. 141

Some by their Friends, more by themselves  
thought wise,  
Oppos'd the Pow'r to which they could not  
rise.

Some had in Courts been Great and, thrown  
from thence,

Like Fiends were hardened in Impenitence.  
Some, by their Monarch's fatal mercy grown,  
From Pardon'd Rebels, Kinsmen to the  
Throne

Were rais'd in Pow'r and Publick Office  
high;

Strong Bands, if Bands ungrateful men could  
tie.

Of these the false *Achitophel* was first, 150  
A Name to all succeeding Ages curst.

For close Designs and crooked Counsels fit,  
Sagacious, Bold, and Turbulent of wit,  
Restless, unfixt in Principles and Place,  
In Pow'r unpleased, impatient of Disgrace;  
A fiery Soul, which working out its way,  
Fretted the Pigmy Body to decay:  
And o'r informed the Tenement of Clay. }

A daring Pilot in extremity;  
Pleas'd with the Danger, when the Waves  
went high 160

He sought the Storms; but, for a Calm unfit,  
Would Steer too nigh the Sands to boast his  
Wit.

152 Counsels] Counsel *ed. 1.*

154 Principles] Principle *ed. 1.*

Great Wits are sure to Madness near all'd  
And thun Partitions do their Bounds divide;  
Else, why should he, with Wealth and  
Honour blest,

Refuse his Age the needful hours of Rest?  
Punish a Body which he could not please,  
Bankrupt of Life, yet Prodigal of Ease?  
And all to leave what with his Toil he won  
To that unfeather'd two-legg'd thing, a  
Son: 170

Got, while his Soul did huddled Notions trie:  
And born a shapeless Lump, like Anarchy.  
In Friendship false, implacable in Hate,  
Resolv'd to Ruine or to Rule the State;  
To Compass this the Triple Bond he broke;  
The Pillars of the Publick Safety shook,  
And fitted *Israel* for a Foreign Yoke;  
Then, seiz'd with Fear, yet still affecting  
Fame,

Usurp'd a Patriot's All-attoning Name.  
So easie still it proves in Factious Times 180  
With publick Zeal to cancel private Crimes:  
How safe is Treason and how sacred ill,  
Where none can sin against the Peoples Will,  
Where Crouds can wink; and no offence be  
known,

Since in anothers guilt they find their own.  
Yet, Fame deserv'd, no Enemy can grudge;  
The Statesman we abhor, but praise the  
Judge.

In *Israel's* courts ne'er sat an *Abbelthian*  
With more discerning Eyes or Hands more  
clean,

Unbrib'd, unsought, the Wretched to re-  
dress; 190

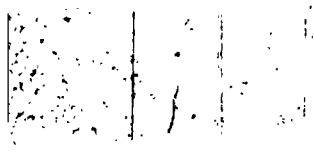
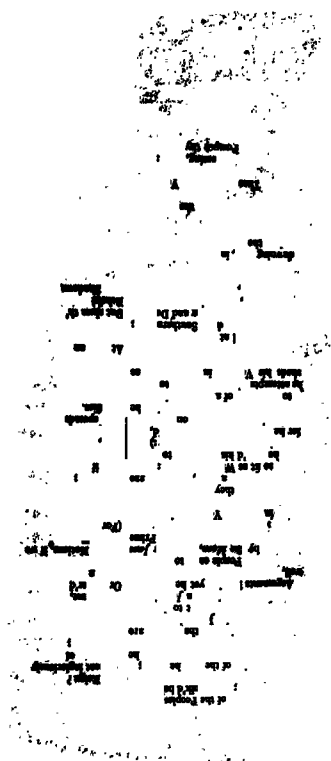
Swift of Dispatch and easie of Access.  
Oh, had he been content to serve the Crown  
With Vertues onely proper to the Gown,  
Or had the rankness of the Soil been freed  
From Cockle that opprest the Noble Seed,  
*David* for him his tuneful Harp had strung,  
And Heav'n had wanted one Immortal Song.  
But wild Ambition loves to slide, not stand,  
And Fortunes Ice prefers to Vertues Land.

*Achitophel*, grown weary to possess 200  
A lawful Fame, and lazie Happiness,  
Disdain'd the Golden Fruit to gather free  
And lent the Crowd his Arm to shake the  
Tree.

Now, manifest of Crimes, contriv'd long since,  
He stood at bold Defiance with his Prince:

170 Usurp'd] Assum'd *ed. 1.*

180-91 Not in: *ed. 1.*



If *Pharaoh's* doubtful succour he should use,  
A Foreign Aid would more incense the *Jews* :  
Proud *Egypt* woud dissembled Friendship  
• bring ;

Foment the War, but not support the King :  
Nor woud the Royal Party e'r unite  
With *Pharaoh's* arms t' assist the *Jebusite* ;  
Or if they shoud, their Interest soon would  
break,

And, with such odious Aid, make *David*  
weak.

All sorts of men, by my successful Arts  
Abhorring Kings, estrange their altered  
Hearts 290

From *David's* Rule : And 'tis the general Cry,  
Religion, Common-wealth, and Liberty.

If you, as Champion of the Publique Good,  
Add to their Arms a Chief of Royal Blood,  
What may not *Israel* hope, and what Ap-  
plause

Might such a General gain by such a Cause ?  
Not barren Praise alone, that Gaudy Flow'r,  
Fair onely to the sight, but solid Pow'r :  
And Nobler is a limited Command, 299

giv'n by the Love of all your Native Land,  
Than a Successive Title, Long, and Dark,  
Drawn from the Mouldy Rolls of *Noah's* ark.

What cannot Praise effect in Mighty  
Minds,

When Flattery Sooths and when Ambition  
Blinds !

Desire of Pow'r, on Earth a Vitious Weed,  
Yet, sprung from High is of Celestial Seed ;  
A God 'tis Glory : And when Men Aspire,  
Tis but a Spark too much of Heavenly Fire.  
Th' Ambitious Youth, too Covetous of Fame,  
Too full of Angels Metal in his Frame, 310  
Unwarily was led from Vertues ways,  
Jade Drunk with Honour, and debauch'd  
with Praise.

Half loath and half consenting to the Ill,  
For Loyal Blood within him struggled still,  
He thus repl'd—And what Pretence have I  
To take up Arms for Publick Liberty ?

My Father Governs with unquestion'd Right ;  
The Faith's Defender and Mankinds Delight,  
Good, Gracious, Just, observant of the Laws ;  
And Heav'n by Wonders has espous'd his  
Cause. 320

Whom has he Wrong'd in all his Peaceful  
Reign ?

Who sues for Justice to his Throne in Vain ?

What Millions has he pardoned of his Foes  
Whom Just Revenge did to his Wrath expose ?  
Mild, Easie, Humble, Studious of our Good,  
Enclin'd to Mercy, and averse from Blood.  
If Mildness ill with Stubborn *Israel* Suit,  
His Crime is God's beloved Attribute.  
What could he gain, his People to Betray  
Or change his Right, for Arbitrary Sway ?  
Let Haughty *Pharaoh* Curse with such a  
Reign 331

His Fruitful Nile, and Yoak a Servile Train.  
If *David's* Rule *Jerusalem* Displease,  
The Dog-star heats their Brains to this  
Disease.

Why then should I, Encouraging the Bad,  
Turn Rebel and run Popularly Mad ?  
Were he a Tyrant who, by Lawless Might,  
Opprest the *Jews* and rais'd the *Jebusite*,  
Well might I Mourn ; but Nature's holy  
Bands

Would Curb my Spirits, and Restrain my  
Hands ; 340

The People might assert their Liberty ;  
But what was Right in them, were Crime in  
me.

His Favour leaves me nothing to require ;  
Prevents my Wishes and out-runs Desire  
What more can I expect while *David* lives ?  
All but his Kingly Diadem he gives :  
And that : But there he paus'd ; then Sigh-  
ing, said,

Is Justly destin'd for a Worthier head.  
For when my Father from his Toyls shall  
Rest 349

And late Augment the Number of the Blest :  
His Lawful Issue shall the Throne ascend,  
Or the Collat'ral Line, where that shall end.  
His Brother, though Opprest with Vulgar  
Spight,

Yet Dauntless and Secure of Native Right,  
Of every Royal Vertue stands posset ;  
Still Dear to all the Bravest and the Best.  
His Courage Foes, his Friends his Truth  
Proclaim ;

His Loyalty the King, the World his Fame.  
His Mercy ev'n th' Offending Croud will  
find,

For sure he comes of a Forgiving Kind. 360  
Why shoud I then Repine at Heavens Decree  
Which gives me no Pretence to Royalty ?

Yet oh that Fate, Propitiously Incln'd,  
Had rais'd my Birth, or had debas'd my  
Mind ;

# ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

To my large Soul, not all her Treasure leat,  
And then betray'd it to a mean Descent.  
I find, I find my mounting Spirits Bold,  
And *David's* part disdains my Mothers Mold.  
Why am I scanted by a Niggard Birth? 369  
My soul Disclaims the Kindred of her Earth:  
And, made for Empire, Whispers me within;  
Desire of Greatness is a God-like Sin.

Him Staggering so when Hells dire Agent  
found,  
While fainting Vertue scarce maintain'd her  
Ground,  
He pours fresh Forces in, and thus Replies:  
Th' eternal God, Supreamly Good and  
Wise,

Imparts not these Prodigious Gifts in vain;  
What Wonders are Reserv'd to bless your  
Reign?

Against your will your Arguments have  
shown, 379

Such Vertue's only giv'n to guide a Throne.  
Not that your Father's Mildness I condemn,  
But manly Force becomes the Diadem.

'Tis true he grants the People all they crave;  
And more perhaps than Subjects ought to  
have:

For Lavish Grants suppose a Monarch tame  
And more his Goodness than his Wit pro-  
claim.

But when should People strive their Bonds  
to break,

If not when Kings are Negligent or Weak?  
Let him give on till he can give no more,  
The thrifty Sanhedrin shall keep him poor:  
And every Shackle which he can receive 391  
Shall cost a Limb of his Prerogative.

To ply him with new Plots shall be my care;  
Or plunge him deep in some Expensive War;  
Which, when his Treasure can no more  
supply,

He must, with the Remains of Kingship, buy.  
His faithful Friends our Jealousies and Fears  
Call *Jebusites*; and *Pharaoh's* Pensioners,  
Whom, when our Fury from his Aid has torn,  
He shall be naked left to publick Scorn. 400  
The next Successor, whom I fear and hate,  
My Arts have made obnoxious to the State;  
Turn'd all his Vertues to his Overthrow,  
And gain'd our Elders to pronounce a Fœ.  
His Right, for Sums of necessary Gold,  
Shall first be Pawn'd, and afterwards be  
Sold;

Till time shall Ever-wanting *David* draw,  
To pass your doubtful Title into Law.  
If not: the People have a Right Supreme  
To make their Kings; for Kings are made  
for them. 410

All Empire is no more than Pow'r in Trust,  
Which, when resum'd, can be no longer Just.  
Succession, for the general Good design'd,  
In its own wrong a Nation cannot bind:  
If altering that, the People can relieve,  
Better one suffer, than a Nation grieve.  
The *Jews* will know their pow'r: e'r *Saul*  
they chose

God was their King, and God they durst  
Depose.

Urge now your Piety, your Filial Name,  
A Father's Right and Fear of future Fame;  
The Publick Good, that Universal Call, 421  
To which even Heav'n submitted, answers  
all.

Nor let his Love enchant your generous  
Mind;

'Tis Natures trick to propagate her Kind.  
Our fond Begetters, who would never die,  
Love but themselves in their Posterity.  
Or let his Kindness by th' Effects be tried  
Or let him lay his vain Pretence aside.

God said he loved your Father; could he  
bring

A better Proof than to anoint him King? 430  
It surely shew'd, He lov'd the Shepherd well  
Who gave so fair a Flock as *Israel*.

Would *David* have you thought his Darling  
Son?

What means he then, to Alienate the Crown?  
The name of Godly he may blush to bear:  
'Tis after Gods own heart to Cheat his  
Heir.

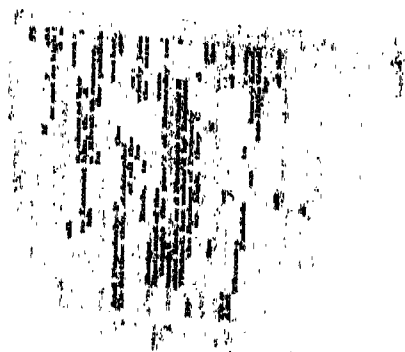
He to his Brother gives Supreme Command;  
To you a Legacie of Barren Land:  
Perhaps th' old Harp on which he thrums  
his Lays:

Or some dull *Hebrew* Ballad in your Praise.  
Then the next Heir, a Prince, Severe and  
Wise, 441

Already looks on you with Jealous Eyes,  
Sees through the thin Disguises of your Arts,  
And marks your Progress in the Peoples  
Hearts.

416 Nation] Million ed. 1.

436 'Tis] *Derrick* and others absurdly give  
Is't



# ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

Where Sanhedrin and Priest enslav'd the Nation  
 And justifi'd their Spoils by Inspiration :  
 For who so fit for Reign as *Aaron's* Race,  
 If once Deminion they could found in Grace ?  
 These led the Pack ; though not of surest  
 scent,  
 Yet deepest mouth'd against the Govern-  
 ment.  
 A numerous Host of dreaming Saints suc-  
 ceed ;  
 Of the true old Enthusiastick Breed : 530  
 'Gainst Form and Order they their Pow'r  
 imploy.  
 Nothing to Build, and all things to Destroy.  
 But far more numerous was the Herd of such,  
 Who think too little, and who talk too much  
 These, out of meer instinct, they knew not  
 why,  
 Adored their Fathers' God, and Property :  
 And, by the same blind Benefit of Fate,  
 The Devil and the *Jebusite* did hate :  
 Born to be sav'd, even in their own despiht ;  
 Because they could not help believing right.  
 Such were the Tools ; but a whole Hydra  
 more 541  
 Remains, of sprouting heads too long to score.  
 Some of their Chiefs were Princes of the Land ;  
 In the first Rank of these did *Zimri* stand :  
 A man so various, that he seem'd to be  
 Not one, but all Mapkind's Epitome.  
 Stiff in Opinions, always in the wrong ;  
 Was Everything by starts, and Nothing long :  
 But, in the course of one revolving Moon,  
 Was Chymist, Fidler, States-man, and  
 Buffoon ; 550  
 Then all for Women, Painting, Rhiming,  
 Drinking,  
 Besides ten thousand Freaks that died in  
 thinking.  
 Blest Madman, who could every hour employ,  
 With something New to wish, or to enjoy !  
 Railing and praising were his usual Theams ;  
 And both (to shew his Judgment) in Extreams :  
 So over Violent, or over Civil,  
 That every Man, with him, was God or Devil.  
 In squandring Wealth was his peculiar Art :  
 Nothing went unrewarded, but Desert. 560  
 Begg'd by fools, whom still he found too  
 late :

He had his Jest, and they had his Estate.  
 He laugh'd himself from Court ; then sought  
 Relief  
 By forming Parties, but could ne'r be Chief :  
 For, spite of him, the weight of Business fell  
 On *Absalom* and wise *Achitophel* :  
 Thus wicked but in Will, of Means bereft,  
 He left not Faction, but of that was left.  
 Titles and Names 'twere tedious to Re-  
 herse  
 Of Lords, below the Dignity of Verse. 570  
 Wits, Warriors, Commonwealths-men were  
 the best :  
 Kind Husbands ; and meer Nobles all the rest  
 And, therefore in the name of Dulness, be  
 The well-hung *Balaam* and cold *Caleb* free ;  
 And Canting *Nadab* let Oblivion damn,  
 Who made new Porridge for the Paschal  
 Lamb.  
 Let Friendships holy Band some Names  
 assure,  
 Some their own Worth, and some let Scorn  
 secure.  
 Nor shall the Rascal Rabble here have Place,  
 Whom Kings no Titles gave, and God no  
 Grace : 580  
 Not Bull-fac'd *Jonas*, who could Statutes draw  
 To mean Rebellion, and make Treason Law.  
 But he, though bad, is follow'd by a worse,  
 The Wretch, who Heav'n's Anointed dar'd  
 to Curse.  
*Shimei*, whose Youth did early Promise bring  
 Of Zeal to God, and Hatred to his King ;  
 Did wisely from Expensive Sins refrain,  
 And never broke the Sabbath, but for Gain :  
 Nor ever was he known an Oath to vent,  
 Or Curse, unless against the Government.  
 Thus, heaping Wealth, by the most ready  
 way 591  
 Among the *Jews*, which was to Cheat and  
 Pray ;  
 The City, to reward his pious Hate  
 Against his Master, chose him Magistrate :  
 His Hand a Vane of Justice did uphold ;  
 His Neck was loaded with a Chain of Gold.  
 During his Office, Treason was no Crime.  
 The Sons of *Belial* had a Glorious Time :  
 For *Shimei*, though not prodigal of self, 599  
 Yet lov'd his wicked Neighbour as himself :

525 for] *ed. 1* to *ed. 2*.

542 long] *ed. 3* : long, *edd. 1* and *2*.

585 Youth did early Promise] early Youth did  
 Promise *ed. 1*.

595 Vane] *Derrick, Scott, and others wrongly*  
 give Vase

When two or three were gather'd to declaim }  
 Against the Monarch of *Jerusalem*, }  
*Shimei* was always in the midst of them. }  
 And, if they Curst the King when he was by,  
 Would rather Curse, than break good Com-  
 pany.

If any durst his Faction's Friends accuse,  
 He pact a jury of dissenting *Jews* :  
 Whose fellow-feeling, in the godly Cause  
 Would free the suffering Saint from Humane  
 Laws. 609

For Laws are onely made to Punish those  
 Who serve the King, and to protect his Foes.  
 If any leisure time he had from Pow'r,  
 (Because 'tis Sin to misemploy an hour ;)  
 His bus'ness was by Writing to persuade  
 That kings were Useless, and a Clog to Trade :  
 And that his noble Stile he might refine,  
 No *Rechabite* more shund the fumes of Wine.  
 Chaste were his Cellars ; and his Shrieval  
 Board

The Grossness of a City Feast abhor'd :  
 His Cooks, with long disuse, their Trade  
 forgot ; 620

Cool was his Kitchen, though his Brains  
 were hot.

Such frugal Vertue Malice may accuse ;  
 But sure 'twas necessary to the *Jews* :  
 For Towns once burnt, such Magistrates  
 require

As dare not tempt Gods Providence by Fire.  
 With Spiritual Food he fed his Servants well,  
 But free from Flesh that made the *Jews* rebel :  
 And *Moses's* Laws he held in more account,  
 For forty days of Fasting in the Mount.  
 To speak the rest, who better are forgot, 630  
 Would tire a well-breath'd Witness of the  
 Plot :

Yet, *Corah*, thou shalt from Oblivion pass ;  
 Erect thy self thou Monumental Brass :  
 High as the Serpent of thy Metal made,  
 While Nations stand secure beneath thy  
 shade.

What though his Birth were base, yet  
 Comets rise

From Earthly Vapours, e'r they shine in Skies.  
 Prodigious Actions may as well be done  
 By Weaver's issue as by Prince's son.  
 This Arch-Attestor for the Publick Good 640  
 By that one Deed enobles all his Bloud.  
 Who ever ask'd the Witnesses high race  
 Whose Oath with Martyrdom did *Stephen*  
 grace ?

Ours was a *Levite*, and as times went then,  
 His tribe were God-almighties Gentlemen.  
 Sunk were his Eyes, his Voice was harsh and  
 loud,

Sure signs he neither Cholerick was, nor  
 Proud :

His long Chin prov'd his Wit ; his Saint-like  
 Grace

A Church Vermilion, and a *Moses's* Face.  
 His Memory, miraculously great, 650

Coud Plots, exceeding mans belief, repeat ;  
 Which, therefore cannot be accounted Lies,  
 For humane Wit coud never such devise.  
 Some future Truths are mingled in his Book ;  
 But where the Witness fail'd, the Prophet  
 spoke :

Some things like Visionary flights appear ;  
 The Spirit caught him up, the Lord knows  
 where :

And gave him his *Rabbinical* degree,  
 Unknown to Foreign University.

His Judgment yet his Mem'ry did excel, 660  
 Which piec'd his wondrous Evidence so well :  
 And suited to the temper of the Times ;  
 Then groaning under *Jehusitic* Crimes.

Let *Israel's* foes suspect his Heav'nly call,  
 And rashly judge his Writ Apocryphal ;  
 Our Laws for such affronts have Forfeits  
 made :

He takes his Life, who takes away his Trade.  
 Were I myself in Witness *Corah's* place,

The Wretch who did me such a dire disgrace  
 Should whet my memory, though once forgot,  
 To make him an Appendix of my Plot. 671  
 His Zeal to Heav'n, made him his Prince  
 despise,

And load his Person with indignities :  
 But Zeal peculiar privilege affords,  
 Indulging latitude to deeds and words :  
 And *Corah* might for *Agag's* murder call.  
 In terms as course as *Samuel* us'd to *Saul*.  
 What others in his Evidence did join,  
 (The best that could be had for love or com,)  
 In *Corah's* own predicament will fall. 680  
 For *Witness* is a Common Name to all.

Surrounded thus with Friends of every  
 sort,

Deluded *Absalom* forsakes the Court :  
 Impatient of high hopes, urg'd with renown,  
 And Fir'd with near possession of a Crown.  
 The admiring Croud are dazzled with surprize  
 And on his goodly person feed their eyes :



His joy conceal'd, he sets himself to show ;  
On each side bowing popularly low :  
His looks, his gestures, and his words lie  
frames 690  
And with familiar ease repeats their Names.  
Thus, form'd by Nature, furnished out with  
Arts,

He glides unfelt into their secret hearts :  
Then with a kind compassionating look,  
And sighs, bespeaking pity e'r he spoke,  
Few words he said, but easie those and fit,  
More slow than Hybla drops, and far more  
sweet.

I mourn, my Country-men, your lost  
Estate,

Though far unable to prevent your Fate :  
Behold a Banish'd man, for your dear cause  
Expos'd a prey to Arbitrary Laws ! 701

Yet oh ! that I alone could be undone,  
Cut off from Empire, and no more a Son !  
Now all your Liberties a spoil are made ; }  
Egypt and Tyrus intercept your Trade, }  
And Jebusites your Sacred Rites invade. }

My Father, whom with reverence yet I name,  
Charm'd into Ease, is careless of his Fame :  
And, brib'd with petty sums of Foreign Gold,  
Is grown in *Balthisba's* Embraces old : 710

Exalts his Enemies, his Friends destroys,  
And all his pow'r against himself employs.  
He gives, and let him give my right away ;  
But why should he his own and yours betray ?  
He onely, he can make the Nation bleed,  
And he alone from my revenge is freed.  
Take then my tears (with that he wiped his  
Eyes)

'Tis all the Aid my present pow'r supplies :  
No Court-Informer can these Arms accuse ;  
These Arms may Sons against their Fathers  
use ; 720

And, 'tis my wish, the next Successor's reign  
May make no other *Israelite* complain.

Youth, Beauty, Graceful Action seldom  
fail :

But Common Interest always will prevail :  
And pity never Ceases to be shown  
To him, who makes the Peoples wrongs his  
own.

The Croud, (that still believe their Kings  
oppress,)

With lifted hands their young *Messiah* bless :

Who now begins his Progress, to ordain  
With Chariots, Horsemen, and a num'rous  
train ; 730

From East to West his Glories he displays :  
And, like the Sun, the Promis'd Land sur-  
veys.

Fame runs before him as the Morning-Star,  
And shouts of Joy salute him from afar :  
Each house receives him as a Guardian God ;  
And Consecrates the Place of his abode :  
But hospitable Treats did most commend  
Wise *Issachar*, his wealthy Western Friend.  
This moving Court that caught the Peoples  
Eyes,

And seem'd but Pomp, did other Ends  
disguise : 740

*Achitophel* had form'd it, with intent  
To sound the depths, and lathom where it  
went,

The Peoples hearts distinguish Friends from  
Foes ;  
And trie their strength before they came to  
Blows.

Yet all was colour'd with a smooth pretence  
Of specious love, and duty to their Prince.  
Religion, and Redress of Grievances,  
Two names, that always cheat and always  
please,

Are often urg'd ; and good King *David's* life  
Endanger'd by a Brother and a Wife. 750

Thus, in a Pageant Shew, a Plot is made ;  
And Peace it self is War in Masquerade.

Oh foolish *Israel* ! never warn'd by Ill :  
Still the same Bait, and circumvented still !

Did ever men forsake their present ease,  
In midst of health imagine a Disease :

Take pains Contingent mischiefs to foresee,  
Make Heirs for Monarchs, and for God  
decree ?

What shall we think ! Can People give away  
Both for themselves and Sons their Native  
sway ? 760

Then they are left Defenceless, to the Sword  
Of each unbounded, Arbitrary Lord :

And Laws are vain, by which we Right enjoy,  
If Kings unquestion'd can those Laws de-  
stroy.

Yet if the Croud be Judge of Fit and Just,  
And Kings are onely Officers in Trust,

Then this resuming Cov'nant was declar'd  
When Kings were made, or is for ever bard :

If those who gave the Scepter, could not tie  
By their own Deed their own Posterity, 770  
How then could *Adam* bind his future Race?  
How could his Forfeit on Mankind take  
place?

Or how could heavenly Justice damn us all  
Who ne'r consented to our Fathers Fall?  
Then Kings are Slaves to those whom they  
command,

And Tenants to their Peoples pleasure stand.  
Add that the Pow'r, for Property allow'd,  
Is mischievously seated in the Croud;  
For who can be secure of private Right,  
If Sovereign Sway may be dissolv'd by  
Might? 780

Nor is the Peoples Judgment always true:  
The Most may err as grosly as the Few.  
And faultless Kings run down, by Common  
Cry,

For Vice, Oppression, and for Tyranny.  
What Standard is there in a fickle rout,  
Which, flowing to the Mark, runs faster out?  
Nor onely crouds, but Sanhedrims may be  
Infected with this publick Lunacy:  
And Share the madness of Rebelious Times,  
To Murder Monarchs for Imagin'd crimes.  
If they may Give and Take when e'r they  
please, 791

Not Kings alone, (the Godheads Images,)  
But Government it self at length must fall  
To Natures state, where all have Right to  
all.

Yet, grant our Lords the People, Kings can  
make,  
What prudent men a settled Throne would  
shake?

For whatsoe'r their Sufferings were before,  
That Change they Covet makes them suffer  
more.

All other Errors but disturb a State;  
But Innovation is the Blow of Fate. 800  
If ancient Fabricks nod, and threat to fall,  
To Patch the Flaws, and Buttress up the  
Wall,

Thus far 'tis Duty; but here fix the Mark:  
For all beyond it is to touch our Ark.  
To change Foundations, cast the Frame  
anew,

Is work for Rebels who base Ends pursue:

777 Add that the Pow'r] That Pow'r which is  
ed. 1.

802 the Flaws] Many editors give their Flaws  
804 our] Many editors give the

At once Divine and Humane Laws controul,  
And mend the Parts by ruine of the Whole.  
The tamp'ring World is subject to this Curse,  
To Physick their Disease into a Worse. 810

Now what Relief can Righteous *David*  
bring?

How Fatal 'tis to be too good a King!  
Friends he has few, so high the madness  
grows;

Who dare be such, must be the People's  
Foes:

Yet some there were ev'n in the worst of  
days;

Some let me name, and Naming is to praise.

In this short File *Barzillai* first appears,  
*Barzillai* crown'd with Honour and with  
Years:

Long since, the rising Rebels he withstood  
In Regions Waste, beyond the *Jordans* Flood:  
Unfortunately Brave to buoy the State; 821  
But sinking underneath his Master's Fate:  
In Exile with his God-like Prince he Mourn'd,  
For him he Suffer'd, and with him Return'd  
The Court he practis'd, not the Courtier's  
Art:

Large was his Wealth, but larger was his  
Heart:

Which, well the Noblest Objects knew to  
chuse,

The Fighting Warriour, and Recording Muse.  
His Bed could once a Fruitful Issue boast:  
Now more than half a Father's Name is lost.  
His Eldest Hope, with every Grace adorn'd,  
By me (so Heav'n will have it) always  
Mourn'd

And always honour'd, snatch'd in manhoods  
prime

B' unequal Fates and Providences crime:  
Yet not before the Goal of Honour won,  
All Parts fulfill'd of Subject and of Son;  
Swift was the Race, but short the Time to  
run.

Oh Narrow Circle, but of Pow'r Divine,  
Scanted in Space, but perfect in thy Line!  
By Sea, by Land, thy Matchless Worth was  
known; 840

Arms thy Delight, and War was all thy Own:  
Thy force, Infus'd, the fainting *Tyrans*  
prop'd;

And haughty *Pharaoh* found his Fortune  
stop'd.

10

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These Ills they saw, and, as their Duty bound,  
 They shew'd the King the danger of the Wound;  
 That no Concessions from the Throne woud please;  
 But Lemtives fomented the Disease;  
 That *Absalom*, ambitious of the Crown,  
 Yasmade the Lure to draw the People down:  
 That false *Achitophel's* pernicious Hate  
 Had turn'd the Plot to ruine Church and State; 930  
 The Council violent, the Rabble worse:  
 That *Shimei* taught *Jerusalem* to Curse.

With all these loads of Injuries oppress,  
 And long revolving in his careful Brest  
 Th' event of things; at last his patience tir'd,  
 Thus from his Royal Throne, by Heav'n inspir'd,  
 The God-like *David* spoke; with awful fear  
 His Train their Maker in their Master hear.

Thus long have I by Native Mercy sway'd,  
 My Wrongs dissembl'd, my Revenge delay'd;  
 So willing to forgive th' Offending Age; 941  
 So much the Father did the King assuage.  
 But now so far my Clemency they slight,  
 Th' Offenders question my Forgiving Right.  
 That one was made for many, they contend;  
 But 'tis to Rule, for that's a Monarch's End.  
 They call my tenderness of Blood, my Fear,  
 Though Manly tempers can the longest bear.  
 Yet since they will divert my Native course,  
 'Tis time to show I am not Good by Force.  
 Those heap'd Affronts that haughty Subjects bring, 951

Are burdens for a Camel, not a King:  
 Kings are the publick Pillars of the State,  
 Born to sustain and prop the Nations weight:  
 If my young *Sampson* will pretend a Call  
 To shake the Column, let him share the Fall:  
 But oh that yet he woud repent and live!  
 How easie 'tis for Parents to forgive!  
 With how few Tears a Pardon might be won  
 From Nature, pleading for a Darling Son!  
 Poor pitied youth, by my Paternal care, 961  
 Rais'd up to all the Height his Frame could bear:

Had God ordain'd his Fate for Empire born,  
 He woud have giv'n his Soul another turn:

Gull'd with a Patriot's name, whose Modern sense  
 Is one that woud by Law supplant his Prince:

The Peoples Brave, the Politicians Tool;  
 Never was Patriot yet, but was a Fool.  
 Whence comes it that Religion and the Laws  
 Should more be *Absalom's* than *David's* Cause? 970

His old Instructor, e'r he lost his Place,  
 Was never thought indu'd with so much Grace.

Good heav'n, how Faction can a Patriot Paint!

My Rebel ever proves my Peoples Saint:  
 Woud *They* impose an Heir upon the Throne?  
 Let Sankhedrins be taught to give their Own.  
 A king's at least a part of Government;  
 And mine as requisite as their Consent:  
 Without my leave a future King to choose,  
 Infers a Right the present to Depose: 980  
 True, they petition me t' approve their Choice:

But *Esau's* Hands suit ill with *Jacob's* Voice.  
 My Pious Subjects for my Safety pray,  
 Which to Secure, they take my Pow'r away.  
 From Plots and Treasons Heav'n preserve my Years,

But save me most from my Petitioners.  
 Unsatiated as the barren Womb or Grave;  
 God cannot Grant so much as they can Crave.  
 What then is left but with a Jealous Eye  
 To guard the Small remains of Royalty? 990  
 The Law shall still direct my peaceful Sway,  
 And the same Law teach Rebels to obey:  
 Votes shall no more Established Pow'r controul,

Such Votes as make a Part exceed the Whole:  
 No groundless Clamours shall my Friends remove  
 Nor Crouds have pow'r to Punish e'r they Prove;  
 For Gods and God-like kings their Care express,

Still to defend their Servants in distress.  
 Oh that my Pow'r to Saving were confin'd:  
 Why am I forc'd, like Heav'n, against my mind, 1000  
 To make Examples of another Kind?  
 Must I at length the Sword of Justice draw?  
 Oh curst Effects of necessary Law!

How ill my Fear they by my Mercy scan,  
Beware the Fury of a Patient Man.

Law they require, let Law then shew her  
Face;

They would not be content to look on  
Grace, 1007

Her hinder parts, but with a daring Eye  
To tempt the terror of her Front, and Die.

By their own Arts 'tis Righteously decreed,  
Those dire Artificers of Death shall bleed.

Against themselves their Witnesses will  
Swear,

Till, Viper-like, their Mother Plot they tear,  
And suck for Nutriment that bloody gore

Which was their Principle of Life before.  
Their *Belial* with their *Belzebub* will fight;

Thus on my Foes, my Foes shall do me Right.

1007 Grace.] Some editors omit the comma and  
thereby destroy the sense.

Nor doubt th' event; for Factions crouds  
engage

In their first Onset, all their Brutal Rage;  
Then let 'em take an unresisted Course;

Retire and Traverse, and Delude their  
Force: 1021

But when they stand all Breathless, urge  
the fight,

And rise upon 'em with redoubled might:  
For Lawful Pow'r is still Superiour found,

When long driv'n back, at length it stands  
the ground.

He said. Th' Almighty, nodding, gave  
consent;

And peals of Thunder shook the Firmament.  
Henceforth a Series of new time began, 1023

The mighty Years in long Procession ran:

Once more the God-like *David* was Restor'd,  
And willing Nations knew their Lawful Lord.

[Title-page of Original Edition. Scale A.]

THE  
SECOND PART  
OF  
ABSALOM  
AND  
ACHITOPHEL.

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A  
P O E M.

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—*Si Quis tamen Hæc quoque, Si Quis  
Captus Amore Leget*—

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L O N D O N.

Printed for *Jacob Tonson*, at the *Judges Head* in  
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# ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

## THE SECOND PART.

SINCE Men, like Beasts, each others Prey  
were made,  
Since Trade began, and Priesthood grew a  
Trade,  
Since Realms were form'd, none sure so curst  
as those  
That madly their own Happiness oppose ;  
There Heaven itself, and Godlike Kings, in  
vain  
Showr down the *Manna* of a gentle Reign ;  
While pamper'd Crowds to mad Sedition run,  
And Monarchs by Indulgence are undone.  
Thus *David's* Goodness was e'en fatal grown,  
While wealthy Faction aw'd the wanting  
Throne. 10  
For now their Sov'reign's Orders to condemn  
Was held the Charter of *Jerusalem* ;  
His Rights t' invade, his Tributes to refuse,  
A Privilege peculiar to the *Jews* ;  
As if from Heav'nly Call this Licence fell  
And *Jacob's* seed were chosen to rebel !

*Achitophel* with triumph sees his Crimes  
Thus suited to the madness of the Times ;  
And *Absalom*, to make his hopes succeed,  
Of Flatteries Charms no longer stands in  
need ; 20  
While fond of Change, though ne'er so dearly  
bought,  
Our Tribes out-strip the Youth's Ambitious  
Thought ;  
His swiftest Hopes with swifter Homage  
meet,  
And crowd their servile Necks beneath his  
Feet.  
Thus to his aid while pressing Tides repair,  
He mounts and spreads his Streamers in the  
Air.

PART II. Text from the original edition, 1682.  
Most of this part is by Nahum Tate. The only  
part known to be Dryden's is ll 310-509. In the  
second edition, 1716, there are some changes which  
may have been made by Tate who died the year  
before

9 Goodness was e'en] Clemency was 1716.  
20 Flatteries] Flattering 1716.

The Charms of Empire might his Youth  
mis-lead,  
But what can our besotted *Israel* plead ?  
Sway'd by a Monarch, whose serene Com-  
mand  
Seems half the Blessing of our promis'd  
Land. 30  
Whose only Grievance is excess of Ease,  
Freedome our Pain, and Plenty our Disease !  
Yet since all Folly wou'd lay claim to Sense,  
And Wickedness ne'er wanted a Pretence,  
With Arguments they'd make their Treason  
good  
And righteous *David's* self with Slanders load:  
That Arts of foreign Sway he did affect,  
And guilty *Jebusites* from Law protect,  
Whose very Chiefs, convict, were never freed,  
Nay, we have seen their Sacrificers bleed !  
Accusers Infamy is urg'd in vain, 41  
While in the bounds of Sense they did con-  
tain,  
But soon they launcht into th' unfathom'd  
Tide  
And in the Depths they knew disdain'd to  
Ride ;  
Fof probable Discoveries to dispence  
Was thought below a pensioned Evidence ;  
Mere Truth was dull, nor suited with the port  
Of pamper'd *Corah*, when advanc't to Court.  
No less than Wonders now they will impose  
And Projects void of Grace or Sense disclose.  
Such was the Charge on pious *Michal*  
brought, 51  
*Michal*, that ne'er was cruel e'en in thought,  
The best of Queens, and most obedient Wife,  
Impeach'd of curst Designs on *David's* Life !  
His Life, the Theam of her eternal Pray'r,  
'Tis scarce so much his Guardian Angels Care.  
Not Summer Morns such Mildness can dis-  
close,  
The *Hernon* Lilly nor the *Sharon* Rose.  
Neglecting each vain Pomp of Majesty,  
Transported *Michal* feeds her thoughts on  
high. 60

33 since] *The editors give as*

*Don't you know that's what makes it so hard to fight with them? They need to find their own way.*

With clean air a vibrant green  
with a lush forest the City maintains  
Most visited by Year, more through select

Collected Zoot, and surviving need had scrubs  
 (Trembling)  
 That for the Good Old Cause, that did excite  
 The Original Archibald Wilson, Revenge and  
 raises the Plot to have the Spiritual

When the of the above  
Vernon Vernon with such they have  
As I all hope of pardon to excite  
Kaiser and private friends their zeal in  
The of England and show their

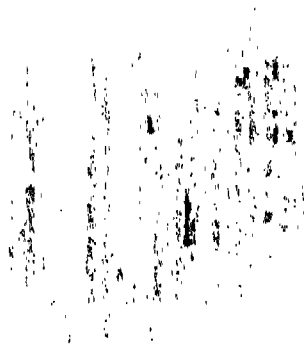
1. <u>What is the purpose of the study?</u>	to find out if there is a link between the use of mobile phones and the risk of getting cancer
2. <u>What is the research question?</u>	Does the use of mobile phones increase the risk of getting cancer?
3. <u>What is the hypothesis?</u>	People who use mobile phones a lot will have a higher risk of getting cancer than people who don't use them.
4. <u>What is the significance of the study?</u>	It will help us to understand if mobile phones are safe to use and if we need to take any precautions.

[illegible]

1990

1990





Ev'n when at Helm a Course so dang'rous  
mov'd,  
To Land your Hopes, as my Removal prov'd.

I not dispute (the Royal youth replies)  
The known Perfection of your Policies,  
Nor in *Achitophel* yet grudge, or blame,  
The Privilege that Statesmen ever claim;  
Who private Interest never yet persu'd,  
But still pretended 'twas for Others good:  
What Politician yet e'er scap't his Fate 210  
Who saving his own Neck not sav'd the  
State?

From hence on ev'ry hum'rous Wind that  
veer'd  
With shifted Sayls a sev'ral Course you  
Steer'd.

What Form of Sway did *David* e'er persue  
That seem'd like Absolute but sprung from  
You?

Who at your instance quasht each penal  
Law,

That kept dissenting factious *Jews* in awe;  
And who suspends fixt Laws, may abrogate,  
That done, form New, and so enslave the  
State.

Ev'n Property, whose Champion now you  
stand, 220

And seem for this the Idol of the Land,  
Did ne'er sustain such Violence before  
As when your Counsel shut the Royal Store;  
Advice, that Ruine to whole Tribes procur'd,  
But secret kept till your own Banks secur'd.  
Recount with this the tripple Cov'nant broke,  
And *Israel* fitted for a Foreign Yoke,  
Nor here your Counsels fatal Progress staid,  
But sent our levied Pow'rs to *Pharaoh's* Aid.  
Hence *Tyre* and *Israel*, low in Ruins laid,  
And *Egypt*, once their Scorn, their common  
Terror made. 231

Ev'n yet of such a Season we can dream,  
When Royal Rights you made your darling  
Theam.

For Pow'r unlimited could Reasons draw,  
And place Prerogative above the Law;  
Which on your fall from Office grew Unjust,  
The Laws made King, the King a Slave in  
Trust:

Whom with State-craft, to Int'rest onely  
True,

You now Accuse of ills contriv'd by You.

To this Hell's Agent—Royal Youth fix  
here, 240

Let Int'rest be the Star by which I Steer.  
Hence to repose your Trust in Me was wise,  
Whose Int'rest most in your Advancement  
lies.

A Tye so firm as always will avail  
When Friendship, Nature and Religion fail;  
On ours the Safety of the Crowd depends,  
Secure the Crowd and we obtain our Ends,  
Whom I will cause so far our Guilt to share  
Till they are made our Champions by their  
Fear.

What Opposition can your Rival bring, 250  
While Sanhedrims are Jealous of the King?  
His strength as yet in *David's* Friendship lies,  
And what can *David's* Self without supplies?  
Who with Exclusive Bills must now dispence,  
Debar the Heir, or Starve in his Defence.  
Conditions which our Elders ne'er will quit  
And *David's* Justice never can admit.

Or forc't by Wants his Brother to betray,  
To your Ambition next he clears the Way;  
For if Succession once to Nought they bring  
Their next Advance removes the present  
King: 261

Persisting else his Senates to dissolve  
In equal Hazard shall his Reign involve.  
Our Tribes, whom *Pharaoh's* Pow'r so much  
Alarms,

Shall rise without their Prince t' oppose his  
Arms;  
Nor boots it on what Cause at first they Joyn  
Their Troops once up, are Tools for our  
Design.

At least such subtle Covenants shall be made,  
Till peace it self is War in Masquerade.  
Associations of Mysterious Sense, 270  
Against, but seeming for the King's Defence:  
Ev'n on their Courts of Justice Fetters draw,  
And from our Agents Muzzle up their Law  
By which, a Conquest if we fail to make,  
'Tis a drawn Game at worst, and we secur  
our Stake.

He said, and for the dire Success depends  
On various Sects, by common Guilt made  
Friends.

Whose Heads, though ne'er so diff'ring in  
their Creed,

1<sup>st</sup> th' point of Treason yet were well Agreed.

214 Form of] *Derrick and others give from a*

241 I Steer] you steer 1716, a false and feeble  
reading which Dr. Saintsbury prefers.

'Mongst these, Extorting *Ishban* first appears,  
Persu'd b' a meagre Troop of Bankrupt  
Heirs 281

Blest times when *Ishban*, He whose Occupa-  
tion

So long has been to Cheat, Reformes the  
Nation!

*Ishban* of Conscience suited to his Trade,  
As good a Saint as Usurer e'er made.

Yet *Mammon* has not so engrost him quite  
But *Belial* lays as large a Claim of Spight;  
Who, for those Pardons from his Prince he  
draws

Returns Reproaches, and cries up the Cause.  
That Year in which the City he did sway,

He left Rebellion in a hopefull way; 291  
Yet his Ambition once was found so bold

To offer Talents of Extorted Gold;  
Could *David's* Wants have So been brib'd to

shame

And scandalize our Peerage with his Name;  
For which, his dear Sedition he'd forswear,  
And e'en turn Loyal, to be made a Peer.

Next him, let Railing *Rabsheha* have place,  
So full of Zeal He has no need of grace; 299

A Saint that can both Flesh and Spirit use,  
Alike haunt Conventicles and the Stews:

Of whom the Question difficult appears,  
If most i' th' Preachers or the Bawds arrears.

What Caution cou'd appear too much in Him  
That keeps the Treasure of *Jerusalem*!

Let *David's* Brother but approach the Town,  
Double our guards, He cries, *We are undone*.

Protesting that He dares not Sleep in 's Bed,  
Lest he shou'd rise next Morn without his

Head. 309

Next these, a Troop of buisy Spirits press,  
Of little Fortunes and of Conscience Less;

With them the Tribe, whose Luxury had  
drain'd

Their Banks, in former Sequestrations gain'd.  
Who Rich and Great by past Rebellions

grew,  
And long to fish the troubled Waves anew.

Some future Hopes, some present Payment  
draws,

To Sell their Conscience and espouse the  
Cause, 317

Such Stipends those vile Hirelings best befit,  
Priests without Grace, and Poets without wit,

Shall that false *Hebronite* escape our Curse,  
*Judas* that keeps the Rebels Pension-Purse;  
*Judas* that pays the Treason-writers Fee,  
*Judas* that well deserves his Nameside's  
Tree;

Who at *Jerusalem's* own Gates Erects

His College for a Nursery of Sects.

Young Prophets with an early Care secures,

And with the Dung of his own Arts manures,

What have the Men of *Hebron* here to doe?

What part in *Israel's* promis'd Land have  
you?

Here *Phaleg* the Lay *Hebronite* is come, 330

Cause like the rest he could not live at  
Home;

Who from his own Possessions cou'd not  
drain

An Omer even of *Hebronitish* Grain,

Here Struts it like a Patriot, and talks high

Of Injur'd Subjects, alter'd Property:

An Emblem of that buzzing Insect Just,

That mounts the Wheel, and thinks she  
raises Dust.

Can dry Bones Live? or *Skeletons* produce  
The Vital Warmth of Cuckoldizing Juice?

Slim *Phaleg* cou'd, and at the Table fed, 340

Return'd the gratefull product to the Bed.

A Waiting-man to Trav'ling Nobles chose,

He, his own Laws wou'd Sawcily impose;

Till Bastinado'd back again he went,

To Learn those Manners he to Teach was  
sent.

Chastiz'd, he ought to have retreated Home,

But He reads politicks to *Absalom*.

For never *Hebronite*, though Kick and  
Scorn'd,

To his own Country willingly return'd.

—But leaving famish'd *Phaleg* to be fed 350

And to talk Treason for his daily Bread,

Let *Hebron*, nay let Hell produce a Man

So made for Mischief as *Ben Jochanan*,

A Jew of humble Parentage was He,

By Trade a Levite, though of low Degree:

His Pride no higher than the Desk aspir'd,

But for the Drudgery of Priests was hir'd

To Reade and Pray in Linen Ephod brave,

And pick up single Shekles from the Grave.

Married at last, and finding Charge come  
faster, 360

He cou'd not live by God, but chang'd his  
Master:

I've, *Levi*, thou art a *fool*, I'll lay thee down,  
 And shew Rebellion bare, without a Gown;  
 Poor Slaves in metre, dull and adle-pated,  
 Who Rhime below ev'n *David's* Psalms  
 translated,  
 ver, double Some in my Speedy pace I must outrun,  
 As lame *Mephibosheth* the Wisard's Son;  
 monstrous To make quick way I'll Leap o'er heavy  
 blocks,  
 Gains. 369 Shun rotten *Uzza* as I woud the Pox;  
 a *Slime*, And hasten *Og* and *Doeg* to rehearse,  
 ; Two Fools that Crutch their Feeble sense  
 true, on Verse,  
 Rogue he Who by my Muse, to all succeeding times  
 Shall live in spite of their own Dogrell  
 the Jewish Rhimes. 411  
 ; *Doeg*, though without knowing how or  
 why,  
 Made still a blund'ring kind of Melody;  
 at Spurd boldly on, and Dash'd through Thick  
 and Thin,  
 and Through Sense and Non-sense, never out  
 nor in;  
 Flock: Free from all meaning, whether good or  
 bad,  
 to their And in one word, Heroically mad,  
 381 He was too warm on Picking-work to dwell,  
 Whore, But Faggotted his Notions as they fell,  
 up before. And, if they Rhim'd and Rattl'd, all was  
 well. 420  
 ? Spightfull he is not, though he wrote a Satyr,  
 For still there goes some *thinking* to ill-  
 Nature:  
 He needs no more than Birds and Beasts  
 to think,  
 All his ons are to eat and drink.  
 If he call Rogue and from a Garrat,  
 Hermans you no more Mischief than a Parat:  
 390 The words for Friend and Foe stike were  
 made,  
 To Fetter 'em in Verse is all his Trade.  
 For Almonds he'll cry Whore to his own  
 Mother:  
 call Absalom. David's  
 430  
 Let he Gallows-Free by my consent,  
 And nothing since he nothing meant:  
 Hanging Supplices e Soul and reason,  
 This Animal's below committing T  
 he be hang'd who never cou'd 19  
 That's a preference for *Achitophel*.  
 The W that ited  
 Was rightly hang'd by the Law to die;

But 'twas hard Fate that to the Gallows led  
 The Dog that never heard the Statute read.  
 Railing in other Men may be a crime, 441  
 But ought to pass for mere instinct in him ;  
 Instinct he follows and no farther knows,  
 For to write Verse with him is to *Transprose*.  
 'Twere pity treason at his Door to lay  
 Who makes Heaven's gate a Lock to its own  
 Key :

Let him rayl on, let his invective muse  
 Have four and Twenty letters to abuse,  
 Which if he Jumbles to one line of Sense,  
 Indict him of a Capital Offence. 450  
 In Fire-works give him leave to vent his  
 spight,  
 Those are the only Serpents he can write ;  
 The height of his ambition is we know  
 But to be Master of a Puppet-show ;  
 On that one Stage his works may yet appear,  
 And a months Harvest keeps him all the  
 Year.

Now stop your noses, Readers, all and  
 some,  
 For here's a tun of Midnight work to come,  
 Og from a Treason Tavern rowling home.  
 Round as a Globe, and Liquored ev'ry  
 chink, 460  
 Goodly and Great he Sayls behind his Link ;  
 With all this Bulk there's nothing lost in Og,  
 For ev'ry inch that is not Fool is Rogue :  
 A Monstrous mass of foul corrupted matter,  
 As all the Devils had spew'd to make the  
 batter.  
 When wine has given him courage to Blas-  
 pheme,  
 He curses God, but God before Curst him ;  
 And if man cou'd have reason, none has  
 more,  
 That made his Paunch so rich and him so  
 poor.  
 With wealth he was not trusted, for Heav'n  
 knew 470  
 What 'twas of Old to pamper up a Jew ;  
 To what would he on Quail and Pheasant  
 swell,  
 That ev'n on Tripe and Carrion cou'd rebel ?  
 But though Heaven made him poor, (with  
 rev'rence speaking,)  
 He never was a Poet of God's making ;  
 The Midwife laid her hand on his Thick  
 Skull,  
 With this Prophetick blessing—*Be thou Dull* ;

Drink, Swear, and Roar, forbear no lew'd  
 delight

Fit for thy Bulk, doe anything but write.  
 Thou art of lasting Make, like thoughtless  
 men, 480

A strong Nativity—but for the Pen ;  
 Eat Opium, mingle Arsenick in thy Drink,  
 Still thou mayst live, avoiding Pen and Ink.  
 I see, I see, 'tis Counsell given in vain,  
 For Treason botch'd in Rhime will be thy  
 bane ;

Rhime is the Rock on which thou art to  
 wreck,

'Tis fatal to thy Fame and to thy Neck.

Why should thy Metre good King *David* blast?

A Psalm of his will Surely be thy last.

Dar'st thou presume in verse to meet thy foes,

Thou whom the Penny Pamphlet sol'd in  
 prose ? 491

*Doeg*, whom God for Mankinds mirth has  
 made,

O'er-tops thy tallent in thy very Trade ;

*Doeg* to thee, thy paintings are so Course,

A Poet is, though he's the Poets Horse.

A Double Noose thou on thy Neck dost pull

For Writing Treason and for Writing dull ;

To die for Faction is a common Evil,

But to be hang'd for Non-sense is the Devil.

Hadst thou the Glories of thy King exprest,

Thy praises had been Satyr at the best ; 501

But thou in Clumsy verse, unlickt, unpointed,

Hast Shamefully defi'd the Lord's Anointed :

I will not rake the Dunghill of thy Crimes,

For who would reade thy Life that reads thy  
 rhimes ?

But of King *David's* Foes be this the Doom,

May all be like the Young-man *Absalom* ;

And for my Foes may this their Blessing be,

To talk like *Doeg* and to Write like Thee.

*Achitophel* each Rank, Degree, and Age

For various Ends neglects not to Engage,

The Wise and Rich for Purse and Counsell

brought, 512

The Fools and Beggars for their Number  
 sought :

Who yet not only on the Town depends,

For Ev'n in Court the Faction had its

Friends.

These thought the Places they possesst too  
 small,

And in their Hearts wisht Court and King  
 to fall :

Whose Names the Muse, disdainng, holds  
 i' th' dark,  
 Thrust in the Villain Herd without a Mark ;  
 With Parasites and Libell-spawning Imps,  
 Intriguing Foppes, dull Jesters, and worse  
 Pumps. 521

Disdain the Rascal Rabble to persue,  
 Their Sett Caballs are yet a viler Crew ;  
 See where involv'd in Common Smoak they  
 sit ;

Some for our Mirth, some for our Satyr fit ;  
 These Gloomy, Thoughtfull and on Mischief  
 bent,

While those for mere good Fellowship frequent

Th' appointed Clubb can let Sedition pass,  
 Sense, Non-sence, anything t' employ the  
 Glass ;

And who believe in their dull honest Hearts,  
 The Rest talk Treason but to show their  
 Parts ; 531

Who ne'er had Wit or Will for Mischief yet,  
 But pleased to be reputed of a Set.

But in the Sacred Annals of our Plot,  
 Industrious AROD never be forgot :

The Labours of this Midnight-Magistrate,  
 May vie with *Corah's* to preserve the State ;  
 In search of Arms, He failed not to lay hold  
 On War's most powerfull dang'rous Weapon,  
 GOLD. 539

And last, to take from *Jebusites*, all odds,  
 Their Altars pillaged, stole their very Gods.  
 Oft wou'd he Cry, when Treasure he surpriz'd,

'Tis Baalish Gold in David's Coyne Disguis'd.

Which to his House with richer Relicks came  
 While Lumber Idols onely fed the Flame :

For our wise Rabble ne'er took pains t'  
 inquire,

What 'twas he burnt, so 't made a rousing  
 Fire.

With which our Elder was enricht no more  
 Than False *Gehazi* with the *Syrian's* Store ;  
 So Poor, that when our Choosing-Tribes were  
 met, 550

Even for his Stinking Votes He ran in Debt ;  
 For Meat the Wicked, and, as Authours  
 think,

The Saints He Choused for His Electing  
 Drink ;

Thus, ev'ry Shift and subtle Method past,  
 And All to be no *Zaken* at the Last.

Now, rais'd on *Tyre's* sad Ruines, *Pharaoh's*  
 Pride

Soar'd high, his Legions threatning far and  
 wide ;

As when a battring Storm ingendred high,  
 By Winds upheld, hangs hov'ring in the  
 Skye,

Is gaz'd upon by ev'ry trembling Swain, 560  
 This for his Vineyard fears, and that his  
 Grain,

For blooming Plants and Flow'rs new Open-  
 ing, These

For Lambs ean'd lately, and far-lab'ring  
 Bees ;

To Guard his Stock each to the Gods does call,  
 Uncertain where the Fire-charg'd Clouds will  
 Fall :

Even so the doubtfull Nations watch his  
 Arms,

With Terror each expecting his Alarms.

Where, *Judah*, where was now thy Lyons  
 Roar ?

Thou onely cou'dst the Captive Lands restore ;  
 But Thou, with inbred Broils and Faction  
 prest, 570

From *Egypt* needst a Guardian with the  
 Rest.

Thy Prince from Sanhedrims no Trust  
 allow'd,

Too much the Representers of the Crow'd,  
 Who for their own Defence give no Supply  
 But what the Crowns Prerogatives must buy :  
 As if their Monarch's Rights to violate,  
 More needfull were than to preserve the  
 State !

From present Dangers they divert their Care,  
 And all their Fears are of the Royal Heir ;

Whom now the reigning Malice of his Foes  
 Unjudg'd wou'd Sentence and e'er Crown'd,

Depose : 581

Religion the Pretence, but their Decree  
 To barr his Reign, whate'er his Faith shall  
 be !

By Sanhedrims, and clam'rous Crowds, thus  
 prest

What passions rent the Righteous *David's*  
 Breast ?

Who knows not how t' oppose or to comply,  
 Unjust to Grant and dangerous to Deny !

How near in this dark Juncture *Israel's* Fate,  
 Whose Peace one sole Expedient could create,

Which yet th' extremest Virtue did require,  
Ev'n of that Prince whose Downfall they  
conspire ! 591

His Absence *David* does with Tears advise,  
T' appease their Rage, Undaunted He Com-  
plies ;

Thus he who, prodigal of Blood, and Ease,  
A Royal Life expos'd to Winds and Seas,  
At once contending with the Waves and  
Fire,

And heading Danger in the Wars of *Tyre*,  
Inglorious now forsakes his Native Sand  
And, like an Exile, quits the promis'd Land !  
Our Monarch scarce from pressing Tears  
refrains, 600

And painfully his Royal State maintains.  
Who, now embracing on th' extremest Shore.  
Almost Revokes what he Injoyn'd before :  
Concludes at last more Trust to be allow'd  
To Storms and Seas than to the raging  
Crow'd !

Forbear, rash Muse, the parting Scene to  
draw,

With Silence charm'd as deep as theirs that  
saw !

Not only our attending Nobles weep,  
But hardy Saylers swell with Tears the  
Deep !

The Tyde restrained her Course, and more  
amaz'd, 610

The Twyn Stars on the Royal Brothers gaz'd ;  
While this sole Fear—

Does Trouble to our suffering Heroe bring,  
Lest next the Popular Rage oppress the King.  
Thus parting, eac'h for th' Others Danger  
griev'd,

The Shore the King, and Seas the Prince  
receiv'd

Go injur'd Heroe, while propitious Gales,  
Soft as thy Consorts breath, inspire thy  
Sails ;

Well may She trust her Beauties on a Flood,  
Where thy Triumphant Fleets so oft have  
rode ! 620

Safe on thy Breast recln'd, her Rest be deep,  
Rockt like a *Nereid* by the waves asleep ;  
While happiest Dreams her Fancy entertain,  
And to *Elysian Fields* convert the Main !

Go injur'd Heroe, while the shores of *Tyre*,  
At thy Approach so Silent shall admire,  
Who on thy Thunder still their thoughts  
employ,

And greet thy Landing with a trembling Joy.

On Heroes thus the Prophet's Fate is  
thrown, 629

Admir'd by ev'ry Nation but their Own ;  
Yet while our factious *Jews* his Worth  
deny,

Their Aking Conscience gives their Tongue  
the Lye.

Ev'n in the worst of Men the noblest Parts  
Confess him, and he Triumphs in their  
Hearts,

Whom to his King the best Respects com-  
mend

Of Subject, Souldier, Kinsman, Prince and  
Friend !

All Sacred Names of most divine Esteem,  
And to Perfection all sustained by Him,  
Wise, Just and Constant, Courtly without  
Art,

Swift to discern and to reward Desert ; 630  
No Hour of His in fruitless Ease destroy'd,  
But on the noblest Subjects still employed ;  
Whose stiddy Soul ne'er learnt to Separate  
Between his Monarch's Int'rest and the  
State,

But heaps those Blessings on the Royal  
Head,

Which He well knows must be on Subjects  
shed.

On what Pretence cou'd then the Vulgar  
Rage

Against his Worth, and native Rights en-  
gage ?

Religious Fears their Argument are made,  
Religious Fears his Sacred Rights invade !  
Of future Superstition They complain 651  
And *Jebusitic* Worship in his Reign ;

With such Alarms his Foes the Crowd  
deceive,

With Dangers fright, which not Themselves  
believe.

Since nothing can our Sacred Rites remove,  
Whate'er the Faith of the Successour prove,  
Our *Jews* their Ark shall undisturb'd retain,  
At least while their Religion is their Gain,  
Who know by old Experience *Baal's* Com-  
mands.

Not only clam'd their Conscience but their  
Lands ; 660

They grutch God's Tythes, how therefore  
shall they yield ?

An Idol full possession of the Field ?

Grant such a Prince enthron'd, we must  
confess

The People's Sufferings than that Monarch's  
less,

Who must to hard Conditions still be bound  
And for his Quiet with the Crowd compound,  
Or shou'd his thoughts to Tyranny incline,  
Where are the means to compass the design?  
Our Crowns Revenues are too short a Store,  
And Jealous Sanedrims would give no more

As vain our Fears of Egypt's potent Aid;  
Not so has Pharaoh learnt Ambition's Trade,  
Nor ever with such Measures can comply 673  
As Shock the common Rules of Policy;  
None dread like Him the growth of Israel's  
King,

And He alone sufficient Aids can bring;  
Who knows that Prince to Egypt can give  
Law

That on our Stubborn Tribes his Yoke cou'd  
draw.

At such profound Expense He has not stood.  
Nor dy'd for this his Hands so deep in blood.  
Wou'd nere through Wrong and Right his  
Progress take, 681

Grudge his own Rest, and keep the World  
awake,

To fix a Lawless Prince on Judah's Throne,  
First to Invade our Rights, and then his  
Own;

His dear-gain'd Conquests cheaply to despoil,  
And Reap the Harvest of his Crimes and  
Toil.

We grant his Wealth Vast as our Ocean's  
Sand

And Curse its Fatal Influence on our Land,  
Which our Bribe'd Jews so num'rously per-  
take

That ev'n an Host his Pensioners wou'd  
make; 690

From these Deceivers our Divisions spring,  
Our Weakness, and the Growth of Egypt's  
King:

These with pretended Friendship to the State  
Our Crowd's Suspicion of their Prince Create,  
Both pleas'd and frightened with the specious  
Cry,

To Guard their Sacred Rights and Property;  
To Ruin, thus, the Chosen Flock are Sold,  
While Wolves are tane for Guardians of the  
Fold;

Seduc'd by these, we groundlessly complain,  
And loath the Manna of a gentle Reign: 700

Thus our Fore-fathers crooked Paths are trod,  
We trust our Prince, no more than They  
their God.

But all in vain our Reasoning Prophets  
Preach,

To those whom sad Experience ne'r could  
Teach,

Who can commence new Broils in Bleeding  
Scars

And fresh Remembrance of Intestine Wars;  
When the same Household Mortal Foes did  
yield,

And Brothers stain'd with Brothers Blood  
the Field;

When Sons Curst Steel the Fathers Gore did  
Stain,

And Mothers Mourn'd for Sons by Fathers  
Slain! 710

When thick, as Egypt's Locusts on the Sand,  
Our Tribes lay Slaughter'd through the  
promis'd Land,

Whose few Survivors with worse Fate remain,  
To drag the Bondage of a Tyrants Reign.

Which Scene of Woes, unknowing We renew,  
And madly, ev'n those ills we Fear, pursue;

While Pharaoh laughs at our Domestick  
Broils

And safely crowds his Tents with Nations  
Spoils.

Yet our fierce Sanedrim in restless Rage,  
Against our absent Heroe still engage, 720

And chiefly urge, (such did their frenzy prove),  
The only Suit their Prince forbids to move,

Which till obtain'd, they cease Affairs of  
State,

And real Dangers wave, for groundless Hate.  
Long Davids patience waits relief to bring,

With all th' Indulgence of a lawful King,  
Expecting till the troubled Waves wou'd  
cease,

But found the raging Billows still increase.  
The Crowd, whose Insolence Forbearance

swells, 729

While he forgives too far, almost Rebels.  
At last his deep Resentments silence broke,

Th' imperial Palace shook, while thus He  
spoke,

Then Justice wake, and Rigour take her  
time,

For Lo! Our Mercy is become our Crime  
While haulting Punishment her strokedelays,

Our Sov'reign Right, Heav'n's Sacred Trust,  
decays;



For whose support ev'n Subjects Interest  
calls,  
Wo! to that Kingdom where the Monarch  
Falls.  
That Prince who yields the least of Regal  
Sway,  
So far his Peoples Freedom does Betray. 740  
Right lives by Law, and Law subsists by  
Pow'r;  
Disarm the Shepherd, Wolves the Flock  
devour.  
Hard Lot of Empire o're a stubborn Race,  
Which Heav'n it Self in vain has try'd with  
Grace!  
When will our Reasons long-charin'd Eyes  
unclose,  
And *Israel* judge between her Friends and  
Foes?  
When shall we see expir'd Deceivers Sway,  
And credit what our God and Monarchs say?  
Dissembled Patriots bribed with *Egypt's*  
Gold 749  
Even Sanedrims in blind Obedience hold;  
Those Patriots Falshood in their Actions see,  
And judge by the pernicious Fruit the Tree;  
If ought for which so loudly they declaim  
Religion, Laws, and Freedom, were their Aim;  
Our senates in due Methods they had led,  
T' avoid those Mischeifs which they seem'd  
to dread;  
But first e're yet they propt the sinking State,  
T' impeach and charge, as urg'd by private  
Hate;  
Proves that they ne're belciv'd the Fears  
they prest, 759  
But Barb'rously destroy'd the Nations Rest!  
O! Whither will ungovern'd Senates drive,  
And to what Bounds licentious Votes arrive?  
When their Injustice We are prest to share,  
The Monarch urg'd t' exclude the lawful  
Heir;  
Are princes thus distinguish'd from the  
Crowd,  
And this the Priviledge of Royal Blood?  
But grant we shou'd Confirm the Wrongs  
they press,  
His Sufferings yet were than the Peoples less;  
Condemn'd for Life the Murd'ring Sword to  
wield, 769  
And on their Heirs entail a Bloody Fe'd.  
Thus madly their own Freedom they betray,  
And for th' Oppression which they fear,  
make way;

Succession fixt by Heav'n the Kingdoms Bar,  
Which once dissolv'd, admits the Flood of  
War;  
Wast, Rapine, Spoil, without th' Assault begin,  
And our mad Tribes Supplant the Fence  
within.  
Since then their Good they will not under-  
stand,  
'Tis time to take the Monarchs Power in  
Hand;  
Authority, and Force to joyn with Skill,  
And save the Lunaticks against their Will.  
The same rough Means that swage the  
Crowd, appease 781  
Our senates raging with the Crowds Disease.  
Henceforth unbiass'd Measures let 'em draw  
From no false Gloss, but Genuine text of  
Law;  
Nor urge those Crimes upon Religions score  
Themselves so much, in Jebusites abhor.  
Whom Laws convict (and only they) shall  
Bleed,  
Nor Pharisees by Pharisees be Freed.  
Impartial Justice from our Throne shall  
shou'r,  
All shall have Right, and We our Sov'reign  
Pow'r. 790  
He said, th' Attendants heard with awful  
Joy,  
And glad Presages their fixt Thoughts em-  
ploy:  
From *Hebron* now the Suffering Heir Re-  
turn'd,  
A Realm that long with Civil Discord  
Mourn'd;  
Till his Approach, like some Arriving God,  
Compos'd, and heal'd the place of his Abode;  
The Deluge checkt that to *Judea* spread,  
And stopt Sedition at the Fountain's Head.  
Thus in forgiving *David's* Paths he drives,  
And, chas'd from *Israel*, *Israel's* Peace con-  
trives. 800  
The Feild contest his Pow'r in Arms before,  
And Seas proclaim'd his Tryumphs to the  
Shore;  
As nobly has his Sway in *Hebron* shown.  
How fit t' inherit Godlike *David's* Throne.  
Through *Sion's* Streets his glad Arrivals  
spread  
And Conscious Faction shrinks her snaky  
head;

His Train their Sufferings think o'repaid, to  
 see  
 The Crowds Applause with Vertue once  
 agree.  
 Success charms All, but Zeal for Worth  
 distrust  
 A Virtue proper to the Grave and Rest; So  
 'Mongst whom was *Jothran*, *Jothran* always  
 bent  
 To serve the Crown and Loyal by Descent.  
 Whose Constancy so Firm, and Conduct Just,  
 Deserv'd at once Two Royal Masters Trust;  
 Who Tyre's proud Arms had Manfully with-  
 stood  
 On Seas, and gather'd Lawrels from the  
 Flood;  
 Of Learning yet no Portion was deny'd,  
 Friend to the Muses, and the Muses Pride.  
 Nor can *Benarrah's* Worth forgotten lie,  
 Of studdy Soul when Publick Storms were  
 high; 820  
 Whose Conduct, while the *Moor* fierce Onsets  
 made,  
 Secur'd at once our Honour and our Trade.  
 Such were the Chiefs, who must his Suf'rings  
 mourn'd,  
 And view'd with silent Joy the Prince  
 return'd;  
 While those that sought his Absence to  
 betray,  
 Press first their Nauseous False Respects to  
 pay,  
 Him still th' officious Hypocrites Molest,  
 And with malicious Duty break his Rest  
 While real Transports thus his Friends Em-  
 ploy, 829  
 And Foes are Loud in their dissembled Joy,  
 His Triumphs so resounded far and near,  
 Mist not his Young Ambitious Rival's Ear;  
 And as when joyful Hunters clam'rous Train,  
 Some Slumbering Lion Wakes in *Moa's*  
 Plain,  
 Who oft had forc'd the bold Assaults yield,  
 And scatter'd his Pursuers through the Field,  
 Disdaining, furls his Main, and tears the  
 Ground,  
 His Eyes enflaming all the Desert Round,  
 With Roar of Seas directs his Chasers Way,  
 Provokes from far, and dares them to the  
 Fray; 830  
 Such Rage storm'd now in *Abisalom's* fierce  
 Breast,  
 Such Indignation his Fir'd Eyes Contest;

Where now was the Instructor of his Pride?  
 Slept the Old Pilot in so rough a Tide?  
 Whose Wiles had from the happy Shore  
 betray'd,  
 And thus on Shelves the cred'ulous Youth  
 convey'd;  
 In deep revolving Thoughts He weighs his  
 State,  
 Secure of Craft, nor doubts to baffle Fate,  
 At least, if his storm'd Bark must go adrift,  
 To Laulk his Charge and for himself to shift,  
 In which his dextrous Wit had oft been  
 shown, 851  
 And in the wreck of Kingdoms sav'd his  
 own;  
 But now with more than Common Danger  
 prest,  
 Of various Resolutions stands possess,  
 Perceives the Crowds unstable Zeal decay,  
 Least their Recanting Chief the Cause betray,  
 Who on a Father's Grace his Hopes may  
 ground,  
 And for his Iardon with their Heads com-  
 pound.  
 Him therefore, e're his Fortune slip her Time,  
 The Statesman Plots t' engage in some bold  
 Crime 860  
 Past Pardon, whether to Attempt his Bid,  
 Or Threat with open Arms the Royal Head  
 Or other daring Method, and unjust,  
 That may secure him in the Peoples Trust  
 But failing thus t' ensnare him, nor secure  
 How long his foil'd Ambition may endure,  
 Plots next to lay him by, as past his Date,  
 And try some new Pretenders luckier Fate,  
 Whose Hopes with equal Toil he wou'd  
 pursue,  
 Nor cares what Clamer's Crown'd, except  
 the True 870  
 Wake *Abisalom*, approaching Ruin shun,  
 And see, O see, for whom thou art Undone!  
 How are thy Honours, and thy Fame be-  
 tray'd,  
 The Property of desp'rate Villains made!  
 Lost Pow'r and Conscious Fears their Crimes  
 Create,  
 And Guilt in them was little less than Fate;  
 But why shou'dst Thou, from ev'ry Grievance  
 free,  
 Forsake thy Vineyards for their Stormy Sea?

861 secure confirm 1716  
 874 made 1710. made 1682.

For Thee did *Canaan's* Milk and Honey flow,  
 Love drest thy Bow'rs and Lawrels sought  
 thy Brow, 880  
 Preferment, Wealth and Pow'r thy Vassals  
 were,  
 And of a Monarch all things but the Care.  
 Oh shou'd our Crimes, again, that Curse  
 draw down,  
 And Rebel-Arms once more attempt the  
 Crown,  
 Sure Ruin waits unhappy *Absalon*,  
 Alike by Conquest or Defeat undone;  
 Who cou'd relentless see such Youth and  
 Charms,  
 Expire with wretched Fate in Impious  
 Armes?  
 A Prince so form'd with Earth's, and  
 Heaven's Applause,  
 To Triumph ore Crown'd Heads in *Davia's*  
 Cause: 890  
 Or grant him Victor, still his Hopes must fail,  
 Who, Conquering, wou'd not for himself pre-  
 vail;  
 The Faction whom He trusts for future  
 Sway,  
 Him and the Publique wou'd alike Betray;  
 Amongst themselves divide the Captive  
 State,  
 And found their *Hydra-Empire* in his Fate!  
 Thus having beat the Clouds with painful  
 Flight,  
 The pitty'd Youth with Scepters in his Sight;  
 (So have their Cruel Politicks Decreed,)  
 Must by that Crew that made him Guilty,  
 Bleed. 900  
 For cou'd their Pride brook any Prince's  
 Sway,  
 Whom but mild *David* would they cho'ose  
 t' Obey?  
 Who once at such a gentle Reign Repine,  
 The Fall of Monarchy it self Design;  
 From Hate to That their Reformations  
 spring,  
 And *David* not their Grievance, but the  
 King.  
 Seiz'd now with pannick Fear the Faction  
 lies,  
 Least this clear Truth strike *Absaloms*  
 charm'd Eyes;  
 Least He perceive, from long Enchantment  
 free,  
 What all, beside the flatter'd Youth, must  
 see. 910

But what're doubts his troubled Bosome  
 swell,  
 Fair Carriage still became *Achitophel*.  
 Who now an envious Festival enstall,  
 And to survey their Strength the Faction  
 calls,  
 Which Fraud, Religious Worship too must  
 Guild;  
 But oh how weakly does Sedition Build!  
 For Lo! the Royal Mandate issues Forth,  
 Dashing at once their Treason, Zeal, and  
 Mirth!  
 So have I seen disastrous Chance Invade,  
 Where careful Emmits had their Forrage  
 laid, 920  
 Whether fierce *I'ulean's* rage the Furzy Plain  
 Had seiz'd, Engendred by some careless  
 Swain;  
 Or swelling *Neptune* lawless Inroads made  
 And to their Cell of Store his Flood convey'd;  
 The Common-Wealth broke up distracted go,  
 And in wild Hlast their loaded Mates o're-  
 throw:  
 Ev'n so our scatter'd Guests confus'dly meet,  
 With Boil'd, Bak'd, Roast, all Justling in  
 the Street:  
 Dejected all, and rufully dismay'd, 929  
 For *Sheckle* without Triat, or Treason paid.  
 Seditions dark Eclipse now fainter shows,  
 More bright each Hour the Royal Plannet  
 grows,  
 Of Force the Clouds of Envy to disperse,  
 In kind Conjunction of Assisting Stars.  
 Here lab'ring Muse those Glorious Chiefs  
 relate  
 That turned the doubtful Scale of *David's*  
 Fate;  
 The rest of that Illustrious Band rehearse,  
 Immortaliz'd in Lawrell'd *Asaph's* Verse:  
 Hard task! yet will not I thy Flight recall,  
 View Heav'n, and then enjoy thy glorious  
 Fall. 910  
 First Write *Bezaiel*, whose Illustrious  
 Name  
 Forestals our Praise, and gives his Poet  
 Fame.  
 The *Kenites* Rocky Province his Command,  
 A barren Limb of Fertile *Canaan's* Land:  
 Which for its gen'rous Natives yet cou'd be  
 Held Worthy such a President as He!

*Bezalel* with such Grace, and Virtue Fraught,  
Serene his Looks, Serene his Life and  
Thought,

On whom so largely Nature heapt her Store,  
There scarce remain'd for Arts to give him  
more!

To Aid the Crown and State his greatest  
Zeal,

His Second Care that Service to Conceal;  
Of Dues Observant, Firm in ev'ry Trust,  
And to the Needy always more than just.

Who Truth from specious falsehood can  
divide,

Has all the Gown-mens Skill<sup>a</sup> without their  
Pride:

Thus crown'd with worth from heights of  
honor won,

Sees all his Glories copied in his Son,  
Whose forward Fame should every Muse  
Engage:

Whose Youth boasts skill denied to others  
Age.

Men, Manners, Language, Books of noblest  
kind

Already are the Conquest of his Mind.

Whose Loyalty before it's Date was prime,  
Nor waited the dull course of rowling Time:

The Monster *Faction* early he dismay'd,  
And *David's* Cause long since confest his  
Aid.

Brave *Abdual* o're the Prophets' School  
was plac'd;

*Abdual*, with all his Father's Virtue grac'd;  
A Heroe, who, while Stars look'd wondring  
down,

Without one *Hebrew's* Blood restor'd the  
Crown.

That praise was His; what therefore did  
remain

For following Chiefs, but boldly to maintain  
That Crown restor'd? and in this Rank of  
Fame,

Brave *Abdual* with the First a place must  
claim.

Proceed, illustrious, happy, Chief, proceed,  
Foreseize the Garlands for thy Brow decreed,  
While th' inspir'd Tribe attend with noblest  
strein

To Register the Glories thou shalt gain:

For sure, the Dew shall *Gilboa's* Hills for-  
sake,

And *Jordan* mix his Stream with *Sodom's*  
Lake;

Or Seas retir'd their Secret stores disclose,  
And to the Sun their scaly Brood expose,

Or swell'd above the Clifts, their Billows  
raise,

Before the Muses leave their Patron's Praise.  
*Eliab* our Next labour do's invite,

And hard the Task to do *Eliab* right:  
Long with the royal Wanderer he rovd,

And firm in all the Turns of Fortune prov'd!  
Such ancient Service and Desert so large,

Well claim'd the Royal Household for his  
Charge.

His Age with only one mild Heiress blest,  
In all the Bloom of smiling Nature drest,

And blest again to see his Flow'r ally'd  
To *David's* Stock, and made young *Othniel's*  
Bride!

The bright Restorer of his Father's Youth,  
Devoted to a Son's and Subject's Truth:

Resolv'd to bear that prize of Duty home,  
So bravely sought (while sought) by *Absalom*.

Ah Prince! th' illustrious Planet of thy  
Birth,

And thy more powerful Virtue guard thy  
worth;

That no *Achitophel* thy Ruine boast;  
*Israel* too much in one such Wreck has  
lost.

Ev'n Envy must consent to *Helon's* Worth,  
Whose Soul (tho' *Egypt* glories in his Birth)

Cou'd for our Captive-Ark its Zeal retain,  
And *Pharoah's* Altars in their Pomp disdain:

To slight his Gods was small; with nobler  
pride,

He all th' Allurements of his Court def'd.  
Whom Profit nor Example cou'd betray

But *Israel's* friend, and true to *David's*  
Sway.

What acts of favour in his Province fall  
On Merit he confers, and Freely all

Our List of Nobles next let *Amri* Grace,  
Whose Merits claim'd the *Abethdus* high  
place;

Who, with a Loyalty that did excel,  
Brought all th' endowments of *Achitophel*.

Sincere was *Amri*, and not only knew,  
But *Israel's* Sanctions into practice drew;

Our Laws, that did a boundless Ocean seem,  
Were coasted all, and fathom'd all by Him.

953 in] to 2716

967 Prophets'] 1716. Prophet's 1682.

973 restor'd'] 1716 restor'd; 1682.

No *Rabbin* speaks like him their mystick  
Sense, 1021

So just, and with such Charms of Eloquence:  
To whom the double Blessing does belong,  
With *Mose's* Inspiration *Aaron's* Tongue.

Than *Shew*, none more loyal Zeal have  
shown,

Wakeful as *Judah's* Lion for the Crown.  
Who for that Cause still combats in his Age,  
For which his Youth with danger did engage.

In vain our factious Priests the Cant revive;  
In vain seditious Scribes with Labels strive  
To enflame the Crow'd, while He with watch-  
ful Eye 1031

Observes, and shoots their Treasons as They  
fly;

Their weekly Frauds, his keen Replies detect,  
He undeceives more fast than they infect.

So *Moses*, when the Pest on *Legions* prey'd,  
Advanced his Signal and the Plague was  
stay'd.

Once more my fainting Muse thy Pinnions  
try,

And Strengths exhausted store let *Lore*  
supply.

What Tribute *Asaph* shall we render Thee?  
We'll crown thee with a Wreath from thy  
own Tree! 1040

Thy Lawrel Grove no Envy's slash can blast.  
The Song of *Asaph* shall for ever last!

With wonder late Posterity shall dwell  
On *Absalom*, and false *Achtophel*:

Thy strains shall be our slumbering Prophets  
dream,

And, when our *Sion* Virgins sing their Theam,  
Our *subleers* shall with thy Verse be grac'd.

The Song of *Asaph* shall for ever last!  
How fierce his Satyr loo'd, restrain'd, flow  
tame 6

How tender of th' offending *Young man's*  
Fame! 1050

How well his worth, and brave Adventures  
still'd,

Just to his Vertues, to his Error mild.  
No Page of thine that fears the strictest  
view,

But teems with just Reproof, or Praise, as  
due;

Not *Eden* cou'd a fairer Prospect yield,  
All *Paradise* without one barren Field;

Whose Wit the Censure of his Foes has  
past,

The Song of *Asaph* shall for ever last!

What Praise for such rich *Byrains* shall we  
allow?

What just Rewards the grateful Crown  
bestow? 1060

While Bees in Flow'rs rejoice, and Flow'rs  
in Dew.

While Stars and Fountains to their Course  
are true;

While *Judah's* Throne and *Sion's* Rock stand  
fast,

The Song of *Asaph* and the Fame shall last.

Still *Hebron's* honour'd happy Soil retain  
Our Royal Heroes' beauteous dear remains;

Who now calls off, with Wounds nor Wishes  
slack,

To bring his Sufferings' bright Companion  
back,

But e're such Transport can our sense em-  
ploy 1070

A bitter grief must poison half our Joy;  
Nor can our Coists restor'd thine Blessings  
see

Without a Bribe to envious Destiny!  
Curs'd *Solomon's* Doom for ever be the Tyde,

Where, by inglorious Chance, the Valiant  
dy'd.

Give not insulting *Achalom* to know,  
Nor let *Ge'h's* Daughters triumph in our  
Woe!

No Sailer with the News swell *Egypt's* Pride  
By what inglorious Fate our Valiant dy'd!

Weep, *Arnon*! *Jordan* weep thy fountains  
dry 1070

While *Sion's* Rock dissolves for a supply!  
Calm were the Elements, Night's silence  
deep,

The Waves scarce murmur'ing, and the Winds  
asleep;

Yet Fate for Ruine takes so still an hour,  
And treacherous Sands the Princely Burque  
devour;

Then Death unworthy seiz'd a gen'rous Race,  
To Virtues scandal, and the Stars disgrace!

Oh! had th' Indulgent Pow'rs vouchsaf'd  
to yield,

Instead of faithless Shelves, a listed Field;  
A listed Field of Heav'ns and *David's*  
Foes,

Fierce as the Troops that did his Youth  
oppose, 1090

Each Life had on his slaughter'd heap retir'd,  
Not Tamely, and Unconqu'ring thus expir'd:

But Destiny is now their only Foe,  
And dying, even o're that they triumph too ;  
With loud last Breaths their Master's Scape  
applaud,

Of whom kind Force cou'd scarce the Fates  
defraud ;

Who for such Followers lost, O matchless  
mind !

At his own Safety now almost repin'd !

Say Royal Sir, by all your Fame in Arms,  
Your Praise in Peace, and by *Urania's*  
Charms ; 1100

If all your Sufferings past so nearly prest,  
Or pierc'd with half so painful Grief your  
Breast ?

Thus some Diviner Muse her *Heroe* forms,  
Not sooth'd with soft Delights, but tost in  
storms.

Not stretch'd on Roses in the Myrtle Grove,  
Nor Crowns his Days with Mirth, his Nights  
with Love

But far remov'd in Thundring Camps is  
found,

His Slumbers short, his Bed the herbless  
Ground :

In Tasks of Danger always seen the First,  
Feeds from the Hedge, and slakes with Ice  
his Thirst. 1110

Long must his Patience strive with Fortunes  
Rage,

And long, opposing Gods themselves engage,  
Must see his Country Flame, his Friends  
destroy'd,

Before the promis'd Empire be enjoy'd,  
Such Toil of Fate must build a Man of Fame,  
And such, to *Israel's* Crown, the God-like  
*David* came.

What sudden Beams dispel the Clouds so  
fast !

Whose drenching Rains laid all our Vine-  
yards waste ? 1118

The Spring so far behind her Course delay'd  
On th' Instant is in all her Bloom array'd ;  
The Winds breathe low, the Element serene,  
Yet mark what Motion in the Waves is seen !  
Thronging and busie as *Hyblaean* Swarms,  
Or stragled Souldiers Summon'd to their  
Arms.

See where the Princely Barque in loosest  
Pride,

With all her Guardian Fleet, Adorns the  
Tide !

High on her Deck the Royal Lovers stand,  
Our Crimes to Pardon e're they toucht our  
Land.

Welcome to *Israel* and to *David's* Breast !  
Here all your Toils, here all your Sufferings  
rest. 1130

This year did *Ziioah* Rule *Jerusalem*,  
And boldly all Sedition's Syrges stem,  
How e're incumbred with a viler Pair  
Than *Ziph* or *Shimei*, to assist the Chair ;  
Yet *Ziioah's* loyal Labours so prevail'd  
That Faction at the next Election Fail'd,  
When ev'n the common Cry did Justice  
Sound,

And Merrit by the Multitude was Crown'd :  
With *David* then was *Israel's* peace restor'd,  
Crowds Mourn'd their Errour and Obey'd  
their Lord. 1140

1132 Syrges | Syrges 1716 This is a false cor-  
rection The original reading is right, the later  
spelling being Surges

But then the sufferings of Ulysses, which are a Considerable part of that Sentence, are omitted :

[Ὅτι μάλα πολλὰ πλάγχθη.]

The Consideration of these difficulties, in a servile, literal, Translation, not long since made two of our Famous Wits, Sir John Denham, and Mr. Cowley, to contrive another way of turning Authors into our Tongue, called, by the latter of them, Imitation. As they were Friends, I suppose they communicated their thoughts on this Subject to each other ; and, therefore, their reasons for it are little different : though the practice of one is much more moderate. I take Imitation of an Author, in their sense, to be an Endeavour of a later Poet to write like one, who has written before him, on the same Subject : that is, not to translate his Words, or to be Confin'd to his Sense, but only to set him as a Pattern, and to write, as he supposes that Author would have done, had he liv'd in our Age, and in our Country. Yet I dare not say that either of them have carried this libertine way of rendring Authors (as Mr. Cowley calls it) so far as my Definition reaches. For in the Pindarick Odes, the Customs and Ceremonies of Ancient Greece are still preserv'd : but I know not what mischief may arise hereafter from the Example of such an innovation, when Writers of unequal parts to him, shall imitate so bold an undertaking ; to add and to diminish what we please, which is the way us'd by him, ought only to be granted to Mr. Cowley, and that too only in his translation of Pindar ; because he alone was able to make him amends, by giving him better of his own, when ever he refus'd his Authors thoughts. Pindar is generally known to be a dark Writer, to want Connexion, (I mean as to our understanding) to soar out of sight, and leave his Reader at a Gaze. So wild and ungovernable a Poet cannot be translated literally, his Genius is too strong to bear a Chain, and, Sampson-like, he shakes it off : A Genius so elevated and unconfin'd as Mr. Cowley's was but necessary to make Pindar speak English, and that was to be perform'd by no other way than Imitation. But if Virgil, or Ovid, or any regular intelligible Authors be thus us'd, 'tis no longer to be called their work, when neither the thoughts nor words are drawn from the Original : but instead of them there is something new produced, which is almost the Creation of another hand. By this way 'tis true, somewhat that is Excellent may be invented, perhaps more Excellent than the first design ; though Virgil must be still excepted, when that perhaps takes place : Yet he who is inquisitive to know an Authors thoughts, will be disappointed in his expectation. And 'tis not always that a man will be contented to have a Present made him, when he expects the payment of a Debt. To state it fairly, Imitation of an Author is the most advantageous way for a Translator to shew himself, but the greatest wrong which can be done to the Memory and Reputation of the dead. Sir John Denham (who advis'd more Liberty than he took himself,) gives this Reason for his innovation, in his admirable Preface before the Translation of the second Æneid. Poetry is of so subtil a Spirit, that, in pouring out of one Language into another, it will all Evaporate ; and, if a new Spirit be not added in the transfusion, there will remain nothing but a Caput Mortuum. I confess this Argument holds good against a literal Translation ; but who defends it ? Imitation and verbal Version are, in my opinion, the two extremes, which ought to be avoided : and therefore when I have propos'd the mean betwixt them, it will be seen how far his Argument will reach.

No man is capable of translating Poetry, who, besides a Genius to that Art, is not a Master both of his Authors Language, and of his own : Nor must we understand the Language only of the Poet, but his particular turn of Thoughts and of Expression, which are the Characters that distinguish, and as it were individuate him from all other Writers. When we are come thus far, 'tis time to look into our selves, to conform our Genius to his, to give his thought either the same turn, if our tongue will bear it, or, if not, to vary but the dress, not to alter or destroy the substance. The like Care must be taken of the more outward Ornaments, the Words ; when they appear (which is but seldom) literally graceful, it were an injury to the Author that they

[Title-page of Original Edition.]

The Medal  
A  
S A T Y R E  
A G A I N S T  
SEDITION

---

y the Authour of *Absalom* and *Achitophel*.

---

*Per Graiûm populos, mediæque per Elidis Urbem  
Ibat ovans; Divumque sibi poscebat Honores.*

---

L O N D O N,

Printed for *Jacob Tonson* at the *Judge's Head* in  
*Chancery-lane, near Fleet-street.* 1682.



## EPISTLE TO THE WHIGS.

For to whom can I dedicate this Poem, with so much justice, as to you? 'Tis the representation of your own Heroes: 'tis the Picture drawn at length, which you admire and prize so much in little. None of your Ornaments are wanting; neither the landscape of the Tower, nor the Rising Sun, nor the Anno Domini of your New Sovereign's Coronation. This must needs be a gratefull undertaking to your whole Party: especially to those who have not been so happy as to purchase the Original. I hear the Graver has made a good Market of it: all his Kings are bought up already; or the value of the remainder so inhanc'd, that many a poor Polanders who would be glad to worship the Image is not able to go to the cost of him: But  
10 must be content to see him here. I must confess I am no great artist; but Sign-post painting will serve the turn to remember a Friend by, especially when better is not to be had. Yet for your comfort the lineaments are true; and though he sale not five times to me, as he did to B., yet I have consulted History, as the Italian Painters do, when they would draw a Nero or a Caligula; though they have not seen the Man, they can help their Imagination by a Statue of him, and find out the Colouring from Suetonius and Tacitus. Truth is, you might have spar'd one side of your Medall: the Head wou'd be seen to more advantage, if it were plac'd on a Spike of the Tower; a little nearer to the Sun. Which wou'd then break out to better purpose. You tell us in your Preface to the No-Protestant Plot, that you shall be  
20 forc'd hereafter to leave off your Modesty: I suppose you mean that little which is left you; for it was worn to rags when you put out this Medall. Never was there practis'd such a piece of notorious Impudence in the face of an Establish'd Government. I believe, when he is dead, you will wear him in Thumb-Rings, as the Turks did Scanderbeg; as if there were virtue in his Bones to preserve you against Monarchy. Yet all this while you pretend not onely zeal for the Publick good; but a due veneration for the person of the King. But all men who can see an inch before them, may easily detect those gross fallacies. That it is necessary for men in your circumstances to pretend both, is granted you; for without them there could be no ground to raise a Faction. But I would ask you one civil question, what right has any man among you, or any Association of men, (so come nearer to you,) who out of Parliament cannot be consider'd in a publick Capacity, to meet, as you daily doe, in Faction's Clubs, to vilify  
30 the Government in your Discourses and to libel it in all your Writings? Who made you Judges in Israel? or how is it consistent with your Zeal of the publick Welfare to promote Sedition? Does your definition of loyal, which is to serve the King according to the Laws, allow you the licence of traducing the Executive Power with which you own he is invested? You complain that his Majesty has lost the love and confidence of his People; and by your very urging it you endeavour what in you lies, to make him lose them. All good Subjects abhor the thought of Arbitrary Power, whether it be in one or many: If you were the Patriots you would seem, you would not at this rate incense the Multitude to assume it; for no sober man can fear it, either from the King's Disposition, or his Practice, or even, where you would odiously lay it, from his Ministers. Give us leave to enjoy the Government and the benefit of laws under  
40 which we were born, and which we desire to transmit to our Posterity. You are not the Trustees of the Publick liberty: and if you have not right to petition in a Crowd, much less have you to intermeddle in the management of Affairs, or to arraign what you do not like: which in effect is everything that is done by the King and Council. Can you imagine that any reasonable man will believe you respect the person of his Majesty, when 'tis apparent that your Seditious Pamphlets are stuff'd with particular Reflexions on him? If you have the confidence to deny this, 'tis easy to be evinc'd from a thousand Passages, which I onely forbear to quote, because I desire they should die and be forgotten. I have perus'd many of your Papers: and to show you that I have, the third part of your No-Protestant Plot is much of it stolen, from your dead Authour's Pamphlet, call'd the Growth of Popery, as manifestly as Milton's defence of

*the English People is from Buchanan, de Jure regni apud Scotos, or your First Covenant and new Association, from the holy League of the French Guisards. Any one who reads Davila may trace your Practices all along. There were the same pretences for Reformation, and Loyalty, the same Aspersions of the King, and the same grounds of a Rebellion. I know not whether you will take the Historian's word, who says it was reported that Poltrot, a Hugonot, murdered Francis, Duke of Guise, by the instigations of Theodore Beza : or that it was a Hugonot Minister, otherwise call'd a Presbyterian (for our Church abhors so devilish a Tenent) who first writ a Treatise of the lawfulness of deposing and murdering kings of a different Perswasion in Religion : But I am able to prove from the doctrine of Calvin, and Principles of Buchanan, that they set the People above the Magistrate ; which if I mistake not, is your 10 own Fundamental, and which carries your Loyalty no farther than your liking. When a vote of the House of Commons goes on your side, you are as ready to observe it as if it were pass'd into a Law : But when you are pinch'd with any former, and yet unrepealed Act of Parliament, you declare that, in some cases, you will not be oblig'd by it. The Passage is in the same third part of the No-Protestant Plot ; and is too plain to be denied. The late Copy of your intended Association you neither wholly justify nor condemn ; But, as the Papists, when they are unoppos'd, fly out into all the Pagantry's of Worship ; but in times of War, when they are hard press'd by Arguments, lie close intrench'd behind the Council of Trent ; So, now, when your Affairs are in a low condition, you dare not pretend that to be a legal Combination, but whensoever you are afloat, I doubt not but it will be maintain'd and justify'd to purpose. 20 For indeed there is nothing to defend it but the Sword : 'tis the proper time to say anything, when men have all things in their power.*

*In the mean time, you wou'd fain be nibbling at a parallel betwixt this Association and that in the time of Queen Elizabeth. But there is this small difference betwixt them, that the ends of the one are directly opposite to the other : one with the Queen's approbation and conjunction, as head of it ; the other, without either the consent, or knowledge of the King, against whose Authority it is manifestly designed. Therefore, you doe well to have recourse to your last Evasion, that it was contriv'd by your Enemies, and shuffled into the Papers that were sent'd ; which yet you see the nation is not so easy to believe as your own Jury ; But the matter is not difficult, to find twelve men in New-gate, who would acquit a Malefactor. 30*

*I have one onely favour to desire of you at parting, that when you think of answering this Poem, you wou'd employ the same Pens against it who have combated with so much success against Absalom and Achitophel : for when you may assure yourselves of a clear Victory, without the least reply. Raile at me abundantly, and, not to break a Custome, doe it without wit : By this method you will gain a considerable point, which is wholly to waver the answer of my Arguments. Never own the bottom of your Principles, for fear they shoud be Treason. Fall severely on the miscarriages of Government : for, if scandal be not allow'd, you are no freborn subjects. If God has not bless'd you with the Talent of Rhiming, make use of my poor Stock and welcome : let your Verses run upon my feet ; and for the utmost refuge of notorious Block-heads, reduc'd to the last extremity of sense, turn my own lines upon me ; and, in utter 40 despaire of your own Satyre, make me Satyrize my self. Some of you have been driven to this Bay already ; But above all the rest commend me to the Non-conformist Parson, who writ the Whip and Key. I am afraid it is not read so much as the Piece deserves, because the bookseller is every week crying help at the end of his Gazette, to get it off. You see I am charitable enough to doe him a kindness, that it may be publish'd as well as printed ; and that so much skill in Hebrew Derivations may not lie for Waste-paper in the Shop. Yet I half suspect he went no farther for his learning, than the Index of Hebrew Names and Etymologies, which is printed at the end of some English Bibles. If Achitophel signify the Brother of a Fool, the Authour of that Poem will pass with his Readers for the next of kin. And perhaps 'tis the Relation that makes the kindness. Whatever the Verses are, buy 'em up I beseech you out 50 of pity ; for I hear the Conventicle is shut up, and the Brother of Achitophel out of service*

Now Foolmen, you know, have the generosity to make a Purse for a Member of their Society, who has had his Livery pull'd over his Ears; and even Protestant Socks are bought up among you, out of veneration to the name. A Dissenter in Poetry from Sense and English will make as good a Protestant Rhymers, as a Dissenter from the Church of England a Protestant Parson. Besides, if you encourage a young Beginner, who knows but he may elevate his stile a little above the vulgar epithets of prophane and sawcy Jack, and Atheistick Scribler, with which he treats me, when the fit of Enthusiasm is strong upon him: by which well-mannered and charitable Expressions I was certain of his Sect, before I knew his name. What would you have more of a man? he has damn'd me in your Cause from Genesis to the Revelations: 10 And has half the Texts of both the Testaments against me, if you will be so civil to your selves as to take him for your Interpreter; and not to take them for Irish Witnesses. After all, perhaps you will tell me, that you retain'd him onely for the opening of your Cause, and that your main Lawyer is yet behind. Now if it so happen he meet with no more reply than his Predecessours, you may either conclude that I trust to the goodness of my Cause, or fear my Adversary, or disdain him, or what you please, for the short on't is, 'tis indifferent to your humble servant, whatever your Party says or thinks of him.

## THE MEDALL.

### A SATYRE AGAINST SEDITION.

Or all our Antick Sights and Pageantry  
Which English Idiots run in crowds to see,  
The Polish Medal bears the prize alone:  
A Monster, more the Favourite of the Town  
Than either Fairs or Theatres have shown.  
Never did Art so well with Nature strive,  
Nor ever Idol seem'd so much alive:  
So like the Man; so golden to the sight,  
So base within, so counterfeit and light.  
One side is fill'd with Title and with Face; 10  
And, lest the King shou'd want a regal  
Place,  
On the reverse, a Tow'r the Town surveys,  
O'er which our mounting Sun his beams dis-  
plays.  
The Word, pronounc'd aloud by Shrieval  
voice,  
Latamur, which in Polish is rejoyce,  
The Day, Month, Year, to the great Act are  
join'd,  
And a new Canting Holiday design'd.  
Five daies he sate for every cast and look;  
Four more than God to finish Adam took.  
But who can tell what Essence angels are 20  
Or how long Heav'n was making Lucifer?

Text from the second edition, 1683, except as noted. The first edition was of 1682.  
7 alive. 1682? alive? 1683?  
21 Lucifer? 1682? Lucifer? 1683.

Oh, cou'd the Style that copy'd every grace  
And plough'd such furrows for an Eunuch  
face,  
Cou'd it have formed his ever-changing Will,  
The various Piece had tir'd the Graver's  
Skill!  
A Martial Heroe first, with early care  
Blown, like a Pigmee by the Winds, to war.  
A Fearless Chief, a Rebel e'er a Man,  
(So young his hatred to his Prince began.)  
Next this, (How wildly will Ambition steer!)  
A Vermin wriggling in th' Usurper's ear, 31  
Bart'ring his venal wit for sums of gold,  
He cast himself into the Saint-like mould;  
Groan'd, sigh'd, and pray'd, while Godliness  
was gain,  
The lowdest Bag-pipe of the Squeaking train.  
But, as 'tis hard to cheat a Juggler's Eyes,  
His open lewdness he cou'd ne'er disguise.  
There split the Saint: for Hypocritique Zeal  
Allows no Sins but those it can conceal.  
Whoring to Scandal gives too large a scope;  
Saints must not trade; but they may inter-  
lope. 41  
Th' ungodly Principle was all the same;  
But a gross Cheat betrays his Partner's  
Game.  
Besides, their pace was formal, grave, and  
slack;

His nimble Wit out-ran the heavy Pack.  
Yet still he found his Fortune at a stay,  
Whole droves of Blockheads choaking up his way;

They took, but not rewarded, his advice;  
Villain and Wit exact a double price.  
Pow'r was his aim; but, thrown from that pretence, 50

The Wretch turned loyal in his own defence,  
And Malice reconciled him to his Prince.  
Him, in the anguish of his Soul he serv'd;  
Rewarded faster still than he deserv'd.

Behold him, now exalted into trust;  
His Counsels oft convenient, seldom just;  
Ev'n in the most sincere advice he gave  
He had a grudging still to be a Knave.

The Frauds he learnt in his Fanatique years  
Made him uneasie in his lawfull gears. 60  
At best as little honest as he cou'd:

And, like white Witches, mischievously good.  
To his first byass, longumgely he leans;  
And rather would be great by wicked means  
Thus tram'd for ill, he loos'd our Triple hold;

(Advice unsafe, precipitous, and bold)  
From hence those tears! that *Alum* of our woe!

Who helps a pow'rful Friend fore-arms a foe.  
What wonder if the Waves prevail so far,  
When He cut down the Banks that made the bar? 70

Seas follow but their Nature to invade;  
But he by Art our native Strength betray'd  
So *Sampson* to his Foe his force confest,  
And, to beshorn, lay slumb'ring on her breast

But, when this fatal Counsel, found too late,  
Expos'd its Authour to the publique hate;  
When his just Sovereign, by no impious way,  
Cou'd be seduced to Arbitrary sway;

Forsaken of that hope, he shifts the sayle;  
Drives down the Current with a pop'largale;  
And shows the Fiend confess'd without a vail. 81

He preaches to the Crowd that Pow'r is lent,  
But not convey'd to Kingly Government;  
That Claimess successive bear no binding force;  
That Coronation Oaths are things of course;

Maintains the Multitude can never err;  
And sets the People in the Papal Chair.  
The reason's obvious; *Int'rest never lyes*;  
The most have still their *Int'rest* in their eyes;

The pow'r is always theirs, and pow'r is ever wise. 90

Almighty crowd, thou shorten'st all dispute;  
Power is thy Essence; Wit thy Attribute!  
Nor Faith nor Reason make thee at a stay,  
Thou leapest o'er all Eternal truths in thy *Pindarique* way!

*Athens*, no doubt, did righteously decide,  
When *Phocion* and when *Socrates* were try'd;  
As righteously they did those dooms repent;  
Still they were wise, whatever way they went.

Crowds err not, though to both extremes they run;

To kill the Father and recall the son. 100  
Some think the Fools were most as times went then,

But now the World's o'er stock'd with prudent men.

The common Cry is ev'n Religion's Test;  
The *Turk's* is, at *Constantinople*, best,  
Idols in *India*, Popery at *Rome*,  
And our own Worship only true at home,  
And true, but for the time, 'tis hard to know

How long we please it shall continue so;  
This side to-day, and that to-morrow burns.  
So all are God a'mighties in their turns 110  
A Tempting Doctrine, plausible and new;  
What Fools our Fathers were, if this be true!

Who, to destroy the seeds of Civil War,  
Inherent right in Monarchs did declare.  
And, that a lawfull Pow'r might never cease,  
Secur'd Succession, to secure our Peace  
Thus Property and Sovereign Sway, at last  
In equal Balances were justly cast:  
But this new *Jehu* spurs the hot mouth'd horse;

Instructs the Beast to know his native force:  
To take the Bit between his teeth and fly 121  
To the next headlong Steep of Anarchy.

Too happy *England*, if our good we knew;  
Wou'd we possess the freedom we pursue!  
The lavish Government can give no more;  
Yet we repine, and plenty makes us poor.  
God try'd us once; our Rebel-fathers fought;  
He glutted 'em with all the Pow'r they sought,

Till, master'd by their own usurping Brave,  
The free-born Subject sunk into a Slave. 130  
We loath our Manna, and we long for Quails;

Ah, what is man, when his own wish prevails!

How rash, how swift to plunge him-self in ill;  
Proud of his Pow'r and boundless in his Will!  
That Kings can do no wrong we must believe;  
None can they do, and must they all receive?  
Help Heav'n! or sadly we shall see an hour,  
When neither wrong nor right are in their  
pow'r!

Already they have lost their best defence,  
The benefit of Laws which they dispence. 130  
No justice to their righteous Cause allow'd;  
But baffled by an Arbitrary Crowd;  
And Medalls giv'd, their Conquest to record,  
The Stamp and Coyn of their adopted Lord.

The Man who laugh'd but once, to see an  
Ass

Mumbling to make the cross-grained Thistles  
pass,

Might laugh again, to see a Jury draw  
The prickles of unpalatable Law.

The Witnesses that, Leech-like, liv'd on  
blood,

Sucking for them were med'cinally good; 150  
But, when they fasten'd on their fester'd  
Sore,

Then Justice and Religion they for-wore,  
Their Maiden Oaths debauch'd into a Whore,  
Thus Men are rais'd by Factions and decry'd;  
And Rogue and Saint distinguish'd by their  
Side.

They rack ev'n Scripture to confess their  
Cause;

And plead a Call to preach in spite of Laws  
But that's no news to the poor injur'd Page,  
It has been us'd as ill in every Age;

And is constrain'd, with patience, all to  
take; 160

For what defence can Greek and Hebrew  
make?

Happy who can this talking Trumpet seize;  
They make it speak whatever Sense they  
please!

'Twas fram'd at first our Oracle to enquire;  
But since our Suits in prophecy grow higher,  
The Text inspires not them; but they the  
Text inspire. )

London, thou great Emporium of our Isle,  
O, thou too bounteous, thou too frugal  
Nile!

How shall I praise or curse to thy desert!  
Or separate thy sound, from thy corrupted  
part! 170

I call'd thee Nile; the parallel will stand;  
Thy tydes of Wealth o'erflow the fatten'd  
Land;

Yet Monsters from thy large increase we find  
Engender'd on the Slyme thou leav'st behind.  
Sedition has not wholly seiz'd on thee,  
Thy nobler Parts are from infection free.

Of Israel's Tribes thou hast a numerous  
band;

But still the Canaanite is in the Land.  
Thy military Chiefs are brave and true,  
Nor are thy disenchanted Burghers few. 180  
The Head is loyal which thy Heart com-  
mands,

But what's a Head with two such gouty  
Hands?

The wise and wealthy love the surest way;  
And are content to thrive and to obey.  
But Wisdom is to Sloath too great a Slave;  
None are so busy as the Fool and Knave.  
Those let me curse; what vengeance will  
they urge,

Whose Ordures neither Plague nor Fire can  
purge;

Nor sharp experience can to duty bring,  
Nor angry Heaven nor a forgiving King! 190  
In Gospel phrase their Chymen they betray;  
Their Shops are Dens, the Buyer is their  
Prey.

The Knack of Trades is living on the Spoil;  
They boast ev'n when each other they beguile.  
Customs to steal is such a trivial thing.

That 'tis their Charter to defraud their King,  
All hands unite of every jarring Sect;

They cheat the Country first, and then infect  
They, for God's Cause their Monarchs dare  
dethrone,

And they'll be sure to make his Cause their  
own. 200

Whether the plotting Jesuite liv'd the plan  
Of murthering Kings, or the French Puritan,  
Our Sacrilegious Sects their guides outgo;  
And Kings and Kingly Pow'r would murder  
too,

What means their Trait'rous Combination  
less,

Too plain I evade, too shamefull to confess;  
But Treason is not own'd when 'tis decry'd;  
Successfull Crimes alone are justify'd.

The Men, who no Conspirators would find,  
Who doubts but, had it taken, they had  
join'd? 210

Join'd in a Mutual Covenant of defence;  
At first without, at last against their Prince;  
If Sovereign Right by Sovereign Pow'r they  
scan,  
The same bold Maxime holds in God and  
Man:

God were not safe; his Thunder cou'd they  
shun

He shou'd be forc'd to crown another Son.  
Thus, when the Heir was from the Vineyard  
thrown,

The rich Possession was the Murth'ers own.

In vain to Sophistry they have recourse;  
By proving theirs no Plot they prove 'tis  
worse, 220

Unmask'd Rebellion, and audacious Force,  
Which, though not Actual, yet all Eyes may  
see

'Tis working, in th' immediate Pow'r to be;  
For from pretended Grievances they rise,  
First to dislike, and after to despise;

Then, *Cyclop*-like, in humane Flesh to deal,  
Chop up a Minister at every meal;

Perhaps not wholly to melt down the King,  
But clip his regal rights within the Ring

From thence t' assume the pow'r of Peace  
and War; 230

And ease him by degrees of publique Care.  
Yet, to consult his Dignity and Fame,

He shou'd have leave to exercise the Name,  
And hold the Cards while Commons play'd  
the game. 240

For what can Pow'r give more than Food  
and Drink,

To live at ease, and not be bound to think?  
These are the cooler methods of their Crime,

But their hot Zealots think 'tis loss of time:  
On utmost bounds of Loyalty they stand,

And grin and whet like a *Croatian* band; 240  
That waits impatient for the last Command

Thus Out-Laws open Villainy maintain;  
They steal not, but in Squadrons scour the

Plain;

And, if their Pow'r the Passengers subdue,  
The Most have right, the wrong is in the Few

Such impious Avowes foolishly they show.  
For in some Soils Republicks will not grow

Our Temp'rate Isle will no extremes sustain  
Of pop'lar Sway or Arbitrary Reign:

But shits between them both into the best,  
Secure in Freedom, in a Monarch blest. 251

And through the Climate, vex't with various  
Winds,

Works through our yielding Bodies, on our  
Minds,

The wholesome Tempest purges what it  
bricks,

To recommend the Calmness that succeeds.

But thou, the Pander of the Peoples hearts,  
(O crooked Soul and Serpentine in Arts;)

Whose blandishments a Loyal Land have  
whor'd,

And broke the Bonds she plighted to her  
Lord; 259

What Curses on thy blasted Name will fall!  
Which Age to Age their Legacy shall call;

For all must curse the Woes that must  
descend on all.

Religion thou hast none: thy *Mercury*  
Has pass'd through every Sect, or theirs

through Thee.

But what thou giv'st, that Venom still  
remains,

And the pox'd Nation feels Thee in their  
Brains.

What else inspires the Tongues & swells the  
Breasts

Of all thy bellowing Renegado Priests,  
That preach up thee for God, dispence thy

Laws,  
And with thy Stumm ferment their fainting  
Cause? 270

Fresh Fumes of Madness raise; and toils and  
sweat,

To make the formidable Cripple great  
Yet, shou'd thy Crimes succeed, shou'd law-

less Power  
Compass those Ends thy greedy Hopes  
devour,

Thy Canting Friends thy Mortal Foes wou'd  
be,

Thy God and Thine will never long agree;  
For thine, (if thou hast any,) must be one

That lets the World and Humane Kind  
alone,

A jolly God that passes hours too well  
To promise Heav'n, or threaten us with

Hell 280

That unconcern'd can at Rebellion sit,  
And wink at Crimes he did himself commit

A Tyrant theirs, the Heav'n their Priest-  
hood paints

A Conventicle of gloomy sullen Saints;

A Heav'n, like *Bedlam*, slovenly and sad,  
Fore-doomed for Souls with false Religion  
mad.

Without a Vision Poets can fore-show  
What all but Fools by common Sense may  
know :

If true Succession from our Isle should fail,  
And Crowds profane with impious Arms  
prevail, 290

Not thou nor those thy Faction's Arts engage }  
Shall reap that Harvest of Rebellious Rage, }  
With which thou flatter'st thy decrepit Age. }

The swelling Poison of the sev'ral Sects,  
Which, wanting vent, the Nations Health  
infects

Shall burst its Bag ; and fighting out their  
way,

The various Venoms on each other prey.

The *Presbyter*, puff'd up with spiritual Pride,  
Shall on the Necks of the lewd Nobles  
ride :

His Brethren damn, the Civil Pow'r defy ; 300  
And parcel out Republique Prelacy.

But short shall be his Reign ; his rigid Yoke  
And Tyrant Pow'r will puny Sects provoke,  
And Frogs, and Toads, and all the Tadpole  
Train

Will croak to Heav'n for help from this  
devouring Crane.

The Cut-throat sword and clamorous Gown  
shall jar

In sharing their ill-gotten Spoils of War ;  
Chiefs shall be grudg'd the part which they  
pretend,

Lords envy Lords, and Friends with every  
Friend

About their impious Merit shall con-  
tend. 310

The surly Commons shall respect deny ;  
And justle Peerage out with Property

Their Gen'ral either shall his Trust betray  
And force the Crowd to Arbitrary sway ;

Or they suspecting his ambitious Aim,  
In hate of Kings shall cast anew the  
Frame ;

And thrust out *Collatine* that bore their  
Name.

Thus in-born broils the Factions would  
engage ; 318

Or Wars of Evil'd Heirs, or Foreign Rage,  
Till halting Vengeance overtook our Age :

And our wild Labours, wearied into Rest,  
Reclin'd us on a rightfull Monarch's Breast.

*Pudet hæc opprobria, vobis  
Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli.*

[Title-page of First Edition.]

Mac' Flecknoe.

OR A

S A T Y

UPON THE

TRUE-BLEW-PROTESTAN  
P O E T, T.

---

By the Author of .

ABSALOM & ACHITOPHE

---

L O N D O N,

Printed for D. Green, 1682.



# MAC FLECKNOE.

ALL humane things are subject to decay,  
And, when Fate summons, Monarchs must  
obey :

This *Fleckno* found, who, like *Augustus*,  
young

Was call'd to Empire and had govern'd long :  
In Prose and Verse was own'd, without  
dispute

Through all the realms of Non-sense, absolute.  
This aged Prince now flourishing in Peace,  
And blest with issue of a large increase,  
Worn out with business, did at length debate  
To settle the Succession of the State ; 10  
And pond'ring which of all his Sons was fit  
To Reign, and wage immortal War with Wit,  
Cry'd, 'tis resolv'd ; for Nature pleads  
that He

Should only rule, who most resembles me :  
*Sh*— alone my perfect image bears,  
Mature in dullness from his tender years ;  
*Sh*— alone of all my Sons is he  
Who stands confirm'd in full stupidity.

The rest to some faint meaning make pre-  
tence,

But *Sh*— never deviates into sense. 20  
Some Beams of Wit on other souls may fall,  
Strike through and make a lucid intervall ;  
But *Sh*—'s genuine night admits no ray,  
His rising Fogs prevail upon the Day :  
Besides, his goodly Fabrick fills the eye  
And seems design'd for thoughtless Majesty :  
Thoughtless as Monarch Oakes that shade  
the plain,

And, spread in solemn state, supinely reign.  
*Heywood* and *Shirley* were but Types of thee,  
Thou last great Prophet of Tautology : 30  
Even I, a dunce of more renown than they,  
Was sent before but to prepare thy way :  
And coarsely clad in *Norwich* Drugget came  
To teach the Nations in thy greater name.

Text from the second and corrected edition, 1684. The first, 1682, has several errors of the press. There is at Lambeth Palace a manuscript of the poem, which Todd collated. It is of no authority and most of its variants are manifestly wrong. One of them has by inadvertence been admitted into the texts of Scott, Christie, and Saintsbury.

15 *Sh*—] Here and throughout the editors  
print Shadwell. Shad— 1682.

My warbling Lute, the Lute I whilom strung,  
When to King *John* of *Portugal* I sung,  
Was but the prelude to that glorious day,  
When thou on silver *Thames* did'st cut thy  
way,

With well tim'd oars before the Royal Barge,  
Swelled with the Pride of thy Celestial  
charge ; 40

And, big with Hymn, Commander of an  
Host,

The like was ne'er in *Epsom* blankets tost.  
Methinks I see the new *Arion* Sail,  
The Lute still trembling underneath thy nail.  
At thy well sharpened thumb from Shore to  
Shore

The Treble squeaks for fear, the Bases roar :  
Echoes from Pissing-Ally, *Sh*— call,

And *Sh*— they resound from *A*— *Hall*.  
About thy boat the little Fishes throng,  
As at the Morning Toast that Floats along. 50  
Sometimes, as Prince of thy Harmonious  
band,

Thou wield'st thy Papers in thy threshing  
hand.

St. *André*'s feet ne'er kept more equal time,  
Not ev'n the feet of thy own *Psyche*'s  
rhime :

Though they in number as in sense excell,  
So just, so like tautology they fell  
That, pale with envy, *Singleton* forswore  
The Lyte and Sword which he in Triumph  
bore,  
And vow'd he ne'er would act *Villierius*  
more.

Here stopt the good old Syre ; and wept for  
joy, 60

In silent raptures of the hopefull boy. .  
All Arguments, but most his Plays, per-  
swade

That for anointed dulness he was made  
Close to the Walls which fair *Augusta*  
bind,

(The fair *Augusta* much to fears inclin'd)  
An ancient fabrick raised t' inform the  
sight,

There stood of yore, and *Barbican* it hight :

48 *A*—] Aston 1682.

50 And gently waft the over all along. 1682.

A watch Tower once, but now, so Fate ordains,  
Of all the Pile an empty name remains.  
From its old Ruins Brothel-houses rise, 70  
Scenes of lewd loves, and of polluted joys,  
Where their vast Courts the Mother-Strumpets keep,  
And, undisturb'd by Watch, in silence sleep  
Near these a Nursery erects its head,  
Where Queens are formed, and future Hero's bred ;  
Where unfledged Actors learn to laugh and cry,  
Where infant Punks their tender voices try,  
And little *Maximus* the Gods defy.  
Great *Fletcher* never treads in Buskins here,  
Nor greater *Johnson* dares in Socks appear  
But gentle *Sinkin* just reception finds 81  
Amidst this Monument of vanisht minds ;  
Pure Clinches, the suburban Muse affords ;  
And *Panton* waging harmless war with words.  
Here *Flecknoe*, as a place to Fame well known,  
Ambitiously design'd his *Sh*—'s throne.  
For ancient *Decker* prophesi'd long since,  
That in this Pile should Reign a mighty Prince,  
Born for a scourge of Wit, and flayle of Sense,  
To whom true dulness should some *Psyches* owe, 90  
But Worlds of *Misers* from his pen should flow ;  
*Humorists* and Hypocrites it should produce,  
Whole *Raymond* Families and Tribes of *Bruce*.  
Now Empress Fame had publisht the renown  
Of *Sh*—'s Coronation through the Town  
Row'd by report of Fame, the Nations meet,  
From near *Bun-Hill* and distant *Wailing-street*.  
No *Persian* Carpets spread th' imperial way,  
But scatter'd Limbs of mangled Poets lay ;  
From dusty shops neglected Authors come,  
Martyrs of Pies and Reliques of the Bum 101  
Much *Heywood*, *Shurley*, *Ogleby* there lay,  
But loads of *Sh*— almost choakt the way  
Bill't *Stationers* for Yeomen stood prepar'd  
And *H*— was Captain of the Guard.

The hoary Prince in Majesty appear'd,  
High on a Throne of his own Labours rear'd.  
At his right hand our young *Ascanius* sat  
*Rome's* other hope and Pillar of the State.  
His Brows thick fogs, instead of glories, grace, 110  
And lambent dullness plaid around his face.  
As *Hannibal* did to the Altars come,  
Swore by his Syre a mortal Foe to *Rome* ;  
So *Sh*—swore, nor should his Vow bee vain,  
That he till Death true dullness would maintain ;  
And, in his father's Right, and Realms defence,  
Ne'er to have Peace with Wit, nor truce with Sense.  
The King himself the sacred Unction made,  
As King by Office, and as Priest by Trade :  
In his sinister hand, instead of Ball, 120  
He plac'd a mighty Mug of potent Ale ;  
Love's Kingdom to his right he did convey,  
At once his Sceptre and his rule of Sway ;  
Whose righteous Lore the Prince had practis'd young  
And from whose Loyns recorded *Psyche* sprung.  
His temples, last, with Poppies were o'er-spread,  
That nodding seem'd to consecrate his head :  
Just at that point of time, if Fame not lye,  
On his left hand twelve reverend *Owls* did fly.  
So *Romulus*, 'tis sung, by *Tyber's Brook*, 130  
Presage of Sway from twice six Vultures took  
Th' admiring throng loud acclamations make  
And Omens of his future Empire take.  
Thy Syre then shook the honours of his head,  
And from his brows damps of oblivion shed  
Full on the filial dullness : Long he stood,  
Repelling from his Breast the raging God ;  
At length burst out in this prophetick mood :  
Heavens bless my Son, from *Ireland* let him reign  
To far *Barbadoes* on the Western main ; 140  
Of his Dominion may no end be known,  
And greater than his Father's be his Throne.  
Beyond loves Kingdom let him stretch his Pen ;  
He paused, and all the people cry'd *Amen*.

113 Swore] *The Lambeth MS gives Sworn, but swore is here a participle.*

117 Would bid Defiance unto Wit and Sense.  
1632

Then thus continued he, my son, advance  
Still in new Impudence, new Ignorance.  
Success let others teach, learn thou from me  
Pangs without birth, and fruitless Industry.  
Let *Virtuoso's* in five years be Writ;  
Yet not one thought accuse thy toyl of  
Wit. 150

Let gentle *George* in triumph tread the stage,  
Make *Dorimant* betray, and *Locust* rage;  
Let *Cully*, *Cockwood*, *Fopling*, charm the Pit,  
And in their folly show the Writers wit.  
Yet still thy fools shall stand in thy defence  
And justify their Author's want of sense.  
Let 'em be all by thy own model made  
Of dulness and desire no foreign aid,  
That they to future ages may be known,  
Not Copies drawn, but Issue of thy own. 160  
Nay let thy men of wit too be the same,  
All full of thee, and differing but in name;  
But let no alien *S—d—y* interpose  
To lard with wit thy hungry *Epsom* prose.  
And when false flowers of *Rhetorick* thou  
would'st cull,

Trust Nature, do not labour to be dull;  
But write thy best, and top; and in each  
line  
Sir *Formal's* oratory will be thine.  
Sir *Formal*, though unsought, attends thy  
quill,

And does thy *Northern Dedications* fill. 170  
Nor let false friends seduce thy mind to  
fame,  
By arrogating *Johnson's* Hostile name.  
Let Father *Flecknoe* fire thy mind with praise  
And Uncle *Ogleby* thy envy raise.  
Thou art my blood, where *Johnson* has no  
part: 180

What share have we in Nature or in Art?  
Where did his wif on learning fix a brand  
And rail at Arts he did not understand?  
Where made he love in Prince *Nicander's*  
vein,

Or swept the dust in *Psyche's* humble strain?  
Where sold he Bargains, Whip-stich, kiss  
my Arse, 181  
Promis'd a Play and dwindled to a Farce?

When did his Muse from *Fletcher* scenes  
purloin,  
As thou whole *Elk'ridg* dost transfuse to  
thine?

But so transfused as Oyls on waters flow,  
His always floats above, thine sinks below.  
This is thy Province, this thy wondrous way,  
New Humours to invent for each new Play:  
This is that boasted Byas of thy mind,  
By which one way, to dullness, 'tis inclined,  
Which makes thy writings lean on one side  
still, 191

And, in all changes, that way bends thy will.  
Nor let thy mountain belly make pretence  
Of likeness; thine's a tympany of sense,  
A Tun of Man in thy large Bulk is writ;  
But sure thou 'rt but a Kilderkin of wit.  
Like mine thy gentle numbers feebly creep;  
Thy *Tragick Muse gives smiles*, thy *Comick*  
sleep.

With whate'er gall thou settst thy self to  
write,

Thy inoffensive Satyrs never bite. 200  
In thy felonious heart though Venom lies,  
It does but touch thy *Irish* pen, and dyes.  
Thy Genius calls thee not to purchase fame  
In keen Iambicks, but mild Anagram:  
Leave writing Plays, and chuse for thy  
command

Some peacefull Province in Acrostick Land.  
There thou maist wings display, and Altars  
raise,  
And torture one poor word Ten thousand  
ways;

Or, if thou would'st thy diff'rent talents suit,  
Set thy own Songs, and sing them to thy lute.  
He said, but his last words were scarcely  
heard, 211

For *Bruce* and *Longvil* had a *Trap* prepar'd,  
And down they sent the yet declaiming  
Bard.

Sinking he left his Drugget robe behind,  
Borne upwards by a subterranean wind.  
The Mantle fell to the young Prophet's part  
With double portion of his Father's Art.

[Title-page of Original Edition.]

# RELIGIOLAICI

OR A

## Laymans Faith.

A

## P O E M.

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Written by Mr. DRYDEN.

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*Ornari res ipsa negat ; contenta doceri.*

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L O N D O N,

Printed for Jacob Tonson at the Judge's Head in  
Chancery-lane, near Fleet-street. 1682.

## THE PREFACE.

A POEM with so bold a Title, and a Name prefix'd from which the handling of so serious a Subject wou'd not be expected, may reasonably oblige the Author to say somewhat in defence both of himself, and of his undertaking. In the first place, if it be objected to me that, being a *Layman*, I ought not to have concern'd myself with Speculations which belong to the Profession of *Divinity*, I cou'd answer that perhaps Laymen, with equal advantages of Parts and Knowledge, are not the most incompetent Judges of Sacred things; But in the due sense of my own weakness and want of Learning, I plead not this: I pretend not to make myself a Judge of Faith in others, but onely to make a Confession of my own; I lay no unhallow'd hand upon the Ark, but wait on it with the Reverence that becomes me at a distance: In the next place I will ingenuously confess, that the helps I have us'd in this small Treatise, were many of them taken from the works of our own Reverend Divines of the Church of England; so that the Weapons with which I Combat Irreligion are already Consecrated, though I suppose they may be taken down as lawfully as the Sword of *Goliath* was by *David*, when they are to be employed for the common Cause, against the Enemies of Piety. I intend not by this to intitle them to any of my errors, which yet I hope are only those of Charity to Mankind; and such as my own Charity has caus'd me to commit, that of others may more easily excuse. Being naturally inclin'd to Scepticism in Philosophy, I have no reason to impose my Opinions, in a Subject which is above it: but whatever they are, I submit them with all reverence to my Mother Church, accounting them no further mine, than as they are Authoriz'd, or at least, uncondemn'd by her. And, indeed, to secure my self on this side, I have us'd the necessary Precaution of showing this Paper, before it was Publish'd, to a judicious and learned Friend, a Man indefatigably zealous in the service of the Church and State: and whose Writings, have highly deserv'd of both. He was pleas'd to approve the body of the Discourse, and I hope he is more my Friend than to do it out of Complaisance; 'Tis true he had too good a tast to like it all; and amongst some other faults recommended to my second view, which I have written perhaps too boldly on St. *Athanasius*, which he advis'd me wholly to omit. I am sensible enough that I had done more prudently to have followed his opinion; But then I could not have satisfied myself that I had done honestly not to have written what was my own. It has always been my thought, that Heathens who never did, nor without Miracle cou'd, hear of the name of Christ, were yet in a possibility of Salvation. Neither will it enter easily into my belief, that before the coming of our Saviour the whole World, excepting only the Jewish Nation, shou'd lye under the inevitable necessity of everlasting Punishment, for want of that Revelation, which was confin'd to so small a spot of ground as that of *Palestine*. Among the Sons of *Noah* we read of one onely who was accus'd; and if a blessing in the ripeness of time was reserv'd for *Japhet* (o whose Progeny we are,) it seems unaccountable to me, why so many Generations of the same Offspring as preceeded our Saviour in the Flesh should be all involv'd in one common condemnation, and yet that their Posterity should be intitled to the hopes of Salvation as if a Bill of Exclusion had passed only on the Fathers, which debar'd not the Sons from their Succession. Or that so many Ages had been deliver'd over to Hell, and so many reserv'd for Heaven, and that the Devil had the first choice, and God the next. Truly I am apt to think, that the revealed Religion which was taught by *Noah* to all his Sons might continue for some Ages in the whole Posterity. That afterwards it was included wholly in the Family of *Sem* is manifest: but when the Progenies of *Cham* and *Japhet* swarm'd into Colonies, and those Colonies were subdivided into many others, in process of time their Decendants lost by little and little the Primitive and Purer Rites of Divine Worship, retaining onely the notion of one Deity; to which succeeding Generation

added others; (for Men took their Degrees in those Ages from Conquerours to Gods) Revelation being thus Eclips'd to almost all Mankind, the Light of Nature as the next in Dignity was substituted; and that is it which St. *Paul* concludes to be the Rule of the Heathens; and by which they are hereafter to be judg'd. If my supposition be true, then the consequence which I have assum'd in my Poem may be also true; namely, that Deism, or the Principles of Natural Worship, are only the faint remnants or dying flames of reveal'd Religion in the Posterity of *Noah*: and that our Modern Philosophers, nay and some of our Philosophising Divines have too much exalted the faculties of our Souls, when they have maintain'd that by their force, mankind has been able to find out that there is one Supream Agent or Intellectual Being which we call God: that Praise and 10 Prayer are his due Worship; and the rest of those deducements, which I am confident are the remote effects of Revelation, and unattainable by our Discourse, I mean as simply considered, and without the benefit of Divine Illumination. So that we have not lifted up our selves to God by the weak Pinnons of our Reason, but he has been pleas'd to descend to us: and what *Socrates* said of him, what *Plato* writ, and the rest of the Heathen Philosophers of several Nations, is all no more than the Twilight of Revelation, after the Sun of it was set in the Race of *Noah*. That there is some thing above us, some Principle of motion, our Reason can apprehend, though it cannot discover what it is by its own Virtue. And indeed, 'tis very improbable, that we, who by the strength of our faculties cannot enter into the knowledge of any Being, not so much as of our own, should be able to find 20 out by them that Supream Nature, which we cannot otherwise define than by saying it is Infinite; as if Infinite were definable, or Infinity a Subject for our narrow understanding. They who wou'd prove Religion by Reason, do but weaken the cause which they endeavour to support: 'tis to take away the Pillars from our Faith, and to prop it only with a twig: 'tis to design a Tower like that of *Babel*, which, if it were possible (as it is not) to reach heaven, would come to nothing by the confusion of the Workmen. For every man is Building a several way; impotently conceiv'd of his own Model, and his own Materials: Reason is always striving, and always at a loss; and of necessity it must so come to pass, while 'tis exercis'd about that which is not its proper object. Let us be content at last, to know God, by his own methods; at least, so much of him, as he is pleas'd to reveal to 30 us in the sacred Scriptures; to apprehend them to be the word of God, is all our Reason has to do; for all beyond it is the work of Faith, which is the Seal of Heaven impress'd upon our humane understanding.

And now for what concerns the Holy Bishop *Athanasius*, the Preface of whose Creed seems inconsistent with my opinion; which is, That Heathens may possibly be sav'd; in the first place, I desire it may be consider'd that it is the Preface onely, not the Creed it self, which, (till I am better inform'd) is of too hard a digestion for my Charity. 'Tis not that I am ignorant how many several Texts of Scripture seemingly support that Cause; but neither am I ignorant how all those Texts may receive a kinder, and more mollified Interpretation. Every man who is read in Church History, knows that Belief 40 was drawn up after a long contestation with *Arius* concerning the Divinity of our Blessed Saviour, and his being one Substance with the Father; and that, thus compild, it was sent abroad among the Christian Churches, as a kind of Test, which whosoever took, was look'd on as an Orthodox Believer. 'Tis manifest from hence, that the Heathen part of the Empire was not concerned in it: for its business was not to distinguish betwixt Pagans and Christians, but betwixt Hereticks and true Believers. This, well consider'd, takes off the heavy weight of Censure, which I wou'd willingly avoid from so venerable a Man; for if this Proportion, *whosoever will be saved*, be restrain'd onely to those to whom it was intended, and for whom it was compos'd, I mean the Christians, then the Anathema, reaches not the Heathens, who had never heard of Christ and were nothing 50 interested in that dispute. After all, I am far from blaming even that Prefatory addition to the Creed, and as far from cavilling at the continuation of it in the Liturgy of the Church, where on the days appointed, 'tis publickly read: for I suppose there is the same

reason for it now, in opposition to the Socinians, as there was then against the Arrians; the one being a Heresy, which seems to have been refin'd out of the other; and with how much more plausibility of Reason it combats our Religion, with so much more caution to be avoided: and therefore the prudence of our Church is to be commended, which has interposed her Authority for the recommendation of this Creed. Yet to such as are grounded in the true belief, those explanatory Creeds, the *Nicene* and *this of Athanasius*, might perhaps be spar'd: for what is supernatural will always be a mystery in spite of Exposition: and for my own part the plain Apostles Creed, is most suitable to my weak understanding; as the simplest diet is the most easy of Digestion.

- 10 I have dwelt longer on this Subject than I intended; and longer than perhaps I ought; for having laid down, as my Foundation, that the Scripture is a Rule; that in all things needfull to Salvation it is clear, sufficient, and ordain'd by God Almighty for that purpose, I have left my self no-right to interpret obscure places, such as concern the possibility of eternal happiness to Heathens: because whatsoever is obscure is concluded not necessary to be known.

- But, by asserting the Scripture to be the Canon of our Faith, I have unavoidably created to my self two sorts of Enemies: The Papists indeed, more directly, because they have kept the Scripture from us, what they cou'd; and have reserved to themselves a right of Interpreting what they have deliver'd under the pretence of Infallibility: and the  
20 Fanatics more collaterally, because they have assum'd what amounts to an Infallibility in the private Spirit: and have detorted those Texts of Scripture, which are not necessary to Salvation, to the damnable uses of Sedition, disturbance and destruction of the Civil Government. To begin with the Papists, and to speak freely, I think them the less dangerous, (at least in appearance) to our present State; for not onely the Penal Laws are in force against them, and their number is contemptible; but also their Peerage and Commons are excluded from Parliaments, and consequently those Laws in no probability of being Repeal'd. A General and Uninterrupted Plot of their Clergy, ever since the Reformation, I suppose all Protestants believe; for 'tis not reasonable to think but that so many of their Orders, as were outed from their fat possessions, wou'd endeavour  
30 a reentrance against those whom they account Hereticks. As for the late design, Mr. *Colemans* Letters, for ought I know are the best Evidence; and what they discover, without wyre-drawing their Sense or malicious Glosses, all Men of reason conclude credible. If there be anything more than this requir'd of me, I must believe it as well as I am able, in spite of the Witnesses, and out of a decent conformity to the Votes of Parliament: for I suppose the Fanatics will not allow the private Spirit in this Case: Here the Infallibility is at least in one part of the Government; and our understandings as well as our wills are represented. But to return to the Roman Catholics, how can we be secure from the practice of Jesuited Papists in that Religion? For not two or three of that Order, as some of them would impose upon us, but almost the whole Body of them are of opinion,  
40 that their Infallible Master has a right over Kings, not onely in Spirituals but Temporals. Not to name *Mariana*, *Bellarmino*, *Emanuel Sa*, *Alolina*, *Santarel*, *Sinancha*, and at least twenty others of Foreign Countries; we can produce of our own Nation, *Campion*, and *Doleman* or *Parsons*, besides many are nam'd whom I have not read, who all of them attest this Doctrine, that the Pope can depose and give away the Right of any Sovereign Prince, *si vel paulum deflexerit*, if he shall never so little Warpe: but if he once comes to be Excommunicated, then the Bond of obedience is taken off from Subjects; and they may and ought to drive him like another *Nebuchadnezzar*, *ex hominum Christianorum Dominatu*, from exercising Dominion over Christians: and to this they are bound by virtue of Divine Precept, and by all the ties of Conscience, under no less Penalty than  
50 Damnation. If they answer me (as a Learned Priest has lately written,) that this Doctrine of the Jesuits is not *de fide*, and that consequently they are not oblig'd by it, they must pardon me, if I think they have said nothing to the purpose; for 'tis a Maxim in their Church, where Points of Faith are not decided, and that Doctors are of contrary opinions,

they may follow which part they please; but more safely the most receiv'd and most Authoriz'd. And their champion *Bellarmino* has told the World, in his Apology, that the King of England is a vassal to the Pope, *ratione directi Domini*, and that he holds in Vassalage of his Roman Landlord. Which is no new claim put in for England. Our chronicles are his Authentique Witnesses, that King *John* was depos'd by the same plea, and *Philip Augustus* admitted Tenant. And which makes the more for *Bellarmino*, the French King was again ejected when our King submitted to the Church, and the Crown receiv'd under the sordid Condition of a Vassalage.

'Tis not sufficient for the more moderate and well-meaning Papists (of which I doubt not there are many) to produce the Evidences of their Loyalty to the late King, and to declare their Innocency in this Plot; I will grant their behaviour in the first, to have been as loyal and as brave as they desire; and will be willing to hold them excus'd as to the second (I mean when it comes to my turn, and after my betters; for 'tis a madness to be sober alone, while the Nation continues Drunk:) but that saying of their Father *Cres*: is still running in my head, that they may be dispens'd with in their Obedience to an Heretick Prince, while the necessity of the times shall oblige them to it: (for that (as another of them tells us,) is only the effect of Christian Prudence) but when once they shall get power to shake him off, an Heretick is no lawful King, and consequently to rise against him is no Rebellion. I should be glad therefore, that they wou'd follow the advice which was charitably given them by a Reverend Prelate of our Church; namely, that they would joyn in a publick Act of disowning and detesting those Jesuitick Principles; and subscribe to all Doctrines which deny the Popes Authority of Deposing Kings, and releasing Subjects from their Oath of Allegiance: to which I shou'd think they might easily be induced, if it be true that this present Pope has condemn'd the doctrine of King-killing (a thesis of the Jesuites) amongst others *ex Cathedra* (as they call it) or in open consistory.

Leaving them, therefore, in so fair a way (if they please themselves) of satisfying all reasonable Men of their sincerity and good meaning to the Government, I shall make bold to consider that other extream of our Religion, I mean the Fanaticks, or Schismaticks, of the English Church. Since the Bible has been Translated into our Tongue, they have us'd it so, as if their business was not to be sav'd, but to be damn'd by its Contents. If we consider onely them, better had it been for the English Nation that it had still remained in the original Greek and Hebrew, or at least in the honest Latine of *St. Jerome*, than that several Texts in it, should have been prevaricated to the destruction of that Government which put it into so ungrateful hands.

How many Heresies the first translation of *Tyndal* produced in few years, let my Lord *Herbert's* History of *Henry* the Eighth inform you; Insomuch that for the gross errors in it, and the great mischiefs it occasion'd, a Sentence pass'd on the first Edition of the Bible, too shameful almost to be repeated. After the short reign of *Edward* the Sixth (who had continued to carry on the Reformation on other principles than it was begun) every one knows that not onely the chief promoters of that work, but many others, whose Consciences wou'd not dispence with Popery, were forc'd, for fear of persecution, to change Climates: from whence returning at the beginning of Queen *Elizabeth's* reign, many of them who had been in *France*, and at *Geneva*, brought back the rigid opinions and imperious discipline of *Calvin*, to graffe upon our Reformation. Which, though they cunningly conceal'd at first, (as well knowing how nauseously that Drug wou'd go down in a lawful Monarchy which was prescrib'd for a rebellious Common-wealth) yet they always kept it in reserve, and were never wanting to themselves, either in Court or Parliament, when either they had any prospect of a numerous Party of Fanatique Members in the one, or the encouragement of any Favourite in the other, whose Covetousness was gaping at the Patrimony of the Church. They who will consult the Works of our venerable *Hooker*, or the account of his Life, or more particularly the Letter written to him on this Subject, by *George Cranmer*, may see by what gradations they proceeded; from the dislike of Cap and



Surprise, the very next step was Admonitions to the Parliament against the whole Government Ecclesiastical; then came out Volumes in English and Latin in defence of their Tenets: and immediately, practices were set on foot to erect their Discipline without Authority. Those not succeeding, Satyre and Rayling was the next: and *Martin Marprelate* (the *Marvel* of those times) was the first Presbyterian Scribler who sanctify'd Libels and Scurrility to the use of the Good Old Cause. Which was done, (says my Authour,) upon this account; that (their serious Treatises having been fully answered and refuted) they might compass by rayling what they had lost by reasoning; and, when their Cause was sunk in Court and Parliament, they might at least hedge in a stake amongst the Rabble; 10 for to their ignorance all things are Wit which are abusive; but if Church and State were made the Theme, then the Doctoral Degree of Wit was to be taken at *Billingsgate*: even the most Saintlike of the Party, though they durst not, excuse this contempt and villifying of the Government, yet were pleas'd, and grind at it with a pious smile; and call'd it a judgment of God against the Hierarchy. Thus Sectaries, we may see, were born with teeth, foul-mouthed and scurrilous from their Infancy: and if Spiritual Pride, Venome, Violence, Contempt of Superiours, and Slander had been the marks of Orthodox Belief; the Presbytery and the rest of our Schismatics, which are their Spawn, were always the most visible Church in the Christian World.

'Tis true, the Government was too strong at that time for a Rebellion; but to shew 20 what proficiency they had made in *Calvin's School*, even *Then* their mouths water'd at it: for two of their gifted Brotherhood (*Hacket* and *Coppinger*) as the Story tells us, got up into a Pease-Cart, and harangued the People, to dispose them to an msurrection and to establish their Discipline by force; so that, however it comes about, that now they celebrate Queen *Elisabeth's* Birth-night, as that of their Saint and Patroness, yet then they were for doing the work of the Lord by Arms against her; and in all probability they wanted but a Fanatique Lord Mayor and two Sheriffs of their Party to have compass'd it.

Our venerable *Hooker*, after many Admonitions which he had given them, toward the end of his Preface breaks out into this Prophetick speech. "*There is in every one* 30 "*of these Considerations most just cause to fear, lest our hastiness to embrace a thing of so* "*perilous Consequence, (meaning the Presbyterian discipline) should cause Posterity to* "*feel those Evils which as yet are more easy for us to prevent, than they would be for them* "*to remedy.*"

How fatally this *Cassandra* has foretold, we know too well by sad experience: the Seeds were sown in the time of Queen *Elisabeth*, the bloody Harvest ripened in the Reign of King *Charles* the Martyr: and, because all the Sheaves could not be carried off without shedding some of the loose Grains, another Crop is too like to follow; nay, I fear 'tis unavoidable, if the Conventiclors be permitted still to scatter.

A man may be suffer'd to quote an Adversary to our Religion, when he speaks Truth: And 'tis the observation of *Meambour* in his History of Calvinism, that, where-ever that 40 Discipline was planted and embrac'd, Rebellion, Civil War, and Misery attended it. And how indeed should it happen otherwise? Reformation of Church and State has always been the ground of our Divisions in *England*. While we were Papists, our Holy Father rid us by pretending authority out of the Scriptures to depose Princes, when we shook off his Authority, the Sectaries furnish'd themselves with the same Weapons; and out of the same Magazine, the Bible. So that the Scriptures, which are in themselves the greatest security of Governours, as commanding express obedience to them, are now turned to their destruction; and never since the Reformation, has there wanted a Text of their interpreting to authorize a Rebel. And 'tis to be noted by the way, that the Doctrines 50 of King-killing and Deposing, which have been taken up onely by the worst Party of the Papists, the most frontless Flatterers of the Pope's Authority, have been espous'd defended, and are still maintain'd by the whole Body of Nonconformists and Republicans 'Tis but dubbing themselves the People of God, which 'tis the interest of their Preachers to tell them they are, and their own interest to believe; and, after that, they cannot dig

into the Bible, but one Text or another will turn up for their purpose: If they are under Persecution (as they call it,) then that is a mark of their Election; if they flourish, then God works Miracles for their Deliverance, and the Saints are to possess the earth.

They may think themselves to be too roughly handled in this Paper; but I who know best how far I could have gone on this Subject, must be bold to tell them they are spar'd: though at the same time I am not ignorant that they interpret the mildness of a Writer to them, as they do the mercy of the Government; in the one they think it Fear, and conclude it Weakness in the other. The best way for them to confute me, is, as I before advised the Papists, to disclaim their Principles, and renounce their Practices. We shall all be glad to think them true Englishmen, when they obey the King, and true Protestants, when they conform to the Church Discipline.

It remains that I acquaint the Reader, that the Verses were written for an ingenious young Gentleman, my Friend, upon his Translation of *The Critical History of the Old Testament*, composed by the learned Father Simon: The Verses therefore are address'd to the Translatour of that Work, and the style of them is, what it ought to be, Epistolary.

If any one be so lamentable a Critique as to require the Smoothness, the Numbers, and the Turn of Heroique Poetry in this Poem; I must tell him, that, if he has not read *Horace*, I have studied him, and hope the style of his Epistles is not ill imitated here. The Expressions of a Poem designed purely for Instruction ought to be Plain and Natural, and yet Majestic: for here the Poet is presumed to be a kind of Law-giver, and those three qualities which I have nam'd are proper to the Legislative style. The Florid, Elevated, and Figurative way is for the Passions; for Love and Hatred, Fear and Anger, are begotten in the Soul by shewing their Objects out of their true proportion; either greater than the Life, or less; but Instruction is to be given by shewing them what they naturally are. A Man is to be cheated into Passion, but to be reason'd into Truth.

## RELIGIO LAICI.

Div, as the borrow'd beams of Moon and Stars

To lonely, weary, wandring Travellers  
Is Reason to the Soul: And as on high  
Those rowling Fires discover but the Sky  
Not light us here; So Reason's glimmering Ray

Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,  
But guide us upward to a better Day.  
And as those nightly Tapers disappear  
When Day's bright Lord ascends our Hemisphere;

So pale grows Reason at Religious sight; so  
So dyes, and so dissolves in Supernatural Light.

Some few, whose Lamp shone brighter, have been led

From Cause to Cause to Natures secret head;  
And found that one first principle must be;  
But what, or who, that UNIVERSAL HE;

Whether some Soul encompassing this Ball,  
Unmade, unmov'd; yet making, moving All;  
Or various Atom's, interfering Dance  
Leapt into Form (the Noble work of Chance,  
Or this great All was from Eternity;  
Not ev'n the Stagirite himself could see;  
And Epicurus Guess'd as well as He.

As blindly grop'd they form future State,  
As rashly judg'd of Providence and Fate:  
But least of all could their Endeavours find

What most concern'd the good of Humane kind:

For Happiness was never to be found;

But vanish'd from 'em, like Enchanted ground.

One thought Content the Good to be enjoyed:

This, every little Accident destroyed: 30  
The wiser Madmen did for Virtue toyl,  
A Thorny, or at best a barren Soil:

*Opinions of the several sects of Philosophers concerning the Summum Bonum.*

In *Pleasure* some their glutton Souls would steep,  
 But found their Line too short, the Well too deep,  
 And leaky Vessels which no *Bliss* cou'd keep.  
 Thus, *anxious Thoughts* in *endless Circles* roul,  
 Without a *Centre* where to fix the *Soul* :  
 In this wilde Maze their vain Endeavours end :  
 How can the *less* the *Greater* comprehend ?  
 Or *finite Reason* reach *Infinity* ? 40  
 For what cou'd *Fathom* GOD were *more* than *He*.

The *Deist* thinks he stands on firmer ground,  
 Cries *εὐπεκα* : the mighty Secret's *Systeme of Deism.*  
 found :  
*God* is that *Spring of Good* ; *Supreme and Best*,  
*We*, made to *serve*, and in that *Service blest* ;  
 If so, some *Rules of Worship* must be given,  
 Distributed alike to all by *Heaven* :  
 Else *God* were *partial*, and to *some* deny'd  
 The Means His *Justice* shou'd for all provide.  
 This *general Worship* is to *PRAISE*, and *PRAY* :  
 One part to *borrow Blessings*, one to *pay* : 51  
 And when frail *Nature* slides into *Offence*,  
 The *Sacrifice* for *Crimes* is *Penitence*.  
 Yet, since th' *Effects of Providence*, we find  
 Are variously dispensed to *Humane kind* ;  
 That *Vice Triumphs* and *Vertue suffers* here,  
 (A *Brand* that *Sovereign justice* cannot bear ;)  
 Our *Reason* prompts us to a *future State*,  
 The *last Appeal* from *Fortune*, and from *Fate*,  
 Where *God's* all-righteous ways will be declar'd, 60  
 The *Bad* meet *Punishment*, the *Good*, *Reward*.

Thus *Man* by his own strength to *Heaven* wou'd soar :  
 And wou'd not be Obliged to *Of Reveal'd Religion.*  
 God for more.  
 Vain, wretched Creature, how art thou misled  
 To think thy *Wit* these *God-like notions* bred !  
 These *Truths* are not the product of thy *Mind*,  
 But dropt from *Heaven*, and of a *Nobler kind*.

*Reveal'd Religion* first inform'd thy sight,  
 And *Reason* saw not till *Faith* sprung the Light.

Hence all thy *Natural Worship* takes the *Source* : 70

'Tis *Revelation* what thou thinkst *Discourse*.  
 Else how com'st *Thou* to see these truths so clear,

Which so obscure to *Heathens* did appear ?  
 Not *Plato* these, nor *Aristotle* found.

Nor He whose wisdom *Oracles* *Socrates.*  
 renown'd.

Hast thou a *Wit* so deep, or so sublime,  
 Or canst thou lower dive, or higher climb ?  
 Canst *Thou*, by *Reason*, more of *God-head* know

Than *Plutarch*, *Seneca*, or *Cicero* ?

Those *Gyant Wits*, in happier *Ages* born, 80  
 (When *Arms*, and *Arts* did *Greece* and *Rome* adorn,)

Knew no such *Systeme* : no such *Piles* cou'd raise

Of *Natural Worship*, built on *Pray'r* and *Praise*,

To *One sole GOD* :

Nor did *Remorse*, to *Expiate Sin*, prescribe :  
 But slew their fellow *Creatures* for a *Bribe* :

The guiltless *Victim* groan'd for their *Offence* ;  
 And *Cruelty* and *Blood*, was *Penitence*.

If *Sheep* and *Oxen* cou'd *Attone* for *Men*  
 Ah ! at how cheap a rate the *Rich* might Sin ! 90

And great *Oppressours* might *Heavens*  
*Wrath* beguile

By offering his own *Creatures* for a *Spoil* !

Dar'st thou, poor *Worm*, offend *Infinity* ?  
 And must the *Terms of Peace* be given by

*Thee* ?

Then *Thou* art *Justice* in the *last Appeal* ;  
 Thy *easy God* instructs *Thee* to *rebell* :

And, like a *King* remote, and weak, must take

What *Satisfaction* *Thou* art pleased to make.

But if there be a *Pow'r* too *Just*, and *strong*

To wink at *Crimes* and bear unpunish'd *Wrong* ; 100

Look humbly upward, see his *Will* disclose  
 The *Forfeil* first, and then the *Fine* impose

A *Mulct* thy poverty cou'd never pay  
 Had not *Eternal Wisdom* found the way

And with Celestial Wealth supply'd thy Store ;

*His Justice makes the Fine, his Mercy quits the Score.*

See God descending in thy Humane Frame ;  
Th' *offended*, suffering in th' *Offenders* name :  
All thy Misdeeds to Him imputed see,  
And all his Righteousness devolv'd on thee.

For granting we have Sin'd, and that th' offence 111

Of *Man*, is made against *Omnipotence*,  
Some Price, that bears *proportion*, must be paid

And *Infinite* with *Infinite* be weigh'd.  
See then the *Deist* lost : *Remorse* for *Vice*  
*Not* paid, or *paid*, *inadequate* in price :

What farther means can *Reason* now direct,  
Or what Relief from *humane* *Wit* expect ?  
That shews us *sick* ; and sadly are we sure  
Still to be *Sick*, till *Heav'n* reveal the *Cure* : 120

If then *Heaven's* *Will* must needs be understood,

(Which must, if we want *Cure*, and *Heaven* be *Good*.)

Let all Records of *Will* reveal'd be shown ; }  
With *Scripture*, all *inequal* *ballance* thrown, }  
And our one *Sacred* *Book* will be *That one*. }

*Proof* needs not here ; for whether we compare

That *Impious*, *Idle*, *Superstitious* *Ware*  
Of *Rites*, *Lustrations*, *Offerings*, (which before,  
In various *Ages*, various *Countries* bore,)  
With *Christian* *Faith* and *Vertues*, we shall find 130

None ans'ring the great ends of humane kind,

But *This one rule of Life* ; That shews us best

How *God* may be *appeas'd*, and *mortals* *blest*.  
Whether from length of *Time* its worth we draw,

The *World* is scarce more *Ancient* than the *Law* :

*Heav'n's* early *Care* prescrib'd for every *Age* ;  
First, in the *Soul*, and after, in the *Page*.

Or, whether more abstractedly we look,  
Or on the *Writers*, or the *written* *Book*,  
Whence, but from *Heav'n* cou'd men, unskilled in *Arts*, 140

In several *Ages* born, in several parts,

Weave such agreeing *Truths* ? or *how* or *why*  
Shon'd all conspire to cheat us with a *Lye* ?  
*Unask'd* their *Pains*, *ungratefull* their *Advice*,  
*Starving* their *Gain* and *Martyrdom* their *Price*.

If on the *Book* itself we cast our view,  
Concurrent *Heathens* prove the *Story* *True* :  
The *Doctrine*, *Miracles* ; which must convince,

For *Heav'n* in *Them* appeals to *humane* *Sense* ;

And though they *prove* not, they *Confirm* the *Cause*, 150

When what is *Taught* agrees with *Natures* *Laws*.

Then for the *Style*, *Majestick* and *Divine*,  
It speaks no less than *God* in every *Line* ;  
*Commanding* words ; whose *Force* is still the same

As the first *Fiat* that produc'd our *Frame*.  
All *Faiths* *beside*, or did by *Arms* ascend ;  
Or *Sense* indulg'd has made *Mankind* their *Friend* ;

This *only* *Doctrine* does our *Lusts* oppose :  
Unfed by *Natures* *Soil*, in which it grows ;  
Cross to our *Interests*, curbing *Sense* and *Sin* ; 160

Oppress'd without, and undermin'd within,  
It thrives through pain ; its own *Torments* tires ;

And with a stubborn patience still aspires.  
To what can *Reason* such *Effects* assign,  
*Transcending* *Nature*, but to *Laws* *Divine* ?  
Which in that *Sacred* *Volume* are contain'd ;  
Sufficient, clear, and for that use ordained.

But stay : the *Deist* here will urge anew,  
No *Supernatural* *Worship* can be *Objection* of the *Deist*.  
*True* :

Because a *general* *Law* is that alone 170  
Which must to all and every *where* be known :  
A *Style* so large as not *this* *Book* can claim,  
Nor aught that bears *reveal'd* *Religions* *Name*.

'Tis said the sound of a *Messiah's* *Birth*  
Is gone through all the habitable *Earth* ;  
But still that *Text* must be confin'd alone  
To what was *Then* inhabited, and known :  
And what *Provision* could from *thence* accrue  
To *Indian* *Souls*. and *Worlds* discovered  
*New* ?

In other parts it helps, that Ages past, 180  
The Scriptures there were *known*, and were  
*inbrae'd*,

Till Sin spread once again the Shades of  
Night :

What's that to these whonever saw the Light ?

Of all Objections this indeed is *The objec-*  
chief *tion an-*

To startle Reason, stagger frail *saverd.*  
Belief :

We grant, 'tis true, that Heav'n from  
humane Sense

Has hid the secret paths of *Providence* ;  
But *boundless Wisdom*, *boundless Mercy*,  
may

Find ev'n for those *be-wildred Souls*, a way :  
If from his *Nature Foes* may Pity claim, 190  
Much more may *Strangers* who ne'er heard  
his *Name*.

And though *no Name* be for *Salvation* known,  
But that of His *Eternal Sons* alone ;

Who knows how far transcending Goodness  
can

Extend the *Merits* of that *Son* to *Man* ?

Who knows what *Reasons* may his *Mercy*  
lead ;

Or *Ignorance invincible* may plead ?

Not only *Charity* bids hope the *best*,

But *more* the great *Apostle* has exprest : 199

That, if the *Gentiles*, (whom no *Law* inspir'd,) *By Nature*

did what was by *Law* required,

They, who the *written Rule* had never known,

Were to themselves both *Rule* and *Law* alone :

To *Natures* plain indictment they shall plead ;

And, by their *Conscience*, be condemn'd or  
freed.

Most *Righteous Doom* ! because a *Rule*  
reveal'd

Is none to *Those*, from whom it was con-  
ceal'd.

Then those who follow'd *Reasons* Dictates  
right ;

Liv'd up, and lifted high their *Natural Light* ;

With *Socrates* may see their *Maker's Face*,

While *Thousand Rubrick-Martyrs* want a  
place. 211

Nor does it baulk my *Charity* to find  
Th' *Egyptian Bishop* of another mind :

193 *Sons*] This is genitive singular. Scott  
wrongly wished to read *Son*

For, though his *Creed Eternal Truth* contains,  
'Tis hard for *Man* to doom to *endless pains*  
All who believ'd not all, his *Zeal* requir'd ;  
Unless he first cou'd prove he was inspir'd.  
Then let us either think he meant to say  
This *Faith*, where *publish'd*, was the onely  
way ;

Or else conclude that, *Arius* to confute, 220  
The good old *Man*, too eager in dispute,  
Flew high ; and, as his *Christian Fury* rose,  
Damn'd all for *Hereticks* who durst oppose.

Thus far my *Charity* this path has  
try'd,

(A much unskillfull, but well *Digression*  
meaning guide :) *to the Trans-*

Yet what they are, even these *latur of*  
crude thoughts were bred *Father Si-*

By reading that, which better *mon's Cri-*  
thou hast read, *tical History*

Thy *Matchless Author's* work : which thou,  
my *Friend*,

By well translating better dost commend :

Those youthfull hours, which of thy *Equals*  
most 230

In *Toys* have squander'd, or in *Vice* have lost,

Those hours hast thou to *Nobler* use  
employ'd ;

And the severe *Delights* of *Truth* enjoy'd.

Witness this weighty *Book*, in which appears

The crabbed *Toil* of many thoughtfull  
years,

Spent by thy *Authour* in the *Sifting* Care

Of *Rabbins'* old *Sophisticated* Ware

From *Gold* *Divine*, which he who well can  
sort

May afterwards make *Algebra* a Sport.

A *Treasure* which, if *Country-Curates* buy, 240

They *Junius*, and *Tremellius* may defy :

Save pains in various readings, and *Transla-*

tions,

And without *Hebrew* make most learn'd  
quotations.

A *Work* so full with various *Learning* fraught,

So nicely pondred, yet so strongly wrought,

As *Natures* height and *Arts* last hand  
requir'd :

As much as *Man* cou'd compass, uninspir'd.

Where we may see what *Errors* have been  
made

Both in the *Copiers* and *Translators Trade* :

How *Jewish*, *Popish*, *Interests* have prevail'd,

And where *Infallibility* has fail'd. 251

For some, who have his secret meaning  
ghes'd,  
Have found our Authour not too much  
a Priest;

For *Fashion-sake* he seems to have recourse  
To *Pope*, and *Councils*, and *Traditions* force:  
But he that *old Traditions* cou'd subdue,  
Cou'd not but find the weakness of the *New*:  
If *Scripture*, though deriv'd from *heav'nly*  
*birth*,

Has been but carelessly preserved on *Earth*;  
If *God's own People*, who of *God* before 260  
Knew what we know, and had been promis'd  
more,

In fuller Terms of Heaven's assisting Care,  
And who did neither *Time*, nor *Study* spare  
To keep this Book untainted, unperplex'd;  
Let in gross *Errors* to corrupt the *Text*,  
Omitted *paragraphs*, embroyl'd the *Sense*,  
With vain *Traditions* stopt the gaping Fence,  
Which every common hand pull'd up with  
ease:

What Safety from such brushwood-helps as  
these?

If *written words* from time are not secur'd, 270  
How can we think have *oral Sounds* endure'd?  
Which thus transmitted, if one Mouth has  
fail'd,

*Immortal Lyes* on *Ages* are intail'd;  
And that some such have been, is prov'd too  
plain;

If we consider *Interest*, *Church*, and *Gau*,

Oh but, says one, *Tradition*  
set aside,  
Where can we hope for an un-  
erring Guid?

For since th' *original Scripture*  
has been lost,

All Copies disagreeing, main'd the most,  
Or *Christian Faith* can have no certain  
ground 280

Or *Truth* in *Church Tradition* must be found.

Such an *Omniscient Church* we wish indeed;  
'Twere worth *Both Testaments*, and cast in  
the *Creed*:

But if this *Mother* be a *Guid* so sure  
As can all doubts resolve, all truth secure,  
Then her *Infalibility*, as well  
Where Copies are corrupt, or lame, can tell;

*Of the In-  
falibility  
of Tradi-  
tion in  
General*

Restore *lost Canon* with as little pains,  
As truly explicate what still remains: 289  
Which yet no *Council* dare pretend to doe,  
Unless like *Esdras*, they could write it new:  
Strange Confidence, still to interpret true,  
Yet not be sure that all they have explain'd,  
Is in the blest *Original* contain'd.  
More Safe, and much more modest 'tis to say  
*God wou'd not leave Mankind without a way*.  
And that the *Scriptures*, though not every  
where

Free from Corruption, or intire, or clear,  
Are uncorrupt, sufficient, clear, intire,  
In all things which our needfull Faith  
require. 300

If others in the same Glass better see,  
'Tis for *Themselves* they look, but not for me:  
For MY Salvation must its Doom receive  
Not from what OTHERS, but what I believe

Must all *Tradition* then be  
set aside? *Objection in  
behalf of  
Tradition,  
urg'd by  
Father  
Simon*  
This to affirm were Ignorance  
or Pride.

Are there not many points,  
some needfull sure  
To saving Faith, that *Scripture* leaves  
obscure?

Which every Sect will wrest a several way  
(For what one Sect interprets, all Sects may.)  
We hold, and say we prove from *Scripture*  
plain, 311

That *Christ* is *GOD*; the bold *Socinian*  
From the same *Scripture* urges he's but *MAN*.  
Now what Appeal can end th' important  
Suit;

Both parts talk loudly, but the Rule is mute.

Shall I speak plain, and in a Nation free  
Assume an honest *Layman's Liberty*?  
I think (according to my little Skill,  
To my own Mother-Church submitting still)  
That many have been sav'd, and many may,  
Who never heard this Question brought in  
play. 321

Th' *unletter'd* Christian, who believes in *gross*,  
Plods on to *Heaven* and ne'er is at a loss:  
For the *Straight-gate* would be made *straighter*  
yet,

Were none admitted there but men of *Wit*.  
The few, by Nature form'd, with Learning  
fraught,

Born to instruct, as others to be taught.

Must Study well the Sacred Page ; and see  
Which Doctrine, this, or that, does best  
agree

With the whole *Tenour* of the Work Divine :  
And plainlyest points to Heaven's reveal'd  
Design : 331

Which Exposition flows from *genuine Sense* ;  
And which is *forc'd* by Wit and *Eloquence*.  
Not that Traditions parts are useless here :  
When general, old, disinterest'd and clear :  
That Ancient Fathers thus expound the Page  
Gives *Truth* the reverend Majesty of *Age*,  
*Confirms* its force by biding every *Test* ;  
For best *Authorly's*, next *Rules*, are best.  
And still the nearer to the Spring we go 340  
More limpid, more unsoyl'd, the Waters flow.  
Thus, *first Traditions* were a proof alone ;  
Cou'd we be *certain* such they *were*, so  
*known* :

But since some Flaws in long descent may be,  
They make not *Truth* but *Probability*.  
Even *Arius* and *Pelagius* durst provoke  
To what the *Centuries* preceding spoke.  
Such difference is there in an oft-told Tale :  
But *Truth* by its own Sinews will prevail.  
*Tradition* written therefore more commends  
*Authority*, than what from *Voice* descends :  
And this, as perfect as its kind can be, 352  
Rolls down to us the Sacred History :  
Which, from the *Universal Church* receiv'd,  
Is *try'd*, and *after* for its *self* believed.

The partial *Papists* wou'd infer from  
hence,

Their Church, in last resort, *The Second*  
shou'd Judge the *Sense*. *Objection.*

But first they would assume,  
with wondrous Art, *Answer*  
*Themselves* to be the *whole*, *to the*  
who are but *part* *Objection.*

Of that vast Frame, the Church ; yet grant  
they were 360

The handers down, can they from thence  
infer

A right t' interpret ? or wou'd they alone  
Who brought the Present claim it for their  
own ?

The *Book's* a *Common Largess* to *Mankind* ;  
Not more for *them* than *every* Man design'd ;  
The *welcome News* is in the *Letter* sound ;

The *Carrier's* not *Commission'd* to *expound*.  
It *speaks* it *Self*, and what it does contain,  
In all things *needfull* to be *known*, is *plain*.

In times o'ergrown with Rust and  
Ignorance, 370

A gainfull Trade their Clergy did advance :  
When want of Learning kept the *Laymen*  
low,

And none but *Priests* were *Authoriz'd* to  
*know* ;

When what small Knowledge was, in them  
did dwell ;

And he a *God* who cou'd but *Reade* or *Spell* ;  
Then *Mother Church* did mightily prevail :

She parcel'd out the Bible by *retail* :  
But still *expounded* what She sold or gave ;

To keep it in *her Power* to *Damn* and *Save* :  
*Scripture* was *scarce*, and as the Market went,

Poor *Laymen* took *Salvation* on *Content* ; 381  
As needy men take Money, good or bad :

*God's Word* they had not, but the *Priests*  
they had.

Yet, what'er *false Conveyances* they made,  
The *Lawyer* still was *certain* to be paid.

In those dark times they learn'd their knack  
so well,

That by long use they grew *Infallible* :  
At last, a knowing Age began t' enquire

If *they* the *Book*, or *That* did *them* inspire :  
And, making narrower search they found,

tho' late, 390  
That what they thought the *Priest's* was  
*Their Estate*,

Taught by the *Will produc'd*, (the written  
Word,)

How long they had been *cheated* on *Record*.  
Then, every man who saw the tide fair,

Claim'd a Child's part, and put in for a Share :  
Consulted Soberly his private good ;

And sav'd himself as cheap as e'er he cou'd.

'Tis true, my Friend, (and far be Flattery  
hence)

This good had full as bad a Consequence :  
The *Book* thus put in every vulgar hand, 400

Which each presum'd he best cou'd under-  
stand,

The *Common Rule* was made the *common*  
*Prey* ;

And at the mercy of the *Rabble* lay.  
The tender Page with horney Fists was

gaul'd ;  
And he was gifted most that loudest baul'd ;

The *Spirit* gave the *Doctoral Degree*,  
And every member of a *Company*

Was of his *Trade* and of the *Bible free*.

Plain *Truths* enough for needfull use they  
found ; 409

But men wou'd still be itching to *expound* ;  
Each was ambitious of th' obscurest place,  
No measure ta'n from *Knowledge*, all from  
GRACE. •

*Study* and *Pains* were now no more their  
Care ;

*Texts* were explain'd by *Fasting* and by  
*Prayer* :

This was the Fruit the *private Spirit* brought ;  
Occasion'd by *great Zeal* and *little Thought*.  
While Clouds unlearn'd, with rude Devotion  
warm, •

About the Sacred Vands buz and swarm,  
The *Fly-blown Text* creates a *crawling Brood* ;  
And turns to *Maggots* what was meant for  
*Food*. 420

*A Thousand daily Sects* rise up, and dye ;  
*A Thousand more* the *perish'd Race* supply :  
So all we make of Heavens discover'd Will  
Is, not to have it, or to use it ill.

The Danger's much the same ; on several  
Shelves

If *others* wreck us or we wreck our selves.

What then remains, but, waving each  
Extreme,  
The Tides of Ignorance, and Pride to stem ?  
Neither so rich a Treasure to forgo ;  
Nor proudly seek beyond our pow'r to know :

Faith is not built on disquisitions vain ; 431  
The things we *must* believe, are *few* and  
*plain* :

But since men *will* believe more than they  
*need* ;

And every man will make *himself* a Creed,  
In doubtfull questions 'tis the safest way  
To learn what unsuspected Ancients say :  
For 'tis not likely *we* should higher Soar  
Insearch of Heav'n than *all the Church* before :

Nor can we be deceiv'd, unless we see  
The *Scripture* and the *Fathers disagree*. 440  
If after all, they stand suspected still,  
(For no man's Faith depends upon his Will ;)  
'Tis some Relief, that points not clearly  
known,

Without much hazard may be let alone :  
And after hearing what our Church can say,  
If still our Reason runs another way,  
That private Reason 'tis more Just to curb,  
Than by Disputes the publick Peace disturb.  
For points obscure are of small use to learn :  
But *Common quiet* is *Mankind's concern*. 450

Thus have I made my own Opinions clear :  
Yet neither Praise expect, not Censure fear :  
And this unpolish'd, rugged Verse I chose ;  
As fittest for Discourse, and nearest prose :  
For while from *Sacred Truth* I do not swerve,  
*Tom Sternhold's* or *Tom Sha-ll's Rhymes*  
will serve.

FINIS.





[Title-page of Original Edition.]

**THRENODIA AUGUSTALI :**

---

A

Funeral-Pindarique  
**P O E M**

dedicated to the Happy Memory

OF

**KING CHARLES II**

---

by **JOHN DRYDEN,**

Servant to His late MAJESTY, and to the  
Present KING.

---

*Fortunati Ambo, si quid mea Carmina possunt,  
Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo!*

---

London, Printed for Jacob Tonson, at the Judge's Head  
in Chancery-lane, near Fleet-street, 1685. 9. March.

# THRENODIA AUGUSTALIS

A

## FUNERAL PINDARIQUE

### POEM

Sacred to the Happy Memory

OR

KING CHARLES II.

I

THUS long my Grief has kept me dumb :  
Sure there's a Lethargy in mighty Woe,  
Tears stand congeal'd, and cannot flow ;  
And the sad Soul retires into her inmost  
Room :

Tears, for a Stroke foreseen, afford Relief ;  
But, unprovided for a sudden Blow,  
Like *Niobe* we Marble grow ;  
And Petrify with Grief.

Our *British* Heav'n was all Serene,  
No threatening Cloud was nigh, 20  
Not the least wrinkle to deform the Sky ;  
We liv'd as unconcern'd and happily  
As the first Age in Natures golden Scene ;  
Supine amidst our flowing Store,  
We slept securely, and we dreamt of more :  
When suddenly the Thunder-clap was  
heard,

It took us unprepar'd and out of guard,  
Already lost before we fear'd.  
Th' amazing News of *Charles* at once were  
spread,

At once the general Voice declar'd, 20  
*Our Gracious Prince was dead.*

No Sickness known before, no slow Disease,  
To soften Grief by Just Degrees ;  
But, like an Hurricane on Indian seas,  
The Tempest rose :

An unexpected Burst of Woes :  
With scarce a breathing space betwixt,  
This *Now* becalm'd, and perishing the next.  
As if great *Allas* from his Height

Shou'd sink beneath his heavenly Weight, 30  
And, with a mighty Flaw, the flaming Wall  
(As once it shall)  
Shou'd gape immense, and rushing down,  
o'erwhelm this nether Ball ;  
So swift and so surprizing was our fear ;  
Our *Atlas* fell indeed ; But *Hercules* was near.

II

His Pious Brother, sure the best  
Who ever bore that Name,  
Was newly risen from his Rest,  
And, with a fervent Flame,  
His usual morning Vows had just address'd 40  
For his dear Sovereign's Health ;  
And hop'd to have 'em heard,  
In long increase of years,  
In Honour, Fame, and Wealth :  
Guiltless of Greatness, thus he always  
pray'd,  
Nor knew nor wisht those Vows he made  
On his own head shou'd be repay'd.  
Soon as th' ill-omen'd Rumour reacht his Ear,  
(Ill news is wing'd with Fate and flies apace)  
Who can describe th' Amazement in his  
Face ! 50

Horror in all his Pomp was there,  
Mute and magnificent, without a Tear :  
And then the *Hero* first was seen to fear.  
Half unarray'd he ran to his Relief,  
So hasty and so artless was his Grief :  
Approaching Greatness met him with her  
Charms

Of Power and future State ;  
But looked so ghastly in a Brother's Fate,  
He shook her from his Arms.

Text from the second edition, 1685. The first  
was of the same year.

Arriv'd within<sup>6</sup> the mournfull Room, he saw  
 A wild Distraction, void of Awe, 61  
 And arbitrary Grief unbounded by a Law.  
 God's Image, God's Anointed, lay  
 Without Motion, Pulse or Breath,  
 A senseless Lump of sacred Clay,  
 An Image, now, of Death.  
 Amidst his sad Attendants' Groans and  
 Cries,

The Lines of that ador'd, forgiving Face,  
 Distorted from their native grace; 69  
 An Iron Slumber sat on his Majestick Eyes.  
 The Pious Duke——forbear, audacious Muse,  
 No Terms thy feeble Art can use  
 Are able to adorn so vast a Woe :

The grief of all the rest like subject-grief did  
 show,

His like a sovereign did transcend ;  
 No Wife, no Brother such a Grief cou'd know,  
 Nor any name, but Friend.

## III

O wondrous Changes of a fatal Scene,  
 Still varying to the last !

Heav'n, though its hard Decree was past,  
 Seem'd pointing to a gracious Turn agen : 81  
 And Death's up-lifted Arme arrested in its  
 hast.

Heav'n half repented of the doom,  
 And almost griev'd it had foreseen,  
 What by Foresight it will'd eternally to  
 come.

Mercy above did hourly plead  
 For her Resemblance here below ;  
 And mild Forgiveness intercede  
 To stop the coming Blow.

New Miracles approach'd th' Etherial Throne,  
 Such as his wondrous Life had oft and lately  
 known, 91

And urg'd that still they might be shown.  
 On Earth his Pious Brother pray'd and  
 vow'd.

Renouncing Greatness at so dear a rate,  
 Himself defending what he cou'd  
 From all the Glories of his future Fate.  
 With him th' innumerable Croud  
 Of armed Prayers

Knock'd at the Gates of Heav'n, and knock'd  
 aloud ;

The first well-meaning rude Petitioners.  
 All for his Life assay'd the Throne, 101  
 All wou'd have brib'd the Skyes by offering  
 up their own.

So great a Throng not Heav'n it self cou'd  
 bar ;

'Twas almost born by force, as in the Giants  
 War.

The Pray'rs, at least, for his Reprieve were  
 heard ;

His Death, like *Hezekiah's*, was deferr'd :

Against the Sun the Shadow went ;  
 Five days, those five Degrees, were lent,

To form our Patience and prepareth' Event  
 The second Causes took the swift Command.

The med'cinal Head, the ready Hand, 111  
 All eager to perform their Part,

All but Eternal Doom was conquer'd by their  
 Art :

Once more the fleeting Soul came back

T' inspire the mortal Frame,  
 And in the Body took a doubtfull Stand,  
 Doubtfull and hov'ring, like expiring  
 Flame,

That mounts and falls by turns, and trembles  
 o'er the Brand.

## IV

The joyful short-liv'd news soon spread  
 around,

Took the same Train, the same impetuous  
 bound : 120

The drooping Town in smiles again was drest,  
 Gladness in every Face exprest,

Their eyes before their Tongues confest.  
 Men met each other with erected look,

The steps were higher that they took ;  
 Friends to congratulate their friends made  
 haste ;

And long inveterate Foes saluted as they  
 past :

Above the rest Heroick *James* appear'd  
 Exalted more, because he more had fear'd ;  
 His manly heart, whose Noble pride 130  
 Was still above

Dissembled hate or varnisht love,  
 Its more than common transport cou'd not  
 hide ;

But like an Eagle \* rode in triumph o're the  
 tide.

\* An Eagle is a Tyde swelling above another  
 Tyde, which I have my self observ'd on the  
 River Trent.

126 Friends to congratulate [their friends] Each  
 to congratulate his Friend *ad. 2.*

Thus, in alternate Course  
 The Tyrant passions, hope and fear,  
 Did in extreams appear,  
 And flasht upon t'he Soul with equal force.  
 Thus, at half Ebb, a rowling Sea  
 Returns, and wins upon the shoar; 140  
 The wat'ry Herd, affrighted at the roar,  
 Rest on their Fins a while, and stay,  
 Then backward take their wondring way;  
 The Prophet wonders more than they,  
 At Prodigies but rarely seen before,  
 And cries a *King* must fall, or Kingdoms  
 change their sway.  
 Such were our counter-tydes at land, and so  
 Presaging of the fatal blow,  
 In their prodigious Ebb and flow.  
 The Royal Soul, that, like the labouring  
 Moon, 150  
 By Charms of Art was hurried down,  
 Forc'd with regret to leave her Native  
 Sphear,  
 Came but a while on liking here:  
 Soon weary of the painful strife,  
 And made but faint Essays of Life:  
 An Evening light  
 Soon shut in Night;  
 A strong distemper, and a weak relief,  
 Short intervals of joy, and long returns of  
 grief.

## v

The Sons of Art all Med'cines try'd, 160  
 And every Noble remedy applied,  
 With emulation each essay'd  
 His utmost skill, nay more they pray'd:  
 Never was losing game with better conduct  
 plaid.

Death never won a stake with greater toy,  
 Nor e're was Fate so near a foil:  
 But, like a fortress on a Rock,  
 Th' impregnable Disease their vain attempts  
 did mock;

They min'd it near, they batter'd from a far  
 With all the Cannon of the Med'cinal War;  
 No gentle means could be essay'd, 171  
 'Twas beyond parly when the siege was laid:  
 The extreamest ways they first ordain,  
 Prescribing such intolerable pain  
 As none but *Cæsar* could sustain;  
 Undaunted *Cæsar* underwent  
 The malice of their Art, nor bent  
 Beneath what e're their pious rigour cou'd  
 invent.

In five such days he suffer'd more  
 Than any suffer'd in his reign before; 180  
 More, infinitely more than he  
 Against the worst of Rebels cou'd decree,  
 A Traytor, or twice pardon'd Enemy.  
 Now Art was tir'd without success,  
 No Racks could make the stubborn malady  
 confess.

The vain *Insurancers* of life,  
 And He who most perform'd and promis'd  
 less,  
 Even *Short* himself forsook the unequal  
 strife.

Death and despair was in their looks,  
 No longer they consult their memories or  
 books; 190  
 Like helpless friends, who view from shoar  
 The labouring Ship and hear the tempest roar,  
 So stood they with their arms across;  
 Not to assist; but to deplore  
 Th' inevitable loss.

## vi

Death was denounc'd; that frightful sound  
 Which even the best can hardly bear;  
 He took the Summons void of fear;  
 And, unconcern'dly, cast his eyes around;  
 As if to find and dare the griesly Chal-  
 lenger. 200

What death cou'd do he lately try'd,  
 When in four days he more then dy'd.  
 The same assurance all his words did grace;  
 The same Majestick mildness held its place,  
 Nor lost the Monarch in his dying face.  
 Intrepid, pious, merciful, and brave,  
 He lookt as when he conquer'd and forgave.

## vii

As if some Angel had been sent  
 To lengthen out his Government,  
 And to foretel as many years again, 210  
 As he had number'd in his happy reign,  
 So cheerfully he took the doom

Of his departing breath;  
 Nor shrunk, nor stept aside for death  
 But, with unalter'd pace, kept on;  
 Providing for events to come,

When he resigned the Throne.  
 Still he maintained his Kingly State;  
 And grew familiar with his fate.  
 Kind, good and gracious to the last, 220  
 On all he lov'd before his dying beams he  
 cast

Oh truly good<sup>d</sup> and truly great,  
 For glorious as he rose benignly so he set !  
 All that on earth he held most dear  
 He recommended to his Care,  
     To whom both heav'n  
     The right had<sup>d</sup> giv'n,  
 And his own Love bequeath'd supream com-  
     mand :  
 He took and prest that ever loyal hand,  
 Which cou'd in Peace secure his Reign, 230  
 Which cou'd in wars his Pow'r maintain,  
 That hand on which no plighted vows were  
     ever vain.  
 Well for so great a trust, he chose  
 A Prince who never disobey'd :  
     Not when the most severe commands were  
     laid ;  
     Nor want, nor Exile with his duty weigh'd ;  
 A Prince on whom (if Heav'n its Eyes cou'd  
     close)  
 The Welfare of the World it safely might  
     repose.

## VIII

That King who liv'd to Gods own heart,  
     Yet less serenely died than he ; 240  
     Charles left behind no harsh decree  
 For Schoolmen with laborious art  
     To save from cruelty :  
 Those, for whom love cou'd no excuses frame,  
 He graciously forgot to name.  
 Thus far my Muse, though rudely, has  
     design'd  
 Some faint resemblance of his Godlike mind :  
 But neither Pen nor Pencil can express  
 The parting Brothers *tenderness* : 249  
 Though thats a term too mean and low ;  
 (The blest above a kinder word may know :)  
     But what they did, and what they said,  
 The Monarch who triumphant went,  
     The Militant who staid,  
 Like Painters, when their heighning arts  
     are spent,  
     I cast into a shade.  
     That all-forgiving King,  
     The type of him above,  
     That inexhausted spring  
     Of clemency and Love ; 260  
 Himself to his next self accus'd,  
 And ask'd that Pardon which he ne're  
     refus'd ;  
 For faults not his, for guilt and Crimes  
 Of Godless men, and of Rebellious times :

For an hard Exile, kindly meant,  
 When his ungrateful Country sent  
 Their best *Camillus* into banishment :  
 And forc'd their Sov'rain's Act, they could  
     not his consent.  
 Oh how much rather had that injur'd  
     Chief  
     Repeated all his sufferings past, 270  
     Then hear a pardon beg'd at last,  
 Which given cou'd give the dying no relief :  
 He bent, he sunk beneath his grief ;  
 His dauntless heart wou'd fain have held  
 From weeping, but his eyes rebell'd.  
 Perhaps the Godlike Heroe in his breast  
     Disdam'd, or was asham'd to show  
     So weak, so womanish a woe,  
 Which yet the Brother and the Friend so  
     plenteously confest.

## IX

Amidst that silent show'r, the Royal mind  
     An Easy passage found, 281  
 And left its sacred earth behind :  
     Nor murr'ring groan express, nor labour-  
     ing sound,  
 Nor any least tumultuous breath ;  
 Calm was his life, and quiet was his death.  
 Soft as those gentle whispers were,  
 In which th' Almighty did appear ;  
 By the still Voice, the Prophet knew him  
     there.  
 That Peace which made thy Prosperous  
     Reign to shine,  
 That Peace thou leav'st to thy Imperial  
     Line, 290  
 That Peace, oh happy Shade, be ever thine !

## X

For all those Joys thy Restauration brought,  
 For all the Miracles it wrought,  
     For all the healing Balm thy Mercy pour'd  
 Into the Nations bleeding Wound,  
 And Care that after kept it sound,  
     For numerous Blessings yearly shouer'd,  
 And Property with Plenty crown'd ;  
 For Freedom, still maintain'd alive,  
 Freedom which in no other Land will thrive,  
 Freedom an *English* Subject's sole Preroga-  
     tive, 301  
 Without whose Charms ev'n Peace would be  
 But a dull, quiet Slavery :

For these and more, accept our Pious  
Praise ;

'Tis all the Subsidy  
The present Age can raise,  
The rest is charg'd on late Posterity.  
Posterity is charg'd the more,  
Because the large abounding store  
To them and to their Heirs, is still entail'd  
by thee. 310

Succession of a long descent,  
Which Chast'ly in the Chanells ran,  
And from our Demi-gods began,  
Equal almost to Time in its extent,  
Through Hazzards numberless and great,  
Thou hast deriv'd this mighty Blessing  
down,

And fixt the fairest Gemm that decks th'  
Imperial Crown :

Not Faction, when it shook thy Regal Seat,  
Not senates, insolently loud,  
(Those Ecchoes of a thoughtless Croud,) 320  
Not Foreign or Domestick Treachery,  
Could Warp thy Soul to their Unjust Decree.  
So much thy Foes thy manly Mind mistook,  
Who judg'd it by the Mildness of thy look :  
Like a well-temper'd Sword, it bent at  
will ;

But kept the Native toughness of the Steel.

## XI

Be true, O *Clio*, to thy Hero's name !  
But draw him strictly so 328  
That all who view, the Piece may know,  
He needs no Trappings of fictitious Fame :  
The Load's too weighty ; Thou may'st chuse  
Some Parts of Praise, and some refuse ;  
Write, that his Annals may be thought more  
lavish than the Muse.

In scanty Truth thou hast confin'd  
The Vertues of a Royal Mind,  
Forgiving, bounteous, humble, just and  
kind :

His Conversation, Wit, and Parts,  
His Knowledge in the Noblest, useful Arts,  
Were such Dead Authors could not give ;  
But habitudes of those who live ; 340  
Who, lighting him, did greater lights receive :  
He drain'd from all, and all they knew ;  
His Apprehension quick, his Judgment  
true :

That the most Learn'd, with shame, confess  
His Knowledge more, his Reading only less.

## XII

Amidst the peaceful Triumphs of his Reign,  
What wonder if the kindly beams he shed  
Reviv'd the drooping Arts again,  
If Science rais'd her Head,  
And soft Humanity that from Rebellion  
fled ; 350

Our Isle, indeed, too fruitful was before ;  
But all uncultivated lay  
Out of the *Solar* walk and Heavens high  
way ;

With rank *Geneva* Weeds run o're,  
And Cockle, at the best, amidst the Corn it  
bore :

The Royal Husbandman appear'd,  
And Plough'd and Sow'd and Till'd,  
The Thorns he rooted out, the Rubbish  
clear'd,  
And blest th' obedient Field.

When, straight, a double Harvest rose, 360  
Such as the swarthy Indian mowes ;  
Or happier Climates near the Line,  
Or Paradise manur'd, and drest by hands  
Divine.

## XIII

As when the New-born Phoenix takes his  
way,  
His rich Paternal Regions to Survey,  
Of airy Choristers a numerous Train  
Attends his wondrous Progress o're the  
Plain ;

So, rising from his Fathers Urn,  
So Glorious did our *Charles* return ;  
Th' officious Muses came along, 370  
A gay Harmonious Quire, like Angels ever  
Young ;

(The Muse that mourns him now his happy  
Triumph sung.)  
Even *they* cou'd thrive in his Auspicious  
reign ;

And such a plenteous Crop they bore,  
Of purest and well winow'd Grain  
As *Britain* never knew before.  
Tho little was their Hire, and light their  
Gain,  
Yet somewhat to their share he threw ;  
Fed from his hand, they sung and flew,  
Like Birds of Paradise that liv'd on morning  
dew. 380

Oh never let their Lays his Name forget !  
 The Pension of a Prince's Praise is great.  
 Live then, thou great Encourager of Arts,  
 Live ever in our Thankful Hearts ;  
 Live blest Above, almost invok'd Below ;  
 Live and receive this Pious Vow,  
 Our Patron once, our Guardian Angel now.  
 Thou *Fabius* of a sinking State,  
 Who didst by wise delays, divert our Fate,  
 When Faction like a Tempest rose 390  
 In Death's most hideous form,  
 Then, Art to Rage thou didst oppose,  
 To weather out the Storm :  
 Not quitting thy Supream command,  
 Thou heldest the Rudder with a steady hand,  
 Till safely on the Shore the Bark did land :  
 The Bark that all our Blessings brought,  
 Charg'd with thy Self and *James*, a doubly  
 Royal Fraught.

## XIV

Oh frail Estate of Humane things,  
 And slippery hopes below ! 400  
 Now to our Cost your Emptiness we know,  
 (For 'tis a Lesson dearly bought)  
 Assurance here is never to be sought.  
 The Best, and best belov'd of kings,  
 And best deserving to be so,  
 When scarce he had escap'd the fatal blow  
 Of Faction and Conspiracy,  
 Death did his promis'd hopes destroy :  
 He toy'd, He gain'd, but liv'd not to enjoy.  
 What mists of Providence are these 410  
 Through which we cannot see !  
 So Saints, by supernatural Pow'r set free,  
 Are left at last in Martyrdom to dye ;  
 Such is the end of oft repeated Miracles.  
 Forgive me, Heav'n, that Impious thought,  
 'Twas Grief for *Charles* to Madness wrought,  
 That Questioned thy Supream Decree !  
 Thou didst his gracious Reign Prolong,  
 Even in thy Saints and Angels wrong,  
 His Fellow Citizens of Immortality : 420  
 For Twelve long years of Exile, born,  
 Twice Twelve we number'd since his blest  
 Return :  
 So strictly wer't thou Just to pay,  
 Even to the driblet of a day.  
 Yet still we murmur, and Complain  
 The Quails and Manna shou'd no longer rain :  
 Those Miracles 'twas needless to renew ;  
 The Chosen Flock has now the Promis'd  
 Land in view.

## XV

A Warlike Prince ascends the Regal State,  
 A Prince, long exercis'd by Fate : 430  
 Long may he keep, tho he obtains it late  
 Heroes, in Heaven's peculiar Mold are  
 cast,  
 They and their Poets, are not formed in  
 hast ;  
 Man was the first in God's design, and Man  
 was made the last.  
 False Heroes made by Flattery so,  
 Heav'n can strike out, like Sparkles, at  
 a blow ;  
 But e're a Prince is to Perfection brought,  
 He costs Omnipotence a second thought.  
 With Toyl and Sweat, 439  
 With hardning Cold, and forming Heat,  
 The Cyclops did their strokes repeat,  
 Before th' impenetrable Shield was wrought.  
 It looks as if the Maker wou'd not own  
 The Noble work for his,  
 Before 'twas try'd and found a Masterpiece.

## XVI

View then a *Monarch* ripen'd for a Throne  
*Alcides* thus his race began,  
 O're Infancy he swiftly ran ;  
 The future God, at first was more than  
 Man :  
 Dangers and Toils, and *Juno's* Hate, 450  
 Even o're his Cradle lay in wait ;  
 And there he grappled first with Fate :  
 In his young Hands the hissing Snakes he  
 prest,  
 So early was the Deity confest ;  
 Thus, by degrees, he rose to *Jove's* Im-  
 perial Seat ;  
 Thus difficulties prove a Soul legitimately  
 great.  
 Like his, our Hero's Infancy was try'd ;  
 Betimes the Furies did their Snakes pro-  
 vide ;  
 And, to his Infant Arms oppose  
 His Father's Rebels, and his Brother's  
 Foes ; 460  
 The more oppress the higher still he rose.  
 Those were the Preludes of his Fate,  
 That form'd his Manhood, to subdue  
 The *Hydra* of the many-headed, hissing  
 Crew.



## XVII

As after *Numa's* peaceful Reign  
 The Martial *Ancus* did the Scepter  
 wield,  
 Furbish'd the rusty Sword again,  
 Resum'd the long forgotten Shield,  
 And led the *Latins* to the dusty Field ;  
 So *James* the drowsy *Genius* wakes 470  
 Of *Britain* long entranc'd in Charms,  
 Restiff and slumbring on its Arms :  
 'Tis rows'd, & with a new strung Nerve the  
 Spear already shakes.  
 No neighing of the Warriour Steeds,  
 No Drum, or louder Trumpet, needs  
 T' inspire the Coward, warm the Cold,  
 His Voice, his sole Appearance makes 'em  
 bold.  
*Gaul* and *Bataria* dread th' impending  
 blow ;  
 Too well the Vigour of that Arm they know ;  
 They lick the dust, and Crouch beneath their  
 fatal Foe. 480  
 Long may they fear this awful Prince,  
 And not Provoke his lingring Sword ;  
 Peace is their only sure Defence,  
 Their best Security his Word :  
 In all the Changes of his doubtful State,  
 His Truth, like Heav'n's, was kept inviolate,  
 For him to Promise is to make it Fate.  
 His *Valour* can Triumph o're Land and Main ;  
 With broken Oaths his Fame he will not  
 stain ;  
 With Conquest basely bought, and with  
 Inglorious gain. 490

## XVIII

For once, O Heav'n, unfold thy *Adamantine*  
 Book ;  
 And let his wondring *Senate* see,  
 If not thy firm Immutable Decree,  
 At least the second Page of strong con-  
 tingency :  
 Such as consists with wills, Originally free :  
 Let them, with glad amazement, look  
 On what their happiness may be :  
 Let them not still be obstinately blind,  
 Still to divert the Good thou hast design'd,  
 Or with Malignant penury, 500  
 To starve the Royal Vertues of his Mind.  
 Faith is a Christian's and a Subject's Test,  
 Oh give them to believe, and they are surely  
 blest !  
 They do : and, with a distant view, I see  
 Th' amended Vows of English Loyalty ;  
 And all beyond that Object, there appears  
 The long Retinue of a Prosperous Reign,  
 A Series of Successful years,  
 In orderly Array, a Martial, manly Train.  
 Behold ev'n to remoter Shores, 510  
 A Conquering Navy proudly spread :  
 The British Cannon formidably roars.  
 While starting from his Oozy Bed,  
 Th' asserted Ocean rears his reverend Head :  
 To View and Recognize his ancient Lord  
 again :  
 And, with a willing hand, restores  
 The *Farres* of the main.

494 strong] great ed. 2.

THE  
HIND  
AND THE  
PANTHER.  
A  
POEM,

In Three Parts.

———*Antiquam exquirite matrem.* } Virg.  
*Et vera, incessu, patuit Dea.* ———

The Second Edition.

L O N D O N,  
Printed for Jacob Tonson, at the Judges Head in  
Chancery Lane near Fleetstreet, 1687.

## TO THE READER.

The nation is in too high a Ferment, for me to expect either fair War or even so much as fair Quarter from a Reader of the opposite Party. All Men are engag'd either on this side or that : and tho' Conscience is the common Word which is given by both, yet if a Writer fall among Enemies and cannot give the Marks of Their Conscience, he is knock'd down before the Reasons of his own are heard. A Preface, therefore, which is but a bespeaking of Favour, is altogether useless. What I desire the Reader should know concerning me, he will find in the Body of the Poem, if he have but the patience to peruse it. Only this Advertisement let him  
10 take before hand, which relates to the Merits of the Cause. No general Characters of Parties (call 'em either Sects or Churches) can be so fully and exactly drawn as to comprehend all the several Members of 'em ; at least all such as are receiv'd under that Denomination. For example ; there are some of the Church by Law established who envy not Liberty of Conscience to Dissenters ; as being well satisfied that, according to their own Principles, they ought not to persecute them. Yet these, by reason of their fervency, I could not distinguish from the Numbers of the rest, with whom they are Embodied in one common Name : On the other side there are many of our Sects. and more indeed than I could reasonably have hop'd, who have withdraw'n themselves from the Communion of the Panther ; and embrac'd this Gracious Indulgence of His Majesty in point of Toleration. But neither to the one nor the other of these is this Satyr any way intended :  
20 'tis aim'd only at the refractory and disobedient on either side. For those who are come over to the Royal Party are consequently suppos'd to be out of Gunshot. Our physicians have observ'd, that in Process of Time, some Diseases have abated of their Virulence and have in a manner worn out their Malignity, so as to be no longer Mortal : and why may not I suppose the same concerning some of those who have formerly been Enemies to Kingly Government as well as Catholick Religion ? I hope they have now another Notion of both, as having found by Comfortable Experience that the doctrine of Persecution is far from being an Article of our Faith.

'Tis not for any Private Man to Censure the Proceedings of a Foreign Prince ; but without suspicion of Flattery I may praise our own, who has taken contrary Measures, and those  
30 more suitable to the Spirit of Christianity. Some of the Dissenters, in their Addresses to His Majesty, have said that he has restor'd God to his Empire over Conscience : I confess I dare not stretch the Figure to so great a boldness ; but I may safely say, that Conscience is the Royalty and Prerogative of every Private man. He is absolute in his own Breast, and accountable to no Earthly Power for that which passes only betwixt God and Him. Those who are driven into the Fold are, generally speaking, rather made Hypocrites than Converts.

This Indulgence being granted to all the Sects, it ought in reason to be expected that they should both receive it, and receive it thankfully. For at this time of day to refuse the Benefit and adhere to those whom they have esteem'd their Persecutors, what is it else, but publicly  
40 to own that they suffer'd not before for Conscience sake, but only out of Pride and Obstinacy to separate from a Church for those Impositions which they now judge may be lawfully obey'd ? After they have so long contended for their Classical Ordination (not to speak of Rites and Ceremonies) will they at length submit to an Episcopal ? If they can go so far out of Complaisance to their old Enemies, methinks a little reason should persuade 'em to take another step, and see whether that wou'd lead 'em.

Of the receiving this Toleration thankfully, I shall say no more, than that they ought, and I doubt not they will consider from what hands they receiv'd it. 'Tis not from a Cyrus, a Heathen

And here, a Suppliant, from the Natives  
hands

I bought the Ground on which my City  
stands,  
With all the Coast that stretches to the Sea ;  
Ev'n to the friendly Port that sheltred Thee:  
Then rais'd these Walls, which mount into  
the Air,

At once my Neighbours wonder, and their  
fear, 130

For now they Arm ; and round me Leagues  
are made,

My scarce Establish'd Empire to invade.  
To Man my new built walls I must prepare,  
An helpless Woman, and unskill'd in War.  
Yet thousand Rivals to my Love pretend ;  
And for my Person, would my Crown  
defend :

Whose jarring Votes in one complaint agree,  
That each unjustly is disdain'd for thee.

To proud *Hyarbas* give me up a prey ; 139  
(For that must follow, if thou go'st away :)  
Or to my Husbands Mord'rer leave my life.

That to the Husband he may add the Wife.  
Go then, since no Complaints can move thy  
Mind :

Go, perjur'd Man, but leave thy Gods behind.  
Touch not those Gods, by whom thou art  
forsworn,

Who will in impious Hands no more be born.  
Thy Sacrilegious worship they disdain,  
And rather wou'd the *Grecian* fires sustain.  
Perhaps my greatest Shame is still to come ;  
And part of thee lies hid within my  
Womb. 150

The Babe unborn must perish by thy Hate,  
And perish guiltless in his Mothers Fate.

Some God, thou say'st, thy Voyage does  
command ;

Wou'd the same God had barr'd thee from  
my Land !

The same, I doubt not, thy departure Steers,  
Who kept thee out at Sea so many Years ;  
While thy long Labours were a Price so great,  
As thou to purchase *Troy* wouldest not repeat.  
But *Tyber* now thou seek'st ; to be at best,  
When there arriv'd, a poor precarious  
Ghest. 160

Yet it deludes thy Search : Perhaps it will  
To thy Old Age lie undiscover'd still.

A ready Crown and Wealth in Dower I bring,  
And, without Conqu'ring, here thou art  
a King.

Here thou to *Carthage* may'st transfer thy  
*Troy* :

Here young *Ascanus* may his Arms employ ;  
And, while we live secure in soft Repose,  
Bring many Laurells home from Conquer'd  
Foes.

By *Cupids* Arrows, I adjure thee stay ;  
By all the Gods, Companions of thy way. 170  
So may thy *Trojans*, who are yet alive  
Live still, and with no future Fortune  
strive ;

So may thy Youthful Son old Age attain,  
And thy dead Fathers Bones in Peace  
remain ;

As thou hast Pity on unhappy me,  
Who knew no Crime, but too much Love  
of thee.

I am not born from fierce *Achilles* Line,  
Nor did my Parents against *Troy* combine.

To be thy Wife if I unworthy prove,  
By some inferiour Name admit my Love. 180

To be secur'd of still possessing thee,  
What wou'd I do, and what wou'd I not be !  
Our *Lybian* Coasts their certain Seasons  
know,

When free from Tempests Passengers may  
go :

But now with Northern Blasts the Billows  
roar,

And drive the floating Sea-weed to the  
Shore.

Leave to my care the time to Sail away ;  
When safe, I will not suffer thee to stay.

Thy weary Men wou'd be with ease content ;  
Their Sails are tatter'd, and their Masts are  
spent. 190

If by no Merit I thy Mind can move,  
What thou deny'st my Merit, give my  
Love.

Stay, till I learn my Loss to undergo ;  
And give me time to struggle with my  
Woe.

If not ; Know this, I will not suffer long ;  
My Life's too loathsome, and my Love too  
strong.

Death holds my Pen, and dictates what I  
say,

While cross my Lap Thy *Trojan* Sword  
I lay.

My Tears flow down ; the sharp Edge cuts  
their Flood,

And drinks my Sorrows, that must drink my  
bloud. 200

## THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

A Milk white *Hind*, immortal and unchang'd,  
Fed on the lawns and in the forest rang'd ;  
Without unspotted, innocent within,  
She fear'd no danger, for she knew no sin.  
Yet had she oft been chas'd with horns and hounds

And Scythian shafts ; and many winged wounds

Aim'd at her Heart ; was often forc'd to fly,  
And doom'd to death, though fated not to dy.

Not so her young ; for their unequal line  
Was Heroe's make, half humane, half divine.  
Their earthly mold obnoxious was to fate, 11  
Th' immortal part assum'd immortal state.  
Of these a slaughtered army lay in bloud,  
Extended o'er the *Caledonian* wood,  
Their native walk ; whose vocal bloud arose  
And cry'd for pardon on their perjurd foes ;  
Their fate was fruitful, and the sanguin seed,  
Endu'd with souls, encreas'd the sacred breed.

So Captive *Israel* multiply'd in chains,  
A numerous Exile ; and enjoy'd her pains.  
With grief and gladness mixt, their mother view'd 21

Her martyr'd offspring, and their race renew'd ;

Their corps to perish, but their kind to last,  
So much the deathless plant the dying fruit surpass'd.

Panting and pensive now she ranged alone,  
And wander'd in the kingdoms once Her own.  
The common Hunt, though from their rage restrain'd

By sov'reign power, her company disdain'd :  
Grin'd as They pass'd, and with a glaring eye  
Gave gloomy signs of secret enmity. 30  
'Tis true, she bounded by, and trip'd so light,  
They had not time to take a steady sight,  
For truth has such a face and such a meen  
As to be lov'd needs only to be seen.

The bloody *Bear*, an *Independent* beast,  
Unlick'd to form, in groans her hate express'd.

Among the timorous kind the *Quaking Hare*  
Profess'd neutrality, but would not swear.  
Next her, the *Buffoon Ape*, as Atheists use,  
Mimick'd all Sects and had his own to chuse :  
Still when the *Lyon* look'd, his knees he bent,  
And pay'd at Church a Courtier's Complement. 42

The bristl'd *Baptist Boar*, impure as He,  
(But whiten'd with the foam of sanctity)  
With fat pollutions fill'd the sacred place  
And mountains levell'd in his furious race, }  
So first rebellion founded was in grace.  
But, since the mighty ravage which he made  
In *German* Forests, had his guilt betray'd,  
With broken tusks, and with a borrow'd name, 50

He shun'd the vengeance, and concealed the shame ;

So lurk'd in Sects unseen. With greater guile  
False *Reynard* fed on consecrated spoil ;  
The graceless beast by *Athanasius* first  
Was chased from *Nice* ; then by *Socinus* nurs'd.

His impious race their blasphemy renew'd,  
And natures King through nature's opticks view'd.

Revers'd they view'd him lessen'd to their eye,

Nor in an Infant could a God descry : 59  
New swarming Sects to this obliquely tend  
Hence they began, and here they all will end.

What weight of ancient witness can prevail,

If private reason hold the publick scale ?  
But, gracious God, how welldost thou provide  
For erring judgments an unerring Guide !  
Thy throne is darkness in th' abyss of light,  
A blaze of glory that forbids the sight ;  
O teach me to believe Thee thus conceal'd,  
And search no farther than Thy self reveal'd ;  
But her alone for my Directour take 70  
Whom Thou hast promis'd never to forsake !  
My thoughtless youth was wing'd with vain desires,

My manhood, long misled by wandring fires,  
Follow'd false lights ; and when their glimps was gone,

My pride struck out new sparkles of her own.

Text from the second edition, 1687, except for a few corrections of the stops, where the first edition, which was of the same year, is right, and for a few corrections noted.

Such was I, such by nature still I am,  
Be Thine the glory and be mine the shame.  
Good life be now my task: my doubts are  
done,

(What more could fright my faith, than  
Three in One?)

Can I believe eternal God could lye 80  
Disguis'd in mortal mold and infancy?  
That the great Maker of the world could dye?  
And after that, trust my imperfect sense  
Which calls in question his omnipotence?  
Can I my reason to my faith compell,  
And shall my sight, and touch, and taste  
rebell?

Superiour faculties are set aside,  
Shall their subservient organs be my guide?  
Then let the moon usurp the rule of day, 89  
And winking tapers shew the sun his way;  
For what my senses can themselves perceive  
I need no revelation to believe.  
Can they, who say the Host should be  
descri'd

By sense, define a body glorify'd?  
Impossible, and penetrating parts?  
Let them declare by what mysterious arts  
He shot that body through th' opposing  
might

Of bolts and barrs impervious to the light,  
And stood before his train confess'd in  
open sight.

For since thus wondrously he pass'd, 'tis  
plain 100

One single place two bodies did contain,  
And sure the same Omnipotence as well  
Can make one body in more places dwell.  
Let reason then at Her own quarry fly,  
But how can finite grasp Infinity?

'Tis urg'd again, that faith did first com-  
mence

By miracles, which are appeals to sense,  
And thence concluded that our sense must be  
The motive still of credibility.

For latter ages must on former wait, 110  
And what began belief, must propagate.

But winnow well this thought, and you  
shall find,

'Tis light as chaff that flies before the wind.  
Were all those wonders wrought by pow'r  
divine

As means or ends of some more deep design?  
Most sure as means, whose end was this  
alone,

To prove the god-head of th' eternal Son.

God thus asserted: man is to believe  
Beyond what Sense and Reason can con-  
ceive.

And for mysterious things of faith rely 120  
On the Proponent, heaven's authority.

If then our faith we for our guide admit,  
Vain is the farther search of human wit,  
As when the building gains a surer stay,  
We take th' unuseful scaffolding away:  
Reason by sense no more can understand,  
The game is play'd into another hand.

Why chuse we then like *Bilarders* to creep  
Along the coast, and land in view to keep,  
When safely we may launch into the  
deep? 130

In the same vessel which our Saviour bore  
Himself the pilot, let us leave the shoar,  
And with a better guide a better world  
explore.

Could He his god-head veil with flesh and  
bloud

And not veil these again to be our food?  
His grace in both is equal in extent;  
The first affords us life, the second nourish-  
ment.

And if he can, why all this frantick pain  
To construe what his clearest words con-  
tain,

And make a riddle what He made so  
plain? 140

To take up half on trust, and half to try,  
Name it not faith, but bungling biggotry.  
Both knave and fool the Merchant we may  
call

To pay great sums and to compound the  
small.

For who wou'd break with heav'n, and  
wou'd not break for all?

Rest then, my soul, from endless anguish  
freed;

Nor sciences thy guide, nor sense thy creed.  
Faith is the best ensurer of thy bliss;

The Bank above must fail before the venture  
miss.

But heav'n and heav'n-born faith are far  
from Thee, 150

Thou first Apostate to Divinity.

Unkenel'd range in thy *Polonian Plains*;  
A fiercer foe the insatiate *Wolf* remains.

To<sup>d</sup> boastful *Britain* please thyself no  
more,

That beasts of prey are banish'd from thy  
shoar;

The *Bear*, the *Boar*, and every salvage name,  
 Wild in effect, though in appearance tame,  
 Lay waste thy woods, destroy thy blissfull  
 bow'r,  
 And, muzzle'd though they seem, the mutes  
 devour.  
 More haughty than the rest, the *wolfish*  
 race 160  
 Appear with belly Gaunt and famish'd  
 face :  
 Never was so deform'd a beast of Grace.  
 His ragged tail betwixt his leggs he wears  
 Close clasp'd for shame, but his rough crest  
 he rears,  
 And pricks up his predestinating ears.  
 His wild disorder'd walk, his hagger'd eyes,  
 Did all the bestial citizens surprize.  
 Though fear'd and hated, yet he ruled awhile,  
 As Captain or Companion of the spoil. 169  
 Full many a year his hatefull head had been  
 For tribute paid, nor since in *Cambria* seen :  
 The last of all the Litter scap'd by chance,  
 And from *Geneva* first infested *France*.  
 Some Authors thus his Pedigree will trace,  
 But others write him of an upstart Race :  
 Because of *Wickliff's* Brood no mark he  
 brings  
 But his innate Antipathy to Kings.  
 These last deduce him from th' *Helvetian*  
 kind 178  
 Who near the *Leman lake* his Consort lin'd.  
 That fiery *Zuynglius* first th' Affection bred,  
 And meagre *Calvin* blest the Nuptial Bed.  
 In *Israel* some believe him whelp'd long since,  
 When the proud *Sanhedrim* oppress'd the Prince,  
 Or, since he will be *Jew*, derive  
 him higher,  
 When *Coral* with his Brethren  
 did conspire,  
 From *Moses* Hand the Sov'reign sway to  
 wrest,  
 And *Aaron* of his Ephod to devert :  
 Till opening Earth made way for all to pass,  
 And cou'd not bear the Burd'n of a *class*.  
 The *For* and he came shuffl'd in the Dark,  
 If ever they were stow'd in *Noah's* Ark : 191  
 Perhaps not made ; for all their barking train  
 The Dog (a common species) will contain.  
 And some wild currs, who from their  
 masters ran,  
 Abhorring the supremacy of man,  
 In woods and caves the rebel-race began.

O happy pair, how well have you encreas'd,  
 What ills in Church and State have you  
 redress'd !  
 With Teeth untry'd and rudiments of Claws,  
 Your first essay was on your native Laws :  
 Those having torn with Ease and tramp'd  
 down, 201  
 Your Fangs you fasten'd on the miter'd  
 Crown,  
 And freed from God and Monarchy your  
 Town.  
 What though your native kennel still be  
 small  
 Bounded betwixt a Puddle and a Wall,  
 Yet your Victorious Colonies are sent  
 Where the North Ocean girds the Continent.  
 Quickned with fire below, your Monsters  
 Breed,  
 In Fenny *Holland* and in fruitful *Tweed*.  
 And like the first the last effects to be 210  
 Drawn to the dreggs of a Democracy.  
 As, where in Fields the fairy rounds are  
 seen,  
 A rank sow'r herbage rises on the Green ;  
 So, springing where these mid-night Elves  
 advance,  
 Rebellion Prints the Foot-steps of the Dance.  
 Such are their Doctrines, such contempt  
 they show  
 To Heaven above, and to their Prince  
 below,  
 As none but Traytors and Blasphemers  
 know.  
 God, like the Tyrant of the Skies is plac'd,  
 And Kings, like slaves, beneath the Crowd  
 debas'd. 220  
 So fulsome is their food that Flocks refuse  
 To bite ; and only Dogs for Physick use.  
 As, where the Lightning runs along the  
 Ground,  
 No husbandry can heal the blasting Wound,  
 Nor bladed Grass nor bearded Corn succeeds,  
 But Scales of Scurf, and Putrefaction breeds :  
 Such Warrs, such Waste, such fiery tracks of  
 Dearth  
 Their Zeal has left, and such a teemless  
 Earth.  
 But as the Poisons of the deadliest kind  
 Are to their own unhappy Coasts confin'd,  
 As only *Indian* Shades of sight deprive, 231  
 And Magick Plants will but in *Colchos* thrive ;  
 So Presby'try and Pestilential Zeal  
 Can only flourish in a Common-weal.

*Vid. Pref.  
 to Heyl.  
 Hist. of  
 Presb.*

From *Celtique Woods* is chased the *wolfish*  
Crew ;

But ah ! some Pity e'en to Brutes is due,  
Their native Walks, methinks, they might  
enjoy,

Curb'd of their native Mahce to destroy.

Of all the Tyrannies on humane kind 239

The worst is that which Persecutes the mind.

Let us but weigh at what offence we strike,

'Tis but because we cannot think alike.

In punishing of this, we overthrow

The Laws of Nations and of Nature too

Beasts are the Subjects of Tyrannick sway,

Where still the stronger on the weaker Prey.

Man only of a softer mold is made ;

Not for his Fellows ruine, but their Aid.

Created kind, beneficent and free,

The noble Image of the Deity. 250

One Portion of informing Fire was giv'n

To Brutes, the Inferiour Family of Heav'n :

The Smith Divine, as with a careless Beat,

Struck out the mute Creation at a Heat :

But when arriv'd at last to humane Race,

The Godhead took a deep consid'ring space :

And, to distinguish Man from all the rest,

Unlock'd the sacred Treasures of his Breast :

And Mercy mixt with reason did impart,

One to his Head, the other to his Heart :

Reason to Rule, but Mercy to forgive : 261

The first is Law, the last Prerogative.

And like his Mind his outward form

appear'd

When issuing Naked to the wond'ring

Herd,

He charm'd their Eyes, and for they lov'd

they fear'd.

Not arm'd with horns of arbitrary might,

Or Claws to seize their furryspoils in Fight,

Or with increase of Feet t' o'ertake 'em in

their flight.

Of easie shape, and pliant ev'ry way,

Confessing still the softness of his Clay,

And kind as Kings upon their Coronation-

day : 271

With open Hands, and with extended space

Of Arms to satisfy a large embrace.

Thus kneaded up with Milk, the new made

Man

His Kingdom o'er his Kindred world began :

Till Knowledg mis-apply'd, mis-understood,

And pride of Empire sour'd his Balmey Blood.

Then, first rebelling, his own stamp he coins ;

The Murth'rer *Cain* was latent in his Loins ;

And Blood began its first and loudest Cry

For diff'ring worship of the Deity. 281

Thus persecution rose, and farther Space

Produc'd the mighty hunter of his Race.

Not so the blessed *Pan* his flock encreased,

Content to fold 'em from the famish'd Beast -

Mild were his laws ; the Sheep and harmless

Hind

Were never of the persecuting kind.

Such pity now the pious Pastor shows,

Such mercy from the *British* Lyon flows,

That both provide protection for their

foes. 290

Oh happy Regions, *Italy* and *Spain*,

Which never did those monsters entertain !

The *Wolfe*, the *Bear*, the *Boar*, can there

advance

No native claim of just inheritance.

And self preserving laws, severe in show,

May guard their fences from th' invading foe.

Where birth has plac'd 'em, let 'em safely

share

The common benefit of vital air ;

Themselves unharmed, let them live un-

harm'd ;

Their jaws disabl'd, and their claws disarm'd :

Here, only in nocturnal howlings bold, 301

They dare not seize the Hind nor leap the

fold.

More pow'rful, and as vigilant as they,

The *Lyon* awfully forbids the prey.

Their rage repress'd, though pinch'd with

famine sore,

They stand aloof, and tremble at his roar ;

Much is their hunger, but their fear is

more.

These are the chief ; to number o'er the

rest

And stand, like *Adam*, naming ev'ry beast,

Were weary work ; nor will the Muse de-

scribe 310

A shmy-born and sun-begotten Tribe :

Who, far from steeples and their sacred sound,

In fields their sullen conventicles found :

These gross, half animated lumps I leave ;

Nor can I think what thoughts they can

conceive.

But if they think at all, 'tis sure no high'r

Than matter, put in motion, may aspire.

Souls that can scarce ferment their mass

of clay ;

So drossy, so divisible are They, 319

As wou'd but serve pure bodies for allay :



Such souls as *Shards* produce, such beetle things

As only buz to heaven with ev'ning wings ;  
Strike in the dark, offending but by chance,  
Such are the blind-fold blows of ignorance.  
They know not beings, and but hate a name,  
To them the *Hind* and *Panther* are the same.

The *Panther* sure the noblest, next the *Hind*,

And fairest creature of the spotted kind :  
Oh, could her in-born stains be wash'd away,  
She were too good to be a beast of Prey !  
How can I praise, or blame, and not offend,  
Or how divide the frailty from the friend ?  
Her faults and virtues lye so mix'd, that she  
Nor wholly stands condemn'd nor wholly free.  
Then, like her injured *Lyon*, let me speak,  
He cannot bend her, and he would not break.  
Unkind already, and estrang'd in part,  
The *Wolfe* begins to share her wandring heart.

Though unpolluted yet with actual ill,  
She half commits, who sins but in Her will.

If, as our dreaming *Platonists* report,  
There could be spirits of a middle sort,  
Too black for heav'n, and yet too white for hell,

Who just dropt half-way done, nor lower fell ;  
So pois'd, so gently she descends from high,  
It seems a soft dismission from the skie.  
Her house not ancient, whatsoe'er pretence  
Her clergy Heraulds make in her defence.

A second century not half-way run  
Since the new honours of her blood begun.  
A *Lyon* old, obscene, and furious made  
By lust, compress'd her mother in a shade.  
Then by a left-hand marr'ageweds the Dame,  
Covering adult'ry with a specious name :  
So schism begot ; and sacrilege and she,  
A well-match'd pair, got graceless heresie.  
God's and Kings rebels have the same good cause,

To trample down divine and humane laws :  
Both would be call'd Reformers, and their hate,

Alike destructive both to Church and State :  
The fruit proclaims the plant ; a lawless Prince

By luxury reform'd incontinence,  
By ruins, charity ; by riots abstinence.

Confessions, fasts and penance set aside ;  
Oh with what ease we follow such a guide !  
Where souls are starv'd and senses grati-  
fy'd !

Where marr'age pleasures midnight pray'r  
supply,  
And matten bells (a melancholy cry)  
Are tun'd to merrier notes, *encrease and multiply*.

Religion shows a Rosie colour'd face,  
Not hatter'd out with drudging works of  
grace ;  
A down-hill Reformation rolls apace.  
What flesh and blood wou'd croud the  
narrow gate,  
Or, till they waste their pamper'd paunches,  
wait ?

All wou'd be happy at the cheapest rate.  
Though our lean faith these rigid laws has  
giv'n,

The full fed *Musulman* goes fat to heav'n ;  
For his *Arabian* Prophet with delights  
Of sense, allur'd his eastern Proselytes.

The jolly *Luther*, reading him, began  
T' interpret Scriptures by his *Alcoran* ;  
To grub the thorns beneath our tender feet  
And make the paths of *Paradise* more sweet :  
Bethought him of a wife, e'er half way gone,  
(For 'twas uneasie travelling alone.)

And in this masquerade of mirth and love,  
Mistook the bliss of heav'n for *Bacchanals*  
above.

Sure he presum'd of praise, who came to  
stock

Th' ethereal pastures with so fair a flock ;  
Burnish'd, and bat'ning on their food, to  
show

The diligence of carefull herds below.

Our *Panther*, though like these she chang'd  
her head,

Yet, as the mistress of a monarch's bed,  
Her front erect with majesty she bore,  
The Crozier wielded and the Miter wore.

Her upper part of decent discipline  
Shew'd affectation of an ancient line :  
And fathers, councils, church and church's  
head,

Were on her reverend *Phylacteries* read.

But what disgrac'd and disavow'd the rest  
Was *Caluth's* brand, that stigmatiz'd the  
beast.

Thus, like a creature of a double kind.  
In her own labyrinth she lives confin'd.

'o foreign lands no sound of Her is come,  
lumbly content to be despis'd at home.  
uch is her faith, where good cannot be had,  
t least she leaves the refuse of the bad.

lice in her choice of ill, though not of  
best,  
nd least deform'd, because reform'd the  
least.

n doubtful points betwixt her diff'ring  
friends, 410

Where one for substance, one for sign con-  
tends,

'heir contradicting terms she strives to joyn  
ign shall be substance, substance shall be  
sign.

a real presence all her sons allow,  
nd yet 'tis flat Idolatry to bow,  
because the God-head's there they know  
not how.

Ier Novices are taught that bread and  
wine

Are but the visible and outward sign, 418  
Receiv'd by those who in communion joyn.

But th' inward grace or the thing signify'd,  
his blood and body who to save us dy'd,  
the faithful this thing signify'd receive.

What is't those faithful then partake or  
leave?

For what is signify'd and understood,  
Is, by her own confession, flesh and blood.

Then, by the same acknowledgment, we  
know

They take the sign, and take the substance  
too.

The lit'ral sense is hard to flesh and blood,  
But nonsense never can be understood.

Her wild belief on ev'ry wave is tost, 430

But sure no Church can better morals boast.

True to her King her principles are found;

Oh that her practice were but half so sound!

Stedfast in various turns of state she stood,

And seal'd her vow'd affection with her  
blood;

Nor will I meanly tax her constancy,

That int'rest or obligement made the tie,

(Bound to the fate of murdr'd Monarchy:)

(Before the sounding Ax so falls the Vine,

Whose tender branches round the Poplar  
twine.) 440

She chose her ruin, and resign'd her life,

In death undaunted as an *Indian* wife:

A rare example: But some souls we see

Grow hard, and stiffen with adversity:

Yet these by fortunes favours are undone,  
Resolv'd into a baser form they run,  
And bore the wind, but cannot bear the  
sun.

Let thus be natures frailty or her fate,  
Or *Isgrim's*\* counsel, her new chosen \* *The*  
mate; *Wolfe*.

Still she's the fairest of the fallen  
Crew, 450

No mother more indulgent but the true.

Fierce to her foes, yet fears her force to try,

Because she wants innate aucturity;

For how can she constrain them to obey

Who has her self cast off the lawful sway?

Rebellion equals all, and those who toil

In common theft, will share the common  
spoil.

Let her produce the title and the right

Against her old superiours first to fight;

If she reform by Text, ev'n that's as plain

For her own Rebels to reform again. 461

As long as words a diff'rent sense will bear,

And each may be his own Interpreter,

Our air'y faith will no foundation find

The word's a weathercock for ev'ry wind:

The *Bear*, the *Fox*, the *Wolfe* by turns prevail,

The most in pow'r supplies the present gale.

The wretched *Panther* cries aloud for aid

To church and councils, whom she first  
betray'd; 469

No help from Fathers or traditions train

Those ancient guides she taught us to disdain.

And by that scripture which she once abus'd

To Reformation, stands herself accus'd.

What bills for breach of laws can she prefer,

Expounding which she owns her self may err?

And, after all her winding ways are try'd,

If doubts arise, she slips herself aside

And leaves the private conscience for the  
guide.

If then that conscience set th' offender free,

It bars her claim to church aucturity. 480

How can she censure, or what crime pretend?

But Scripture may be constru'd to defend?

Ev'n those whom for rebellion she transmits

To civil pow'r, her doctrine first acquits;

Because no disobedience can ensue,

Where no submission to a Judge is due;

Each judging for himself, by her consent,

Whom thus absolv'd she sends to punish-  
ment.

Suppose the Magistrate revenge her cause,

'Tis only for transgressing humane laws. 490

# THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

How ans'ring to its end a church is made,  
Whose pow'r is but to counsel and persuade?  
O solid rock, on which secure she stands!  
Eternal house, not built with mortal hands!  
Oh sure defence against th' infernal gate,  
A patent during pleasure of the state!

Thus is the *Panther* neither lov'd nor fear'd,

A mere mock Queen of a divided Herd;  
Whom soon by lawful pow'r she might contr-  
roll,

Her self a part submitted to the whole. 500  
Then, as the Moon who first receives the light  
By which she makes our nether regions bright,  
So might she shine, reflecting from afar  
The rays she borrowed from a better Star:  
Big with the beams which from her mother  
flow

And reigning o'er the rising tides below:  
Now, mixing with a salvage croud, she goes,  
And meanly flatters her invet'rate foes,  
Rul'd while she rules, and losing ev'ry hour  
Her wretched remnants of precarious pow'r.

One evening, while the cooler shade she  
sought, 511

Revolving many a melancholy thought,  
Alone she walk'd, and look'd around in vain,  
With ruful visage for her vanish'd train:

None of her sylvan subjects made their court;  
Levée and couche's pass'd without resort.  
So hardly can Usurpers manage well

Those whom they first instructed to rebel:  
More liberty begets desire of more,  
The hunger still encreases with the store.  
Without respect they brush'd along the  
wood, 521

Each in his clan, and fill'd with loathsom  
food,

Ask'd no permission to the neighb'ring  
flood.

The *Panther*, full of inward discontent,  
Since they wou'd goe, before 'em wisely went:  
Supplying want of pow'r by drinking first,  
As if she gave 'em leave to quench their  
thirst.

Among the rest, the *Hind*, with fearful face  
Beheld from far the common wat'ring-place,  
Nor durst approach; till with an awful  
roar 530

The sovereign *Lyon* bad her fear no more.  
Encourag'd thus, she brought her younglings  
nigh,

Watching the motions of her Patron's eye,

And drank a sober draught; the rest amaz'd  
Stood mutely still, and on the stranger gaz'd:  
Survey'd her part by part, and sought to  
find

The ten-horn'd monster in the harmless  
*Hind*,

Such as the *Wolfe* and *Panther* had design'd:  
They thought at first they dream'd, for 'twas  
offence 539

With them, to question certitude of sense,  
Their guide in faith; but nearer when  
they drew,

And had the faultless object full in view,  
Lord, how they all admir'd her heav'nly  
hiew!

Some, who before her fellowship disdain'd,  
Scarce, and but scarce, from inborn rage  
restrain'd,

Now frisk'd about her and old kindred  
feign'd.

Whether for love or int'rest, every sect  
Of all the salvage nation shew'd respect:  
The Vice-roy *Panther* could not awe the  
herd, 549

The more the company the less they fear'd.  
The surly *Wolfe* with secret envy burst,  
Yet cou'd not howl, the *Hind* had seen  
him first:

But what he durst not speak, the *Panther*  
durst.

For when the herd suffis'd, did late repair  
To ferny heaths and to their forest laze,  
She made a mannerly excuse to stay,  
Proffering the *Hind* to wait her half the way:  
That since the Skie was clear, an hour of talk  
Might help her to beguile the tedious walk.  
With much good-will the motion was em-  
brace'd, 560

To chat a while on their adventures pass'd:  
Nor had the grateful *Hind* so soon forgot  
Her friend and fellow-suff'rer in the plot.  
Yet wondering how of late she grew estrang'd,  
Her forehead cloudy and her count'nance  
chang'd,

She thought this hour th' occasion wou'd  
present

To learn her secret cause of discontent,  
Which, well she hop'd, might be with ease  
redress'd,

Considering Her a well-bred civil beast,  
And moren Gentlewoman than the rest. 570  
After some common talk what rumours ran,  
The Lady of the spotted-muff began.

## THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

## THE SECOND PART.

DAME, said the *Panther*, times are mended well  
 Since late among the *Philistines* you fell.  
 The Toils were pitch'd, a spacious tract of ground  
 With expert Huntsmen was encompass'd round;  
 The Enclosure narrow'd; the sagacious pow'r  
 Of Hounds, and Death drew nearer, ev'ry Hour.  
 'Tis true, the younger *Lyon* scap'd the snare,  
 But all your priestly Calves lay struggling there;  
 As sacrifices on their Altars laid; 9  
 While you their careful mother wisely fled  
 Not trusting destiny to save your head. }  
 For, whate'er Promises you have apply'd  
 To your unfailing Church, the surer side }  
 Is four fair Legs in danger to provide. }  
 And whate'er tales of *Peter's* Chair you tell,  
 Yet, saving Reverence of the Miracle,  
 The better luck was yours to 'scape so well. }  
 As I remember, said the sober *Hind*,  
 Those Toils were for your own dear self design'd, 19  
 As well as me; and with the self same throw,  
 To catch the Quarry and the Vermin too,  
 (Forgive the slanderous Tongues that call'd you so.) }  
 Howe'er you take it now, the common Cry  
 Then ran you down for your rank Loyalty;  
 Besides, in Popery they thought you nurst,  
 (As evil tongues will ever speak the worst,)  
 Because some forms, and ceremonies some  
 You kept, and stood in the main question dumb.  
 Dumb you were born indeed; but thinking long  
 The *Test*, it seems, at last has loos'd your tongue. 30  
 And, to explain what your forefathers meant,  
 By real presence in the Sacrament,  
 (After long fencing push'd against a wall,) }  
 Your *salvo* comes, that he's not there at all:  
 There chang'd your faith, and what may change may fall.

Who can believe what varies every day,  
 Nor ever was, nor will be at a stay?  
 Tortures may force the tongue untruths to tell,  
 And I ne'er own'd my self infallible,  
 Reply'd the *Panther*; grant such Presence were, 40  
 Yet in your sense I never own'd it there.  
 A real *veritue* we by faith receive,  
 And that we in the sacrament believe.  
 Then, said the *Hind*, as you the matter state,  
 Not only *Jesuits* can equivocate;  
 For *real*, as you now the Word expound,  
 From Solid Substance dwindles to a Sound.  
 Methinks an *Esop's* fable you repeat;  
 You know who took the Shadow for the Meat;  
 Your Churchs substance thus you change at will, 50  
 And yet retain your former figure still.  
 I freely grant you spoke to save your Life,  
 For then you lay beneath the Butchers Knife.  
 Long time you fought, redoubld Batt'ry bore,  
 But, after all, against your self you swore;  
 Your former self, for ev'ry Hour your form  
 Is chop'd and chang'd, like Winds before a Storm.  
 Thus Fear and Int'rest will prevail with some,  
 For all have not the Gift of Martyrdom.  
 The *Panther* grin'd at this, and thus reply'd; 60  
 That men may err was never yet deny'd.  
 But, if that common principle be true,  
 The Cannon, Dame, is level'd full at you.  
 But, shunning long disputes, I fain wou'd see  
 That wond'rous Wight, infallibility.  
 Is he from Heav'n this mighty Champion come  
 Or lodg'd below in subterranean *Rome*?  
 First, send him somewhere, and derive his Race,  
 Or else conclude that nothing has no place.

Suppose, (though I disown it,) said the  
*Hind,* 70  
 The certain Mansion were not yet assign'd,  
 The doubtful residence no proof can bring  
 Against the plain existence of the thing.  
 Because *Philosophers* may disagree,  
 If sight b' emission or reception be,  
 Shall it be thence infer'd I do not see?  
 But you require an Answer positive,  
 Which yet, when I demand, you dare not  
 give;  
 For Fallacies in Universals live.  
 I then affirm that this unfailing guide 80  
 In Pope and gen'ral Councils must reside;  
 Both lawful, both combin'd; what one  
 decrees  
 By numerous Votes, the other Ratifies:  
 On this undoubted Sense the Church relies.)  
 'Tis true some Doctors in a scantier space,  
 I mean in each apart contract the Place.  
 Some, who to greater length extend the  
 Line,  
 The Churches after acceptation join.  
 This last Circumference appears too wide,  
 The Church diffus'd is by the Council ty'd;  
 As members by their Representatives 90  
 Oblig'd to Laws which Prince and Senate  
 gives:  
 Thus some contract, and some enlarge the  
 space;  
 In Pope and Council who denies the place,  
 Assisted from above with God's unfailing  
 grace?  
 Those Canons all the needful points contain;  
 Their sense so obvious, and their words so  
 plain,  
 That no disputes about the doubtful Text  
 Have, hitherto, the lab'ring world perplex'd:  
 If any shou'd i<sup>e</sup> after times appear, 100  
 New Councils must be call'd, to make the  
 meaning clear.  
 Because in them the pow'r supreme resides;  
 And all the promises are to the Guides.  
 This may be taught with sound and safe  
 Defence:  
 But mark how sandy is your own pretence,  
 Who, setting Councils, Pope, and Church  
 aside,  
 Are ev'ry Man his own presuming Guide.  
 The sacred Books, you say, are full and plain,  
 And ev'ry needful point of Truth contain;  
 All who can read, Interpreters may be: 110  
 Thus though your several Churches disagree,  
 Yet ev'ry Saint has to himself alone  
 The Secret of this Philosophick Stone.  
 These Principles your jarring Sects unite,  
 When diff'ring Doctors and Disciples fight.  
 Though *Luther*, *Zuinglius*, *Calvin*, holy  
 Chiefs,  
 Have made a Battel Royal of Beliefs;  
 Or like wild Horses sev'ral ways have whirr'd  
 The tortur'd Text about the Christian  
 World;  
 Each *Jehu* lashing on with furious force, 120  
 That *Turk* or *Jew* cou'd not have us'd it  
 worse.  
 No matter what dissension leaders make  
 Where ev'ry private man may save a stake.  
 Rul'd by the Scripture and his own advice,  
 Each has a blind by-path to Paradise;  
 Where driving in a Circle slow or fast,  
 Opposing Sects are sure to meet at last.  
 A wondrous charity you have in Store  
 For all reform'd to pass the narrow Door:  
 So much, that *Mahomet* had scarcely more.)  
 For he, kind Prophet, was for damning  
 none, 130  
 But *Christ* and *Moyse* were to save their  
 own:  
 Himself was to secure his chosen race,  
 Though reason good for *Turks* to take the  
 place,  
 And he allow'd to be the better man  
 In virtue of his holier *Alcoran*.  
 True, said the *Panther*, I shall ne'er deny,  
 My Breth'ren may be sav'd as well as I:  
 Though *Huguenots* condemn our ordination,  
 Succession, ministerial vocation, 140  
 And *Luther*, more mistaking what he read,  
 Misjoins the sacred Body with the Bread;  
 Yet, *Lady*, still remember I maintain  
 The Word in needfull points is only plain.  
 Needless or needful I not now contend,  
 For still you have a loophole for a friend,  
 (Rejoyn'd the Matron) but the rule you lay  
 Has led whole flocks and leads them still  
 astray  
 In weighty points, and full damnation's  
 way.  
 For did not *Arius* first, *Socinus* now 150  
 The Son's eternal god-head disavow,  
 And did not these by Gospel Texts alone  
 Condemn our doctrine, and maintain their  
 own?  
 Have not all hereticks the same pretence,  
 To plead the Scriptures in their own defence?

How did the *Nicene* council then decide  
That strong debate, was it by Scripture  
try'd?

No sure to those the Rebel would not yield,  
Squadrons of Texts he marshal'd in the field;  
That was but civil war, an equal set, 160  
Where Piles with piles, and Eagles Eagles  
met.

With Texts point-blank and plain he fac'd  
the Foe:

And did not *Sathan* tempt our Saviour so?  
The good old Bishops took a simpler way,  
Each ask'd but what he heard his Father say,  
Or how he was instructed in his youth,  
And by tradition's force upheld the truth.

The *Panther* smil'd at this, and when, said  
she,

Were those first Councils disallow'd by me?  
Or where did I at sure tradition strike, 170  
Provided still it were Apostolick?

Friend, said the *Hind*, you quit your former  
ground,

Where all your faith you did on Scripture  
found,

Now, 'tis tradition joined with holy writ;  
But thus your memory betrays your wit.  
No, said the *Panther*, for in that I view  
When your tradition's forg'd, and when 'tis  
true.

I set 'em by the rule, and as they square }  
Or deviate from undoubted doctrine there, }  
This Oralfiction, that old Faith declare. 180  
(*Hind*.) The Council steered, it seems, a  
different course,

They try'd the Scripture by tradition's force;  
But you tradition by the Scripture try;  
Pursu'd, by sects, from this to that you fly, }  
Nor dare on one foundation to rely. }  
The Word is then depos'd, and in this view  
You rule the Scripture, not the Scripture you.  
Thus said the *Dame*, and, smiling, thus pur-  
su'd,

I see tradition then is disallow'd,  
When not evinc'd by Scripture to be true,  
And Scripture, as interpreted by you. 191  
But here you tread upon unfaithfull ground;  
Unless you cou'd infallibly expound.  
Which you reject as odious Popery,  
And throw that doctrine back with scorn  
on me.

Suppose we on things traditive divide,  
And both appeal to Scripture to decide;  
By various texts we both uphold our claim  
Nay, often ground our titles on the same:  
After long labour lost, and times expence,  
Both grant the words and quarrel for the  
sense. 201

Thus all disputes for ever must depend;  
For no dumb rule can controversies end.

Thus when you said tradition must be try'd  
By Sacred Writ, whose sense your selves  
decide,

You said no more, but that your selves  
must be

The judges of the Scripture sense, not we.  
Against our church tradition you declare,  
And yet your Clerks would sit in *Moses*  
chair: 209

At least 'tis prov'd against your argument,  
The rule is far from plain, where all dissent.

If not by Scriptures, how can we be sure,  
(Replied the *Panther*) what tradition's pure?  
For you may palm upon us new for old,  
All, as they say, that glitters is not gold.

How but by following her, reply'd the  
dame,

To whom deriv'd from sire to son they came;  
Where ev'ry age do's on another move,  
And trusts no farther than the next above;  
Where all the rounds like *Jacob's* ladder  
rise, 220

The lowest hid in earth, the topmost in the  
skyes?

Sternly the salvage did her answer mark,  
Her glowing eye-balls glitt'ring in the dark,  
And said but this, since lucre was your  
trade,

Succeeding times such dreadful gaps have  
made

'Tis dangerous climbing: to your sons and  
you

I leave the ladder, and its omen too.

(*Hind*.) The *Panther's* breath was ever  
fam'd for sweet,

But from the *Wolf* such wishes oft I meet:  
You learn'd this language from the blatant  
beast, 230

Or rather did not speak, but were possess'd.  
As for your answer, 'tis but barely urg'd;  
You must evince tradition to be forg'd;  
Produce plain proofs; unblemished authors  
use

As ancient as those ages they accuse;

158 those] *Broughton, Scott, and others give*  
that

The wretched Queen the *Cretan* Court forsakes ; 350  
 In Woods and Wilds her Habitation makes ;  
 She curses ev'ry beauteous Cow she sees ;  
 Ah, why dost thou my Lord and Master please !  
 And think'st, ungrateful Creature as thou art,  
 With frisking awkwardly, to gain his Heart.  
 She said ; and straight commands, with frowning Look,  
 To put her, undeserving, to the Yoke ;  
 Or feigns some holy Rites of Sacrifice,  
 And sees her Rival's Death with joyful Eyes :  
 Then, when the Bloody Priest has done his Part, 360  
 Pleas'd, in her Hand she holds the beating Heart ;  
 Nor from a scornful Taunt can scarce refrain ;  
 Go, Fool, and strive to please my Love again.  
 Now she would be *Europa*—*Io*, now ;  
 (One bore a Bull ; and one was made a Cow.)  
 Yet she at last her Brutal Bliss obtain'd,  
 And in a wooden Cow the Bull sustain'd ;  
 Fill'd with his Seed, accomplish'd her Desire ;  
 Till, by his Form, the Son betray'd the Sire.  
 If *Atrides* Wife to Incest had not run, 370  
 (But ah, how hard it is to love but one !)  
 His Coursers *Phabus* had not driv'n away,  
 To shun that Sight, and interrupt the Day.  
 Thy Daughter, *Nisus*, pull'd thy purple Hair,  
 And barking Sea-Dogs yet her Bowels tear.  
 At Sea and Land *Atrides* sav'd his Life,  
 Yet fell a Prey to his adul'terous Wife.  
 Who knows not what Revenge *Medea* sought,  
 When the slain Offspring bore the Father's Fault ?  
 Thus *Phanix* did a Woman's Love bewail :  
 And thus *Hippolitus* by *Phædra* fell. 381  
 These Crimes revengeful Matrons did commit :  
 Hotter their Lust, and sharper is their Wit.  
 Doubt not from them an easie Victory :  
 Scarce of a thousand Dames will one deny.  
 All Women are content that Men shou'd woo ;  
 She who complains, and She who will not do.

Rest then secure, whate'er thy Luck may prove,  
 Not to be hated for declaring Love :  
 And yet how can'st thou miss, since Woman-kind 390  
 Is frail and vain, and still to Change inclin'd ?  
 Old Husbands and stale Gallants they despise ;  
 And more another's than their own, they prize.  
 A larger Crop adorns our Neighbour's Field ;  
 More Milk his Kine from swelling Udders yield.  
 First gain the Maid ; By her thou shalt be sure  
 A free Access, and easie to procure :  
 Who knows what to her Office does belong,  
 Is in the Secret, and can hold her Tongue.  
 Bribe her with Gifts, with Promises, and Pray'rs ; 400  
 For her good Word goes far in Love Affairs.  
 The Time and fit Occasion leave to her,  
 When she most aptly can thy Sute prefer.  
 The Time for Maids to fire their Lady's Blood,  
 Is, when they find her in a merry Mood.  
 When all things at her Wish and Pleasure move :  
 Her heart is open then, and free to Love.  
 Then Mirth and Wantonness to Lust betray,  
 And smooth the Passage to the Lover's Way.  
*Troy* stood the Siege, when fill'd with anxious Care : 410  
 One merry Fit concluded all the War.  
 If some fair Rival vex her jealous Mind,  
 Offer thy Service to revenge in Kind,  
 Instruct the Damsel, while she combs her Hair,  
 To raise the Choler of that injur'd Fair :  
 And sighing, make her Mistress understand,  
 She has the Means of Vengeance in her Hand.  
 Then, naming thee, thy humble Suit prefer ;  
 And swear thou languishest and dy'st for her.  
 Then let her lose no Time, but push at all ;  
 For Women soon are rais'd, and soon they fall. 421  
 Give their first Fury Leisure to relent,  
 They melt like Ice, and suddenly repent.

But this annex'd Condition of the Crown,  
Immunity from Errours, you disown,  
Here then you shrink, and lay your weak  
pretensions down.

For petty Royalties you raise debate; 490  
But this unfailing Universal State  
You shun: nor dare succeed to such a  
glorious weight.

And for that cause those Promises detest  
With which our Saviour did his Church  
invest:

But strive t' evade, and fear to find 'em true,  
As conscious they were never meant to you:  
All which the mother church asserts her own,  
And with unrivall'd claim ascends the throne  
So when of old th' Almighty Father sate  
In Council, to redeem our ruin'd state, 500  
Millions of millions, at a distance round,  
Silent the sacred Consistory crown'd,  
To hear what mercy mixt with Justice  
cou'd propound.

All prompt with eager pity, to fulfil  
The full extent of their Creatour's will:  
But when the stern conditions were declar'd,  
A mournful whisper through the host was  
heard,

And the whole hierarchy, with heads hung  
down,

Submissively declin'd the pondrous proffer'd  
crown. 509

Then, not till then, th' eternal Son from high  
Rose in the strength of all the Deity,  
Stood forth t' accept the terms, and  
underwent

A weight which all the frame of heav'n  
had bent,

Nor he Himself cou'd bear, but as omni-  
potent.

Now, to remove the least remaining doubt,  
That even the blear-ey'd sects may find her  
out,

Behold what heavenly rays adorn her brows,  
What from his Wardrobe her below'd allows  
To deck the wedding-day of his unspotted  
spouse. 519

Behold what marks of Majesty she brings;  
Richer than antient heirs of Eastern kings:  
Her right hand holds the sceptre and the  
keys,

To show whom she commands, and who  
obeys:

Vith these to bind or set the sinner free,  
With that t' assert spiritual Royalty.

One in herself, not rent by  
Schism, but sound, *Marks*  
Entire, one solid shining Diamond, *of the*  
Not Sparkles shattered into Sects *Catholick*  
like you, *Church*  
One is the Church, and must be *from the*  
to be true: *Nicene*  
*Creed*

One central principle of unity. 530  
As undivided, so from errors free,  
As one in faith, so one in sanctity.  
Thus she, and none but she, th' insulting  
Rage

Of Hereticks oppos'd from Age to Age:  
Still when the Giant-brood invades her  
Throne,  
She stoops from Heav'n and meets 'em  
half way down,  
And with paternal Thunder vindicates her  
Crown.

But like *Egyptian* Sorcerers you stand,  
And vainly lift aloft your Magick Wand  
To sweep away the Swarms of Vermin  
from the Land. 540

You cou'd like them, with like infernal  
Force

Produce the Plague, but not arrest the  
Course.

But when the Boils and Botches, with dis-  
grace

And publick Scandal sat upon the Face,  
Themselves attack'd, the *Magi* strove no  
more,

They saw God's Finger, and their Fate  
deplore;

Themselves they cou'd not Cure of the  
dishonest sore.

Thus one, thus pure, behold her largely  
spread

Like the fair Ocean from her Mother-Bed;  
From East to West triumphantly she rides,  
All Shoars are water'd by her wealthy  
Tides. 551

The Gospel-sound, diffus'd from Pole to  
Pole,

Where winds can carry and where waves can  
roll.

The self same doctrin of the Sacred Page  
Convey'd to ev'ry clime, in ev'ry age.

Here let my sorrow give my satyr place,  
To raise new blushes on my *British* race;

541 Botches] Editors till Christie wrongly give  
Blotches



Our saying Ships like common shoars we  
use,

And through our distant Colonies diffuse  
The draughts of Dungeons and the stench  
of stews, 560

Whom, when their home-bred honesty is lost,  
We disembody on some far *Indian* coast ;  
Thieves Pandars, Palliards, sins of ev'ry sort ;  
Those are the manufactures we export ;  
And these the *Missioners* our zeal has  
made :

For, with my Countrey's pardon be it said,  
Religion is the least of all our trade.

Yet some improve their traffick more than  
we,

For they on gain, their only God, rely :  
And set a publick price on piety. 570

Industrious of the needle and the chart,  
They run full sail to their *Japponian* Mart ;  
Prevention fear, and prodigal of fame  
Sell all of Christian to the very name ;  
Nor leave enough of that to hide their  
naked shame.

Thus of three marks, which in the Creed  
we view,

Not one of all can be apply'd to you :  
Much less the fourth ; in vain alas you seek

Th' ambitious title of Apostolick : 579  
God-like descent ! 'tis well your blood can be

Prov'd noble in the third or fourth degree :  
For all of ancient that you had before,

(I mean what is not borrow'd from our  
store)

Was Errorr fulminated o'er and o'er.

Old Heresies condemned in ages past,  
By care and time recover'd from the blast.

'Tis said with ease, but never can be prov'd,

The church her old foundations has remov'd,  
And built new doctrines on unstable sands :

Judge that, ye winds and rains ; you prov'd  
her, yet she stands. 590

Those ancient doctrines charg'd on her for  
new,

Shew when, and how, and from what hands  
they grew.

◊ We claim no pow'r, when Heresies grow bold,  
To coin new faith, but still declare the old.

How else cou'd that obscene disease be  
purg'd

When controverted texts are vainly us'd ?  
To prove tradition new, there's somewhat

more  
Requir'd, than saying, 'twas not us'd before.

Those monumental arms are never stirr'd,  
Till Schism or Heresie call down *Goliath's*  
sword. 600

Thus, what you call corruptions, are in  
truth,

The first plantations of the gospel's youth,  
Old standard faith : but cast your eyes  
again,

And view those errors which new sects  
maintain,

Or which of old disturb'd the churches  
peaceful reign ;

And we can point each period of the time,  
When they began, and who begot the crime ;

Can calculate how long the eclipse endur'd,  
Who interpos'd, what digits were obscur'd :

Of all which are already pass'd away, 610  
We know the rise, the progress and decay.

Despair at our foundations then to strike,  
Till you can prove your faith Apostolick ;

A limpid stream drawn from the native  
source ;

Succession lawfull in a lineal course.  
Prove any Church, oppos'd to this our head,

So one, so pure, so unconfin'dly spread,  
Under one chief of the spiritual state,

The members all combin'd, and all sub-  
ordinate.

Show such a seamless coat, from schism so  
free, 620

In no communion joined with heresie :  
If such a one you find, let truth prevail :

Till when, your weights will in the balance  
fall :

A church unprincip'l'd kicks up the scale.  
But if you cannot think (nor sure you can

Suppose in God what were unjust in man,)   
That he, the fountain of eternal grace,

Should suffer falsehood for so long a space }  
To banish truth and to usurp her place ;

That sev'n successive ages should be lost  
And preach damnation at their proper

cost ; 631

That all your erring ancestours should die  
Drown'd in the Abyss of deep Idolatry ;

If piety forbid such thoughts to rise,  
Awake, and open your unwilling eyes :

God has left nothing for each age undone, }  
From this to that wherein he sent his Son :

Then think but well of him, and half your  
work is done.

See how his Church, adorn'd with ev'ry  
 grace,  
 With open arms, a kind forgiving face, 640  
 Stands ready to prevent her long-lost sons  
 embrace.

Not more did *Joseph* o'er his brethren weep,  
 Nor less himself cou'd from discovery keep,  
 When in the crowd of suppliants they were  
 seen,

And in their cren his best-beloved *Benjamin*.

That pious *Joseph* in the church

behold,  
 To feed your famine, and refuse  
 your gold ;

The *Joseph* you call'd, the *Joseph*  
 whom you sold.

Thus, while with heav'nly charity she  
 spoke, 649

A streaming blaze the silent shadows broke ;  
 Shot from theskyes; a cheerful azure light;  
 The birds obscene to forests wing'd their  
 flight,  
 And gaping graves receiv'd the wand'ring  
 guilty spright.

Such were the pleasing triumphs of the sky  
 For *James* his late nocturnal victory ;  
 The pledge of his Almighty patron's love,  
 The fire-works which his angel made above.  
 I saw myself the lambent easie  
 light

Gild the brown horror and dispell  
 the night ; *Poeta loquatur*

The messenger with speed the tidings bore ;  
 News which three lab'ring nations did re-  
 store ; 661

But heav'n's own *Nuntius* was arrived  
 before.

By this the *Hind* had reached her lonely  
 cell,

And vapours rose, and dews unwholesome fell,  
 When she, by frequent observation wise,  
 As one who long on heav'n had fix'd her  
 eyes.

Discern'd a change of weather in the skyes.  
 The Western borders were with crimson  
 spread,

The moon descending look'd all flaming red ;  
 She thought good manners bound her to  
 invite 670

The stranger Dame to be herguest that night.

'Tis true, coarse dyet and a short repast,  
 (She said) were weak inducements to the  
 tast

Of one so nicely bred, and so unus'd to fast,  
 But what plain fare her cottage cou'd  
 afford,

A hearty welcome at a homely board  
 Was freely hers ; and to supply the rest,  
 An honest meaning, and an open breast.

Last, with content of mind, the poor man's  
 Wealth ;

A grace-cup to their common Patron's  
 health. 680

Thus she desired her to accept, and stay,  
 For fear she might be widd'ed in her  
 way,

Because she wanted an unerring guide,  
 And then the dew-drops on her silken  
 hide

Her tender constitution did declare,  
 Too Lady-like a long fatigue to bear,  
 And rough inclemencies of raw nocturnal air.

But most she fear'd that, travelling so late,  
 Some evil-minded beasts might lye in wait,  
 And without witness wreak their hidden  
 hate. 690

The *Panther*, though she lent a listening  
 ear,

Had more of *Lion* in her than to fear :  
 Yet n usely weighing, since she had to deal  
 With many foes, their numbers might  
 prevail,

Returned her all the thanks she could  
 afford ;

And took her friendly hostess at her word,  
 Who ent'ring first her lowly roof, (a shed  
 With hoary moss and winding Ivy spread,  
 Honest enough to hide an humble Hermit's  
 head.)

Thus graciously bespoke her welcome guest :  
 Somight these walls, with your fair presence  
 blest, 701

Become your dwelling-place of everlasting  
 rest,

Not for a night, or quick revolving year,  
 Welcome an owner, not a sojourner.

This peaceful Seat my poverty secures,  
 War seldom enters but where wealth allures  
 Nor yet dispise it, for this poor aboad  
 Has oft receiv'd and yet receives a god ;

A god, victorious of the stygian race,  
 Here laid his sacred limbs, and sanctified the  
 place. 710

651 skyes ;] the add omits the semi-colon, giving  
 a false construction.

This mean retreat did mighty *Pan* contain;  
 Be emulous of him, and pomp disdain,  
 And dare not to debase your soul to gain.  
 The silent stranger stood amaz'd to see  
 Contempt of wealth, and wifull poverty:  
 And, though ill habits are not soon con-  
 troll'd,  
 A while suspended her desire of gold.

But civilly drew in her sharpn'd paws,  
 Not violating hospitable laws,  
 And pacify'd her tail and lick'd her frothy  
 jaws. 720  
 The *Hind* did first her country Cates  
 provide;  
 Then couch'd her self securely by her  
 side.

## THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

## THE THIRD PART.

Much malice mingl'd with a little wit  
 Perhaps may censure this mysterious writ:  
 Because the Muse has peopl'd *Caledon*  
 With *Panthers*, *Bears* and *Wolves*, and  
 beasts unknown,  
 As if we were not stock'd with monsters of  
 our own.  
 Let *Æsop* answer, who has set to view,  
 Such kinds as *Greece* and *Phrygia* never  
 knew;  
 And mother *Hubbard* in her homely dress  
 Has sharply blam'd a *British Lioness*,  
 That *Queen*, whose least the factious rabble  
 keep. 10  
 Expos'd obscenely naked and a-sleep.  
 Led by those great examples, may not I  
 The wanted organs of their words supply?  
 If men transact like brutes, 'tis equal then  
 For brutes to claim the privilege of men.  
 Others our *Hind* of folly will endure,  
 To entertain a dang'rous guest by night.  
 Let those remember, that she cannot dye  
 Till rolling time is lost in round eternity:  
 Nor need she fear the *Panther*, though un-  
 tam'd, 20  
 Because the *Lyon's* peace was now proclaim'd;  
 The wary salvage would not give offence,  
 To forfeit the protection of her *Prince*;  
 But watch'd the time her vengeance to  
 compleat,  
 When all her furry sons in frequent Senate  
 met.  
 Mean while she quench'd her fury at the flood  
 And with a Lenten sallad cool'd her blood.  
 Their commons, though but course, were  
 nothing scant,  
 Nor did their minds an equal banquet want.

For now the *Hind*, whose noble nature  
 strove 30  
 T' express her plain simplicity of love.  
 Did all the honours of her house so well,  
 No sharp debates disturb'd the friendly meal.  
 She turn'd the talk, avoiding that extreme,  
 To common dangers past, a sally pleasing  
 them;  
 Remembering ev'ry storm which toss'd the  
 state,  
 When both were objects of the publick hate.  
 And drop'd a tear betwixt for her own  
 children's fate.  
 Nor fail'd she then a full review to make  
 Of what the *Panther* suffer'd for her sake. 40  
 Her lost esteem, her truth, her loyal care,  
 Her faith unshaken to an evil'd Heir,  
 Her strength t' endure, her courage to defy,  
 Her choice of honourable infamy.  
 On these proudly thankfull, she enlarg'd.  
 Then with acknowledgments her self she  
 charg'd:  
 For friendship of it self, an holy tie,  
 Is made more sacred by adversity.  
 Now should they part, malicious tongues  
 wou'd say,  
 They met like chance companions on the  
 way, 50  
 Whom mutual fear of robbers had possess'd;  
 While danger lasted, kindness was profess'd;  
 But that once o'er, the short-liv'd union end,  
 The road divides, and there divide the friends.  
 The *Panther* nodded when her speech was  
 done,  
 And thanked her coldly in a hollow tone.  
 But said, her gratitude had gone too far  
 For common offices of Christian care.

If to the lawfull Heir she had been true,  
 She paid but *Cæsar* what was *Cæsar's* due. 60  
 I might, she added, with like praise describe  
 Your suff'ring sons, and so return your  
 bribe;

But incense from my hands is poorly priz'd,  
 Forgits are scorn'd where givers are despis'd.  
 I serv'd a turn, and then was cast away;  
 You, like the gandy fly, your wings display,  
 And sip the sweets, and bask in your Great  
*Patron's* day.

This heard, the *Matron* was not slow to  
 find

What sort of malady had seiz'd her mind:  
 Disdain, with gnawing envy, fell despatch, 70  
 And canker'd malice stood in open sight:  
 Ambition, int'rest, pride without controul,  
 And jealousy, the jaundice of the soul;  
 Revenge, the bloody minister of ill,  
 With all the lean tormenters of the will.

'Twas easie now to guess from whence arose  
 Her new made union with her ancient foes.

Her forc'd civilities, her faint embrace,  
 Affected kindness with an alter'd face:

Yet durst she not too deeply probe the  
 wound, 80

As hoping still the nobler parts were sound;  
 But strove with Anodynes t' assuage the  
 smart,

And mildly thus her med'cine did impart.

Complaints of Lovers help to ease their  
 pain;

It shows a Rest of kindness to complain,  
 A friendship loth to quit its former hold,

And conscious merit may be justly bold.  
 But much more just your jealousy would  
 show,

If others good were injury to you:  
 Witness ye heav'ns how I rejoice to see 90

Rewarded worth, and rising loyalty.  
 Your Warrior Offspring that upheld the  
 crown,

The scarlet honours of your peacefull gown,  
 Are the most pleasing objects I can find,

Charms to my sight, and cordials to my  
 mind:

When vertue spooms before a prosperous  
 gale,

My heaving wishes help to fill the sail;  
 And if my pray'rs for all the brave were  
 heard,

*Cæsar* should still have such, and such should  
 still reward.

The labour'd earth your pains have sow'd  
 and till'd; 100

'Tis just you reap the product of the field.  
 Yours be the harvest, 'tis the beggars gam

To glean the fallings of the loaded wain.  
 Such scatter'd ears as are not worth your  
 care,

Your charity for alms may safely spare,  
 And alms are but the vehicles of pray'r.

My daily bread is litt'rally unplor'd,  
 I have no barns nor granaries to hoard;

If *Cæsar* to his own his hand extends,  
 Say which of yours his charity offends: 110

You know, he largely gives, to more than  
 are his friends.

Are you defrauded when he feeds the poor?  
 Our mite decreases nothing of your store;

I am but few, and by your fare you see  
 My crying sins are not of luxury.

Some juster motive sure your mind with-  
 draws,

And makes you break our friendships holy  
 laws,

For barefac'd envy is too base a cause.  
 Show more occasion for your discontent;

Your love, the *Wolf*, would help you to in-  
 vent. 120

Some *German* quarrel, or, as times go now,  
 Some *French*, where force is uppermost, will  
 doe.

When at the fountains head, as merit ought  
 To claim the place, you take a swelling  
 draught,

How easie 'tis an envious eye to throw  
 And tax the sheep for troubling streams  
 below;

Or call her, (when no farther cause you  
 find,) 130

An enemy profess'd of all your kind!  
 But then, perhaps, the wicked world would  
 think

The *Wolf* design'd to eat as well as drink. 130  
 This last allusion gaul'd the *Panther* more,

Because indeed it rubb'd upon the sore.  
 Yet seem'd she not to winch, though  
 shrewdly pain'd:

But thus her Passive character maintain'd.  
 I never grudg'd, whate'er my foes report,

Your flaunting fortune in the *Lyon's* court.  
 You have your day, or you are much bely'd,

But I am always on the suff'ring side:  
 You know my doctrine, and I need not say  
 I will not, but I cannot disobey. 140

On this firm principle I ever stood :  
He of my sons who fails to make it good,  
By one rebellious act renounces to my  
bloud.

Ah, said the *Hind*, how many sons have  
you

Whocall you mother, whom you never knew!  
But most of them who that relation plead  
Are such ungratious youths as wish you dead.  
They gape at rich revenues which you hold  
And fain would nibble at your grandame gold  
Enquire into your years, and laugh to find ;  
Your crazy temper shows you much declin'd.  
Were you not dum, and doted, you might see  
A pack of cheats that claim a pedigree, 152  
No more of kin to you, than you to me.  
Do you not know that for a little coin  
*Heralds* can foist a name into the line ?  
They ask you blessing but for what you have,  
But once possess'd of what with care you  
save,

The wanton boyes wou'd piss upon your  
grave.

Your sons of Latitude that court your  
grace, 160

Though most resembling you in form and  
face,

Are far the worst of your pretended race.  
And, but I blush your honesty to blot :  
Pray God you prove 'em lawfully begot :  
For, in some *Papish* libells I have read,  
The *Wol* has been too busie in your bed ;  
At least their hinder parts, the belly-piece,  
The paunch, and all that *Scorpio* claims are  
his.

Their malice too a sore suspicion brings ;  
For though they dare not bark, they snarl at  
kings ; 170

Nor blame 'em for intruding in your line,  
Fat Bishopricks are still of right divine.

Think you your new *French* Proselytes are  
come

To starve abroad, because they starv'd at  
home ?

Your benefices twinckl'd from afar,  
They found the new *Messiah* by the star :  
Those *Swisses* fight on any side for pay,  
And 'tis the living that conforms, not they.  
Mark with what management their tribes  
divide,

Some stick to you, and some to t'other side  
That many churches may for many mouths  
provide. 181

More vacant pulpits wou'd more converts  
make ;

All wou'd have Latitude enough to take ;  
The rest unbenefic'd, your sects maintain  
For ordinations without cures are vain,  
And chamber practice is a silent gain.

Your sons of breadth at home, are much like  
these,

Their soft and yielding metals run with  
ease ;

They melt, and take the figure of the mould :  
But harden, and preserve it best in gold. 190

Your *Delphick* sword, the *Panther* then  
reply'd,

Is double-edg'd, and cuts on either side.  
Some sons of mine, who bear upon their  
shield,

Three steeples Argent in a sable field,  
Have sharply tax'd your converts, who unfed  
Have follow'd you for miracles of bread ;

Such who themselves of no religion are,  
Allur'd with gain, for any will declare.

Bare lyes with bold assertions they can face,  
But dint of argument is out of place. 200

The grim Logician puts 'em in a fright,  
'Tis easier far to flourish than to fight.

Thus, our eighth *Henry's* marriage they  
defame ;

They say the schism of beds began the  
game,

Divorcing from the *Church* to wed the  
Dame.

Though largely prov'd, and by himself pro-  
fess'd

That conscience, conscience would not let  
him rest :

I mean, not till possess'd of her he lov'd,  
And old, uncharming *Catherine* was remov'd.

For sundry years before did he complain, 210  
And told his ghostly Confessour his pain.

With the same impudence, without a ground,  
They say, that look the reformation round,

No *Treatise of Humility* is found.  
But if none were, the Gospel does not  
want,

Our *Saviour* preach'd it, and I hope you  
grant,

The Sermon in the mount was *Protestant* :  
No doubt, reply'd the *Hind*, as sure as all

The writings of Saint *Peter* and Saint *Paul*.  
On that decision let it stand or fall. 220

Now for my converts, who you say unfed  
Have follow'd me for miracles of bread.

Judge not by hear-say, but observe at least,  
If since their change, their loaves have been  
increase.

The *Lyon* buyes no Converts, if he did,  
Beasts wou'd be sold as fast as he cou'd bid  
Tax those of int'rest who conform for gain,  
Or stay the market of another reign.

Your broad-way sons wou'd never be too nice  
To close with *Calvin*, if he paid their price ;  
But, rais'd threesteeple high'r, wou'd change  
their note, 231

And quit the Cassock for the Canting-coat.  
Now, if you damn this censure, as too bold,  
Judge by your selves, and think not others  
sold.

Mean-time my sons accus'd, by fames  
report

Pay small attendance at the *Lyon's* court,  
Nor rise with early crowds, nor flatter late,  
(For silently they beg who daily wait.)

Preferment is bestow'd that comes unsought,  
Attendance is a bribe, and then 'tis bought.  
How they shou'd speed, their fortune is  
untry'd, 241

For not to ask, is not to be denied.  
For what they have their *God* and *King* they  
bless,

And hope they shou'd not murmur, had they  
less.

But if reduc'd subsistence to implore,  
In common prudence they wou'd pass your  
door.

Unpitty'd *Hudibrass*, your Champion friend,  
Has shown how far your charities extend  
This lasting verse shall on his tomb be  
read,

*He sham'd you living, and upbraids you dead.*  
With odious *Atheist* names you load your  
foes, 251

Your lib'ral *Clergy* why did I expose ?

It never fails in charities like those.

In climes where true religion is profess'd,

That imputation were no laughing jest,

But *Imprimatur*, with a Chaplain's name,

Is here sufficient licence to defame.

What wonder is't that black detraction  
thrives ?

The Homicide of names is less than lives,

And yet the perjurd murderer sur-  
vives. 260

This said, she paus'd a little, and sup-  
press'd

The boiling indignation of her breast ;

She knew the vertue of her blade, nor wou'd  
Pollute her satyr with ignoble blood :

Her panting foes she saw before her lye,

And back she drew the shining weapon dry

So when the gen'rous *Lyon* has in sight

His equal match, he rouses for the fight ;

But when his foe lyes prostrate on the plain,

He sheathes his paws, uncurls his angry  
mane ; 270

And, pleas'd with bloudless honours of the  
day,

Walks over and disdains th' inglorious Prey.

So *JAMES*, if great with less we may compare,

Arrests his rowling thunder-bolts in air ;

And grants ungratefull friends a lengthn'd  
space,

T' implore the remnants of long suff'ring  
grace.

This breathing-time the *Matron* took ; and  
then,

Resum'd the thrid of her discourse agen.

Be vengeance wholly left to pow'rs divine,

And let heav'n judge betwixt your sons and  
mine : 280

If joyes hereafter must be purchas'd here

With loss of all that mortals hold so dear,

Then welcome infamy and publick shame,

And, last, a long farewell to worldly fame

'Tissaid with ease, but oh, how hardly try'd }

By haughty souls to humane honour ty'd ! }

O sharp convulsive pangs of agonizing pride ! }

Down then, thou rebell, never more to rise,

And what thou didst and dost so dearly  
prize,

That fame, that darling fame, make that  
thy sacrifice. 290

'Tis nothing thou hast giv'n ; then add thy  
tears

For a long race of unrepenting years

'Tis nothing yet ; yet all thou hast to give :

Then add those *may-be* years thou hast to  
live.

Yet nothing still then poor, and naked }  
come,

Thy father will receive his unthrift home,

And thy blest Saviour's blood discharge the  
mighty sum

Thus (she pursu'd) I discipline a son

Whose uncheck'd fury to revenge wou'd run :

He clamps the bit, impatient of his loss, 300

And starts a-side and flounders at the cross.

Instruct him better, gracious God, to know,

As thine is vengeance, so forgiveness too ;

That, suff'ring from ill tongues he bears no  
more

Than what his Sovereign bears, and what his  
Saviour bore.

It now remains for you to school your child,  
And ask why *God's* anointed he revild;  
A *King* and *Princess* dead! did *Shimei* worse?  
The curser's punishment should fright the  
curse: 309

Your son was warn'd, and wisely gave it o're,  
But he who counsell'd him has paid the  
score:

The heavy malice cou'd no higher tend,  
But woe to him on whom the weights  
descend:

So to permitted ills the *Demon* flies:  
His rage is aim'd at him who rules the skies;  
Constrain'd to quit his cause, no succour  
found,

The foe discharges ev'ry Tyre around,  
In clouds of smoke abandoning the fight,  
But his own thund'ring peals proclaim his  
flight.

In *Henry's* change his charge as ill  
succeeds; 320  
To that long story little answer needs,  
Confront but *Henry's* words with *Henry's*  
deeds.

Were space allow'd, with ease it might be  
prov'd,

What springs his blessed reformation mov'd.  
The dire effects appear'd in open sight,  
Which from the cause, he calls a distant  
flight

And yet no larger leap than from the sun  
to light.

Now last, your sons a double *Pæan* sound,  
A *Treatise of Humility* is found.

'Tis found, but better had it ne'er been  
sought 330

Than thus in Protestant procession brought,  
The fam' l original through *Spain* is known,  
*Rodriguez* work, my celebrated son,  
Which yours by ill-translating made his own;  
Conceal'd its authour, and usurp'd the name,  
The basest and ignoblest theft of fame.

My Altars kindl'd first that living coal;  
Restore, or practice better what you stole:  
That virtue could this humble verse inspire,  
'Tis all the restitution I require. 340

Glad was the *Panther* that the charge was  
clos'd,

And none of all her fav'rite sons expos'd.

For laws of arms permit each injur'd man  
To make himself a saver where he can.  
Perhaps the plunder'd merchant cannot tell  
The names of Pirates in whose hands he  
fell:

But at the den of thieves he justly flies,  
And ev'ry *Algerine* is lawfull prize.  
No private person in the foes estate 349  
Can plead exemption from the publick fate.  
Yet Christian laws allow not such redress;  
Then let the greater supersede the less.  
But let th' Abbetors of the *Panther's* crime  
Learn to make fairer wars another time.  
Some characters may sure be found to write  
Among her sons; for 'tis no common sight,  
A spotted Dam, and all her offspring white.

The *Salvage*, though she saw her plea con-  
troll'd,

Yet wou'd not wholly seem to quit her  
hold,

But offer'd fairly to compound the strife; 360  
And judge conversion by the convert's life.  
'Tis true, she said, I think it somewhat  
strange

So few shou'd follow profitable change;  
For present joys are more to flesh and bloud  
Than a dull prospect of a distant good.

'Twas well alluded by a son of mine,  
(I hope to quote him is not to purloin;)  
Two magnets, heav'n and earth, allure to  
bliss;

The larger loadstone that, the nearer this:  
The weak attraction of the greater fails, 370  
We nodd a-while, but neighbourhood pre-  
vails:

But when the greater proves the nearer too,  
I wonder more your converts come so slow.  
Methinks in those who firm with me remain,  
It shows a nobler principle than gain.

Your inf'rence wou'd be strong (the *Hind*  
reply'd)

If yours were in effect the suff'ring side;  
Your clergy sons their own in peace possess,  
Nor are their prospects in reversion less.  
My Proselytes are struck with awfull dread,  
Your bloody Comet-laws hang blazing o're  
their head. 381

The respite they enjoy but onely lent,  
The best they have to hope, protracted  
punishment.

Be judge your self, if int'rest may prevail,  
Which motives, yours or mine, will turn the  
scale.

While pride and pomp allure, and plenteous  
ease,  
That is, till man's predominant passions  
cease,

Admire no longer at my slow encrease.

By education most have been misled; 389  
So they believe, because they so were bred.  
The *Priest* continues what the nurse began,  
And thus the child imposes on the man.

The rest I nam'd before, nor need repeat;  
But int'rest is the most prevailing cheat,  
The sly seducer both of age and youth;  
They study that, and think they study truth:  
When int'rest fortifies an argument,  
Weak reason serves to gain the will assent;  
For souls, already warp'd, receive an easie  
bent. 399

Add long prescription of establish'd laws,  
And pique of honour to maintain a cause,  
And shame of change, and fear of future ill,  
And Zeal, the blind conductor of the will;  
And chief among the still mistaking crowd,  
The fame of teachers obstinate and proud,  
And, more than all, the private Judge  
allowed.

Disdain of Fathers which the daunce began,  
And last, uncertain whose the narrower  
span,

The clown unread, and half-read gentleman.

To this the *Panther*, with a scornfull smile.  
Yet still you travail with unwearied toil, 411  
And range around the realm without con-  
troll

Among my sons for proselytes to prole,  
And here and there you snap some silly soul.  
You hinted fears of future change in state,  
Pray heav'n you did not prophesie your fate;  
Perhaps you think your time of triumph  
near,

But may mistake the season of the year;  
The *Swallows* fortune gives you cause to  
fear.

For charity (reply'd the *Matron*) tell 420  
Whatsad mischance those pretty birds befall.

Nay, no mischance, (the salvage Dame  
reply'd,)

But want of wit in their unerring guide,  
And eager haste and gaudy hopes and  
giddy pride.

Yet, wishing timely warning may prevail,  
Make you the moral, and I'll tell the tale.

The *Swallow*, privileg'd above the rest  
Of all the birds as man's familiar guest,

Pursues the Sun in summer brisk and bold,  
But wisely shuns the persecuting cold: 430  
Is well to chancels and to chimnies known,  
Though 'tis not thought she feeds on smoak  
alone.

From hence she has been field of heav'nly  
line,

Endu'd with particles of soul divine.

This merry Chorister had long possess'd  
Her summer seat, and feather'd well her  
nest.

Till frowning skys began to change their  
chear,

And time turn'd up the wrong side of the  
year;

The shedding trees began the ground to strow  
With yellow leaves, and bitter blasts to blow.  
Sad auguries of winter thence she drew, 441

Which by instinct, or Prophecy, she knew:  
When prudence warn'd her to remove be-  
times,

And seek a better heav'n and warmer clymes.

Her sons were summon'd on a steeples  
height,

And, call'd in common council, vote a flight;  
The day was nam'd, the next that shou'd  
be fair,

All to the gen'ral rendezvous repair,  
They try their flutt'ring wings and trust  
themselves in air. 449

But whether upward to the moon they go,  
Or dream the winter out in caves below,  
Or hawk at flies elsew here, concerns not us  
to know.

Southwards, you may be sure, they bent  
their flight,

And harbour'd in a hollow rock at night;

Next morn they rose, and set up ev'ry sail;

The wind was fair, but blew a *mackrel* gale;

The sickly young sat shiv'ring on the shoar,

Abhor'd salt-water never seen before,

And pray'd their tender mothers to delay  
The passage, and expect a fairer day. 460

With these the *Martyn* readily concurr'd,

A church-begot and church-believing bird;

Of little body, but of lofty mind,

Round belly'd, for a dignity design'd,

And much a dunce, as *Martyns* are by km'd.

Yet often quoted Canon-laws and *Co'se*

And Fathers which he never under-tood,

But little learning needs in noble blood.

For, sooth to say, the *Swallow* brought him in,  
Her household Chaplain, and her next of kin.



In Superstition silly to excess, 471  
And casting Schemes, by planetary guess :  
In fine, shortwing'd, unfit himself to fly,  
His fear foretold foul-weather in the sky.

Besides, a *Raven* from a withered Oak,  
Left of their lodging, was observed to croke.  
That omen lik'd him not, so his advice  
Was present safety, bought at any price :  
(A seeming pious care that covered cowardise )

To strengthen this, he told a boding dream.  
Of rising waters and a troubl'd stream, 481  
Sure signs of anguish, dangers, and distress,  
With something more, not lawfull to express :  
By which he slyly seemed to intimate  
Some secret revelation of their fate.

For he concluded, once upon a time,  
He found a leaf inscrib'd with sacred rime,  
Whose antique characters did well denote  
The *Sibyl's* hand of the *Cumæan* Grott :

The mad divineress had plainly writ, 490  
A time should come (but many ages yet,)  
In which, sinister destinies ordain,  
A *Dame* should drown with all her feather'd

train,  
And seas from thence be called the *Chelidonian* main.

At this, some shook for fear, the more devout  
Arose, and bless'd themselves from head to foot.

'Tis true, some stagers of the wiser sort  
Made all these idle wondersments their sport  
They said, their onely danger was delay,  
And he who heard what ev'ry fool cou'd say,

Would never fix his thoughts, but trim his  
time away. 501

The passage yet was good ; the wind, 'tfs  
true,

Was somewhat high, but that was nothing  
new,

Nor more than usual *Equinoxes* blew.

The Sun (already from the scales declin'd)  
Gave little hopes of better days behind,  
But change from bad to worse of weather  
and of wind.

Nor need they fear the dampness of the Sky  
Should flag their wings, and hinder them  
to fly,

'Twas onely water thrown on sails too dry.

But, least of all, *Philosophy* presumes 511  
Of truth in dreams, from melancholy fumes ;  
Perhaps the *Martyn*, hous'd in holy ground,

Might think of Ghosts that walk their mid-  
night round,

Till grosser atoms tumbling in the stream  
Of fancy, madly met and clubb'd into a  
dream.

As little weight his vain presages bear,  
Of ill effect to such alone who fear.

Most prophecies are of a piece with these,  
Each *Nostradamus* can foretell withease : 520  
Not naming persons, and confounding times,  
One casual truth supports a thousand lying  
rimes.

Th' advice was true, but fear had seized  
the most,

And all good counsel is on cowards lost.

The question crudely put, to shun delay,

'Twas carried by the *major* part to stay.

His point thus gained, Sir *Martyn* dated  
thence

His pow'r, and from a Priest became a Prince.

He order'd all things with a busie care,

And cells, and refectories did prepare, 530

And large provisions laid of winter fare.

But now and then let fall a word or two

Of hope, that heav'n some miracle might

show,

And, for their sakes the sun should back-

ward go ;

Against the laws of nature upward climb,

And, mounted on the *Ram*, renew the prime :

For which two proofs in Sacred story lay,

Of *Ahaz* dial and of *Josuah's* day.

In expectation of such times as these

A chapel hous'd 'em, truly call'd of ease : 540

For *Martyn* much devotion did not ask,

They pray'd sometimes, and that was all  
their task.

It happen'd (as beyond the reach of wit

Blind prophecies may have a lucky hit)

That this accomplish'd, or at least in part,

Gave great repute to their new *Merlin's* art.

Some \**Swifts*, the Gyants of the

*Swallow* kind,

Large limb'd, stout-hearted, \**Otherwise*

but of stupid mind, call'd

(For *Swisses*, or for *Gibeonites*) martlets

design'd.)

These Lubbers, peeping through a broken

pane, 550

To suck fresh air, survey'd the neighbouring

plain ;

And saw (but scarcely could believe their eyes)

New Blossoms flourish and new flow'rs arise ;

As God had been abroad, and walking there  
 Had left his foot-steps and reform'd the year  
 The sunny hills from far were seen to glow  
 With glittering beams, and in the meads  
 below  
 The burnish'd brooks appear'd with liquid  
 gold to flow.

At last they heard the foolish *Cuckow* sing,  
 Whose note proclaim'd the holy-day of  
 spring. 560

No longer doubting, all prepare to fly  
 And repossess their patrimonial sky.  
 The *Priest* tell 'em did his wings display,  
 And that good omens might attend their  
 way,  
 As luck wou'd have it, 'twas *St. Martyn's*  
 day.

Who but the *Swallow* now triumphs alone?  
 The Canopy of heaven is all her own;  
 Her youthfull offspring to their haunts re-  
 pair; 568

And glide along in glades, and skim in air,  
 And dip for insects in the purling springs,  
 And stoop on rivers to refresh their wings.  
 Their mothers think a fair provision made,  
 That ev'ry son can live upon his trade,  
 And now the careful charge is off their hands,  
 Look out for husbands and new nuptial  
 bands:

The youthfull widow longs to be supply'd;  
 But first the lover is by *Lawyers* ty'd  
 To settle jointure-chimneys on the bride.

So thick they couple, in so short a space,  
 That *Martyn's* marriage offerings rise apace;  
 Their ancient houses, running to decay, 581  
 Are furbish'd up and cemented with clay;  
 They teem already; stores of eggs are laid,

And brooding mothers call *Lucina's* aid.  
 Fame spreads the news, and foreign fowls  
 appear

In flocks to greet the new returning year,  
 To bless the founder, and partake the cheer.

And now 'twas time (so fast their numbers  
 rise)

To plant abroad, and people colonies;  
 The youth drawn forth, as *Martyn* had  
 desir'd 590

(For so their cruel destiny requir'd)  
 Were sent far off on an ill fated day;

The rest wou'd need conduct 'em on their  
 way,

And *Martyn* went, because he fear'd alone  
 to stay.

So long they flew with inconsiderate haste,  
 That now their afternoon began to waste;  
 And, what was ominous, that very morn  
 The Sun was ent'rd into *Capricorn*;  
 Which, by their bad Astronomers account,  
 That week the virgin balance shou'd re-  
 mount; 600

An infant moon eclips'd him in his way,  
 And hid the small remainders of his day:  
 The crowd amaz'd pursued no certain mark;  
 But birds met birds, and jostled in the dark;  
 Few mind the publick in a Panick fright;  
 And fear increas'd the horror of the night.  
 Night came, but unattended with repose;  
 Alone she came, no sleep their eyes to close,  
 Alone, and black she came, no friendly stars  
 arose.

What shou'd they doe, beset with  
 dangers round, 610  
 No neighbouring Dorp, no lodging to be  
 found,  
 But bleakly plains, and bare unhospitable  
 ground?

The latter brood, who just began to fly,  
 Sick-feathered and unpractis'd in the sky,  
 For succour to their helpless mother call,  
 She spread her wings, some few beneath  
 'em crawl,  
 She spread 'em wider yet, but cou'd not  
 cover all.

T' augment their woes, the winds began to  
 move

Debate in air, for empty fields above,  
 Till *Boreas* got the skyes, and poured  
 amain 620

His rattling hail-stones mix'd with snow and  
 rain.

The joyless morning late arose and found  
 A dreadful desolation reign a-round,  
 Some buried in the Snow, some frozen to  
 the ground:

The rest were struggling still with death, and  
 lay

The *Crows* and *Ravens* rights, an undefended  
 prey;

Excepting *Martyn's* race, for they and he  
 Had gain'd the shelter of a hollow tree,  
 But soon discover'd by a sturdy clown,  
 He headed all the rabble of a town, 630  
 And finish'd 'em with bats, or poll'd 'em  
 down.

*Martyn* himself was caught a-live, and try'd  
For treas'nous crimes, because the laws  
provide

No *Martyn* there in winter shall abide.  
High on an Oak which never leaf shall bear,  
He breath'd his last, exposed to open air,  
And there his corps, unblest'd, is hanging  
still,

To show the change of winds with his prophetic  
bill.

The patience of the *Hind* did almost fail,  
For well she mark'd the malice of the tale:  
Which Ribbald art their church to *Luther*  
owes, 641

In malice it began, by malice grows,  
He sowed the *Serpeni's* teeth, an iron-  
harvest rose.

But most in *Martyn's* character and fate,  
She saw her slander'd sons, the *Panther's*  
hate,

The people's rage, the persecuting state:  
Then said, I take th' advice in friendly part,  
You clear your conscience, or at least your  
heart:

Perhaps you fail'd in your fore-seeing skill,  
For *Swallows* are unlucky birds to kill: 650  
As for my sons, the family is blest'd,  
Whose every child is equal to the rest:  
No church reform'd can boast a blameless  
line:

Such *Martyns* build in yours, and more than  
mine:

Or else an old fanatick Author lyes,  
Who summ'd their Scandals up by Centuries.  
But through your parable I plainly see  
The bloody laws, the crowds barbarity:  
The sun-shine that offends the purblind sight,  
Had some their wishes, it wou'd soon be  
night. 660

Mistake me not, the charge concerns not you,  
Your sons are male-contents, but yet are true.  
As far as non-resistance makes 'em so,  
But that's a word of neutral sense you know,  
A passive term, which no relief will bring,  
But trims betwixt a rebell and a king.

Rest well assured, the *Pardelis* reply'd,  
My sons wou'd all support the regal side,  
Though heav'n forbid the cause by battel  
should be try'd.

The Matron answered with a loud Amen,  
And thus pursu'd her argument agen. 671

If, as you say, and as I hope no less,  
Your sons will practise what your self  
profess,

What angry pow'r prevents our present  
peace?

The *Lyon*, studious of our common good,  
Desires (and Kings desires are ill withstood)  
To join our Nations in a lasting love;  
The barrs betwixt are easie to remove,  
For sanguinary laws were never made  
above.

If you condemn that Prince of Tyranny 680  
Whose mandate forced your *Gallick* friends  
to fly.

Make not a worse example of your own,  
Or cease to rail at causeless rigour shown,  
And let the guiltless person throw the stone.  
His blunted sword, your suff'ring brother-  
hood

Have seldom felt, he stop: it short of blood:  
But you have ground the persecuting knife  
And set it to a razor edge on life.

Curs'd be the wit which cruelty refines  
Or to his father's rod the *Scorpion* joins;  
Your finger is more gross than the great  
Monarch's loins. 691

But you perhaps remove that bloody note,  
And stick it on the first Reformers coat.  
Oh let their crime in long oblivion sleep,  
'Twas theirs indeed to make, 'tis yours to  
keep.

Unjust, or just, is all the question now,  
'Tis plain, that not repealing you allow.

To name the Test wou'd put you in a rage;  
You charge not that on any former age,  
But smile to think how innocent you stand  
Arm'd by a weapon put into your hand. 701  
Yet still remember that you wield a sword  
Forg'd by your foes against your Sovereign  
Lord.

Designed to hew th' imperial Cedar down,  
Defraud Succession and dis-heir the Crown.  
T' abhor the makers, and their laws approve,  
Is to hate Traytors and the treason love:  
What means it else, which now your children  
say,

We made it not, nor will we take away?  
Suppose some great Oppressor had by  
slight 710

Of law, disseis'd your brother of his right,  
Your common sire surrendring in a fright;  
Would you to that unrighteous title stand,  
Left by the villain's will to heir the land? 720

More just was *Judas*, who his Saviour sold ;  
The sacrilegious bribe he cou'd not hold,  
Nor hang in peace, before he rend'r'd back  
the gold.

What more could you have done than now  
you doe,

Had *Oates* and *Bedlow*, and their Plot been  
true ?

Some specious reasons for those wrongs  
were found ;

The dire Magicians threw their mists  
around,

And wise men walk'd as on enchanted  
ground.

But now when time has made th' imposture  
plain,

(Late though he follow'd truth, & limping  
held her train,)

What new delusion charms your cheated  
eyes again ?

The painted Harlot might a while bewitch,  
But why the flag uncas'd and all obscene  
with it ?

The first Reformers were a modest race ;  
Our Peers possessed in peace their native  
place :

And when rebellious arms o'returned the  
state

They suffer'd onely in the common fate ;  
But now the Sov'reign mounts the regal chair

And mix'd seats are full, yet *David's* bench  
is bare :

Your answer is, they were not dispossess'd,  
They need but rub their mettle on the Test  
To prove their ore : 'twere well if gold  
alone

Were touch'd and try'd on your discerning  
stone ;

But that unfaithfull Test unfound will pass  
The dross of Atheists and sectarian brass :

As if the experiment were made to hold  
For base productions, and reject the gold :

Thus men ungodded may to places rise,  
And sects may be preferr'd without disguise :

No danger to the church or state from  
these ;

The Papist onely has his Writ of ease.

No gainfull office gives him the pretence

To grind the Subject or defraud the Prince.  
Wrong conscience, or no conscience may  
deserve

To thrive, but ours alone is privileg'd to  
serve.

Sull thank your selves, you cry, your noble  
race

We banish not, but they forsake the place.

Our doors are open: true, but e'er they come,  
You toss your censuring Test and fume the

room ;  
As if 'twere *Toby's* rival to expell,

And fright the fiend who could not bear the  
smell.

To this the *Panther* sharply had reply'd ;  
But, having gain'd a Verdict on her side,

She wisely gave the loser leave to chide ;  
Well satisfied to have the But and peace,

And for the Plaintiff's cause she car'd the  
less,

Because she su'd in *form'd Pauperis* ;  
Yet thought it decent something shou'd be  
said,

For secret guilt by silence is betray'd :  
So neither granted all, nor much deny'd,

But answer'd with a yawning kind of pride  
Methinks such terms of proffer'd peace

you bring,  
As once *Aeneas* to th' *Italian King* :

By long possession all the land is mine,  
You strangers come with your intruding

line  
To share my sceptre, which you call to join.

You plead like him an ancient Pedigree, 771  
And claim a peacefull seat by fates decree.

In ready pomp your Sacrificer stands,  
To unite the *Trojan* and the *Latin* bands,

And that the league more firmly may be ty'd,  
Demand the fair *Lavinia* for your bride.

Thus plausibly you veil th' intended wrong,  
But still you bring your exil'd gods along ;

And will endeavour in succeeding space,  
Those household Poppits on our hearths to

place.

Perhaps some barb'rous laws have been pre-  
ferr'd ;

I spake against the *Test*, but was not heard.  
These to rescind and Peerage to restore

My gracious Sov'reign wou'd my vote  
implore :

I owe him much, but owe my conscience  
more.

Conscience is then your Plea, replied the  
Dame,

Which well-informed will ever be the same

759 But] *Christie prints butt* Of course the  
word is a substantive

But yours is much of the *Camelion* hue,  
To change the dye with ev'ry diff'rent view.  
When first the *Lyon* sat with awfull sway, 790  
Your conscience taught you duty to obey;  
He might have had your Statutes and your  
Test;

No conscience but of subjects was profess'd.  
He found your temper, and no farther  
try'd,

But on that broken reed your church rely'd.  
In vain the sects assay'd their utmost art,  
With offered treasures to espouse their part,  
Their treasures were a bribe too mean to  
move his heart.

But when by long experience you had prov'd,  
How far he cou'd forgive, how well he lov'd;  
A goodness that excell'd his godlike race, 801  
And onely short of heav'n's unbounded grace:  
A flood of mercy that o'erflow'd our Isle,  
Calm in the rise, and fruitfull as the *Nile*,  
Forgetting whence your *Egypt* was supply'd,  
You thought your Sov'reign bound to send  
the tide;

Nor upward look'd on that immortal spring,  
But vainly deem'd, he durst not be a king:  
Then conscience, unrestrain'd by fear, began  
To stretch her limits, and extend the span,  
Did his indulgence as her gift dispose, 811  
And made a wise Alliance with her foes.

Can conscience own th' associating name,  
And raise no blushes to conceal her shame?  
For sure she has been thought a bashfull  
Dame.

But if the cause by battel should be try'd,  
You grant she must espouse the regal side:  
O *Proteus* Conscience, never to be ty'd!  
What *Phæbus* from the *Tripod* shall disclose,  
Which are in last resort, your friends or  
foes? 820

*Homer*, who learn'd the language of the sky,  
The seeming *Gordian* knot wou'd soon untie;  
Immortal pow'rs the term of conscience  
know,

But int'rest is her name with men below.  
Conscience or int'rest be't, or both in one;  
(The *Panther* answered in a surly tone,)  
The first commands me to maintain the  
Crown,

The last forbids to throw my barriers down.  
Our penal laws no sons of yours admit, 829  
Our *Test* excludes your Tribe from benefit.  
These are my banks your ocean to withstand,  
Which proudly rising overlooks the land:

And once let in, with unresisted sway  
Wou'd sweep the Pastors and their flocks  
away.

Think not my judgment leads me to comply  
With laws unjust, but hard necessity:  
Imperious need which cahnot be withstood  
Makes ill authentick, for a greater good.  
Possess your soul with patience, and attend:  
A more auspicious Planet may ascend; 840  
Good fortune may present some happier  
time,

With means to cancel my unwilling crime;  
(Unwilling, witness all ye Pow'rs above)  
To mend my errors and redeem your love:  
That little space you safely may allow,  
Your all-dispensing pow'r protects you now.

Hold, said the *Hind*, 'tis needless to ex-  
plain:

You would *postpone* me to another reign:  
Till when you are content to be unjust,  
Your partis to possess, and mine to trust. 850  
A fair exchange propos'd of future chance,  
For present profit and inheritance:  
Few words will serve to finish our dispute,  
Who will not now repeal wou'd persecute;  
To ripen green revenge your hopes attend,  
Wishing that happier Planet wou'd ascend:  
For shame let Conscience be your Plea no  
more,

To will hereafter proves she might before;  
But she's a Bawd to gain, and holds the  
Door. 859

Your care about your Banks, infers a fear  
Of threaten'g Floods and Inundations near;  
If so, a just Reprise would only be  
Of what the Land usurped upon the Sea;  
And all your Jealousies but serve to show  
Your Ground is, like your Neighbour-Nation,  
low.

T' intrench in what you grant unrighteous  
Laws

Is to distrust the justice of your Cause;  
And argues that the true religion lyes  
In those weak Adversaries you despise.  
Tyrannick force is that which least you  
fear, 870

The sound is frightfull in a Christian's ear:  
Avert it, Heav'n; nor let that Plague be  
sent

To us from the dispeopled Continent.  
But Piety commands me to refrain;  
Those Pray'rs are needless in this Monarch's  
Reign.

Behold ! how he protects your Friends  
 opprest,  
 'Receives the Banish'd, succours the Dis-  
 tress'd :  
 Behold, for you may read an honest open  
 breast.  
 He stands in Day-light, and disdains to  
 hide  
 An Act to which by Honour he is ty'd, 880  
 A generous, laudable, and Kingly Pride.  
 Your Test he would repeal, his Peers restore,  
 This when he says he means, he means no  
 more.  
 Well, said the Panther, I believe him just,  
 And yet—  
 And yet, 'tis but because you must,  
 You would be trusted, but you would not  
 trust.  
 The *Hind* thus briefly ; and disdained t'  
 enlarge  
 On Pow'r of Kings, and their Superiour charge,  
 As Heav'n's Trustees before the People's  
 choice :  
 Tho' sure the *Panther* did not much  
 rejoyce 890  
 To hear those *Echo's* given of her once Loyal  
 voice.  
 The *Matron* woo'd her Kindness to the last,  
 But cou'd not win ; her hour of Grace was  
 past.  
 Whom, thus persisting, when she could not  
 bring  
 To leave the *Woolf* and to believe her King,  
 She gave Her up, and fairly wished her Joy  
 Of her late Treaty with her new Ally :  
 Which well she hop'd wou'd more successfull  
 prove,  
 Than was the *Pigeons* and the *Buzzards* love.  
 The *Panther* ask'd what concord there cou'd  
 be 900  
 Betwixt two kinds whose Natures disagree ?  
 The *Dame* reply'd, 'Tis sung in ev'ry Street,  
 The common chat of Gossips when they  
 meet :  
 But, since unheard by you, 'tis worth your  
 while  
 To take a wholesome Tale, though told in  
 homely stile.  
 A plain good Man, whose Name is under-  
 stood,  
 (So few deserve the name of Plain and Good)  
 Of three fair lineal Lordships stood possess'd,  
 And liv'd, as reason was, upon the best.

Inur'd to hardships from his early Youth, 910  
 Much had he done and suftered for his  
 truth :  
 At Land, and Sea, in many a doubtfull  
 Fight,  
 Was never known a more advent'rous  
 Knight,  
 Who oftner drew his Sword, and always for  
 the right.  
 As fortune wou'd (his fortune came tho' late)  
 He took Possession of his just Estate ;  
 Nor rack'd his Tenants with increase of Rent,  
 Nor liv'd too sparing, nor too largely spent ;  
 But overlook'd his *Hinds*, their Pay was just  
 And ready, for he scorn'd to go on trust. 920  
 Slow to resolve, but in performance quick ;  
 So true, that he was awkward at a trick.  
 For little Souls on little shifts rely,  
 And coward Arts of mean Expedients try :  
 The noble Mind will dare do anything but  
 lye.  
 False friends, (his deadliest foes,) could find  
 no way  
 But shows of honest bluntness, to betray ;  
 That unsuspected plainness he believ'd ;  
 He looked into Himself, and was deceiv'd.  
 Some lucky Planet sure attends his Birth, 930  
 Or Heav'n would make a Miracle on Earth ;  
 For prosp'rous Honesty is seldom seen  
 To bear so dead a weight, and yet to win ;  
 It looks as Fate with Nature's Law would  
 strive,  
 To show Plain-dealing once an age may  
 thrive :  
 And, when so tough a frame she could not  
 bend,  
 Exceeded her Commission to befriend  
 This gratefull man, as Heaven encreas'd  
 his Store,  
 Gave God again, and daily fed his Poor ;  
 His House with all convenience was pur-  
 vey'd ; 940  
 The rest he found, but rais'd the Fabrick  
 where he pray'd ;  
 And in that Sacred Place his beauteous Wife  
 Employ'd Her happiest hours of Holy Life.  
 Nor did their Alms extend to those alone  
 Whom common Faith more strictly made  
 their own ;  
 A sort of *Doors* were hon's'd too near their  
 Hall,  
 Who cross the Proverb, and abound with  
 Gall.

Tho' some, 'tis true, are passively inclin'd,  
The greater Part degenerate from their kind;  
Voracious Birds, that hotly Bill and breed,  
And largely drink, because on Salt they feed.  
Small Gain from them their Bounteous

Owner draws; 952

Yet, bound by Promise, he supports their  
Cause,

As Corporations priviledg'd by Laws.

That House, which harbour to their kind  
affords,

Was built, long since, God knows, for better  
Birds;

But flutt'ring there, they nestle near the  
Throne,

And lodge in Habitations not their own,  
By their high Crops, and Corny Gizzards  
known.

Like *Harpy's*, they could scent a plenteous  
board; 960

Then, to be sure, they never fail'd their  
Lord.

The rest was form, and bare Attendance paid,  
They drunk, and eat, and grudgingly obey'd.  
The more they fed, they raven'd still for  
more,

They drain'd from *Dan*, and left *Beersheba*  
poor;

All this they had by Law, and none repin'd,  
The preference was but due to *Levi's* Kind,  
But when some Lay-preferment fell by  
chance

The Gourmands made it their Inheritance.  
When once possess'd they never quit their  
Claim. 970

For then 'tis sanctify'd to Heav'n's high  
Name;

And Hallow'd thus, they cannot give Con-  
sent.

The Gift should be prophan'd by Worldly  
management.

Their Flesh was never to the Table served;  
Tho' 'tis not thence inferr'd the Birds  
were starv'd;

But that their Master did not like the  
Food,

As rank, and breeding Melancholy Blood.  
Nor did it with His Gracious Nature suite,  
Ev'n though they were not Doves, to perse-  
cute:

Yet He refused, (nor could they take Offence)  
Their Glutton Kind should teach him absti-  
nence. 981

Nor Consecrated Grain their Wheat he  
thought,

Which, new from treading, in their Bills they  
brought:

But left his Hinds, each in his Private Pow'r,  
That those who like the Bran might leave the  
Flow'r.

He for himself, and not for others chose,  
Nor would He be impos'd on, nor impose;

But in their Faces His Devotion paid,  
And Sacrifice with Solemn Rites was made,

And Sacred Incense on his Altars laid. 990

Besides these jolly Birds, whose Crops

impure  
Repaid their Common: with their Salt  
Manure,

Another Farm he had behind his House,  
Not overstock't, but barely for his use;

Wherein his poor Domestick poultry Fed  
And from His Pious Hands received their  
Bread.

Our pammer'd Pigeons with malignant Eyes  
Beheld these Inmates and their Nurseries:

Tho' hard their fare, at Ev'ning and at  
Morn,

A Cruise of Water and an Ear of Corn, 1000

Yet still they grudg'd that Modicum, and  
thought

A Sheaf in ev'ry single Grain was brought;  
Fain would they filch that little Food away,

While unrestrain'd those happy Gluttons  
prey.

And much they griev'd to see so nigh their  
Hall

The Bird that warn'd St. *Peter* of his Fall;  
That he should raise his miter'd Crest on  
high,

And clap his Wings and call his Family  
To Sacred Rites; and vex th' Ethereal

Pow'rs 1009

With midnight Mattins at uncivil Hours:  
Nay more, his quiet Neighbours should

molest,  
Just in the sweetness of their Morning rest.

Beast of a bird, supinely when he might  
Lye snugg and sleep, to rise before the  
light:

What if his dull Forefathers used that cry,  
Cou'd he not let a Bad Example dye?

The World was fallen into an easier way;  
This Age knew better, than to Fast and Pray.

Good Sense in Sacred Worship would appear  
So to begin, as they might end the year. 1020

By Letters, not by Words, thy Love  
begin ;  
And Foord the dangerous Passage with thy  
Pen.

If to her Heart thou aim'st to find the way,  
Extreamly Flatter, and extreamly Pray. 501  
*Priam* by *Pray*'s did *Hector*'s Body gain ;  
Nor is an Angry God invok'd in vain.  
With promis'd Gifts her easy Mind bewitch ;  
For ev'n the Poor in promise may be Rich.  
Vain Hopes a while her Appetite will stay ;  
'Tis a deceitful, but commodious way.  
Who gives is Mad, but make her still believe  
'Twill come, and that's the cheapest way to  
give.

Ev'n barren Lands fair promises afford ; 510  
But the lean Harvest cheats the starving  
Lord.

Buy not thy first Enjoyment ; lest it prove  
Of bad example to thy future Love :  
But get it gratis ; and she'll give thee more,  
For fear of losing what she gave before.  
The losing-Gamster shakes the Box in vain,  
And Bleeds, and loses on, in hopes to gain.

Write then, and in thy Letter, as I said,  
Let her with mighty Promises be fed.  
*Cydippe* by a Letter was betray'd, 520  
Writ on an Apple to th' unwary Maid.  
She read herself into a Marriage Vow ;  
(And ev'ry Cheat in Love the Gods allow.)  
Learn Eloquence, ye noble Youth of *Rome* ;  
It will not only at the Bar overcome :  
Sweet words the People and the Senate  
move ;

But the chief end of Eloquence is Love.  
But in thy Letter hide thy moving Arts ;  
Affect not to be thought a Man of Parts.  
None but vain Fools to simple Women  
Preach ; 530

A learned Letter oft has made a Breach.  
In a familiar Style your Thoughts convey,  
And Write such things, as Present you wou'd  
say ;

Such words as from the Heart may seem to  
move :

'Tis Wit enough to make her think you Love.  
If Seal'd she sends it back, and will not read ;  
Yet hope, in time, the business may succeed.  
In time the Steer will to the Yoke submit ;  
In time the restif Horse will bear the Bit.  
Ev'n the hard Plough-share use will wear  
away ; 540

And stubborn Steel in length of time decay.

Water is soft, and Marble hard ; and yet  
We see soft Water through hard Marble Eat.  
Though late, yet *Troy* at length in Flames  
expir'd ;

And ten years more *Penelope* had tir'd.  
Perhaps, thy Lines unanswer'd she retain'd ;  
No matter ; there's a Point already gain'd :  
For she who Reads, in time will Answer too ;  
Things must be left by just degrees to grow.  
Perhaps she Writes, but Answers with  
disdain, . 550

And sharply bids you not to Write again ;  
What she requires, she fears you shou'd  
accord ;

The Jilt wou'd not be taken at her word.  
Mean time, if she be carried in her Chair,  
Approach ; but do not seem to know she's  
there.

Speak softly, to delude the Standers by ;  
Or, if aloud, then speak ambiguously.

If Santring in the Portico she Walk,  
Move slowly too ; for that's a time for talk :  
And sometimes follow, sometimes be her  
guide : 560

But when the Croud permits, go side by side  
Nor in the *Play-House* let her sit alone :  
For she's the *Play-House* and the *Play* in one.  
There thou may'st ogle, or by signs advance  
Thy suit, and seem to touch her Hand by  
chance.

Admire the Dancer who her liking gains,  
And pity in the *Play* the Lover's pains ;  
For her sweet sake the loss of time despise ;  
Sit while she sits, and when she rises rise.  
But dress not like a Fop ; nor curl your  
Hair, 570

Nor with a Pumice make your body bare.  
Leave those effeminate and useless toys  
To *Exanuchs*, who can give no solid joys.  
Neglect becomes a Man : this *Theues*  
found :

Uncurl'd, uncomb'd, the Nymph his Wishes  
Crown'd.

The rough *Hippolitus* was *Phadra*'s care ;  
And *Venus* thought the rude *Adonis* fair.  
Be not too Finical ; but yet be clean ;  
And wear well-fashion'd Cloaths, like other  
Men.

Let not your Teeth be yellow, or be foul ;  
Nor in wide Shoes your Feet too loosely  
roul. 581

Of a black Muzzel, and long Beard beware ;  
And let a skilful Barber cut your Hair :



The Master smiled to see 'em work in vain,  
To wear him out and make an idle reign :  
He saw, but suffer'd their Protractive Arts,  
And strove by mildness to reduce their  
Hearts ;

But they abused that Grace to make Allies }  
And fondly clos'd with former Enemies ; }  
For fools are double Fools, endeavoring to  
be wise.

After a grave Consult what course were  
best,

One, more mature in Folly than the rest,  
Stood up, and told 'em with his head aside,  
That desp'rate Cures must be to desp'rate  
Ills apply'd : 1111

And therefore, since their main impending  
fear

Was from th' encreasing race of *Chanticleer* :  
Some Potent Bird of Prey they ought to  
find,

A Foe profess'd to him and all his kind :  
Some haggard *Hawk*, who had her eyry nigh,  
Well pounc'd to fasten, and well wing'd to fly ;  
One they might trust, their common wrongs  
to wreak :

The *Musquet*, and the *Coystrel* were too weak,  
Too fierce the *Falcon*, but, above the rest,  
The noble *Buzzard* ever pleas'd me best ; 1121  
Of small Renown, 'tis true ; for, not to lye,  
We call him but a *Hawk* by courtesie.

I know he haunts the *Pigeon-house* and  
Farm,

And more, in time of War has done us harm ;  
But all his hate on trivial Points depends,  
Give up our Forms, and we shall soon be  
friends.

For *Pigeons* flesh he seems not much to care ;  
Cram'd *Chickens* are a more delicious fare ;  
On this high Potestate, without delay, 1130  
I wish you would confer the Sovereign sway ;  
Petition him t' accept the Government,  
And let a splendid Embassy be sent.

This pithy speech prevail'd ; and all  
agreed,  
Old Enmity's forgot, the *Buzzard* should  
succeed.

Their welcom Suit was granted soon as  
heard,

His Lodgings furnish'd, and a Train prepar'd,  
With B's upon their Breast, appointed for  
his Guard. 1138

He came, and Crown'd with great Solemnity,  
God save King *Buzzard*, was the gen'ral cry.

A Portly Prince, and goodly to the sight,  
He seem'd a Son of *Anach* for his height :  
Like those whom stature did to Crowns  
prefer ;

Black-brow'd and bluff, like *Homer's Jupiter* ;  
Broad-backed and Brawny built for Loves  
delight,

A Prophet form'd to make a female Proselyte.  
A Theologue more by need, than genial bent,  
By Breeding sharp, by Nature confident,  
Int'rest in all his Actions was discern'd ;  
More learn'd than Honest, more a Wit than  
learn'd. 1150

Or forc'd by Fear, or by his Profit led,  
Or both conjoyn'd, his Native clime he fled :  
But brought the Vertues of his Heav'n  
along ;

A fair Behaviour, and a fluent Tongue.  
And yet with all his Arts he could not thrive ;  
The most unlucky Parasite alive.

Loud Praises to prepare his Paths he sent,  
And then himself pursu'd his Compliment !  
But, by reverse of Fortune chac'd away,  
His Gifts no longer than their Author stay ;  
He shakes the Dust against th' ungrateful  
race, 1161

And leaves the stench of Ordures in the  
place.

Oft has he flatter'd, and blasphem'd the  
same,

For in his Rage, he spares no Sov'rains name :  
The Hero, and the Tyrant change their style  
By the same measure that they frown or  
smile ;

When well receiv'd by hospitable Foes,  
The kindness he returns, is to expose :  
For Courtesies, tho' undeserv'd and great, }  
No gratitude in Fellow-minds beget ; 1170  
As tribute to his Wit, the churl receives the  
treat.

His praise of Foes is venomously Nice, }  
So touch'd, it turns a Vertue to a Vice : }  
A Greek, and bountiful forewarns us twice.  
Sev'n sacraments he wisely do's disown,  
Because he knows Confession stands for  
one ;

Where sins to sacred silence are convey'd,  
And not for Fear, or Love, to be betray'd :  
But he, uncall'd, his Patron to controul,  
Divulg'd the secret whispers of his Soul ; 1180  
Stood forth th' accusing Sathan of his  
Crimes,

And offer'd to the *Moloch* of the Times.

Prompt to assayle, and careless of defence,  
 Invulnerable in his Impudence,  
 He dares the World, and, eager of a name,  
 He thrusts about, and justles into fame.  
 Frontless and Satyr-proof, he scowr's the  
 streets, 1187  
 And runs an *Indian* muck at all he meets.  
 So fond of loud Report, that not to miss  
 Of being known (his last and utmost bliss)  
 He rather would be known, for what he is.  
 Such was and is the Captain of the test;  
 Tho' half his Vertues are not here express't;  
 The modesty of Fame conceals the rest.  
 The spleenful *Pigeons* never could create  
 A Prince more proper to revenge their  
 hate,  
 Indeed, more proper to revenge, than save;  
 A King, whom in his wrath, th' Almighty  
 gave:  
 For all the Grace the Landlord had allow'd  
 But made the *Buzzard* and the *Pigeons*  
 proud, 1200  
 Gave time to fix their Friends, and to seduce  
 the Crowd.  
 They long their Fellow-Subjects to intrall,  
 Their Patrons promise into question call,  
 And vainly think he meant to make 'em  
 Lords of all.  
 False Fears their Leaders fail'd not to  
 suggest,  
 As if the *Doves* were to be dispossess't;  
 Nor Sighs nor Groans nor gogling Eyes did  
 want,  
 For now the *Pigeons* too had learned to  
 Cant.  
 The House of Pray'r is stock'd with large  
 encrease;  
 Nor Doors, nor Windows can contain the  
 Press: 1216  
 For Birds of ev'ry feather fill th' abode;  
 Ev'n Atheists out of envy own a God:  
 And, reeking from the Stews, Adult'rers  
 come,  
 Like *Goths* and *Vandals* to demolish *Rome*.  
 That Conscience, which to all their Crimes  
 was mute,  
 Now calls aloud, and cries to Persecute.  
 No rigour of the Laws to be releas'd,  
 And much the less, because it was their  
 Lords request:  
 They thought it great their Sov'rain to  
 controul,  
 And nam'd their Pride, Nobility of Soul. 1220

'Tis true, the *Pigeons* and their Prince  
 Elect  
 Were short of Pow'r their purpose to effect:  
 But with their quills, did all the hurt they  
 cou'd,  
 And cuff'd the tender *Chickens* from their  
 food:  
 And much the *Buzzard* in their Cause did  
 stir,  
 Tho' naming not the Patron, to infer,  
 With all respect, He was a gross Idolater.  
 But when th' Imperial owner did espy  
 That thus they turn'd his Grace to villany,  
 Not suffring wrath to discompose his  
 mind, 1230  
 He strove a temper for th' extreame to find,  
 So to be just, as he might still be kind.  
 Then, all maturely weigh'd, pronounc'd a  
 Doom  
 Of Sacred Strength for ev'ry Age to come.  
 By this the Doves their Wealth and State  
 possess,  
 No Rights infring'd, but Licence to oppress:  
 Such Pow'r have they as Factious Lawyers  
 long  
 To Crowns ascrib'd, that Kings can do no  
 wrong  
 But, since his own Domestick Birds have  
 try'd 1239  
 The dire Effects of their destructive Pride,  
 He deems that Proof a Measure to the rest,  
 Concluding well within his Kingly Breast  
 His Fowl of Nature too unjustly were  
 oppress.  
 He therefore makes all Birds of ev'ry Sect  
 Free of his Farm, with promise to respect  
 Their sev'ral Kinds alike, and equally pro-  
 tect.  
 His Gracious Edict the same Franchise  
 yields  
 To all the wild Encrease of Woods and  
 Fields,  
 And who in Rocks aloof, and who in Steeples  
 builds.  
 To *Crows* the like Impartial Grace affords,  
 And *Choughs* and *Daws*, and such Republick  
 Birds: 1251  
 Secur'd with ample Priviledge to feed,  
 Each has his District, and his Bounds de-  
 creed:  
 Combin'd in common Int'rest with his  
 own,  
 But not to pass the *Pigeons Rubicon*.

<p>Here ends the Reign of this pretended Dove ; All Prophecies accomplish'd from above, For <i>Shiloh</i> comes the Scepter to remove. Reduc'd from Her Imperial High Abode, Like <i>Dionysius</i> to a private Rod, 1260 The Passive Church, that with pretended Grace Did Her distinctive Mark in duty place, Now Touch'd, Reviles her Maker to his Face. What after happen'd is not hard to guess ; The small Beginnings had a large Encrease, And Arts and Wealth succeed (the secret spoils of Peace.) 'Tis said the Doves repented, tho' too late Become the Smiths of their own Foolish Fate: Nor did their Owner hasten their ill hour : But, sunk in Credit, they decreas'd in Pow'r: Like Snows in warmth that mildly pass away, Dissolving in the Silence of Decay. 1172 The <i>Buzzard</i>, not content with equal place, Invites the feather'd <i>Nimrods</i> of his Race, To hide the thinness of their Flock from Sight, And all together make a seeming, goodly Flight : But each have sep'rate Interests of their own ; Two <i>Czars</i>, are one too many for a throne.</p>	<p>Nor can th' usurper long abstain from Food, Already he has tasted Pigeons Blood ; 1280 And may be tempted to his former fare, When this Indulgent Lord shall late to Heav'n repair. Bare bending times, and moulting Months may come, When lagging late, they cannot reach their home : Or Rent in schism, (for so their Fate decrees,) Like the Tumultuous Colledge of the Bees ; They fight their Quarrel, by themselves opprest ; The Tyrant smiles below, and waits the falling feast. Thus did the gentle <i>Hind</i> her fable end, Nor would the <i>Panther</i> blame it, nor com- mend ; 1290 But, with affected Yawnings at the close, Seem'd to require her natural repose. For now the streaky light began to peep ; And setting stars admonish'd both to sleep. The Dame withdrew, and wishing to her Guest The peace of Heav'n, betook her self to rest. Ten thousand Angels on her slumbers wait With glorious Visions of her future state.</p>
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FINIS.

[Title-page of First Edition.]

Britannia Rediviva:  
A  
P O E M  
O N T H E  
B I R T H  
O F T H E  
P R I N C E.

---

Written by Mr. DRYDEN

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*Dii Patrii Indigetes, & Romule, Vestæque Mater,  
Quæ Tuscum Tiberim, & Romana Palatia servas,  
Hunc saltem everso Puerum succurrere sæclo  
Ne prohibete: satis jampridem sanguine nostro  
Laomedontæ lumen Perjuria Trojæ.*

Virg. Georg. 1.

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L O N D O N,

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# BRITANNIA REDIVIVA,

A

## P O E M

ON THE

## PRINCE

Born on the 10<sup>th</sup> of *June*, 1688.

OUR Vows are heard betimes ! and Heaven  
takes care

To grant, before we can conclude the Pray'r :  
Preventing angels met it half the way,  
And sent us back to Praise, who came to  
Pray.

Just on the Day, when the high mounted  
Sun

Did farthest in his Northern Progress run,  
He bended forward and ev'n stretched the  
Sphere

Beyond the limits of the lengthen'd year ;  
To view a Brighter Sun in *Britaine* Born ;  
That was the Bus'ness of his longest Morn,  
The Glorious Object seen, t'was time to  
turn. 11

Departing Spring cou'd only stay to  
shed

Her bloomy beauties on the Genial Bed,  
But left the manly Summer in her sted,  
With timely Fruit the longing Land to cheer  
And to fulfill the promise of the year.

Between two Seasons comes th' Auspicious  
Heir, c

This Age to blossom, and the next to bear.

\* Last solemn Sabbath saw the Church  
attend,

The Paraclete in fiery Pomp descend ; 20  
But when his wondrous<sup>b</sup> Octave row'd again,  
He brought a Royal Infant in his Train,  
So great a Blessing to so good a King  
None but th' Eternal Comforter cou'd bring.

Or did the Mighty Trinity conspire,  
As once, in Council to Create our Sire ?

\* Whit Sunday.  
b Trinitv-Sunday.

It seems as if they sent the New-Born Guest  
To wait on the Procession of their feast ;  
And on their Sacred Anniverse decree'd 29  
To stamp their Image on the promis'd Seed.  
Three Realms united, and on One bestow'd  
An Emblem of their Mystick Union show'd :  
The Mighty Trine the Triple Empire shar'd,  
As every Person wou'd have One to guard.

Hail, son of Pray'rs ! by holy Violence  
Drawn down from Heav'n ; but long be  
banish'd thence,

And late to thy Paternal Skyes retire :  
To mend our Crimes whole Ages wou'd  
require,

To change th' inveterate habit of our Sins,  
And finish what thy Godlike Sire begins. 30  
Kind Heav'n, to make us *English-Men* again,  
No less can give us than a Patriarchs Reign.

The Sacred Cradle to your Charge receive  
Ye Seraphs, and by turns the Guard relieve ;  
Thy Father's Angel and Thy Father joyn  
To keep Possession, and secure the Line ;  
But long defer the Honours of thy Fate,  
Great may they be like his, like his be late,  
That *James* this running Century may view,  
And give his Son an Auspice to the New. 50

Our wants exact at least that moderate  
stay :

For see the <sup>c</sup> Dragon winged on his way,  
To watch the <sup>d</sup> Travail and devour the  
Prey.

Or, if Allusions may not rise so high,  
Thus, when *Alcides* rais'd his Infant Cry,  
The Snakes besieg'd his Young Divinity :

\* Alluding only to the Common-wealth Party,  
here and in other places of the Poem.

<sup>d</sup> Rev. 12 v. 4.

But vainly with their forked Tongues they  
threat;  
For Opposition makes a Heroe Great.  
To needful Succour all the good will run;  
And *Joze* assert the Godhead of his Son. 60  
O still repining at your present state,  
Grudging your selves the Benefits of Fate,  
Look up, and read in Characters of Light  
A Blessing sent you in your own Despight.  
The Manna falls, yet that Celestial Bread  
Like *Jews* you munch, and murmure while  
you feed.  
May not your Fortune be like theirs, Evil'd,  
Yet forty Years to wander in the Wild:  
Or if it be, may *Moses* live at least 69  
To lead you to the Verge of promis'd Rest!  
Tho' Poets are not Prophets, to foreknow  
What Plants will take the Blite, and what  
will grow,  
By tracing Heav'n his Footsteps may be  
found;  
Behold! how awfully He walks the round!  
God is abroad, and, wondrous in his ways,  
The Rise of Empires, and their Fall surveys;  
More (might I say) than with an usual eye,  
He sees his bleeding Church in Ruine lye,  
And hears the Souls of Saints beneath his  
Altar cry.  
Already has He lifted high, the \* Sign, 80  
Which Crown'd the Conquering Arms of  
*Constantine*:  
The ' Moon grows pale at that presaging  
sight,  
And half her Train of Stars have lost their  
Light.  
Behold another \* *Sylvester*, to bless  
The Sacred Standard, and secure Success;  
Large of his Treasures, of a Soul so great  
As fills and crowds his Universal Seat.  
Now view at home a <sup>b</sup> second *Constantine*;  
(The former too, was of the *Brittish* line)  
Has not his healing Balm your Breaches  
clos'd, 90  
Whose Exile many sought, and few oppos'd?  
Or did not Heav'n by its Eternal Doom  
Permit those Evils, that this Good might  
come?

So manifest, that ev'n the Moon-ey'd Sects  
See *Whom* and *What* this Providence pro-  
tectes.  
Methinks, had we within our Minds no more  
Than that One Shipwrack on the Fatal Ore,  
That only thought may make us think again,  
What Wonders God reserves for such a Reign.  
To dream that Chance his Preservation  
wrought, 100  
Were to think *Noah* was preserv'd for nought;  
Or the surviving Eight were not design'd  
To people Earth, and to restore their Kind.  
When humbly on the Royal Babe we gaze,  
The Manly Lines of a Majestick face  
Give awful joy: 'Tis Paradise to look  
On the fair Frontispiece of Nature's Book;  
If the first opening Page so charms the sight,  
Think how th' unfolded Volume will delight!  
See how the Venerable Infant lyes 110  
In early Pomp; how through the Mother's  
Eyes  
The Father's Soul with an undaunted view  
Looks out, and takes our Homage as his due.  
See on his future Subjects how He smiles,  
Nor meanly flatters, nor with craft beguiles;  
But with an open face, as on his Throne,  
Assures our Birthrights and assumes his own.  
Born in broad Day-light, that th' ungrate-  
ful Rout  
May find no room for a remaining doubt:  
Truth, which it self is light, does darkness  
shun, 120  
And the true Eaglet safely dares the Sun.  
\* Fain wou'd the Fiends have made a  
dubious birth,  
Loth to confess the Godhead clothed in  
Earth.  
But sickned after all their baffled lyes,  
To find an Heir apparent of the Skyes:  
Abandon'd to despair, still may they grudge,  
And, owning not the Saviour, prove the  
Judge.  
Not Great *Aeneas* stood in plainer Day,  
When, the dark mantling Mist dissolv'd  
away, 129  
He to the *Tyrians* shew'd his sudden face,  
Shining with all his Goddess Mother's Grace:

\* The Cross

† The Crescent, which the Turks bear for their Arms.

‡ The Pope in the time of Constantine the Great, alluding to the present Pope.

§ K. James the Second.

† The Lenuon Ore.

‡ Alluding to the Temptations in the Wilderness.

§ Virg. *Aeneid.* 1

100 wrought,] wrought, 1053.

For She her self had made his Count'nance  
bright,  
Breath'd honour on his eyes, and her own  
Purple Light.

If our Victorious <sup>m</sup> *Edward*, as they say,  
Gave *Wales* a Prince on that Propitious  
Day,

Why may not Years revolving with his Fate  
Produce his Like, but with a longer Date?  
One who may carry to a distant shore  
The Terror that his Fam'd Forefather  
bore.

But why shou'd *James* or his Young Hero  
stay 140

For slight Presages of a Name or Day?  
We need no *Edward's* Fortune to adorn  
That happy moment when our Prince was  
born:

Our Prince adorns his Day, and Ages hence  
Shall wish his Birth-day for some future  
Prince.

<sup>n</sup> Great *Michael*, Prince of all th' Ætherial  
Hosts,

And what e're In-born Saints our *Britain*  
boasts;

And thou, th' <sup>o</sup> adopted Patron of our Isle,  
With cheerful Aspects on this Infant smile:  
The Pledge of Heav'n, which dropping from  
above 150

Secures our Bliss and reconciles his Love.

Enough of Ills our dire Rebellion wrought,  
When, to the Dregs, we drank the bitter  
draught;

Then airy Atoms did in Plagues conspire,  
Nor did th' avenging Angel yet retire,  
But purg'd our still encreasing Crimes  
with Fire. e

Then perjurd Plots, the still impending  
Test,

And worse; but Charity conceals the Rest:  
Here stop the Current of the sanguine flood;  
Require not, Gracious God, thy Martyrs  
Blood; 160

But let their dying pangs, their living toil,  
Spread a Rich harvest through their Native  
Soil:

A Harvest ripening for another Reign,  
Of which this Royal Babe may reap the  
Grain. e

<sup>m</sup> *Edw* the black Prince, Born on Trinity  
Sunday.

<sup>n</sup> The Motto of the Poem explain'd.

<sup>o</sup> St. George

Enough of Early Saints one womb has  
giv'n;

Enough encreas'd the Family of Heav'n:  
Let them for his and our Attonement go;  
And Reigning blest above, leave him to  
Rule below.

Enough already has the Year foreslow'd  
His wonted Course, the Seas have overflow'd,  
The Meads were floated with a weeping  
Spring, 171

And frighten'd birds in Woods forgot to  
sing;

The Strong-limb'd Steed beneath his harness  
faints,

And the same shiv'ring sweat his Lord  
attains.

When will the Minister of Wrath give o're?  
Behold him; at <sup>p</sup> *Araunak's* threshing-floor.  
He stops, and seems to sheathe his flaming  
brand;

Pleas'd with burnt Incense, from our *David's*  
hand.

*David* has bought the *Jebusites* abode,  
And rais'd an Altar to the Living God. 180

Heav'n, to reward him, make his Joys  
sincere;

No future Ills, nor Accidents appear  
To sully and pollute the Sacred Infants  
Year. }

Five Months to Discord and Debate were  
giv'n:

He sanctifies the yet remaining Sev'n.  
Sabbath of Months! henceforth in Him be  
blest,

And prelude to the Realms perpetual Rest!  
Let his Baptismal Drops for us atone;

Lustrations for <sup>q</sup> Offences not his own.  
Let Conscience, which is Int'rest ill disguis'd,

In the same Font be cleans'd, and all the  
Land Baptiz'd. 191

<sup>r</sup> Un-nam'd as yet; at least unknown to  
Fame:

Is there a strife in Heav'n about his  
Name?

Where every Famous Predecessour vies,  
And makes a Faction for it in the Skies?

<sup>p</sup> Alluding to the passage in 1 Book of Kings,  
Ch 24. v. 20th.

<sup>q</sup> Original Sin.

<sup>r</sup> The Prince Christen'd, but not nam'd.

<sup>169</sup> foreslow'd] Some editions absurdly give  
foreshow'd

Or must it be reserv'd to thought alone ?  
Such was the Sacred <sup>1</sup> *Tetragrammaton*.  
Things worthy silence must not be reveal'd.  
Thus the true Name of <sup>2</sup> *Rome* was kept  
conceal'd, 199

To shun the Spells, and Sorceries of those  
Who durst her Infant Majesty oppose.  
But when his tender strength in time shall  
rise

To dare ill Tongues, and fascinating eyes ;  
This Isle, which hides the little Thund'rer's  
Fame,

Shall be too narrow to contain his Name :  
Th' Artillery of Heav'n shall make him  
known ;

<sup>3</sup> *Crete* could not hold the God, when *Jove*  
was grown

As *Joves* <sup>4</sup> *Increase*, who from his Brain  
was born,

Whom Arms and Arts did equally adorn,  
Free of the Breast was bred, whose milky  
taste 210

*Minerva's* Name to *Venus* had debas'd ;  
So this Imperial Babe rejects the Food  
That moves Monarchs with *Plebeian* blood :  
Food that his inborn Courage might con-  
troul,

Extinguish all the Father in his Soul,  
And for his *Estian* Race, and *Saxon* Strain,  
Might re produce some second *Richard's*  
Reign

Mildness he shares from both his Parents  
blood :

But Kings too tame are despicably good :  
Be this the Mixture of this Regal Child, 220  
By Nature Manly, but by Virtue Mild.

Thus far the Furious Transport of the  
News

Had to Prophetick Madness fir'd the  
Muse ;

Madness ungovernable, uninspir'd,  
Swift to foretel whatever she desir'd ;  
Was it for me the dark Abyss to tread,  
And read the Book which Angels cannot  
read ?

<sup>1</sup> *Jehovah*, or the name of God unlawful to be  
pronounc'd by the Jews

<sup>2</sup> Some Authors say, that the true name of  
*Rome* was kept a secret, the hostes incantamentis  
Deos elicerent

<sup>3</sup> *Candie* where *Jupiter* was born and bred  
secretly,

<sup>4</sup> *Pallus* or *Minerva*, said by the Poets, to have  
been bred up by hand

How was I punish'd when the <sup>5</sup> sudden blast  
The Face of Heav'n and our young Sun  
o'rcast !

Fame, the swift Ill, encreasing as she rowl'd,  
Disease, Despair, and Death at three reprises  
told : 231

At three insulting strides she stalk'd the  
Town,

And, like Contagion, struck the Loyal down.  
Down fell the winnow'd Wheat ; but  
mounted high,

The Whirl-wind bore the Chaff, and hid the  
Sky.

Here black Rebellion shooting from below,  
(As Earth's <sup>6</sup> *Gigantick* brood by moments  
grow)

And here the Sons of God are petrify'd  
with Woe :

An *Appoplex* of Grief ! so low were driv'n  
The Saints, as hardly to defend their Heav'n.

As, when pent Vapours run their hollow  
round, 241

Earth quakes, which are Convulsions of the  
ground,

Break bellowing forth, and no Confinement  
brook,

Till the Third settles what the Former  
shook ;

Such heavings had our Souls, till, slow and  
late,

Our life with his return'd, and Faith prevail'd  
on Fate

By Prayers the mighty *Blessing* was im-  
plor'd,

To Pray'rs was granted, and by Pray'rs  
restor'd. 248

So e're the <sup>7</sup> *Shunamite* a Son conceiv'd,  
The Prophet promis'd, and the Wife believ'd ;

A Son was sent, the Son so much desir'd,  
But soon upon the Mother's Knees expir'd

The troubled Seer approach'd the mournful  
Door,

Ran, prayed, and sent his Past'ral Staff  
before,

Then stretch'd his Limbs upon the Child,  
and mourn'd,

Till Warmth, and breath, and a new Soul  
return'd.

<sup>5</sup> The sudden false Report of the Prince's  
Death

<sup>6</sup> Those Giants are feign'd to have grown  
is Ells every day

<sup>7</sup> In the second book of Kings, chap. 4th



Thus Mercy stretches out her hand, and  
saves

Desponding *Peter* sinking in the Waves.

As when a sudden Storm of Hail and Rain  
Beats to the ground the yet unbearded  
Grain. 260

Think not the hopes of Harvest are destroy'd  
On the flat Field, and on the naked void ;  
The light unloaded stem, from tempestfree'd,  
Will raise the youthful honours of his head ;  
And, soon restor'd by native vigour, bear  
The timely product of the bounteous Year.

Nor yet conclude all fiery *Trials* past,  
For Heav'n will exercise us to the last ;  
Sometimes will check us in our full career,  
With doubtful blessings, and with mingled  
fear ; 270

That, still depending on his daily Grace,  
His every mercy for an alms may pass ;  
With sparing hands will Dyet us to good ;  
Preventing Surfeits of our pampered blood.  
So feeds the Mother-bird her craving young  
With little Morsels, and delays 'em long.

True, this last blessing was a Royal Feast,  
But where's the Wedding Garment on the  
Guest ?

Our Manners, as Religion were a Dream,  
Are such as teach the Nations to *Blaspheme*.  
In Lusts we wallow, and with Pride we  
swell, 281

And Injuries, with Injuries repell ;  
Prompt to Revenge, not daring to forgive,  
Our Lives unteach the Doctrine we believe ;  
Thus *Israel* Sind, impenitently hard,  
And vainly thought the ' present Ark their  
Guard ;

But when the haughty *Philistines* appear,  
They fled abandoned to their Foes and  
fear ;

Their God was absent, though his Ark  
was there.

Ah ! lest our Crimes shou'd snatch this  
Pledge away, 290

And make our Joys the blessing of a day !  
For we have sin'd him hence, and that he  
lives.

God to his promise, not our practice, gives.  
Our Crimes wou'd soon weigh down the  
guilty Scale,

But *James*, and *Mary*, and the Church pre-  
vail.

Nor *Amaleck* can rout the *Chosen Bands*,  
While *Hur* and *Aaron* hold up *Moses* hands:

By living well, let us secure his days ;  
Mod'rate in hopes, and humble in our ways.  
No force the Free-born Spirit can constrain,  
But Charity, and great Examples gain. 301  
Forgiveness is our thanks, for such a day ;  
'Tis Godlike God in his own Coyn to pay.

But you, Propitious Queen, translated  
here

From your mild Heav'n to rule our rugged  
Sphere,

Beyond the Sunny walks and circling Year.

You, who your Native Clymate have bereft

Of all the Virtues, and the Vices left ;

Whom Piety, and Beauty make their boast,

Though Beautiful is well in Pious lost ; 310

So lost as Star-light is dissolv'd away,

And melts into the brightness of the day,

Or Gold about the Regal Diadem,

Lost to improve the lustre of the Gem.

What can we add to your Triumphant Day ?

Let the Great Gift the becautious Giver pay ;

For shou'd our thanks awake the rising  
Sun,

And lengthen, as his latest shadows run,

That, tho' the longest day, wou'd soon,

too soon, be done.

Let Angels voices with their harps conspire,

But keep th' auspicious Infant from the  
Quire ; 321

Late let him sing above, and let us know

No sweeter Musick than his Cries below.

Nor can I wish to you, Great Monarch,

more

Than such an annual Income to your store ;

The Day which gave this *Unit*, did not

shine

For a less Omen, than to fill the *Trine*.

After a *Prince*, an *Admiral* beget,

The Royal Sov'raign wants an Anchor yet.

Our Isle has younger Titles still in store,

And when th' exhausted Land can yield  
no more, 331

Your Line can force them from a Foreign  
shore.

The Name of Great your Martial mind

will suit ;

But Justice is your Darling Attribute :

<sup>c</sup> Exod. 17. v. 8th

320 voices | voices, 1688  
331 Justice | Justice, 1688.

<sup>b</sup> Sam 4th v. 10th

Of all the *Greeks*, 'twas but <sup>d</sup> one *Hero's* due, For few wou'd love their God, unless they  
 And, in him, *Plutarch* Prophecy'd of you. fear'd.  
 A Prince's favours but on few can fall, Resistless Force and Immortality  
 But Justice is a Virtue shar'd by all. Make but a Lame, Imperfect Deity ; 350  
 Some Kings the name of Conq'rors have Tempests have force unbounded to destroy.  
 assum'd, • 339 And Deathless Being ev'n the Damn'd enjoy,  
 Some to be Great, some to be Gods presum'd ; And yet Heav'ns Attributes both last and  
 But boundless pow'r and arbitrary Lust first,  
 Made Tyrants still abhor the Name of Just ; One without life, and one with life accurst ;  
 They shun'd the praise this Godlike Virtue But Justice is Heav'ns self, so strictly He  
 gives, That cou'd it fail, the God-head cou'd not be.  
 And fear'd a Title that reproach'd their This Virtue is your own ; but Life and State  
 Lives. Are One to Fortune subject, One to Fate :  
 The Pow'r from which all Kings derive Equal to all, you justly frown or smile,  
 their state, Nor Hopes, nor Fears your steady Hand }  
 Whom they pretend, at least, to imitate, beguile ; 360  
 Is equal both to punish and reward ; Your self our Ballance hold, the Worlds  
 our Isle.

<sup>d</sup> Aristides, *see his Life in Plutarch.*

361 Worlds] Worlds, 1653.

# EPISTLES AND COMPLIMENTARY ADDRESSES.

TO JOHN HODDESDON,

ON HIS DIVINE EPIGRAMS.

<p>Thou hast inspired me with thy soul, and I, Who ne're before could ken of poetry, Am grown so good proficient I can lend A line in commendation of my friend ; Yet 'tis but of the second hand ; if ought There be in this, 'tis from thy fancy brought. Good thief who dar'st Prometheus-like aspire, And fill thy poems with Celestiall fire, Enliven'd by these sparks divine, their rayes Adde a bright lustre to thy crown of bayes. Young eaglet, who thy nest thus soon for- sook, So lofty and divine a course hast took As all admire, before the down begin To peep, as yet, upon thy smother Clin ;</p>	<p>And, making heaven thy aim, hast had the grace To look the sunne of righteousnesse ith' face. What may we hope, if thou go'st on thus fast! Scriptures at first, Enthusiasmes at last ! Thou hast commenc'd, betimes, a saint : go on, Mingling Diviner streams with Helicon, 20 That they who view what Epigrams here be, May learn to make like, in just praise of thee. Reader, I've done, nor longer will withhold Thy greedy eyes ; looking on this pure gold Thou'lt know adul't rate copper, which, like this, Will onely serve to be a foil to his.</p>
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J. DRYDEN, of Trin. C.

To my Honored Friend SIR ROBERT HOWARD

On his Excellent Poems.

<p>As there is Musick uninform'd by Art In those wild Notes, which with a merry heart The Birds in unfrequented shades expresse, Who better taught at home, yet please us lesse : So in your Verse, a native sweetnesse dwells, Which shames Composure, and its Art excels. Singing no more can your soft numbers grace, Then Paint adds charms unto a beauteous Face. Yet as when mighty Rivers gently creep, Their even calmesse does suppose them deep, Such is your Muse: no Metaphor swell'd high With dangerous boldnesse lifts her to the sky; Those mounting Fancies, when they fall again, Shew sand and dirt at bottom do remain. So firm a strength and yet withall so sweet, Did never but in <i>Sampson's</i> Riddle meet.</p>	<p>'Tis strange each line so great a weight should bear, And yet no signe of toil, no sweat appear. Either your Art hides Art, as Stoicks feign Then least to feel, when most they suffer pain; And we, dull souls, admire but cannot see 21 What hidden springs within the Engine be Or 'tis some happiness that still pursues Each act and motion of your gracefull Muse. Or is it Fortune's work, that in your head The curious *Net that is for fancies spread, Lets through its Meshes every { * <i>Relle</i> meaner thought <i>Altrabile</i> While rich Idea's there are only caught ? Sure that's not all ; this is a piece too fair To be the child of Chance, and not of Care.</p>
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To JOHN HODDESDON. Text from the original  
prefix to Hoddesdon's *Sion and Parnassus*, 1650  
16 ith' Editors wrongly give i' the or in the

TO SIR ROBERT HOWARD Text from the  
original of 1661.  
8 Then] The editors change the spelling to Than  
27 Lets] Let's 1661.  
28 caught ?] caught. 1661.

No Atoms casually together hurl'd  
 Could e're produce so beautifull a world.  
 Nor dare I such a doctrine here admit,  
 As would destroy the providence of wit.  
 'Tis your strong Genius then which does not  
 feel  
 Those weights would make a weaker spirit reel.  
 To carry weight and run so lightly too  
 Is what alone your *Pegasus* can do.  
 Great *Hercules* himself could ne're do more,  
 Than not to feel those Heav'n's and Gods  
 he bore.  
 Your easier odes, which for delight were  
 penn'd,  
 Yet our instruction make their second end;  
 We're both enrich'd and pleas'd, like them  
 that woo  
 At once a Beauty and a Fortune too.  
 Of Morall Knowledge Poesie was Queen,  
 And still she might, had wanton wits not  
 been;  
 Who like ill Guardians liv'd themselves at  
 large,  
 And, not content with that, debauch'd their  
 charge.  
 Like some brave Captain, your successful Pen  
 Restores the Exil'd to her Crown again; 50  
 And gives us hope that having seen the days  
 When nothing flourish'd but Fanatique Bays,  
 All will at length in this opinion rest,  
 "A sober Prince's Government is best.  
 This is not all; your Art the way has found  
 To make improvement of the richest ground,  
 That soil which those immortal Lawrells bore,  
 That once the sacred *Mars*'s temples wore.  
*Elisa*'s griefs, are so expresst by you,  
 They are too eloquent to have been true. 60  
 Had she so spoke, *Aeneas* had obey'd  
 What *Dido* rather then what *Jove* had said.  
 If funeral Rites can give a Ghost repose,  
 Your Muse so justly had discharged those,  
*Elisa*'s shade may now its wandring cease,  
 And claim a title to the fields of peace.  
 But if *Aeneas* be oblig'd, no lesse  
 Your kindness great *Achilles* doth confesse,  
 Who, dress'd by *Statius* in too bold a look,  
 Did ill become those Virgin's Robes he took.

31 To understand how much we owe to you, 71  
 We must your Numbers with your Author's  
 view:  
 Then we shall see his work was lamely rough,  
 Each figure stiff, as if design'd in buffe:  
 His colours laid so thick on every place,  
 As onely shew'd the paint, but hid the face.  
 But as in Perspective we Beauties see,  
 Which in the glasse, not in the Picture, be;  
 So here our sight obligingly mistakes  
 That wealth, which his your bounty onely  
 makes  
 Thus vulgar dishes are by Cooks disguis'd,  
 More for their dressing than their substance  
 priz'd.  
 Your curious \*Notes so search into  
 that Age,  
 When all was fable but the sacred  
 \* Page,  
 That, since in that dark night we needs  
 must stray,  
 We are at least misled in pleasant way.  
 But what we most admire, your Verse no lesse  
 The Prophet than the Poet doth confess.  
 Ere our weak eyes discern'd th' doubtfull  
 streak  
 Of light, you saw great *Charles* his morning  
 break.  
 So skilfull Sea-men ken th' Land from far,  
 Which shows like mists to the dul Passenger.  
 To *Charls* your Muse first pays her dutious  
 love,  
 As still the Antients did begin from *Jove*  
 With *Monck* you end, whose name preserv'd  
 shall be,  
 As *Rome* recorded \* *Rufus* memory,  
 Who thought it greater honour  
 to obey  
 His Country's interest, than  
 the world to sway.  
 But to write worthy things of  
 worthy men,  
 Is the peculiar talent of your  
 Pen:  
 Yet let me take your Mantle up, and I  
 Will venture in your right to prophesy.  
 "This Work, by merit first of Fame secure,  
 "Is likewise happy in its Geniture:  
 "For, since 'tis born when *Charls* ascends th'  
 Throne,  
 "It shares at once his Fortune and its own.

40 Gods] gods 1661.  
 56 improvement] The editors wrongly give  
 the improvement  
 62 then] The editors change the spelling to  
 than  
 70 Virgin's] The editors wrongly give Virgin

*To my Honour'd Friend Dr. Charleton, on his learned  
and useful Works; and more particularly this of  
Stone-heng, by him Restored to the true Founders.*

The longest Tyranny that ever sway'd  
Was that wherein our Ancestors betray'd  
Their free-born Reason to the *Stagirite*,  
And made his Torch their universal Light.  
So Truth, while onely one suppli'd the State,  
Grew scarce, and dear, and yet sophisticate;  
Until 'twas bought, like *Emp'rique* Wares.

or Charms,  
Hard words seal'd up with *Aristotle's* Armes.  
*Columbus* was the first that shook his Throne;  
And found a *Temp'rate* in a *Torrid* Zone, to  
The fevrish aire fann'd by a cooling breez,  
The fruitful Vales set round with shady  
Trees;

And guiltless *Men*, who danc'd away their  
time,  
*Fresh* as their *Groves* and *Happy* as their  
*Clime*.

Had we still paid that homage to a *Name*,  
Which only *God* and *Nature* justly claim,  
The *Western* Seas had been our utmost bound,  
Where *Poets* still might dream the *Sun* was  
drown'd:

And all the *Starrs*, that shine in *Southern*  
Skies,

Had been admir'd by none but *Salvage* Eyes.  
Among th' *Assertors* of free Reason's claim,  
Th' *English* are not the least in Worth, or  
Fame.

The World to *Bacon* does not onely owe  
Its present Knowledge, but its future too.  
*Gilbert* shall live, till *Lode-stones* cease to draw  
Or *British* Fleet the boundless Ocean awe.  
And noble *Boyle*, not less in *Nature* seen,  
Than his great *Brother* read in *States* and *Men*.  
The *Clr'd* streams, once thought but pools,  
of blood

(Whether *Life's* fewel or the *Bodie's* food)

From dark Oblivion *Harvey's* name shall  
save;

While *Ent* keeps all the honour that he gave.  
Nor are *You*, Learned Friend, the least  
renown'd;

Whose Fame, not circumscrib'd with *English*  
ground,

Flies like the nimble journeys of the Light;  
And is, like that, unspent too in its flight.

Whatever *Truths* have been, by *Art*, or *Chance*,  
Redeem'd from *Error*, or from *Ignorance*,  
Thin in their *Authors*, (like rich veins of Ore)

Your Works unite, and still discover more.  
Such is the healing virtue of Your Pen, 41

To perfect Cures on *Books*, as well as *Men*.  
Nor is This Work the least: You well may  
give

To *Men* new vigour, who make *Stones* to live.  
Through You the *DANES* (their short Do-  
minion lost)

A longer Conquest than the *Saxons* boast.  
*STONE-HENG*, once thought a *Temple*, You  
have found

A *Throne* where *Kings*, our *Earthly* Gods,  
were Crown'd.

Where by their wondring Subjects They  
were seen,

Joy'd with their Stature and their Princely  
meen. 50

Our *Sovereign* here above the rest might  
stand;

And here he chose again to rule the Land.  
These Ruines sheltered once His Sacred  
Head,

Then when from *Wor'ster's* fatal Field He  
fled;

Watch'd by the Genius of this Royal place,  
And mighty Visions of the Danish Race,  
His *Refuge* then was for a *Temple* shown:  
But, He Restor'd, 'tis now become a *Throne*.

JOHN DRIDEN.

TO DR CHARLETON. Text from the original pre-  
fix to Charleton's *Chorea Gigantum*, 1663.

6 sophisticate; j] sophisticate. 1633.  
7 Until 'twas] *Derrick and others nonsensi-  
cally give* Still it was

22 Th' English are] *Tonson in 1704 printed*  
Our Nation's

28 Brother] *Christie, Saintsbury, and others*  
print a comma after this word and so give  
another and wholly false sense.

39 of] *Christie wrongly gives in*  
50 Joy'd with] *Scott reports the reading of the*  
first edition to be Chose by *The British*  
*Museum copy has Joy'd with*

54 Then when] *Tonson in 1704 printed* When he  
from *Wor'ster's* fatal battle fled

## TO THE | LADY CASTLEMAINE, |

upon | *Her encouraging his first Play.*

As *Seamen*, Shipwreck'd on some happy  
Shore,

Discover Wealth in Lands unknown before,  
And, what their *Art* had labour'd long in vain  
By their Misfortunes happily obtain.

So my much envy'd Muse, by storms long  
tost,

Is thrown upon your hospitable Coast,  
And finds more favour by her ill success,  
Than she cou'd hope for by her Happiness.  
Once *Cato's* Virtue did the Gods oppose.

While they the Victor, He the Vanquish'd  
chose :

But you have done what *Cato* cou'd not do,  
To chuse the Vanquish'd, and restore him  
too.

Let others still Triumph, and gain their  
Cause

By their Deserts or by the *World's Applause* ;  
Let Merit Crowns, and Justice Lawrels give,  
But let me happy by your Pity live.

True Poets empty Fame and Praise despise ;  
Fame is the Trumpet, but your Smile the  
Prize :

You sit above, and see vain Men below  
Contend, for what you only can bestow ; 20  
But those great actions others do by chance,  
Are, like your *Beauty*, your *Inheritance* :  
So great a Soul, such sweetness join'd in one,  
Cou'd only spring from Noble *Grandison* :  
You, like the Stars, not by Reflection bright,  
Are born to your own Heav'n, and your own  
light ;

Like them are good, but from a *Nobler Cause*,  
From your own Knowledge, not from  
*Nature's Laws*.

Your Pow'r you never use but for Defence,  
To guard your own, or others' Innocence :  
Your Foes are such as they, not you, have  
made, 31

And Virtue may repel, tho' not invade.  
Such Courage did the *Ancient heroes* show,  
Who, when they might prevent, wou'd wait  
the blow ;

With such assurance as they meant to say,  
We will o'come, but scorn the safest way.  
What further fear of danger can there be ?  
*Beauty*, which captives all things, sets me  
free.

Posterity will judge by my success  
I had the *Grecian* Poet's happiness, 40  
Who, waving plots, found out a better way ;  
Some God descended and preserv'd the  
Play.

When first the Triumphs of your Sex were  
sung

By those old Poets, *Beauty* was but young,  
And few admired the native Red and White,  
Till Poets dress'd them up, to charm the  
sight ;

So *Beauty* took on trust, and did engage  
For Sums of Praises till she came to Age. 49  
But this long growing Debt to Poetry  
You justly (Madam) have discharg'd to me,  
When your *Applause* and *Favour* did infuse  
New life to my condemn'd and dying Muse

## To Mr. Lee, on his Alexander.

THE Blast of common Censure cou'd I fear,  
Before your Play my Name shou'd not  
appear ;

For 'twill be thought, and with some colour  
too,

I pay the Bribe I first receiv'd from You :  
That mutual Vouchers for our Fame we  
stand,

To play the Game into each other's Hand ;

And as cheap Pen'orths to our selves afford  
As *Bessus*, and the Brothers of the Sword.  
Such Libels private Men may well endure,  
When *States*, and *Kings* themselves are not  
secure : 10

For ill Men, conscious of their inward  
guilt,  
Think the best Actions on By-ends are built,

TO THE LADY CASTLEMAINE Text from the  
*Miscellanies* of 1691

TO MR LEE Text from the original prefix to  
Lee's tragedy of *The Rival Queens*, 1677, re-  
published in 1694

And yet my silence had not scap'd their  
spight,  
Then envy had not suffer'd me to write,  
For, since I cou'd not Ignorance pretend,  
Such worth I must or envy or commend.  
So many *Candidates* there stand for Wit,  
A place in Court is scarce so hard to get ;  
In vain they crowd each other at the Door ;  
For ev'n *Reversions* are all beg'd before : 20  
Desert, how known so e're, is long delay'd ,  
And, then too, *Fools* and *Knaves* are better  
payd.  
Yet, as some Actions bear so great a Name  
That Courts themselves are just, for fear of  
Shame :  
So has the mighty Merit of your Play  
Extorted praise, and forc'd it self a Way.  
'Tis here, as 'tis at Sea ; who farthest goes,  
Or dares the most, makes all the rest his  
Foes ;  
Yet when some Virtue much out-grows the  
rest,  
It shoots too fast, and high, to be oppress'd ;  
As his Heroic worth struck Envy dumb, 31  
Who took the *Dutchman*, and who cut the  
*Boom* :  
Such praise is yours, while you the Passions  
move,  
That 'tis no longer feign'd ; 'tis real Love :

Where Nature Triumphs over wretched  
Art ;  
We only warm the Head, but you the Heart ;  
Always you warm ! and if the rising Year,  
As in hot Regions, bring the Sun too near,  
'Tis but to make your Fragrant Spices blow,  
Which in our colder Climates will not  
grow. 40  
They only think you animate your Theme  
With too much Fire, who are themselves all  
Phle'me :  
Prizes wou'd be for Lags of slowest pace,  
Were Cripples made the Judges of the  
Race.  
Despise those Drones, who praise while they  
accuse  
The too much vigour of your youthful Muse :  
That humble Stile which they their Virtue  
make  
Is in your pow'r ; you need but stoop and  
take.  
Your beauteous Images must be allow'd  
By all, but some vile Poets of the Crowd. 50  
But how shou'd any Sign-post-dawber know  
The worth of *Tilian*, or of *Angelo* ?  
Hard Features every Bungler can command ;  
To draw true Beauty shews a Masters Hand.

JOHN DRYDEN.

To the | *Earl of Roscomon, on his Excellent Essay*  
on Translated Verse.

Whether the fruitful Nile, or Tyrian Shore  
The seeds of Arts and Infant Science bore,  
'Tis sure the noble Plant translated, first  
Advanced its head in Grecian Gardens nurst.  
The *Grecians* added Verse, their tuneful  
Tongue  
Made Nature first and Nature's God their  
song.  
Nor stopt Translation here ; For conquering  
*Rome*  
With *Grecian* Spoils brought *Grecian* Num-  
bers home ;

Enrich'd by those *Athenian* Muses more  
Than all the vanquish'd World cou'd yield  
before. 10  
Till barb'rous Nations and more barb'rous  
Times  
Debas'd the majesty of Verse to Rhymes ;  
Those rude at first: a kind of hobbling Prose:  
That limp'd along and tinck'd in the close :  
But *Italy*, reviving from the trance  
Of *Vandal*, *Goth*, and *Monkish* ignorance,

TO THE EARL OF ROSCOMON Text from the  
original prefix to Roscomon's *Essay on Trans-*  
*lated Verse*, 1684.

3 Plant translated, first] Plant, translated  
first ; 1684

TO MR LEE

. 30 oppress] exprest 1694 suppress *Scott*

With pauses, cadence, and well-vowel'd  
Words,  
And all the Graces a good Ear affords,  
Made Rhyme an Art: and *Dante's* polish'd  
page  
Restor'd a silver, not a golden Age: 20  
Then *Petrarch* follow'd, and in him we see,  
What Rhyme improv'd in all its height  
can be;  
At best a pleasing Sound, and fair bar-  
barity:  
The *French* pursu'd their steps; and *Brit-  
tain*, last  
In Manly sweetness all the rest surpass'd.  
The Wit of *Greece*, the Gravity of *Rome*,  
Appear exalted in the *British* Loom; ;  
The Muses Empire is restor'd agen,  
In *Charles* his reign, and by *Roscomon's* Pen.  
Yet modestly he does his Work survey 30  
And calls a finish'd Poem an ESSAY;  
For all the needful Rules are scatter'd here;  
Truth smoothly told, and pleasantly  
severe;  
(So well is Art disguis'd, for Nature to  
appeare.)  
Nor need those Rules to give Translation  
light;  
His own example is a flame so bright;  
That he, who but arrives to copy well,  
Unguided will advance; unknowing will  
excel.  
Scarce his own *Horace* cou'd such Rules  
ordain;  
Or his own *Virgil* sing a nobler strain. 40  
How much in him may rising *Ireland* boast,  
How much in gaining him has *Britain* lost!  
Their Island in revenge has ours reclaim'd,  
The more instructed we, the more we still  
are sham'd.  
'Tis well for us his generous blood did flow,  
Deriv'd from *British* Channels long ago;  
That here his conquering ancestors were  
nurst,  
And *Ireland* but translated *England* first:  
By this Reprisal we regain our right;  
Else must the two contending Nations fight

A nobler quarrel for his Native earth, 51  
Than what divid'd *Greece* for *Homer's*  
birth.  
To what perfection will our Tongue arrive,  
How will Invention and Translation thrive  
When Authors nobly born will bear their  
part,  
And not disdain th' inglorious praise of Art!  
Great Generals thus descending from com-  
mand,  
With their own toil provoke the Souldiers  
hand.  
How will sweet *Ovid's* Ghost he pleas'd to  
hear 59  
His Fame augmented by a *British*  
Peer, *The*  
How he embellishes His *Helen's* *Earl of*  
loves, *Mulgrave*  
Outdoes his softness, and his sense improves?  
When these translate, and teach Translators  
too,  
Nor Firstling Kid nor any vulgar vow  
Shou'd at *Apollo's* grateful Altar stand; }  
*Roscomon* writes, to that auspicious hand, }  
Muse feed the Bull that spurns the yellow }  
sand.  
*Roscomon*, whom both Court and Camps  
commend,  
True to his Prince and faithful to his  
friend; 69  
*Roscomon* first in Fields of honour known, }  
First in the peaceful Triumphs of the }  
Gown; }  
Who both *Minerva's* justly makes his own. }  
Now let the few belov'd by *Jove*, and }  
they }  
Whom infus'd *Titan* form'd of better Clay,  
On equal terms with ancient Wit ingage,  
Nor mighty *Homer* fear, nor sacred *Virgil's*  
page;  
Our *English* Palace opens wide in state;  
And without stooping they may pass the  
Gate.

JOHN DRYDEN.

47 were] was 1685; Dryden writing to Tonson  
pointed out the misprint

60 a *British*] Some editions wrongly give an  
English  
65 Shou'd] Thou'd 1685.  
70 Fields] Christie and others wrongly give  
field



## TO MY FRIEND MR. NORTHLEIGH,

AUTHOR OF THE PARALLEL,

ON HIS TRIUMPH OF THE BRITISH MONARCHY.

So *Joseph*, yet a Youth, expounded well  
 The boding Dream, and did th' Event fore-  
 tell,  
 Judg'd by the past, and drew the Parallel.  
 Thus early *Solomon* the truth explored,  
 The Right awarded, and the Babe restor'd.  
 Thus *Daniel*, ere to Prophecy he grew,  
 The perjur'd Presbyters did first subdue,  
 And freed *Susanna* from the canting Crew

Well may our Monarchy 'Triumphant stand,  
 While warlike *James* protects both Sea and  
 Land;  
 And, under Covert of his sev'nfold Shield,  
 Thou sendst thy Shafts to scour the distant  
 Field.  
 By law thy pow'rful Pen has set us free;  
 Thou studiest that, and that may study  
 thee.

To my Ingenious Friend | Henry Higden, Esq.; | on his  
 translation of the | Tenth SATYR | of | JUVENAL.

THE *Grecian* Wits, who *Satyr* first began,  
 Were Pleasant *Pasquins* on the Life of  
 Man;  
 At Mighty Villains, who the State oppress,  
 They durst not Rail perhaps; they  
 Laugh'd at least,  
 And turn'd 'em out of Office with a Jest.  
 No Fool could peep abroad, but ready  
 stand  
 The *Drolls* to clap a *Bauble* in his hand:  
 Wise *Legislators* never yet could draw  
 A *Fop*, within the Reach of *Common-Law*;  
 For Posture, Dress, Grimace, and Affectation,  
 Tho' *Foes* to *Sence*, are Harmless to the  
 Nation.  
 Our last Redress is Dint of *Verse* to try,  
 And *Satyr* is our *Court* of *Chancery*.  
 This Way took *Horace* to reform an Age,  
 Not Bad enough to need an Author's  
 Rage:  
 But Yours, \* who liv'd in more \* *Juvenal*.  
 degen'rate Times,  
 Was forc'd to fasten Deep, and worry  
 Crimes:  
 Yet You, my Friend, have temper'd him so  
 well,  
 You make him Smile in spite of all his  
 Zeal:  
 An Art peculiar to your Self alone,  
 To joyn the Vertues of Two stiles in One.

Oh! were your Author's Principle re-  
 ceiv'd,  
 Half of the lab'ring World wou'd be  
 reliev'd;  
 For not to Wish, is not to be deceiv'd!  
*Revenge* wou'd into *Charity* be chang'd,  
 Because it costs too Dear to be *Revenge'd*:  
 It costs our *Quiet* and *Content of Mind*;  
 And when 'tis compass'd leaves a Sting  
 behind.  
 Suppose I had the better End o' th' Staff,  
 Why should I help th' ill-natur'd World to  
 laugh?  
 'Tis all alike to them who gets the Day;  
 They Love the Spight and Mischief of the  
*Fray*.  
 No; I have Cur'd my Self of that *Disease*,  
 Nor will I be provok'd, but when I please:  
 But let me half that *Cure* to You restore;  
 You gave the *Salve*, I laid it to the Sore.  
 Our kind Relief against a Rainy Day,  
 Beyond a Tavern, or a tedious Play;  
 We take your Book, and laugh our Spleen  
 away,  
 If all your *Tribe*, (too studious of *Debate*)  
 Wou'd cease false Hopes and Titles to create,  
 Led by the *Rare Example* you begun,  
*Clyents* wou'd fail and *Lawyers* be undone.

JOHN DRYDEN.

TO MR. NORTHLEIGH. Text from the original,  
 prefix to John Northleigh's *The Triumph of*  
*Our Monarchy*, 1685. (I depend for the colla-  
 tion on another hand)

TO HENRY HIGDEN. Text from the original,  
 prefix to Higden's Translation of *Juvenal's Tenth*  
*Satire*, 1687.

\* Rail perhaps;] Rail; perhaps, 1587.

Laugh'd] Many editors wrongly give lash'd

## A LETTER TO SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE.

To you who live in chill Degree,  
 As Map informs, of Fifty three,  
 And do not much for Cold atone  
 By bringing thither Fifty one,  
 Methinks all Climes shou'd be alike,  
 From Tropick even to Pole Artique ;  
 Since you have such a Constitution  
 As nowhere suffers Diminution.  
 You can be old in grave Debate,  
 And young in Love-affairs of State :  
 And both to Wives and Husbands show  
 The Vigour of a Plenipo.  
 Like mighty Missioner you come  
*Ad Partes Infidelium* ;  
 A Work of wondrous Merit sure,  
 So far to go, so much t' endure ;  
 And all to Preach to *German* Dame,  
 Where Sound of *Cupid* never came.  
 Less had you done, had you been sent  
 As far as *Drake* or *Pinto* went,  
 For Cloves or Nutmegs to the line *a*,  
 Or e'en for Oranges to *China* :  
 That had indeed been Charity,  
 Where Love-sick Ladies helpless lye, }  
 Chapt, and for want of Liquor dry. }  
 But you have made your Zeal appear  
 Within the Circle of the *Bear*.  
 What Region of the Earth's so dull,  
 That is not of your Labours full ?  
*Triptolemus*, so sung the Nine,  
 Strew'd Plenty from his Cart Divine.  
 But spite of all these Fable-Makers,  
 He never sow'd on *Almain* Acres :  
 No, that was left by Fate's Decree  
 To be perform'd and sung by thee.  
 Thou break'st thro' Forms with as much ease  
 As the *French* King thro' Articles.  
 In grand Affairs thy Days are spent, }  
 In waging weighty Complement }  
 With such as monarchs represent. } 40

They who such vast Fatigues attend,  
 Want some soft Minutes to unbend,  
 To show the World that now and then  
 Great Ministers are mortal Men.  
 Then *Rhemish* Rummens walk the Round,  
 In Bumpers ev'ry King is crown'd,  
 Besides three Holy miter'd Hectors,  
 And the whole College of Electors.  
 No Health of Potentate is sunk  
 That pays to make his Envoy drunk. 50  
 These *Dutch* Delights I mention'd last,  
 Suit not I know your *English* taste :  
 For Wine to leave a Whore or Play  
 Was ne'er your Excellency's way.  
 Nor need this Title give Offence,  
 For here you were your Excellence ;  
 For Gaming, Writing, Speaking, Keep-  
 ing,  
 His Excellence for all but Sleeping.  
 Now if you tope in form, and treat,  
 'Tis the sour Sauce to the sweet Meat, } 60  
 The fine you pay for being great. }  
 Nay, here's a harder Imposition,  
 Which is indeed the Court's Petition,  
 That setting worldly Pomp aside,  
 Which Poet has at Font deny'd,  
 You wou'd be pleas'd in humble way  
 To write a Trifle call'd a Play.  
 This truly is a Degradation,  
 But wou'd oblige the Crown and Nation }  
 Next to your wise Negotiation. } 70  
 If you pretend, as well you may, }  
 Your high Degree, your friends will say. }  
 The Duke *St. Agnon* made a play. }  
 If *Gallick* Wit convince you scarce,  
 His Grace of *Bucks* has made a Farce :  
 And you, whose Comick Wit is Terse all,  
 Can hardly fall below Rehearsal.  
 Then finish what you have began,  
 But scribble faster if you can :  
 For yet no *George*, to our discerning. 80  
 Has writ without a ten Years Warning.

TO SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE Text from the  
*Miscellanies* of several datals

## TO MR. SOUTHERN;

ON HIS COMEDY, CALL'D THE WIVES EXCUSE.

SURE there's a Fate in Plays; and 'tis in vain  
 To write, while these malignant Planets Reign.  
 Some very foolish Influence rules the Pit,  
 Not always kind to Sense, or just to Wit.  
 And whilst it lasts, let Buffoonry succeed  
 To make us laugh; for never was more need.  
 Farce in it self is of a nasty scent,  
 But the gain smells not of the Excrement.  
 The *Spanish* nymph, a Wit and Beauty too,  
 With all her Charms bore but a single show :  
 But let a Monster *Muscovite* appear,  
 He draws a crowded Audience round the Year.  
 May be thou hast not pleas'd the Box and Pit,  
 Yet those who blame thy Tale, commend thy Wit;  
 So *Terence* Plotted, but so *Terence* writ.

Like his, thy Thoughts are true, thy Language clean;  
 Ev'n Lewdness is made Moral, in thy Scene.  
 The Hearers may for want of *Noses* repine,  
 But rest secure, the Readers will be thine.  
 Nor was thy Labour'd Drama damn'd or hiss'd,  
 But with a kind Civility dismiss'd;  
 With such good manners, as the \* Wife did use,  
 Who, not accepting, did but just refuse.  
 There was a glance at parting; such a look  
 As bids thee not give o're, for one rebuke.  
 But if thou wou'dst be seen as well as read;  
 Copy one living Author and one dead:  
 The Standard of thy Style, let *Etherege* be;  
 For Wit, th' Immortal Spring of *Wycherly*.  
 Learn, after both, to draw some just Design,  
 And the next Age will learn to Copy thine.

JOHN DRYDEN.

## TO MY DEAR FRIEND, MR. CONGREVE,

ON HIS COMEDY CALLED THE DOUBLE-DEALER.

WELL then, the promis'd Hour is come at last;  
 The present Age of Wit obscures the past:  
 Strong were our Syres, and as they fought they Writ,  
 Conqu'ring with Force of Arms and Dint of Wit:  
 Theirs was the Giant Race before the Flood;  
 And thus, when *Charles* Return'd, our Empire stood.  
 Like *Janus*, he the stubborn Soil manur'd,  
 With Rules of Husbandry the Rankness cur'd:  
 Tam'd us to Manners, when the Stage was rude,  
 And boistrous *English* Wit with Art hidu'd.

Our Age was cultivated thus at length,  
 But what we gain'd in Skill we lost in Strength.  
 Our Builders werewith Want of Genius curst;  
 The second Temple was not like the first;  
 Till you, the best *Vitruvius*, come at length,  
 Our Beauties equal, but excel our Strength.  
 Firm *Dorique* Pillars found Yoursolid Base,  
 The fair *Corinthian* crowns the higher Space;  
 Thus all below is Strength, and all above is Grace.  
 In easie Dialogue is *Fletcher's* Praise:  
 He mov'd the Mind, but had no Pow'r to raise.

TO MR. SOUTHERN. Text from the original  
 prefix to the play, 1692.  
 21 Civility] Civility, 1692.

TO MR. CONGREVE. Text from the original  
 published with the play, 1694.  
 5 Race] Race, 1694.  
 10 Wit] Wit, 1694.  
 21 no] The editors give not

Great *Johnson* did by Strength of Judgment  
please,

Yet, doubling *Fletcher's* Force, he wants his  
Ease.

In diff'ring Talents both adorn'd their Age,  
One for the Study, t'other for the Stage.

But both to *Congreve* justly shall submit,  
One match'd in Judgment, both o'er-match'd  
in Wit.

In Him all Beauties of this Age we see,  
*Etherege* his Courtship, *Southern's* Purity,  
The Satyre, Wit, and Strength of Manly  
Wit. 30

All this in blooming Youth you have  
Attain'd;

Nor are your foil'd Contemporaries griev'd;  
So much the Sweetness of your Manners  
move,

We cannot Envy you, because we Love.  
*Fabius* might joy in *Scipio*, when he saw  
A Beardless Consul made against the Law,  
And join his Suffrage to the Votes of *Rome*,  
Though he with *Hannibal* was overcome.  
Thus old *Romano* bow'd to *Raphael's* Fame,  
And Scholar to the Youth he taught, became.

O that your Brows my Lawrel had sus-  
tain'd, 41

Well had I been depos'd, if you had reign'd!  
The Father had descended for the Son,  
For only You are lineal to the Throne.

Thus, when the State one *Edward* did depose,  
A greater *Edward* in his Room arose:  
But now, not I, but Poetry is curst;  
For *Tom* the Second reigns like *Tom* the  
First.

But let 'em not mistake my Patron's Part  
Nor call his Charity their own Desert. 50

Yet this I Prophesie; Thou shalt be seen,  
(Tho' with some short Parenthesis between:)  
High on the Throne of Wit; and, seated there,  
Nor mine (that's little) but thy Lawrel wear,  
Thy first Attempt an early Promise made;  
That early Promise this has more than paid.  
So bold, yet so judiciously you dare,  
That your least Praise, is to be Regular.

Time, Place, and Action may with Pains be  
wrought,

But Genius must be born, and never can be  
taught. 60

This is Your Portion, this Your Native  
Store:

Heav'n, that but once was Prodigal before,  
To *Shakespear* gave as much; she cou'd  
not give him more.

Maintain your Post: that's all the Fame  
you need;

For 'tis impossible you shou'd proceed.  
Already I am worn with Cares and Age,  
And just abandoning th' ungrateful Stage:  
Unprofitably kept at Heav'n's Expence,  
I live a Rent-charge on his Providence:

But You, whom ev'ry Muse and Grace adorn,  
Whom I foresee to better Fortune born, 71  
Be kind to my Remains; and oh defend,  
Against your Judgment, your departed  
Friend!

Let not th' insulting Foe my Fame pursue;  
But shade those Lawrels which descend to  
You:

And take for Tribute what these Lines  
express;

You merit more; nor cou'd my Love do less.

John Dryden.

## TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

PRINCIPAL PAINTER TO HIS MAJESTY.

ONCE I beheld the fairest of her Kind,  
(And still the sweet Idea charms my  
Mind:)  
True, she was dumb; for Nature gaz'd so  
long,  
Pleas'd with her Work, that she forgot her  
Tongue,

But, smiling, said, She still shall gain the  
Prize;

I only have transferr'd it to her Eyes.  
Such are thy Pictures, *Kneller*, Such thy  
Skill,

That Nature seems obedient to thy Will;  
Comes out, and meets thy Pencil in the  
Draught,

Lives there, and wants but words to speak  
her thought. 10

TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER Text from the  
*Miscellanies*, 1694

At least thy Pictures look a Voice ; and we  
Imagine Sounds, deceiv'd to that degree,  
We think 'tis somewhat more than just to  
see.

Shadows are but Privations of the Light ;  
Yet, when we walk, they shoot before the  
Sight,

With us approach, retire, arise, and fall,  
Nothing themselves, and yet expressing all.  
Such are thy Pieces, imitating Life  
So near, they almost conquer'd in the strife ;  
And from their animated Canvass came, 20  
Demanding Souls ; and loosened from the  
Frame.

*Prometheus*, were he here, wou'd cast away  
His *Adam*, and refuse a Soul to Clay,  
And either wou'd thy Noble Work Inspire  
Or think it warm enough without his Fire.

But vulgar Hands may vulgar Likeness  
raise ;

This is the least Attendant on thy Praise :  
From hence the Rudiments of Art began ;  
A Coal, or Chalk, first imitated Man :  
Perhaps, the Shadow, taken on a Wall, 30  
Gave out-lines to the rude Original ;  
Ere Canvass yet was strain'd : before the  
Grace

Of blended Colours found their use and  
place :

Or Cypress Tablets first receiv'd a Face.

By slow degrees the Godlike Art advanc'd ;  
As man grew polish'd, Picture was inhand :  
*Greece* added Posture, Shade, and Perspec-  
tive,

And then the Mimick Piece began to Live.  
Yet Perspective was lame, no distance  
true,

But all came forward in one common View :  
No point of Light was known, no bounds  
of Art ; 41

When Light was there, it knew not to depart,  
But glaring on remoter Objects play'd ;  
Not languish'd and insensibly decay'd.

*Rome* rais'd not Art, but barely kept alive,  
And with Old *Greece* unequally did strive :  
Till *Goths*, and *Vandals*, a rude *Northern* race,  
Did all the matchless Monuments deface.

Then all the Muses in one ruine lye,  
And Rhyme began t' enervate Poetry. 50

Thus, in a stupid Military State,  
The Pen and Pencil find an equal Fate.  
Flat Faces, such as wou'd disgrace a Skreen,  
Such as in *Bantam's* Embassy were seen,

Unrais'd, unrounded, were the rude delight  
Of Brutal Nations only born to Fight.

Long time the Sister Arts, in Iron Sleep,  
A heavy Sabbath did supinely keep ;  
At length, in *Raphael's* Age, at once they  
rise,

Stretch all their Limbs and open all their  
Eyes. 60

Thence rose the *Roman* and the *Lombard*  
Line ;

One colour'd best, and one did best design.  
*Raphael's*, like *Homer's*, was the Nobler  
part,

But *Titian's* Painting looked like *Virgil's*  
Art.

Thy Genius gives thee both ; where true  
Design,

Postures unforc'd, and lively Colours joyn,  
Likeness is ever there ; but still the best,  
Like proper Thoughts in lofty Language  
drest,

Where Light, to Shades descending, plays,  
not strives,

Dyes by degrees, and by degrees revives. 70  
Of various Parts a perfect whole is wrought ;

Thy Pictures think, and we Divine their  
Thought.

\*Shakespear, thy Gift, I  
place before my Sight ;

With awe I ask his Blessing  
e're I write ;

With Rev'rence look on his  
Majestick Face ;

Proud to be less, but of his Godlike Race.  
His Soul Inspires me, while thy Praise I  
write,

And I like *Teucer*, under *Ajax* Fight ;  
Bids thee thro' me, be bold ; with dauntless  
breast

Contemn the bad and Emulate the best. 80  
Like his, thy Criticks in th' attempt are  
lost :

When most they rail, know then they envy  
most.

In vain they snarl a-loof ; a noisie Crowd,  
Like Womens Anger, impotent and loud.

While they their barren Industry deplore,  
Pass on secure, and mind the Goal before.

Old as she is, my Muse shall march behind,  
Bear off the Blast, and intercept the Wind.

Our Arts are Sisters, though not Twins in  
Birth, 89

For Hymns were sung in *Edens* happy Earth

By the first Pair; while *Eve* was yet a Saint;  
Before she fell with Pride and learn'd to  
paint.

Forgive th' Allusion; 'twas not meant to  
bite;

But Satire will have Room, where e're I write.  
For oh, the Painter Muse, though last in  
place,

Has seiz'd the Blessing first, like *Jacob's*  
Race.

*Apelles* Art an *Alexander* found,  
And *Raphael* did with *Leo's* Gold abound,  
But *Homer* was with barren *Lawrel*  
crown'd.

Thou hadst thy *Charles* a while, and so had I,  
But pass we that displeasing Image by. 101  
Rich in thy self, and of thy self Divine,  
All Pilgrims come and offer at thy Shrine.  
A graceful Truth thy Pencil can Command;  
The Fair themselves go mended from thy  
Hand.

Likeness appears in every Lineament;  
But Likeness in thy Work is Eloquent.  
Though Nature there her true Resemblance  
bears,

A nobler Beauty in thy Piece appears.  
So warm thy Work, so glows the gen'rous  
Frame, 110

Flesh looks less living in the Lovely Dame.  
Thou paint'st as we describe, improving  
still,

When on wild Nature we ingraft our Skill,  
But not creating Beauties at our Will.

Some other Hand perhaps may reach a  
Face;

But none like thee a finish'd Figure place:  
None of this Age, for that's enough for thee,  
The first of these Inferiour Times to be;  
Not to contend with Heroes Memory.

Due Honours to those mighty Names we  
grant, 120

But Shrubs may live beneath the lofty Plant;  
Sons may succeed their greater Parents gone;  
Such is thy Lott; and such I wish my own.

But Poets are confin'd in Narr'wer space,  
To speak the Language of their Native  
Place;

The Painter widely stretches his Command;  
Thy Pencil speaks the Tongue of ev'ry Land.

From hence, my Friend, all Climats are  
your own,

Nor can you forfeit, for you hold of none.

All Nations all Immunities will give 130

To make you theirs, where e're you please

to live;

And not sev'n Cities, but the World, wou'd

strive.

Sure some propitious Planet then did smile

When first you were conducted to this Isle;

(Our Genius brought you here, t' enlarge our

Fame)

(For your good Stars are ev'ry where the

same.)

Thy matchless Hand, of ev'ry Region free,

Adopts our Climate, not our Climate thee.

\* Great *Rome* and *Venice*

early did impart

To thee th' Examples of their

wondrous Art.

Those Masters, then but seen, not under-

stood, 141

With generous Emulation fir'd thy Blood;

For what in Nature's Dawn the Child admir'd,

The Youth endeavour'd, and the Man ac-

quir'd.

That yet thou hast not reach'd their high

Degree,

Seems only wanting to this Age, not thee.

Thy Genius, bounded by the Times, like

mine,

Drudges on petty Draughts, nor dare

design

A more exalted Work, and more Divine.

For what a Song or senseless Opera 150

is to the living Labour of a Play,

Or what a Play to *Virgil's* Work wou'd be,

Such is a single Piece to History.

But we, who Life bestow, our selves must

live:

Kings cannot Reign unless their Subjects

give;

And they who pay the Taxes bear the

Rule:

Thus thou, sometimes, art forc'd to draw

a Fool:

But so his Follies in thy Posture sink,

The senseless Idiot seems at last to think.

Good Heav'n! that Sots and Knaves

shou'd be so vain, 160

To wish their vile Resemblance may remain!

And stand recorded at their own Request,

To future Days, a Label or a Jeast.

91-94] Omitted by *Tonson*, 1701

95 For] But 1701.

115-123] Omitted by *Tonson*, 1701.

Mean time while just Encouragement you want,  
 You only Paint to Live, not Live to Paint.  
 Else shou'd we see your noble Pencil trace  
 Our Unities of Action, Time, and Place;  
 A Whole compos'd of Parts, and those the best,  
 With ev'ry various Character exprest;  
 Heroes at large, and at a nearer View; 170  
 Less, and at distance, an Ignobler Crew;  
 While all the Figures in one Action joyn,  
 As tending to Compleat the main Design.

More cannot be by Mortal Art exprest;  
 But venerable Age shall add the rest.  
 For Time shall with his ready Pencil stand;  
 Retouch your Figures with his ripening Hand,  
 Mellow your Colours, and imbrown the Teint,  
 Add every Grace, which Time alone can grant;  
 To future Ages shall your Fame convey; 179  
 And give more Beauties, than he takes away.

### TO MR. GRANVILLE,

ON HIS EXCELLENT TRAGEDY, CALLED HEROICK LOVE.

AUSPICIOUS Poet, wert thou not my Friend,  
 How could I envy, what I must commend!  
 But since 'tis Natures Law in Love and Wit,  
 That Youth shou'd reign and with'ring Age submit,  
 With less regret those Lawrels I resign,  
 Which dying on my Brows, revive on thine.  
 With better Grace an Ancient Chief may yield  
 The long contend'd Honours of the Field  
 Than venture all his Fortune at a Cast,  
 And fight, like *Hannibal*, to lose at last. 10  
 Young Princes Obstinate to win the Prize,  
 Tho' Yearly beaten, Yearly yet they rise:  
 Old Monarchs though successful, still in Doubt,  
 Catch at a Peace; and wisely turn Devout.  
 Thine be the Lawrel then; thy blooming Age  
 Can best, if any can, support the Stage:  
 Which so declines, that shortly we may see  
 Players and Plays reduc'd to second Infancy:  
 Sharp to the World, but thoughtless of Renown,  
 They Plot not on the Stage, but on the Town, 20  
 And, in Despair their Empty Pit to fill,  
 Set up some Foreign Monster in a Biff:

Thus they jog on; still tricking, never thriving;  
 And Murd'ring Plays, which they miscal Reviving.  
 Our Sense is Nonsense, through their Pipes convey'd;  
 Scarce can a Poet know the Play He made,  
 'Tis so disguis'd in Death: nor thinks 'tis He  
 That suffers in the Mangled Tragedy.  
 Thus *Ilys* first was kill'd, and after dress'd  
 For his own Sire, the Chief Invited Guest.  
 I say not this of thy successful Scenes; 31  
 Where thine was all the Glory, theirs the Gains.  
 With length of Time, much Judgment, and more Toil,  
 Not ill they Acted, what they cou'd not spoil.  
 Their Setting Sun still shoots a Glim'ring Ray,  
 Like Ancient *Rome*, Majestick in Decay;  
 And better gleanings their worn Soil can boast,  
 Than the Crab-Vintage of the Neighb'ring Coast.  
 This difference yet the judging World will see;  
 Thou Copiest *Homer*, and they Copy thee. 40

JOHN DRYDEN.

TO MR GRANVILLE. Text from the original published with the play, 1698.

30 Sire,] Sire 1698

## [TO PETER ANTONY MOTTEUX,

ON HIS TRAGEDY, CALLED BEAUTY IN DISTRESS ]

*To my Friend, the AUTHOR.*

'Tis hard, my Friend, to write in such an Age  
As damns not only Poets, but the Stage.  
That sacred art, by Heav'n itself infus'd,  
Which *Moses, David, Salomon* have us'd,  
Is now to be no more : The Muses' Foes  
Wou'd sink their Maker's Praises into Prose.  
Were they content to prune the lavish Vine  
Of straggling Branches, and improve the

Wine,  
Who but a mad Man wou'd his Faults  
defend ?

All wou'd submit, for all but Fools will mend  
But, when to common sense they give the  
Lie,

And turn distorted Words to Blasphemy,  
They give the Scandal ; and the Wise discern  
Their Glosses teach an Age, too apt to  
learn.

What I have loosly, or profanely writ,  
Let them to Fires (their due desert) commit :  
Nor, when accus'd by me, let them complain :  
Their Faults, and not their Function, I  
arraign.

Rebellion, worse than Witchcraft, they  
pursu'd :

The Pulpit preach'd the Crime, the People  
ru'd.

The Stage was silenc'd ; for the Saints wou'd  
see

In fields perform'd their plotted Tragedy.  
But let us first reform : and then so live,  
That we may teach our Teachers to forgive.  
Our Desk be plac'd below their lofty Chairs,  
Ours be the Practice, as the Precept theirs  
The moral Part at least we may divide,  
Humility reward and punish Pride ;  
Ambition, Int'rest, Avarice, accuse ;  
These are the Province of the Tragic Muse.

These hast thou chosen ; and the public  
Voice

Has equal'd thy Performance with thy  
choice.

Time, Action, Place, are so preserv'd by  
thee

That ev'n *Corneille* might with Envy see  
Th' Alliance of his tripled Unity.

Thy Incidents, perhaps, too thick are sown ;  
But so much Plenty is thy Fault alone :

At least but two, can that good Crime  
commit,

Thou in Design, and *Wycherley* in Wit  
Let thine own *Gauls* condemn thee, if they  
dare ;

Contented to be thinly regular.

Born there, but not for them, our fruitful  
Soil

With more Increase rewards thy happy Toil.  
Their Tongue, infeebl'd, is refin'd so much ;

That like pure Gold, it bends at ev'ry Touch :  
Our sturdy *Teuton* yet will Art obey,

More fit for manly Thought, and strengthen'd  
with Allay.

But whence art thou inspir'd, and Thou  
alone,

To flourish in an Idiom, not thy own ?  
It moves our Wonder, that a foreign Guest

Shou'd overmatch the most, and match the  
best.

In underpraising thy Deserts, I wrong ;  
Here, hnd the first deficiency of our Tongue :

Words, once my stock, are wanting to com-  
mend

So Great a Poet and so Good a Friend.

JOHN DRYDEN.

TO PETER ANTONY MOTTEUX. Text from the  
original, prefixed to the play, 1608

9 Faults] *Many add. wrongly give* Thoughts

44 so] *Many add. wrongly give* too  
45 That] *Many add. wrongly give* And  
These false readings are all in *Christie's text*  
but not in *Dr Sautsbury's*



## TO MY | HONOUR'D KINSMAN, | JOHN DRIDEN, |

OF | CHESTERTON, | IN THE | COUNTY OF HUNTINGDON, ESQUIRE.

How Blessed is He, who leads a Country Life,  
Unvex'd with anxious Cares, and void of  
Strife!

Who studying Peace, and shunning Civil  
Rage,  
Enjoy'd his Youth, and now enjoys his Age:  
All who deserve his Love, he makes his own;  
And, to be lov'd himself, needs only to be  
known.

Just, Good, and Wise, contending Neigh-  
bours come  
From your Award to wait their final Doom;  
And, Foes before, return in Friendship  
home.

Without their Cost, you terminate the Cause;  
And save th' Expence of long Litigious Laws:  
Where Suits are travers'd; and so little won,  
That he who conquers, is but last undone:

Such are not your Decrees; but so  
design'd,  
The Sanction leaves a lasting Peace behind;  
Like your own Soul, Serene; a Pattern of  
your Mind.

Promoting Concord, and composing Strife,  
Lord of your self, uncumber'd with a Wife;  
Where, for a Year, a Month, perhaps a Night,  
Long Penitence succeeds a short Delight: 20  
Minds are so hardly match'd, that ev'n the  
first,  
Though pair'd by Heav'n, in Paradise, were  
curs'd.

For Man and Woman, though in one they  
grow,

Yet, first or last, return again to Two.  
He to God's Image, She to His was made;  
So, farther from the Fount, the Stream at  
random stray'd.

How cou'd He stand, when, put to double  
Pain,

He must a Weaker than himself sustain!  
Each might have stood perhaps; but each  
alone;

Two Wrestlers help to pull each other down. 29

TO JOHN DRIDEN. Text from the original and  
only contemporary edition, 1700  
S Award] Award, 1700.

Not that my Verse wou'd blemish all the  
Fair;

But yet, if *some* be Bad, 'tis Wisdom to  
beware;  
And better shun the Bait, than struggle in  
the Snare.

Thus have you shunn'd, and shun the married  
State,

Trusting as little as you can to Fate.

No porter guards the Passage of your  
Door;

T' admit the Wealthy, and exclude the  
Poor:

For God, who gave the Riches, gave the  
Heart

To sanctifie the Whole, by giving Part:  
Heav'n, who foresaw the Will, the Means has  
wrought,

And to the Second Son, a Blessing brought: 40  
The First-begotten had his Father's Share,  
But you, like *Jacob*, are *Rebecca's* Heir.

So may your Stores, and fruitful Fields  
increase;

And ever be you bless'd, who live to bless.  
As *Ceres* sow'd where e'er her Chariot flew;  
As Heav'n in Desarts rain'd the Bread of  
Dew,

So free to Many, to Relations most,  
You feed with Manna your own *Israel*-  
Host.

With Crowds attended of your ancient  
Race,

You seek the Champion-Sports, or Sylvan-  
Chace: 50

With well-breath'd Beagles, you surround  
the Wood,

Ev'n then, industrious of the Common Good:  
And often have you brought the wily Fox  
To suffer for the Firstlings of the Flocks:

Chas'd ev'n amid the Folds; and made to  
bleed,

Like Felons, where they did the murd'rous  
Deed.

This fiery Game, your active Youth main-  
tain'd;

Not yet, by years extinguish'd, though  
restrain'd:

You season still with Sports your serious  
Hours ; 60

For Age but tastes of Pleasures, Youth  
devours.

The Hare, in Pastures or in Plains is found,  
Emblem of Humane Life, who runs the  
Round ;

And, after all his wand'ring Ways are done, }  
His Circle fills, and ends where he begun, }  
Just as the Setting meets the Rising Sun.

Thus Princes ease their Cares : But  
happier he,

Who seeks not Pleasure thro' Necessity,  
Than such as once on slipp'ry Thrones were  
plac'd ;

And chasing, sigh to think themselves are  
chas'd. 70

So liv'd our Sires, e'er Doctors learn'd to  
kill,

And multiply'd with theirs, the Weekly Bill :

The first Physicians by Debauch were made :

Excess began, and Sloth sustains the Trade.

Pity the gen'rous Kind their Cares bestow  
To search forbidden Truths ; (a Sin to know) :

To which, if Humane Science cou'd attain,  
The Doom of Death, pronounc'd by God,

were vain.

In vain the Leech wou'd interpose Delay ;  
Fatefastens first, and vindicates the Prey. 80

What Help from Arts Endeavours can we  
have !

*Gibbons* but guesses, nor is sure to save :  
But *Maurus* sweeps whole Parishes, and }  
Peoples ev'ry Grave,

And no more Mercy to Mankind will use,  
Than when he robb'd and murder'd *Maro's*  
Muse.

Wou'dst thou be soon dispatch'd, and perish  
whole ?

Trust *Maurus* with thy Life, and M—lb—rn  
with thy Soul.

By Chace our long-liv'd Fathers earned their  
Food ;

Toil strung the Nerves, and purifi'd the  
Blood :

But we, their Sons, a pamper'd Race of Men,  
Are dwindl'd down to threescore Years and  
ten. 91

Better to hunt in Fields, for Health un-  
bought,

Than fee the Doctor for a nauseous Draught  
The Wise, for Cure, on Exercise depend ;  
God never made his Work, for Man to mend.

The Tree of Knowledge, once in *Eden*  
plac'd,

Was easie found, but was forbid the Taste :

O, had our Grandsire walk'd without his Wife,  
He first had sought the better Plant of Life !

Now, both are lost : Yet, wandering in the  
dark, 100

Physicians for the Tree have found the Bark  
They, lab'ring for Relief of Humane Kind, }

With sharpen'd sight some Remedies may  
find ; }

Th' Apothecary-Train is wholly blind.  
From Files, a Random-*Recipe* they take,

And Many Deaths of One Prescription make.  
*Garth*, gen'rous as his Muse, prescribes and  
gives ;

The Shop-man sells ; and by Destruction  
lives :

Ungrateful Tribe ! who, like the Viper's  
Brood,

From Med'cine issuing, suck their Mother's  
Blood ! 110

Let These obey ; and let the Learn'd pre-  
scribe ;

That Men may die, without a double Bribe :

Let Them, but under their Superiours, kill ;  
When Doctors first have sign'd the bloody  
Bill :

He escapes the best, who Nature to repair,  
Draws Phisick from the Fields, in Draughts  
of Vital Air.

You hoard not Health, for your own  
private use,

But on the Publick spend the rich Produce.

When, often urg'd, unwilling to be Great,  
Your Country calls you from your lov'd

• Retreat, 120

And sends to Senates, charg'd with Common  
Care,

Which none more shuns ; and none can  
better bear.

Where cou'd they find another form'd so fit,  
To poise, with solid Sense, a spritely Wit !

Were these both wanting, (as they both  
abound)

Where cou'd so firm Integrity be found ?  
Well-born and Wealthy ; wanting no  
Support,

You steer betwixt the Country and the  
Court :

Nor gratifie whate'er the Great desire,  
Nor grudging give, what Publick Needs  
require. 130

Part must be left, a Fund when Foes invade ;  
And Part employ'd to roll the Watry Trade ;  
Ev'n *Canaan's* happy Land, when worn with  
Toil,

Requir'd a Sabbath-Year, to mend the  
meagre Soil.

Good senators, (and such are you,) so  
give,

That Kings may be supply'd, the People  
thrive ;

And He, when Want requires, is truly Wise,  
Who slights not Foreign Aids nor over-  
buys ;

But, on our Native Strength, in time of  
need, relies.

*Munster* was bought, we boast not the  
Success ; 140

Who fights for Gain, for greater, makes his  
Peace.

Our Foes, compell'd by Need have Peace  
embrac'd :

The Peace both Parties want, is like to  
last :

Which, if secure, securely we may trade ;  
Or, not secure, shou'd never have been made.

Safe in our selves, while on our selves we  
stand,

The Sea is ours, and that defends the  
Land

Be, then, the Naval Stores the Nations  
Care,

New Ships to build, and batter'd to repair.

Observe the War in ev'ry Annual Course ;  
What has been done, was done with *British*  
Force. 151

*Namur* Subdu'd, is *England's* Palm alone ;  
The Rest Besieged ; but we Constrain'd the  
Town :

We saw th' Event that follow'd our Success ;  
*France*, though pretending Arms, pursu'd  
the Peace ;

Oblig'd, by one sole Treaty, to restore  
What Twenty Years of War had won before.

Enough for *Europe* has our *Albion* fought :  
Let us enjoy the Peace our Blood has bought.

When once the *Persian* King was put to  
Flight, 160

The weary *Macedons* refus'd to fight :  
Themselves their own Mortality confess'd ;

And left the son of *Jove*, to quarrel for the  
rest.

Ev'n Victors are by Victories undone ;  
Thus *Hannibal*, with Foreign Laurels won,  
To *Carthage* was recall'd, too late to keep  
his own.

While sore of Battel, while our Wounds are  
green,

Why shou'd we tempt the doubtful Dye  
agen ?

In Wars renew'd, uncertain of success,  
Sure of a Share, as Umpires of the Peace. 170

A Patriot, both the King and Country  
serves ;

Prerogative, and Privilege preserves :  
Of Each, our Laws the certain Limit  
show ;

One must not ebb, nor t' other overflow :  
Betwixt the Prince and Parliament we  
stand ;

The Barriers of the State on either Hand :  
May neither overflow, for then they drown  
the Land.

When both are full, they feed our bless'd  
Abode ;

Like those, that water'd once, the Paradise  
of God.

Some Overpoise of Sway, by Turns they  
share ; 180

In Peace the People, and the Prince in War :  
Consuls of mod'rate Pow'r in Calms were  
made ;

When the *Gauls* came, one sole Dictator  
sway'd.

Patriots, in Peace, assert the Peoples  
Right,

With noble Stubbornness resisting Might :  
No Lawless Mandates from the Court receive,  
Nor lend by Force ; but in a Body give.

Such was your gen'rous Grandsire ; free to  
grant

In Parliaments, that weigh'd their Prince's  
Want :

But so tenacious of the Common Cause, 190  
As not to lend the King against his Laws.

And, in a lothsom Dungeon doom'd to lie,  
In Bonds retain'd his Birthright Liberty,

And shamed Oppression, till it set him free.)  
O true Descendent of a Patriot Line,

Who, while thou shar'st their Lustre, lend'st  
'em thine,

Vouchsafe this Picture of thy Soul to see ;  
Tis so far Good as it resembles thee :

The Beauties to th' Original I owe ; 199  
Which, when I miss, my own Defects I show.

Nor think the Kindred-Muses thy Disgrace ;	For ev'n when Death dissolves our Humane
A poet is not born in ev'ry Race.	Frame,
Two of a House, few Ages can afford ,	The Soul returns to Heav'n, from whence it
One to perform, another to record.	came ;
Praise-worthy Actions are by thee embrac'd ;	Earth keeps the Body, Verse preserves the
And 'tis my Praise, to make thy Praises last.	Fame.

## ELEGIES AND EPITAPHS.

## UPON THE DEATH OF THE LORD HASTINGS.

Must Noble <i>Hastings</i> Immaturely die, (The Honour of his ancient Family ?) Beauty and Learning thus together meet, To bring a <i>Winding</i> for a <i>Wedding-sheet</i> ? Must <i>Virtue</i> prove <i>Death's</i> Harbinger ? Must She, With him expiring, feel Mortality ? Is <i>Death</i> (Sin's wages) <i>Grace's</i> now ? shall Art Make us more Learned, only to depart ? If Merit be Disease, if <i>Virtue</i> <i>Death</i> ; 9 To be Good, Not to be, who'd then be- queath Himself to Discipline ? Who'd not esteem Labour a Crime, Study self-murder deem ? Our <i>Noble Youth</i> now have pretence to be Dunces securely, Ign'rant healthfully. Rare Linguist ! whose Worth speaks it self ; whose Praise, Though not his Own, all <i>Tongues</i> Besides do raise : Then Whom Great <i>Alexander</i> may seem less, Who conquer'd Men, but not their Languages. In his Mouth Nations speak ; his Tongue might be Interpreter to <i>Greece, France, Italy.</i> 20 His native Soyl was the four parts o' th' Earth ; All <i>Europe</i> was too narrow for his Birth.	A young Apostle ; and (with rev'rence may I speak 't) inspir'd with gift of Tongues, as They. Nature gave him, a Childe, what Men in vain Oft strive, by Art though further'd, to obtain. His body was an Orb, his sublime Soul Did move on <i>Virtue's</i> and on <i>Learning's</i> pole : Whose Reg'lar Motions better to our view, Then <i>Archimedes</i> Sphere, the Heavens did shew. 30 Graces and Vertues, Languages and Arts, Beauty and Learning, fill'd up all the parts. Heav'n's Gifts, which do, like falling Stars, appear Scatter'd in Others ; all, as in their Sphear, Were fix'd and conglobate in's Soul, and thence Shone th'row his Body with sweet Influence ; Letting their Glories so on each Limb fall, The whole Frame render'd was Celestial. Come, learned <i>Plotomy</i> , and tryal make, If thou this Hero's Altitude canst take ; 40 But that transcends thy skill ; thrice happie all, Could we but prove thus Astronomical. Liv'd <i>Tycho</i> now, struck with this Ray, (which shone More bright i' th' Morn than others Beam at Noon) He'd take his <i>Asirolabe</i> , and seek out here What new Star 't was did gild our Hemi- sphere.
---	---

UPON THE DEATH OF THE LORD HASTINGS  
Text from the original in *Lachrymæ Musarum*,  
1650 The text has never been correctly re-  
printed in England  
19 speak] *English editors give spake This*  
*reading makes the passage easier, but it is not*  
*likely to be right.*

21 'n] *English editors greet Perhaps 't should*  
*be read*  
35 fix'd and] *Editors till Christie wrongly*  
*omit and*

Replenish'd then with such rare Gifts as these,

Where was room left for such a Foul Disease?  
The Nations sin hath drawn that Veil which shrouds

Our Day-spring in so sad benighting Clouds.  
Heaven would no longer trust its Pledge;  
but thus 51

Recall'd it; rapt its *Ganymede* from us.  
Was there no milder way but the Small Pox,

The very filth'ness of *Pandora's* Box?

So many Spots, like *naves*, our *Venus* soil?

One Jewel set off with so many a Foil?

Blisters with pride swell'd, which th'row's  
flesh did sprout

Like Rose-buds, stuck i' th' Lilly-skin about.

Each little Pimple had a Tear in it,

To wail the fault its rising did commit: 60

Who, Rebel-like, with their own Lord at  
strife,

Thus made an Insurrection 'gainst his  
Life.

Or were these Gems sent to adorn his Skin,

The Cab'net of a richer Soul within?

No Comet need foretel his Change drew on,

Whose Corps might seem a *Constellation*.

O had he di'd of old, how great a strife

Had been, who from his Death should draw  
their Life?

Who should by one rich draught become  
whate'er

*Seneca, Cato, Numa, Cæsar*, were: 70

Learn'd, Vertuous, Pious, Great. and have  
by this

An Universal *Metempsychosis*

Must all these ag'd Sires in one Funeral

Expire? All die in one so young, so small?

Who, had he liv'd his life out, his great  
Fame

Had swoln 'bove any *Greek* or *Romane* name?

But hasty Winter, with one blast, hath  
brought

The hopes of Autumn, Summer, Spring, to  
nought.

Thus fades the Oak i' th' sprig, i' th' blade  
the Corn;

Thus, without Young, this *Phoenix* dies, new  
born. 80

Must then old three-legg'd gray-beards, with  
their Gout,

Catarhs, Rhcums, Aches, live three Ages  
out?

Times Offal, onely fit for th' Hospital,

Or t' hang an Antiquaries room withal;

Must Drunkards, Leechers, spent with Sin-  
ning, live

With such helps as Broths, Possits, Physick  
give?

None live but such as should die? Shall we  
meet

With none but Ghostly Fathers in the  
Street?

Grief makes me rail; Sorrow will force its  
way;

And Show'rs of Tears, Tempestuous Sighs  
best lay. 90

The Tongue may fail; but over-flowing  
Eyes

Will weep out lasting streams of *Elegirs*.

But thou, O *Virgin-aidor*, left alone,

Now thy Beloved, Heaven-raviht Spouse is  
gone,

(Whose skillful Sire in vain strove to apply  
Med'cines, when thy Balm was no remedy)

With greater than *Platonick* love, O wed  
His Soul, tho' not his Body, to thy Bed:

Let that make thee a Mother; bring thou  
forth 99

Th' *Ideas* of his Vertue, Knowledge, Worth:

Transcribe th' Original in new Copies: give

*Hastings* o' th' better part: so shall he  
live

In's Nobler Hall; and the great Grand-sire be  
Of an Heroick Divine Progenie:

An Issue which t' Eternity shall last,

Yet but th' Irradiations which he cast

Erect no *Mausoleums*: for his best

Monument is his Spouses Marble breast.

55 our *Venus*! *Derrick* and others wrongly  
give on *Venus*

84 t' hang an] *Editors* tell *Christie* wrongly  
to hang *Christie* prints to hang an  
room] *English editors* wrongly give rooms

ON THE MONUMENT OF THE MARQUIS OF  
WINCHESTER.

HE who in impious times untainted stood And midst rebellion durst be just and good, Whose arms asserted, and whose sufferings more Confirm'd the cause for which he fought before, Rests here, rewarded by an heavenly prince For what his earthly could not recompense. Pray, reader, that such times no more appear; Or, if they happen, learn true honour here.	Ark of thy age's faith and loyalty, Which, to preserve them, Heaven confin'd in thee. Few subjects could a king like thine deserve; And fewer such a king so well could serve. Blest king, blest subject, whose exalted state By sufferings rose and gave the law to fate! Such souls are rare, but mighty patterns given To earth were meant for ornaments to Heav'n
--	---

## EPITAPH ON SIR PALMES FAIRBORNE'S TOMB,

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

YE Sacred Relicks which your Marble keep, Here, undisturb'd by Wars, in quiet sleep: Discharge the trust, which (when it was below) <i>Fairborne's</i> undaunted soul did undergo: And be the Towns Palladium from the foe. Alive and dead these Walls he will defend: Great Actions great Examples must attend. The <i>Candian</i> Siege his early Valour knew; Where <i>Turkish</i> Blood did his young hands imbrew: From thence returning with deserv'd Ap- plause, Against the <i>Moors</i> his well-flesh'd Sword he draws; The same the Courage, and the same the Cause.	His Youth and Age, his Life and Death combin- bine: As in some great and regular design, All of a Piece, throughout, and all Divine Still nearer heaven, his Vertues shone more bright, Like rising flames expanding in their height; The <i>Martyrs</i> Glory Crown'd the Soldier's Fight. More bravely <i>Brutish</i> General never fell, Nor General's death was e'er reveng'd so well; Which his pleas'd Eyes beheld before their close, Follow'd by thousand Victims of his Foes. To his lamented loss for time to come, His pious Widow consecrates this Tomb
--	--

EPITAPH ON SIR PALMES FAIRBORNE'S TOMB  
Text from the *Miscellanies* of 1693  
4 undaunted] This was the word in the first  
sketch on the stone in Westminster Abbey, but  
when the letters were cut it was changed to  
undaunted The stone has some mistakes,  
Balladium for Palladium and others  
16 Vertues] Some add wrongly give Virtue  
23 tune] Some add. wrongly give times

ON THE MONUMENT OF THE MARQUIS OF  
WINCHESTER Text from Pope's *Miscellanies*,  
1712.

## TO THE MEMORY OF MR. OLDHAM.

FAREWELL, too little and too lately known,  
Whom I began to think and call my own :  
For sure our Souls were near alli'd, and thine  
Cast in the same poetick mold with mine.  
One common Note on either Lyre did strike,  
And Knaves and Fools we both abhorr'd  
alike.

To the same Goal did both our Studies drive :  
The last set out the soonest did arrive.

Thus *Nixus* fell upon the slippery place,  
Whilst his young Friend perform'd and won  
the Race. 10

O early ripe ! to thy abundant Store  
What could advancing Age have added more ?  
It might (what Nature never gives the Young)  
Have taught the Numbers of thy Native  
Tongue.

But Satire needs not those, and Wit will  
shine

Through the harsh Cadence of a rugged Line.  
A noble Error, and but seldom made,  
When Poets are by too much force betray'd.  
Thy gen'rous Fruits, though gather'd ere  
their prime,

Still shew'd a Quickness ; and maturing  
Time 20

But mellows what we write to the dull Sweets  
of Rhyme.

Once more, hail, and farewell ! farewell, thou  
young,

But ah ! too short, *Marcellus* of our Tongue !  
Thy Brows with Ivy and with Laurels bound ;  
But Fate and gloomy Night encompass thee  
around.

TO THE PIOUS MEMORY OF THE ACCOMPLISH'T YOUNG LADY

MRS. ANNE KILLIGREW,

EXCELLENT IN THE TWO SISTER-ARTS OF POESIE AND PAINTING.

## AN ODE.

I

THOU youngest Virgin-Daughter of the  
Skies,

Made in the last Promotion of the *Blest* ;  
Whose Palms, new pluckt from Paradise,  
In spreading *Branches* more sublimely rise,

Rich with Immortal Green above the rest :  
Whether, adopted to some Neighbouring  
Star,

Thou rol'st above us in thy wand'ring Race,  
Or, in Procession fixt and regular,

Mov'd with the Heavens Majestick pace ;  
Or, call'd to more Superiour *Bliss*, 10

Thou tread'st, with Seraphims, the vast  
*Abyss* :

Whatever happy region is thy place, &c

Cease thy Celestial Song a little space ;  
(Thou wilt have time enough for Hymn  
Divine,

Since Heav'n's Eternal Year is thine.)  
Hear then a Mortal Muse thy praise rehearse  
In no ignoble Verse ;

But such as thy own voice did practise  
here,

When thy first Fruits of Poesie were  
given,

To make thyself a welcome Inmate there ; 20  
While yet a young Probationer,  
And Candidate of Heav'n.

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. OLDHAM Text  
from the original, 1684. (I owe the collation to  
another hand).

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. KILLIGREW. Text  
from the second edition, 1693. The date is given  
wrongly by Christie. The variants below are  
from the original edition as prefix to Mrs.  
Killigrew's Poems

3 Palms] *Palmes* 1686  
12 is] *be* 1686.

2

If by Traduction came thy Mind,  
Our Wonder is the less to find  
A Soul so charming from a Stock so good ;  
Thy Father was transfus'd into thy *Blood* :  
So wert thou born into the tuneful strain,  
(An early, rich, and inexhausted Vein.)  
But if thy *Præ-existing* Soul  
Was form'd, at first, with Myriads more, 30  
It did through all the Mighty Poets  
roul

Who *Greek* or *Latine* Laurels wore,  
And was that *Sappho* last, which once it was  
before.

If so, then cease thy flight, *O Heav'n-born*  
*Mind* !

Thou hast no *Dross* to purge from thy Rich  
Ore :

Nor can thy Soul a fairer Mansion find  
Than was the *Beauteous* Frame she left  
behind :

Return, to fill or mend the Quire of thy  
Celestial kind.

3

May we presume to say, that at thy  
*Birth*,

New joy was sprung in HEAV'N as well as  
here on *Earth* ? 40

For sure the Milder Planets did combine  
On thy *Auspicious* Horoscope to shine,  
And ev'n the most Malicious were in Trine.)

Thy *Brother-Angels* at thy *Birth*

Strung each his *Lyre*, and tun'd it high,

That all the People of the Skie

Might know a Poetess was born on *Earth*.

And then if ever, Mortal Ears

Had heard the Musick of the Spheres<sup>1</sup>

And if no clust'ring Swarm of *Bees* 50

On thy sweet Mouth distill'd their golden  
Dew,

'Twas that, such vulgar Miracles

Heav'n had not Leasure to renew :

For all the *Blest* Fraternity of Love  
Solemniz'd there thy *Birth*, and kept thy  
Holyday above.

4

O Gracious God ! How far have we  
Prophan'd thy Heav'nly Gift of Poesy !  
Made prostitute and profligate the Muse,  
Debas'd to each obscene and impious  
use,

Whose Harmony was first ordain'd  
*Above*, 60

For Tongues of *Angels* and for *Hymns* of  
*Love* !

Oh wretched We ! why were we hurry'd  
down

This lubrique and adult'rate age,  
(Nay, added fat Pollutions of our own)

T' increase the steaming Ordures of the  
Stage ?

What can we say t' excuse our *Second*  
*Fall* ?

Let this thy *Vestal*, Heav'n, atone for all :  
Her *Arelhusian* Stream remains unsoil'd,

Unmixt with Forreign Filth and undefil'd,  
Her Wit was more than Man, her Innocence  
a Child. 70

5

*Art* she had none, yet wanted none,  
For Nature did that Want supply :

So rich in Treasures of her Own,

She might our boasted Stores defy :

Such Noble Vigour did her Verse adorn,  
That it seem'd borrow'd, where 'twas only  
born.

Her Morals too were in her *Bosom* bred

By great Examples daily fed,

What in the best of *Books*, her Father's Life,  
she read.

And to be read her self she need not fear ;  
Each Test, and ev'ry Light, her Muse will  
bear, 81

Though *Epictetus* with his Lamp were there  
Ev'n Love (for Love sometimes her Muse  
express't),

Was but a Lambent-flame which play'd  
about her *Breast* :

Light as the Vapours of a Morning Dream,  
So cold herself, whilst she such Warmth  
express't,

'Twas *Cupid* bathing in *Diana's* Stream.

26 *Blood*] *Blood* 1686.

29 *Præ-existing*] *Præ-existing* 1686 Editors  
give *pre-existing*

44 *Brother-Angels*] *Brother-Angels* 1686

67 *atone*] *atone* 1686

77 *Bosom*] *Bosome* 1686

81 *Breast*] *Brest* 1686



## 6

Born to the Spacious Empire of the Nine,  
One wou'd have thought, she should have  
been content

To managewell that Mighty Government; 90  
But what can young ambitious Souls confine?

To the next Realm she stretcht her Sway,  
For *Painture* near adjoining lay,  
A plenteous Province, and alluring Prey. }  
A Chamber of Dependences was fram'd,  
(As Conquerors will never want Pretence,  
When arm'd, to justifie th' Offence),  
And the whole Fief, in right of Poetry she  
claim'd.

The Country open lay without Defence;  
For Poets frequent In-rides there had made,  
And perfectly cou'd represent 101  
The Shape, the Face, with ev'ry Linea-  
ment;

And all the large Demains which the Dumb-  
sister sway'd;

All bow'd beneath her Government,  
Receiv'd in Triumph wheresoe'er she went.  
Her Pencil drew whate'er her Soul design'd  
And oft the happy Draught surpass'd the  
Image in her Mind.

The *Sylvan* Scenes of Herds and Flocks  
And fruitful Plains and barren Rocks,  
Of shallow Brooks that flow'd so clear, 110  
The bottom did the top appear;  
Of deeper too and ampler Floods  
Which as in Mirrors, shew'd the Woods;  
Of lofty Trees, with Sacred Shades  
And Perspectives of pleasant Glades,  
Where Nymphs of brightest Form appear,  
And shaggy Satyrs standing near, }  
Which them at once admire and fear.  
The Ruines too of some Majestick Piece,  
Boasting the Pow'r of ancient Rome or  
Greece, 120

Whose Statues, Freezes, Columns, broken  
lie,

And, tho' defac'd, the Wonder of the Eye;  
What *Nature*, *Art*, bold *Fiction*, e're durst  
frame,

Her forming Hand gave Feature to the  
Name.

91 near] near 1686.

112 Floods] Floods 1686.

117 near] near 1686.

122 defac'd] defac't 1686. Eye] Eye 1686

124 Feature to] Shape unto 1686.

So strange a Concourse ne're was seen  
before,  
But when the peopl'd Ark the whole Creation  
bore.

## 7

The Scene then chang'd; with bold  
Erected Look  
Our Martial King the sight with Reverence  
strook:

For, not content t' express his Outward  
Part, 129  
Her hand call'd out the Image of his Heart,  
His Warlike Mind, his Soul devoid of Fear,  
His High-designing Thoughts were figur'd  
there,  
As when, by Magick, Ghosts are made  
appear.

Our Phenix queen was portrai'd too so  
bright,

*Beauty* alone cou'd *Beauty* take so right:  
Her Dress, her Shape, her matchless Grace,  
Were all observ'd, as well as heav'nly Face.  
With such a Peerless Majesty she stands,  
As in that Day she took the Crown from  
Sacred hands:

Before a Train of Heroins was seen, 140  
In *Beauty* foremost, as in Rank, the Queen!  
Thus nothing to her Genius was deny'd,  
But like a Ball of Fire, the farther thrown,  
Still with a greater Blaze she shone,  
And her bright Soul broke out on ev'ry  
side.

What next she had design'd, Heaven only  
knows:

To such Immod'rate Growth her Conquest  
rose

That Fate alone its Progress cou'd oppose.

## 8

Now all those Charms, that blooming Grace,  
The well-proportion'd Shape and beauteous  
Face, 150

Shall never more be seen by Mortal Eyes;  
In Earth the much-lamented Virgin lies!

149 sqq. These lines as printed in 1686 ran:  
As in that Day she took from Sacred hands  
The Crown; 'mong num'rous Heroins was seen,  
More yrt in Beauty, than in Rank, the Queen!  
*Saintsbury wrongly gives* 'mongst for 'mong  
149 Charms] Charms 1686.

Not Wit nor Priety cou'd Fate prevent ;  
Nor was the cruel *Destiny* content  
To finish all the Murder at a blow,  
To sweep at once her *Life* and *Beauty*  
too ;

But, like a hardn'd Fellow, took a pride  
To work more Mischievously slow,  
And plunder'd first, and then destroy'd  
O double Sacrilege on things Divine, 160  
To rob the Relique, and deface the Shrine !  
But thus *Orinda* dy'd :  
Heav'n, by the same Disease, did both  
translate,  
As equal were their Souls, so equal was their  
fate.

## 9

Mean time, her *Warlike Brother* on the  
Seas  
His waving Streamers to the Winds displays,  
And vows for his Return, with vain Devotion,  
pays.  
Ah, Generous Youth ! that Wish for-  
bear,  
The Winds too soon will waft thee here !  
Slack all thy Sails, and fear to come, 170  
Alas, thou know'st not, thou art wreck'd at  
home !  
No more shalt thou behold thy Sister's  
Face,  
Thou hast already had her last Embrace.

But look aloft, and if thou ken'st from far,  
Among the *Pleiad's*, a New-kind'd star,  
If any sparkles, than the rest, more bright,  
'Tis she that shines in that propitious Light.

## 10

When in mid-Air the Golden Trump shall  
sound,  
To raise the Nations under ground ;  
When in the Valley of *Jehosaphat* 180  
The Judging God shall close the book of  
Fate,  
And there the last *Assizes* keep  
For those who Wake and those who Sleep ;  
When rattling *Bones* together fly  
From the four Corners of the Skie,  
When Sinews o're the Skeletons are spread,  
Those cloath'd with Flesh, and Life inspires  
the Dead ;  
The Sacred Poets first shall hear the Sound,  
And foremost from the Tomb shall bound :  
For they are cover'd with the lightest  
ground ; 190  
And streight, with in-born Vigour, on the  
Wing,  
Like mounting Larks, to the New Morning  
sing.  
There *Thou*, sweet Saint, before the Quire  
shalt go,  
As Harbinger of Heav'n, the Way to show,  
The Way which thou so well hast learn'd  
below.

## UPON THE DEATH OF THE VISCOUNT OF DUNDEE.

O! Last and Best of *Scots* ! who did'st  
maintain  
Thy Country's Freedom from a Foreign  
Reign ;  
New People fill the Land, now thou art gone,  
New Gods the Temples, and new Kings the  
Throne.

*Scotland* and Thee did each in other live,  
Nor wou'd'st thou her, nor cou'd she thee  
survive.  
Farewel ! who living didst support the  
State,  
And cou'd'st not fall but with thy Country's  
Fate

170 Sails] Sailes 1686  
178 Air] Aire 1686  
192 Larks] Larkes 1686.

UPON THE DEATH OF THE VISCOUNT OF  
DUNDEE Text of 1704

## EPITAPH ON THE LADY WHITMORE.

FAIR, Kind, and True, a Treasure each  
 alone,  
 A Wife, a Mistress, and a Friend in one,  
 Rest in this Tomb, rais'd at thy Husband's  
 cost,  
 Here sadly summing, what he had, and  
 lost.

EPITAPH ON THE LADY WHITMORE Text  
 from the Monument in Twickenham Church.

Come Virgins, ere in equal Bands ye join,  
 Come first and offer at her Sacred Shrine :  
 Pray but for half the Vertues of this  
 Wife,  
 Compound for all the rest with longer  
 Life ;  
 And wish your Vows, like hers, may be re-  
 turn'd,  
 So Lov'd when Living, and when Dead so  
 Mourn'd.

# Eleonora:

---

A PANEGYRICAL

# POEM

Dedicated to the

# MEMORY

Of the Late

# COUNTESS

OF

# ABINGDON.

*Highly Commending her.*

---

Written by Mr. D R Y D E N.

---

————— *Superas evadere ad auras,  
Hoc opus, hic labor est. Pauci, quos æquus amavit  
Juppiter, aut ardens evexit ad æthera virtus;  
Diis geniti potuere. Virgil Æneid. I. 6.*

---

L O N D O N:

Printed for Jacob Tonson, at the Judges Head in Chancery-  
Lane, near Fleetstreet. 1692. 7. March.

Where compleat Sets of Mr. Dryden's Works are Sold: The Plays being put  
in the order they were Written.

TO THE  
RIGHT HONOURABLE  
THE  
EARL OF ABINGDON, &c.

My Lord,—The Commands, with which You honour'd me some Months ago are now perform'd : they had been sooner ; but betwixt ill health, some business, and many troubles, I was forc'd to defer them till this time. Ovid, going to his Banishment, and writing from on Shipbord to his Friends, excus'd the Faults of his Poetry by his Misfortunes ; and told them that good Verses never flow, but from a serene and compos'd Spirit. Wit, which is a kind  
10 of Mercury with Wings fasten'd to his Head and Heels, can fly but slowly in a damp air. I therefore chose rather to Obey You late than ill : if at least I am capable of writing anything, at any time, which is worthy Your Perusal and Your Patronage. I cannot say that I have escap'd from a Shipwreck ; but have only gain'd a Rock by hard swimming ; where I may pant a while and gather breath : For the Doctors give me a sad assurance that my Disease never took its leave of any man but with a purpose to return. However, my Lord, I have laid hold on the Interval, and menag'd the small Stock which Age has left me to the best advantage, in performing this inconsiderable service to my Ladies memory. We who are Priests of Apollo have not the Inspiration when we please ; but must wait until the God comes rushing on us, and invades us with a fury, which we are not able to resist : which gives us  
20 double strength while the Fit continues, and leaves us languishing and spent, at its departure. Let me not seem to boast ; my Lord ; for I have really fill'd it on this Occasion and prophecy'd beyond my natural power. Let me add and hope to be believ'd, that the Excellency of the Subject contributed much to the Happiness of the Execution : And that the weight of thirty Years was taken off me, while I was writing. I scorn with the Tyde, and the water under me was buoyant. The Reader will easily observe, that I was transported, by the multitude and variety of my Similitudes, which are generally the product of a luxuriant Fancy ; and the wantonness of Wit. Had I call'd in my Judgment to my assistance, I had certainly retrench'd many of them. But I defend them not ; let them pass for beautiful faults amongst the better sort of Critiques : For the whole Poem, though written in that which they call Heroique  
30 Verse, is of the Pindarique nature, as well in the Thought as the Expression ; and, as such, requires the same grains of allowance for it. It was intended, as Your Lordship sees in the Title, not for an Elegic, but a Panegyrique. A kind of Apotheosis, indeed ; if a Heathen Word may be applied to a Christian use. And on all Occasions of Praise, if we take the Ancients for our Patterns, we are bound by Prescription to employ the magnificence of Words, and the force of Figures, to adorn the sublimity of Thoughts. Isocrates amongst the Grecian Orators, and Cicero, and the younger Pliny, amongst the Romans, have left us their Precedents for our security : For I think I need not mention the inimitable Pindar, who stretches on these Pinions out of sight, and is carried upward, as it were, into another World.

This, at least, my Lord, I may justly plead, that if I have not perform'd so well as I think  
40 I have, yet I have us'd my best endeavours to excel my self. One Disadvantage I have had, which is, never to have known, or seen my Lady : And to draw the Lineaments of her Mind, from the Description which I have receiv'd from others, is for a Painter to set himself at work without the living Original before him. Which the more beautiful it is, will be so much the more difficult for him to conceive ; when he has only a relation given him of such and such Features by an Acquaintance or a Friend ; without the Nice Touches, which give the best Resemblance, and make the Graces of the Picture. Every Artist is apt enough to flatter himself

(and I amongst the rest) that their own ocular Observations would have discover'd more perfections, at least others, than have been deliver'd to them: Though I have receiv'd mine from the best hands, that is, from Persons who neither want a just Understanding of my Lady's Worth, nor a due Veneration for her Memory.

Doctor Donne the greatest Wit, though not the best Poet, of our Nation, acknowledges that he had never seen Mrs. Drury, whom he has made immortal in his admirable Anniversaries; I have had the same fortune; though I have not succeeded to the same Genus. However, I have followed his footsteps in the Design of his Panegyrick, which was to raise an Emulation in the living, to Copy out the Example of the dead. And therefore it was, that I once intended to have call'd this poem, *The Pattern*: And though, on a second consideration, I chang'd the Title into the Name of that Illustrious Person, yet the Design continues, and Eleonora is still the Pattern of Charity, Devotion, and Humility, of the best Wife, the best Mother, and the best of Friends.

And now, my Lord, though I have endeavour'd to answer Your Commands, yet I could not answer it to the World nor to my Conscience, if I gave not Your Lordship my Testimony of being the best Husband now living: I say my Testimony only: For the praise of it, is given You by Your self. They who despise the Rules of Virtue both in their Practice and their Morals, will think this a very trivial Commendation. But I think it the peculiar happiness of the Countess of Abingdon, to have been so truly lov'd by you, while she was living, and so gratefully honour'd, after she was dead. Few there are who have either had, or could have such a loss; and yet fewer who carried their Love and Constancy beyond the Grave. The exterior of Mourning, a decent Funeral, and black Habits, are the usual stunts of Common Husbands: and perhaps their Wives deserve no better than to be mourn'd with Hypocrisie, and forgot with ease. But You have distinguish'd Yourself from ordinary Lovers, by a real and lasting grief for the Deceas'd, And by endeavouring to raise for her the most durable Monument, which is that of Verse. And so it wou'd have proved, if the Workman had been equal to the Work; and Your Choice of the Artificer as happy as Your Design. Yet, as Phidias, when he had made the Statue of Minerva, cou'd not forbear to engrave his own Name, as Author of the Piece: so give me leave to hope, that, by subscribing mine to this Poem, I may live by the Goddess, and transmit my Name to Posterity by the memory of Hers. 'Tis no flattery to assure Your Lordship, that she is remember'd in the present Age, by all who have had the Honour of her Conversation and Acquaintance; and that I have never been in any Company since the news of her death was first brought me, where they have not extoll'd her Virtues; and even spoken the same things of her in Prose which I have done in Verse.

I therefore think myself oblig'd to thank Your Lordship for the Commission which You have given me: How I have acquitted my self of it, must be left to the Opinion of the World, in spite of any Protestation, which I can enter against the present Age, as Incompetent, or Corrupt Judges. For my Comfort, they are but Englishmen, and, as such, if they Think Ill of me to Day, they are inconstant enough to Think Well of me to Morrow. And, after all, I have not much to thank my Fortune that I was born amongst them. The Good of both Sexes are so few, in England, that they stand like Exceptions against General Rules: And though one of them has deserv'd a greater Commendation, than I cou'd give her, they have taken care, that I shou'd not tire my Pen, with frequent exercise on the like Subject; that Praises, like Taxes, should be appropriated; and left almost as Individual as the Person. They say, my Talent is Satyre: if it be so, 'tis a fruitful Age; and there is an extraordinary Crop to gather. But a single hand is insufficient for such a Harvest: They have seen the Dragons Teeth themselves; and it is but just they shou'd reap each other in Lampoons. You, my Lord, who have the Character of Honour, though 'tis not my happiness to know You, may stand aside with the small Remainders of the English Nobility, truly such, and, unhurt your selves, behold the mad Combat. If I have pleas'd You and some few others, I have obtain'd my end. You see I have disabled my self, like an Elected Speaker of the House; yet, like him,

*I have undertaken the Charge, and find the Burden sufficiently recompens'd by the Honour. Be pleas'd to accept of these my Unworthy Labours, this Paper Monument; and let her Pious Memory, which I am sure is Sacred to You, not only plead the Pardon of my many Faults, but gain me Your Protection, which is ambitiously sought by,*

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's

Most Obedient Servant,

*John Dryden.*

## ELEONORA :

### A | PANEGRICAL POEM.

Dedicated to the | MEMORY | OF THE | Late Countess of ABINGDON.

As, when some Great and Gracious Monarch dies,

Soft whispers, first, and mournful Murmurs rise

Among the sad Attendants; then, the sound Soon gathers voice, and spreads the news around,

Through Town and Country, till the dreadful blast

Is blown to distant Colonies at last :

Who, then perhaps, were off'ring Vows in vain, For his long life and for his happy Reign :

So slowly, by degrees, unwilling Fame Did Matchless *Eleonora's* fate proclaim, 10 Till publick as the loss the news became. }

The Nation felt it, in th' extremest parts, With eyes o'reflowing and with bleeding hearts :

But most the Poor, whom daily she supply'd ;

Beginning to be such, but when she dy'd. *Of her Charity.*

For, while she liv'd, they slept in peace, by night ;

Secure of bread, as of returning light, And, with such firm dependence on the Day, That need grew pamp'ring ; and forgot to pray :

So sure the Dole, so ready at their call, 20 They stood prepar'd to see the Manna fall.

Such Multitudes she fed, she cloath'd, she nurs't,

That she, her self, might fear her wanting first.

Of her Five Talents, other five she made ; Heav'n, that had largely giv'n, was largely pay'd ;

And, in few lives, in wondrous few, we find A Fortune better fitted to the Mind.

Nor did her Alms from Ostentation fall, Or proud desire of Praise ; the Soul gave all : Unbrib'd it gave ; or, if a bribe appear, 30 No less than Heav'n ; to heap huge treasures, there.

Want pass'd for Merit, at her open door : Heav'n saw, he safely might increase his Poor, And trust their Sustenance with her so well As not to be at charge of Miracle.

None cou'd be needy, whom she saw, or knew ;

All, in the compass of her Sphear, she drew : He who cou'd touch her Garment, was as sure,

As the first Christians of th' Apostles cure.

The distant heard, by fame, her pious deeds ; And laid her up, for their extremest needs ;

A future Cordial for a fainting Mind ; 42 For, what was ne're refus'd, all hop'd to find,

Each in his turn : The Rich might freely come, As to a Friend ; but to the Poor, 'twas Home.

As to some Holy House th' Afflicted came ; The Hunger-starv'd, the Naked, and the

Lame ; Want and Diseases fled before her Name.

For zeal like hers, her Servants were too slow ;

She was the first, where need requir'd, to go, 50

Her self the Foundress, and Attendant too.

ELEONORA. Text from the original edition, 1692, except as noted.

Sure she had Guests sometimes to entertain,  
 Guests in disguise, of her Great Master's Train:  
 Her Lord himself might come, for ought we know;  
 Since in a Servant's form he liv'd below;  
 Beneath her Roof, he might be pleased to stay:

Or some benighted Angel, in his way  
 Might ease his Wings; and seeing Heav'n appear

In its best work of Mercy, think it there,  
 Where all the deeds of Charity and Love 60  
 Were in as constant Method, as above,  
 All carry'd on; all of a piece with theirs;  
 As free her Alms, as diligent her cares;  
 As loud her Praises, and as warm her Pray'rs.

Yet was she not profuse; but fear'd to waste,

And wisely manag'd, that the *Of her prudent management.*  
 stock might last;

That all might be supply'd; and she not grieve

When crowds appear'd, she had not to relieve.

Which to prevent, she still increas'd her store;

Laid up, and spar'd, that she might give the more: 70

So Pharaoh, or some Greater king than he,  
 Provided for the sev'nth Necessity:

Taught from above, his Magazines to frame;  
 That Famine was prevented e're it came.

Thus Heav'n, though All-sufficient, shows a thrift

In his Oeconomy, and bounds his gift:  
 Creating for our Day, one single Light;

And his Reflection too supplies the Night:  
 Perhaps a thousand other Worlds, that lye

Remote from us, and latent in the Sky, 80  
 Are lighten'd by his Beams, and kindly nurst;

Of which our Earthly Dunghill is the worst.

Now, as all Vertues keep the middle line,

Yet somewhat more to one extreme incline,  
 Such was her Soul; abhorring Avarice,

Bounteous, but, almost bounteous to a Vice:  
 Had she giv'n more, it had Profusion been,

And turn'd the excess of Goodness, into Sin.

These Vertues rais'd her Fabrick to the Sky;

For that which is next Heav'n, *Of her Humility*  
 is Charity.

But, as high Turrets for their Ay'ry steep 90  
 Require Foundations, in proportion deep:  
 And lofty Cedars as far upward shoot  
 As to the neather Heav'ns they drive the root:

So low did her secure Foundation lye,  
 She was not Humble, but Humility.

Scarcely she knew that she was great, or fair,

Or wise, beyond what other Women are, }  
 Or, which is better, knew; but never durst compare.

For to be conscious of what all admire, 100  
 And not be vain, advances Vertue high'r:

But still she found, or rather thought she found,

Her own worth wanting, others' to abound:  
 Ascrib'd above their due to ev'ry one,

Unjust and scanty to her self alone.

Such her Devotion was, as might give rules

Of Speculation, to disputing *Of her Piety*  
 Schools;

And teach us equally the Scales to hold  
 Betwixt the two Extremes of hot and cold

That pious heat may mod'rately prevail, 110  
 And we be warm'd, but not be scorch'd with zeal.

Business might shorten, not disturb her Pray'r;

Heav'n had the best, if not the greater share.  
 An Active life long Oraisons forbids;

Yet still she pray'd, for still she pray'd by deeds.

Her ev'ry day was Sabbath; Only free  
 From hours of Pray'r, for hours of Charity.

Such as the Jews from servile toil releast;  
 Where works of Mercy were a part of rest:

Such as blest Angels exercise above, 120  
 Vary'd with Sacred Hymns, and Acts of Love;

Such Sabbath as that one she now enjoys:  
 Ev'n that perpetual one, which she employs,

(For such vicissitudes in Heav'n there are)  
 In Præse alternate, and alternate Pray'r.

93 Cedars as far] Cedars, as far, 1092

100 conscious] consc'ious 1092

114 life] life, 1092



All this she practis'd here ; that when she  
sprung  
Amidst the Quires, at the first sight she  
sung.

Sung, and was sung her self, in Angels Lays ;  
For praising her, they did her Maker praise.  
All Offices of Heav'n so well she knew, 130  
Before she came, that nothing there was  
new ;

And she was so familiarly receiv'd,  
As one returning, not as one arriv'd.

Muse, down again precipitate thy flight ;  
For how can Mortal Eyes sustain  
Immortal Light !

But as the Sun in Water we can  
bear,

Yet not the Sun, but his Reflection there,  
So let us view her here, in what she was,  
And take her Image in this watry Glass :

Yet look not ev'ry Lineament to see ; 140  
Some will be cast in shades ; and some  
will be

So lamely drawn, you scarcely know, 'tis  
she.

For where such various Vertues we recite,  
'Tis like the Milky-Way, all over bright,  
But sown so thick with Stars, 'tis undis-  
tinguish'd light.

Her Vertue, not her Vertues let us call ;  
For one Heroick comprehends 'em all :

One, as a Constellation is but one ;  
Though 'tis a Train of Stars, that, rolling on,

Rise in their turn, and in the Zodiack run,  
Ever in Motion ; now 'tis Faith ascends, 151

Now Hope, now Charity, that upward  
tends,

And downwards with diffusive Good, de-  
scends.

As in Perfumes compos'd with Art and  
Cost,

'Tis hard to say what Scent is uppermost ;  
Nor this part Musk or Civet can we call,

Or Amber, but a rich Result of all ;  
So, she was all a Sweet ; whose ev'ry part,

In due proportion mix'd, proclaim'd the  
Maker's Art.

No single Virtue we cou'd most commend,  
Whether the Wife, the Mother, or the

Friend : 161

For she was all, in that supreme degree,  
That, as no one prevail'd, so all was she.

The sev'ral parts lay hidden in the Piece ;  
Th' Occasion but exerted that, or this.

A Wife as tender, and as true wifall,  
As the first Woman was, before  
her fall : *Of her* 1

Made for the Man, of whom she  
was a part ; *Conjugal*

Made, to attract his Eyes, and keep his Heart,  
A second Eve, but by no crime accus'd ; 170

As beauteous, not as brittle as the first.  
Had she been first, still Paradise had bin,

And Death had found no entrance by her sin.  
So she not only had preserv'd from ill

Her Sex and ours, but liv'd their Pattern still.  
Love and Obedience to her Lord she bore,

She much obey'd him, but she lov'd him  
more.

Not aw'd to Duty by superior sway ;  
But taught by his Indulgence to obey.

Thus we love God as Author of our good ;  
So Subjects love just Kings, or so they

shou'd. 181

Nor was it with Ingratitude return'd ;  
In equal Fires the blissful Couple burn'd :

One Joy possess'd 'em both, and in one  
Grier they mourn'd.

His Passion still improv'd : he lov'd so fast  
As if he fear'd each day wou'd be her last.

Too true a Prophet to foresee the Fate  
That shou'd so soon divide their happy

State :  
When he to Heav'n entirely must restore

That Love, that Heart, where he went halves  
before. 190

Yet as the Soul is all in ev'ry part,  
So God and He, might each have all her

Heart.  
So had her Children too ; for Charity

Was not more fruitful, or more  
kind than she : *Of her*

Each under other by degrees they  
grew ; *love to her*

A goodly Perspective of distant view.  
*Children.*  
Anchises look'd not with so pleas'd a face

In numb'ring o'er his future Roman Race,  
And Marshalling the Heroes of his name,

As, in their Order, next to light they came ;  
Nor Cybele with half so kind an Eye, 201

Survey'd her Sons and Daughters of the  
Skie.

Proud, shall I say, of her immortal Fruit,  
As far as Pride with Heav'nly Minds may

suit.

201 Heav'nly] Heav'ny 1692.

Her pious love excell'd to all she bore ;  
New Objects only multiply'd it more ;

And as the Chosen found the *Her care*  
perly Grain *of their*  
As much as ev'ry Vessel could contain ; *Education.*

As in the Blissful Vision each shall share,  
As much of Glory, as his soul can bear ; 210

So did she love, and so dispense her Care.)  
Her eldest thus, by consequence, was best ;

As longer cultivated than the rest :  
The Babe had all that Infant care bequiles,

And early knew his Mother in her smiles :  
But when dilated Organs let in day

To the young Soul, and gave it room to play,  
At his first aptness, the Maternal Love

Those Rudiments of Reason did improve :  
The tender Age was pliant to command ; 220

Like Wax it yielded to the forming hand :  
True to th' Artificer, the labour'd Mind

With ease was pious, generous, just and  
kind ;

Soft for Impression, from the first prepar'd,  
Till Virtue, with long exercise, grew hard ;

With ev'ry Act confirm'd ; and made, at last  
So durable, as not to be effac'd,

It turned to Habit ; and, from Vices free,  
Goodness resolv'd into Necessity

Thus fix'd she Virtue's Image, that's her  
own, 230

Till the whole Mother in the Children shone,  
For that was their perfection ; she was such,

They never cou'd express her Mind too much,  
So unexhausted her Perfections were,

That, for more Children, she had more to  
spare ;

For Souls unborn, whom her untimely death  
Depriv'd of Bodies and of mortal breath :

And (cou'd they take th' Impressions of her  
Mind) 239

Enough still left to sanctifie her kind.  
Then wonder not to see this Soul extend

The bounds, and seek some other  
self, a Friend : *Of her*

As swelling Seas to gentle Rivers *Friend-*  
glide, *ship*

To seek repose, and empty out the Tyde ;  
So this full Soul, in narrow limits pent,

Unable to contain her, sought a vent,  
To issue out, and in some friendly breast

Discharge her Treasures, and securely rest :  
T' unbosom all the secrets of her Heart,

Take good advice, but better to impart. 249

For 'tis the bliss of Friendship's holy state  
To mix their Minds, and to communicate ;  
Though Bodies cannot, Souls can pene-  
trate.

First to her choice ; inviolably true ;  
And wisely chusing, for she chose but few.

Some she must have ; but in no one cou'd  
find

A Tally fitted for so large a Mind -  
The Souls of Friends like Kings in Progress

are ;  
Still in their own, though from the Pallace  
far :

Thus her Friend's Heart her Country Dwell-  
ing was,

A sweet Retirement to a courser place : 260  
Where Pomp and Ceremonies enter'd not ;

Where Greatness was shut out, and Bus'ness  
well forgot.

This is th' imperfect draught ; but short  
as far

As the true height and bigness of a Star  
Exceeds the Measures of th' Astronomer.

She shines above, we know, but in what  
place,  
How near the Throne, and Heav'n's Imperial  
Face,

By our weak Opticks is but vainly ghest ;  
Distance and Altitude conceal the rest. 269

Tho all these rare Endowments of the  
Mind

Were in a narrow space of life *Reflections*  
confin'd, *on the*  
The Figure was with full Perfec- *shortness*  
tion crown'd ; *of her life*

Though not so large an Orb, as truly round.  
As when in glory, through the publick  
place,

The Spoils of conquer'd Nations were to pass,  
And but one Day for Triumph was allowed,

The Consul was constrain'd his Pomp to  
crowd ;

And so the swift Procession hurry'd on,  
That all, though not distinctly, might be  
shown : 279

So, in the straiten'd bounds of life confin'd,  
She gave but glimpses of her glorious Mind

And multitudes of Vertues pass'd along,  
Each pressing foremost in the mighty throng ;

Ambitious to be seen, and then make room,  
For greater Multitudes that were to come.

Yet unemploy'd no Minute slipt away ;  
Moments were precious in so short a stay

The haste of Heav'n to have her was so  
great

That some were single Acts, though each  
compleat ;

But ev'ry Act stood ready to repeat. 290

Her fellow Saints with busie care, will  
look

For her blest Name in Fate's eternal Book ;  
And, pleas'd to be outdone, with joy will  
see

Numberless Vertues, endless Charity ;  
But more will wonder at so short an Age  
To find a Blank beyond the thirti'th Page ;  
And with a pious fear begin to doubt  
The Piece imperfect, and the rest torn out.

But 'twas her Saviour's time ; and, cou'd  
there be

A Copy near th' Original, 'twas  
she.

As precious Gums are not for  
lasting fire,

They but perfume the Temple, and expire,  
So was she soon exhal'd ; and vanish'd  
hence : 303

A short sweet Odour, of a vast expence.  
She vanish'd, we can scarcely say she  
dy'd ;

For but a Now, did Heav'n and Earth  
divide :

She pass'd serenely with a single breath,  
This moment perfect health, the next was  
death.

One sigh, did her eternal Bliss  
assure ;

So little Penance needs, when  
Souls are almost pure. 310

As gentle Dreams our waking Thoughts  
pursue ;

Or, one Dreagh pass'd, we slide into a  
new ;

(So close they follow, such wild Order keep,  
We think our selves awake, and are asleep :)

So softly death succeed'd life, in her ;  
She did but dream of Heav'n, and she was  
there.

No Pains she suffer'd, nor expir'd with  
Noise ;

Her Soul was whisper'd out, with God's still  
Voice ;

As an old Friend is beckon'd to a Feast,  
And treated like a long familiar Guest ; 320

He took her as he found ; but found her  
so,

As one in hourly readiness to go. *Her pre-  
paredness to dye.*

Ev'n on that day, in all her Trim  
prepar'd ;

As early notice she from Heav'n had heard,  
And some descending Courier, from above

Had giv'n her timely warning to remove :  
Or counsell'd her to dress the nuptial Room ;

For on that Night the Bride-  
groom was to come. *She dy'd on  
Whitsunday  
night.*

He kept his hour, and found  
her where she lay

Cloath'd all in white, the Liv'ry of the  
Day : 330

Scarce had she sinn'd in thought, or word,  
or act ;

Unless Omissions were to pass for fact :  
That hardly Death a Consequence cou'd  
draw,

To make her liable to Nature's Law.  
And that she dy'd, we only have to show,

The mortal part of her she left below :  
The rest (so smooth, so suddenly she went)

Looked like Translation, through the  
Firmament ;

Or like the fiery Carr, on the third Errand  
sent. 339

O happy Soul ! if thou canst view from  
high

Where thou art all Intelli- *Apostrophe  
to her Soul.*  
gence, all Eye,

If looking up to God, or down to us,  
Thou find'st that any way be pervious,

Survey the ruines of thy House, and see  
Thy widow'd, and thy Orphan Family ;

Look on thy tender Pledges left behind ;  
And, if thou canst a vacant Minute find

From Heav'nly Joys, that Interval afford  
To thy sad Children and thy mourning  
Lord. 349

See how they grieve, mistaken in their love,  
And shed a beam of Comfort from above ;

Give 'em, as much as mortal Eyes can bear,  
A transient view of thy full glories there ;

That they with mod'rate sorrow may sustain  
And mollifie their Losses, in thy Gain.

Or else divide the grief, for such thou wert,  
That should not all Relations bear a part,

It were enough to break a single heart. }

Let this suffice: Nor thou, great Saint,  
 refuse  
 This humble Tribute of no vulgar  
 Muse:  
 Who, not by Cares, or Wants, or  
 Age deprest, 361  
 Stems a wild Deluge with a dauntless brest:  
 And dares to sing thy Praises, in a Clime  
 Where Vice triumphs and Vertue is a Crime:  
 Where even to draw the Picture of thy  
 Mind,  
 Is Satyr on the most of Humane Kind:  
 Take it, while yet 'tis Praise; before my rage  
 Unsafely just, break loose on this bad Age;

*Epiphora: or  
 close of  
 the Poem*

So bad, that thou thy self had'st no defence  
 From Vice, but barely by departing hence.  
 Be what, and where thou art: To wish  
 thy place, 371  
 Were in the best, Presumption, more than  
 grace.  
 Thy Reliques (such thy Works of Mercy are)  
 Have, in this Poem, been my holy care.  
 As Earth thy Body keeps, thy Soul the Sky,  
 So shall this Verse preserve thy Memory;  
 For thou shalt make it live, because it  
 sings of thee.

FINIS.

## ON THE DEATH OF MR. PURCELL.

1

MARK how the Lark and Linnet sing,  
 With rival Notes  
 They strain their warbling Throats  
 To welcome in the Spring.  
 But in the close of night,  
 When *Philomel* begins her Heav'nly Lay,  
 They cease their mutual spight,  
 Drink in her Musick with delight,  
 And list'ning and silent, and silent and  
 list'ning, and list'ning and silent  
 obey.

2

So ceas'd the rival Crew, when Purcell  
 came, 10  
 They Sung no more, or only Sung his  
 Fame.  
 Struck dumb, they all admir'd  
 The godlike man,  
 Alas, too soon retir'd,  
 As He too late began.

We beg not Hell our *Orpheus* to restore;  
 Had He been there,  
 Their Sovereigns fear  
 Had sent Him back before. 19  
 The pow'r of Harmony too well they knew;  
 He long e'er this had Tun'd their jarring  
 Sphere,  
 And left no Hell below.

3

The Heav'nly Quire, who heard his Notes  
 from high,  
 Let down the Scale of Musick from the Sky:  
 They handed him along,  
 And all the way He taught, and all the way  
 they Sung.  
 Ye Brethren of the Lyre and tunefull Voice,  
 Lament his loss: but at your own rejoyce.  
 Now live secure, and linger out your days,  
 The Gods are pleas'd alone with *Purcell's*  
 Layes, 30  
 Nor know to mend their Choice.

169 defence] defence, 1692.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. PURCELL. Text from  
 the original of 1696 In the words printed with  
 the music Dr. Blow impudently altered godlike  
 into matchless and their jarring Sphere into the  
 jarring Spheres.

6 Lay] lay 1696

9 This line has never been correctly reprinted

in England Editors till Christie gave And  
 list'ning silently obey. Christie professed to  
 'restore' the line, but by twice omitting the word  
 and gave a wrong and uneuphonic line. Dr  
 Sainsbury copies Christie.

12 admir'd] admir'd the godlike man 1696.

16 Hell] Hell, 1696

30 Layes] Layes 1696.

## THE MONUMENT OF A FAIR MAIDEN LADY,

WHO DY'D AT BATH, AND IS THERE INTERR'D.

BELOW this Marble Monument is laid  
All that Heav'n wants of this Celestial Maid.  
Preserve, O sacred Tomb, thy Trust consign'd :

The Mold was made on purpose for the  
Mind :

And she wou'd lose, if at the latter Day  
One Atom cou'd be mix'd, of other clay.

Such were the Features of her heavenly  
Face ;

Her Limbs were form'd with such harmonious  
Grace,

So faultless was the Frame, as if the Whole  
Had been an Emanation of the Soul ;

Which her own inward Symmetry reveal'd ;  
And like a Picture shone, in Glass anneal'd ;

Or like the Sun eclips'd, with shaded Light :  
Too piercing, else, to be sustain'd by  
Sight.

Each Thought was visible that rowl'd within :  
As through a Crystal Case, the figur'd Hours  
are seen.

And Heav'n did this transparent Veil pro-  
vide,

Because she had no guilty Thought to hide.

All white, a Virgin-Saint, she sought the  
Skies :

For Marriage, tho' it sullies not, it dies, 20  
High tho' her Wit, yet humble was her

Mind ;  
As if she cou'd not, or she wou'd not find

How much her Worth transcended all her  
Kind.

Yet she had learn'd so much of Heav'n below,  
That, when arriv'd, she scarce had more to  
know :

But only to refresh the former Hint :  
And read her Maker in a fairer Print.

So Pious, as she had no time to spare,  
For human Thoughts, but was confin'd to

Pray'r.  
Yet in such Charities she pass'd the Day, 30

'Twas wondrous how she found an Hour to  
Pray.

A Soul so calm, it knew not Ebbs or Flows,  
Which Passion cou'd but curl ; not discom-  
pose.

A Female Softness, with a manly Mind ;  
A Daughter duteous, and a Sister kind :

In Sickness patient ; and in Death resign'd.)

## ON THE DEATH OF AMYNTAS.

A PASTORAL ELEGY.

'TWAS on a Joyless and a Gloomy Morn,  
Wet was the Grass, and hung with Pearls  
the Thorn,

When *Damon*, who design'd to pass the Day  
With Hounds and Horns, and chase the  
flying Prey,

Rose early from his Bed ; but soon he  
found

The Welkin pitch'd with sullen Clouds  
around,

An Eastern Wind, and Dew upon the  
Ground.

Thus while he stood, and sighing did survey  
The Fields, and curs'd th' ill Omens of the  
Day,

He saw *Menalcas* come with heavy pace : 10  
Wet were his Eyes, and cheerless was his  
Face :

Hewrning his Hands, distracted with his Care,  
And sent his Voice before him from afar.

Return, he cry'd. return unhappy Swain,  
The spongy Clouds are fill'd with gath'ring

Rain :

28 as] that.

29 was] seem'd

*In 6 with gives a wrong sense, and in 18  
thoughts is false grammar. In 20 seem'd may  
be right : at any rate it gives better sense.*

ON THE DEATH OF AMYNTAS Text from the  
*Miscellanies*, 1704.

THE MONUMENT OF A FAIR MAIDEN LADY.  
Text from the edition of 1700 The variants  
below are from the monument in the Abbey  
Church at Bath as reported by Christie.

6 of] with

18 Thought] thoughts

The Promise of the Day not only crossed,  
But ev'n the Spring, the Spring it self is  
lost.

*Amyntas*—Oh ! he cou'd not speak the rest,  
Nor needed, for presaging *Damon* guess'd.  
Equal with Heav'n young *Damon* loved the  
Boy ;

The boast of Nature, both his Parents Joy.  
His graceful Form revolving in his Mind ;  
So great a Genius, and a Soul so kind,  
Gave sad assurance that his Fears were  
true ;

Too well the Envy of the Gods he knew :  
For when their Gifts too lavishly are plac'd,  
Soon they repent, and will not make them  
last.

For, sure, it was too bountiful a Dole,  
The Mother's Features, and the Father's  
Soul.

Then thus he cry'd, The Morn bespoke the  
News,

The Morning did her cheerful Light diffuse,  
But see how suddenly she changed her  
Face,

And brought on Clouds and Rains, the  
Day's disgrace :

Just such, *Amyntas*, was thy promis'd  
Race.

What Charms adorn'd thy Youth where  
Nature smil'd,

And more than Man was giv'n us in a Child.  
His Infancy was ripe : a Soul sublime  
In Years so tender that prevented time ;  
Heav'n gave him all at once ; then  
snatch'd away,

E're Mortals all his Beauties cou'd survey,  
Just like the Flow'r that buds and withers  
in a day.

## MENALCAS.

The Mother Lovely, tho' with Grief oppress'd,  
Reclin'd his dying Head upon her Breast.  
The mournful Family stood all around ;  
One Groan was heard, one Universal Sound :  
All were in Floods of Tears and endless  
Sorrow drown'd.

So dire a Sadness sate on ev'ry Look,  
Ev'n Death repented he had giv'n the  
Stroke.

He griev'd his fatal Work had been ordain'd,  
But promis'd length of Life to those who  
yet remain'd.

The Mother's and her Eldest Daughters  
Grace,

It seems had brib'd him to prolong their  
space.

The Father bore it with undaunted Soul,  
Like one who durst his Destiny controul :  
Yet with becoming Grief he bore his part,  
Resign'd his Son, but not resign'd his Heart.  
Patient as *Job* ; and may he live to see,  
Like him, a new increasing Family !

## DAMON.

Such is my Wish, and such my Prophesie.  
For yet, my Friend, the Beauteous Mold  
remains,

Long may she exercise her fruitful Pains :  
But, ah ! with better hap, and bring a Race  
More lasting, and endu'd with equal Grace :  
Equal she may, but farther none can go ;  
For he was all that was exact below.

## MENALCAS.

*Damon*, behold yon breaking Purple Cloud ;  
Hear'st thou not Hymns and Songs Divinely  
loud ?

There mounts *Amyntas* ; the young Cherubs  
play

About their Godlike Mate, and Sing him on  
his way.

He cleaves the liquid Air, behold, he  
Flies,

And every Moment gains upon the Skies ;  
The new come Guest admires th' Ætherial  
State,

The *Saphyr* Portal, and the *Golden Gate* ;  
And now admitted in the shining Throng,  
He shows the Passport which he brought  
along.

His Passport is his Innocence and Grace,  
Well known to all the Natives of the Place.  
Now Sing, yee joyful Angels, and admire  
Your Brother's Voice that comes to mend  
your Quire :

Sing you, while endless Tears our Eyes  
bestow ;

For like *Amyntas* none is left below.

## ON THE DEATH OF A VERY YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

He who cou'd view the Book of Destiny,  
And read whatever there was writ of thee,  
O *Charming Youth*, in the first op'ning Page,  
So many Graces in so green an Age,  
Such Wit, such Modesty, such strength of  
Mind,

A Soul at once so manly and so kind,  
Wou'd wonder, when he turned the Volume  
o're,

And after some few Leaves shou'd find no  
more,

Nought but a blank remain, a dead void  
space,

A step of Life that promised such a Race. 10  
We must not, dare not think, that Heav'n  
began

A Child, and cou'd not finish him a Man :

Reflecting what a mighty Store was laid

Of rich Materials, and a Model made :

The Cost already furnished ; so bestow'd,

As more was never to one Soul allow'd :

Yet after this profusion spent in vain,

Nothing but mould'ring Ashes to remain,

I guess not, lest I split upon the Shelf,

Yet, durst I guess, Heav'n kept it for him-  
self ; 20

And giving us the use, did soon recal,

E're we cou'd spare, the mighty Principal.

Thus then he disappear'd, was rarify'd,

For 'tis improper Speech to say he dy'd :

He was exhal'd : His great Creator drew

His Spirit, as the Sun the Morning Dew.

'Tis Sin produces Death ; and he had none,

But the Taint *Adam* left on ev'ry Son.

He added not, he was so pure, so good,  
'Twas but th' Original forfeit of his Blood ;  
And that so little, that the River ran 31  
More clear than the corrupted Fount began.  
Nothing remained of the first muddy Clay,  
The length of Course had wash'd it in the  
way :

So deep, and yet so clear, we might behold  
The Gravel bottom, and that bottom Gold.

As such we lov'd, admir'd, almost ador'd,  
Gave all the Tribute Mortals could afford.

Perhaps we gave so much, the Pow'rs above  
Grew angry at our superstitious Love : 40

For when we more than Human Homage pay,  
The charming Cause is justly snatched away.

Thus was the Crime not his, but ours  
alone ;

And yet we murmur that he went so soon,  
Though Miracles are short and rarely shown.

Hear then, yee mournful Parents, and  
divide

That Love in many which in one was ty'd.

That individual Blessing is no more,

But multiply'd in your remaining store.

The Flame's dispersed, but does not all  
expire : 50

The Sparkles blaze, though not the Globe of  
Fire.

Love him by Parts in all your num'rous  
Race,

And from those Parts form one collected  
Grace ;

Then, when you have refin'd to that degree,  
Imagine all in one, and think that one is He.

## UPON YOUNG MR. ROGERS

OF GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

Of gentle Blood, his Parents only Treasure,  
Their lasting Sorrow and their vanish'd

Pleasure,

Adorn'd with Features, Virtues, Wit, and  
Grace,

A large Provision for so short a Race :

More mod'rate Gifts might have prolong'd  
his Date,

Too early fitted for a better State :

But, knowing Heav'n his Home, to shun  
Delay

He leap'd o'er Age, and took the shortest Way.

ON THE DEATH OF A VERY YOUNG GENTLE-  
MAN. Text from the *Miscellanies*, 1704.

UPON YOUNG MR. ROGERS. Text from the  
*Miscellanies*, 1704.

## ON MRS. MARGARET PASTON,

OF BARNINGHAM, IN NORFOLK.

So fair, so young, so innocent, so sweet, So ripe a Judgment, and so rare a Wit, Require at least an Age in one to meet. Inhertheymet; but long they could not stay, 'Twas Gold too fine to fix without Allay.	} Heav'n's Image was in her so well ex- prest, } Her very sight upbraided all the rest; } Too justly ravish'd from an Age like this, } Now she is gone, the World is of a Piece.
--	--

## EPITAPH ON A NEPHEW

IN CATWORTH CHURCH, HUNTINGDONSHIRE.

STAY, Stranger, stay, and drop one Tear;  
 She always weeps that layd him here;  
 And will do till her Race is run:  
 His Father's fifth, her only Son.

## SONGS, ODES, AND LYRICAL PIECES.

## THE TEARS OF AMYNTA FOR THE DEATH OF DAMON

SONG.

I

ON a Bank, beside a Willow,  
 Heav'n her Cov'ring, Earth her Pillow,  
 Sad *Amynta* sigh'd alone;  
 From the cheerless dawn of Morning  
 Till the Dews of Night returning,  
 Singing thus she made her mone:  
   Hope is banish'd,  
   Joys are vanish'd,  
*Damon*, my below'd, is gone!

2

Time, I dare thee to discover  
 Such a Youth, and such a Lover;  
 Oh, so true, so kind was he!  
*Damon* was the pride of Nature,  
 Charming in his every Feature,

*Damon* liv'd alone for me:  
 Melting Kisses,  
 Murmuring Bliss;es;  
 Who so liv'd and lov'd as we!

3

Never shall we curse the Morning,  
 Never bless the Night returning,  
 Sweet Embraces to restore:  
 Never shall we both ly dying,  
 Nature failing, love supplying  
 All the Joys he drain'd before.  
   Death come end me  
   To befriend me;  
 Love and *Damon* are no more.

EPITAPH ON A NEPHEW. Text as reported  
 from the Monument.

THE TEARS OF AMYNTA. Text from the  
*Miscellany Poems*, 1684.

ON MRS. MARGARET PASTON. Text from  
 Pope's *Miscellanies*, 1712.



## SONG.

## I.

*Sylvia* the fair, in the bloom of Fifteen  
Felt an innocent warmth, as she lay on the  
green ;

She had heard of a pleasure, and something  
she guest

By the towzing and tumbling and touching  
her Breast :

She saw the men eager, but was at a loss,  
What they meant by their sighing and kissing  
so close ;

By their praying and whining,  
And clasping and twining,  
And panting and wishing,  
And sighing and kissing,  
And sighing and kissing so close.

## II.

Ah she cry'd, ah for a languishing Maid  
In a Country of Christians to die without  
aid !

Not a Whig, or a Tory, or Trimmer at  
least,

Or a Protestant Parson or Catholick Priest,

To instruct a young Virgin that is at a loss  
What they meant by their sighing and  
kissing so close ;

By their praying and whining,  
And clasping and twining,  
And panting and wishing,  
And sighing and kissing,  
And sighing and kissing so close.

## III.

*Cupid* in Shape of a Swayn did appear,  
He saw the sad wound, and in pity drew near,  
Then show'd her his Arrow, and bid her not  
fear,

For the pain was no more than a Maiden may  
bear ;

When the balm was infus'd, she was not at  
a loss

What they meant by their sighing and  
kissing so close ;

By their praying and whining,  
And clasping and twining,  
And panting and wishing,  
And sighing and kissing,  
And sighing and kissing so close.

## A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

NOVEMBER 22, 1687.

## 1

FROM Harmony, from heav'nly Harmony

This universal Frame began ;

When Nature underneath a heap

Of jarring Atomes lay,

And cou'd not heave her Head,

The tuneful Voice was heard from high,

Arise, ye more than dead.

Then cold and hot and moist and dry

In order to their Stations leap,

And MUSICK'S pow'r obey.

From Harmony, from heavenly Harmony

This universal Frame began :

From Harmony to Harmony

Through all the Compass of the Notes it ran,

The Diapason closing full in Man

## 2

What Passion cannot MUSICK raise and  
quell ?

When *Jubal* struck the corded Shell,

His listening Brethren stood around,

And, wond'ring, on their Faces fell

To worship that Celestial Sound :

Less than a God they thought there could  
not dwell

Within the hollow of that Shell,

That spoke so sweetly, and so well.

What Passion cannot MUSICK raise and  
quell ?

## 3

The TRUMPETS loud Clangor  
Excites us to Arms  
With shrill Notes of Anger  
And mortal Alarms.  
The double-double double beat  
Of the thund'ring DRUM  
Cries, heark the Foes come ;  
Charge, Charge, 'tis too late to retreat.

## 4

The soft complaining FLUTE  
In dying Notes discovers  
The Woes of hopeless Lovers,  
Whose Dirge is whisper'd by the warbling  
LUTE.

## 5

Sharp VIOLINS proclaim  
Their jealous Pangs and Desperation,  
Fury, frantick Indignation,  
Depth of Pains and Height of Passion,  
For the fair, disdainful Dame.

## 6

But oh ! what Art can teach  
What human Voice can reach

The sacred ORGANS Praise ?  
Notes inspiring holy Love,  
Notes that wing their heavenly Ways  
To mend the Choires above.

## 7

Orpheus cou'd lead the savage race,  
And Trees unrooted left their Place,  
Sequacious of the Lyre ;  
But bright CECILIA rais'd the Wonder  
high'r :  
When to her Organ vocal Breath was  
given,  
An Angel heard, and straight appear'd  
Mistaking Earth for Heav'n.

## Grand CHORUS.

As from the Pow'r of Sacred Lays  
The Spheres began to move,  
And sung the great Creator's Praise  
To all the bless'd above ;  
So, when the last and dreadful Hour  
This crumbling Pageant shall devour,  
The TRUMPET shall be heard on high,  
The dead shall live, the living die,  
And MUSICK shall untune the Sky.

## THE LADY'S SONG.

## I

A QUIRE of bright Beauties in Spring did  
appear,  
To chuse a May-lady to govern the Year ;  
All the Nymphs were in White, and the  
Shepherds in Green,  
The Garland was giv'n, and Phillis was  
Queen ;  
But Phillis refus'd it, and sighing did  
say,  
I'll not wear a Garland while Pan is away.

## II

While Pan, and fair Syrinx, are fled from our  
Shore,  
The Graces are banish'd, and Love is no  
more :

The soft God of Pleasure that warm'd our  
Desires  
Has broken his Bow, and extinguish'd his  
Fires,  
And vows that himself, and his Mother, will  
mourn,  
Till Pan and fair Syrinx in Triumph return.

## III

Forbear your Addresses, and Court us no  
more.  
For we will perform what the Deity swore :  
But, if you dare think of deserving our  
Charms,  
Away with your Sheephooks, and take to  
your Arms ;  
Then Lawrels and Myrtles your Brows shall  
adorn,  
When Pan, and his Son, and fair Syrinx,  
return.

## A SONG TO A FAIR YOUNG LADY

GOING OUT OF TOWN IN THE SPRING.

I

Ask not the Cause, why sullen Spring  
 So long delays her flow'rs to bear ;  
 Why warbling Birds forget to sing,  
 And Winter Storms invert the Year ?  
*Chloris* is gone ; and Fate provides  
 To make it *Spring*, where she resides.

2

*Chloris* is gone, the Cruel Fair ;  
 She cast not back a pitying Eye :  
 But left her Lover in Despair,  
 To sigh, to languish, and to die :  
 Ah, how can those fair Eyes endure  
 To give the wounds they will not cure !

3

Great God of Love, why hast thou made  
 A Face that can all Hearts command,  
 That all Religions can invade,  
 And change the Laws of ev'ry Land ?  
 Where thou hadst plac'd such Pow'r before,  
 Thou shou'dst have made her Mercy more.

4

When *Chloris* to the Temple comes,  
 Adoring Crowds before her Fall ;  
 She can restore the Dead from Tombs,  
 And every Life but mine recall.  
 I only am by Love design'd  
 To be the Victim for Mankind.

## ALEXANDER'S FEAST ; |

OR, THE | POWER OF MUSIQUE. |

AN ODE | IN HONOUR OF | ST. CECILIA'S DAY : 1697.

I

'Twas at the Royal Feast, for *Persia* won,  
 By *Philip's* Warlike Son :  
 Aloft in awful State  
 The God-like Heroe sate  
 On his Imperial Throne ;  
 His valiant Peers were plac'd around ;  
 Their Brows with Roses and with Myrtles  
 bound.  
 (So should Desert in Arms be Crown'd :)  
 The lovely *Thais* by his side,  
 Sate like a blooming *Eastern* Bride 10  
 In Flow'r of Youth and Beauty's Pride.  
 Happy, happy, happy Pair !  
 None but the Brave,  
 None but the Brave,  
 None but the Brave deserves the Fair.

CHORUS.

*Happy, happy, happy Pair !*  
*None but the Brave,*  
*None but the Brave,*  
*None but the Brave deserves the Fair.*

II

*Timotheus* plac'd on high 20  
 Amid the tuneful Quire,  
 With flying Fingers touch'd the Lyre:  
 The trembling Notes ascend the Sky,  
 And Heav'nly Joys inspire.  
 The Song began from *Jove* ;  
 Who left his blissful Seats above,  
 (Such is the Pow'r of mighty Love.)  
 A Dragon's fiery Form bely'd the God :  
 Sublime on Radiant Spires He rode,  
 When He to fair *Olympia* press'd : 30  
 And while He sought her snowy Breast :  
 Then, round her slender Waist he curl'd,  
 And stamp'd an Image of himself, a Sov'-  
 reign of the World.  
 The list'ning crowd admire the lofty  
 Sound,  
 A present Deity, they shout around :  
 A present Deity, the vaulted Roofs re-  
 bound.

A SONG TO A FAIR YOUNG LADY. Text from  
 the *Miscellany Poems*, 1704.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST. Text from the edition  
 of 1700.  
 29 Spires] *Scott wrongly gives Spheres*

With ravish'd Ears  
The Monarch hears,  
Assumes the God,  
Affects to nod,  
And seems to shake the Spheres.

## CHORUS.

*With ravish'd Ears  
The Monarch hears,  
Assumes the God,  
Affects to nod,  
And seems to shake the Spheres.*

## III.

The Praise of *Bacchus* then the sweet  
Musician sung,

Of *Bacchus* ever Fair, and ever Young:  
The jolly God in Triumph comes;  
Sound the Trumpets; beat the Drums;  
Flush'd with a purple Grace 51  
He shows his honest Face:  
Now give the Hautboys breath; He comes,  
He comes.

*Bacchus* ever Fair and Young  
Drinking Joys did first ordain;  
*Bacchus* Blessings are a Treasure;  
Drinking is the Soldiers Pleasure;  
Rich the Treasure;  
Sweet the Pleasure;  
Sweet is Pleasure after Pain. 60

## CHORUS.

*Bacchus Blessings are a Treasure,  
Drinking is the Soldier's Pleasure;  
Rich the Treasure,  
Sweet the Pleasure,  
Sweet is Pleasure after Pain.*

## IV.

Sooth'd with the Sound the King grew  
vain;  
Fought all his Battails o'er again;  
And thrice He routed all his Foes, and thrice  
he slew the slain.

The Master saw the Madness rise,  
His glowing Cheeks, his ardent Eyes; 70  
And while He Heav'n and Earth defy'd,  
Chang'd his Hand, and check'd his Pride.

He chose a Mournful Muse,  
Soft Pity to infuse;  
He sung *Darius* Great and Good,  
By too severe a Fate,  
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,  
Fallen from his high Estate,  
And weltring in his Blood:

Deserted at his utmost Need 80  
By those his former Bounty fed;  
On the bare Earth expos'd He lies,  
With not a Friend to close his Eyes.  
With down-cast Looks the joyless Victor  
sate,

Revolving in his alter'd Soul  
The various Turns of Chance below;  
And, now and then, a Sigh he stole,  
And Tears began to flow.

## CHORUS.

*Revolving in his alter'd Soul  
The various Turns of Chance below;  
And, now and then, a Sigh he stole, 91  
And Tears began to flow.*

## V.

The Mighty Master smil'd to see  
That Love was in the next Degree;  
'Twas but a Kindred-Sound to move,  
For Pity melts the Mind to Love.  
Softly sweet, in *Lydian* Measures,  
Soon he sooth'd his Soul to Pleasures.  
War, he sung, is Toil and Trouble;  
Honour but an empty Bubble. 100  
Never ending, still beginning,  
Fighting still, and still destroying,  
If the World be worth thy Winning,  
Think, O think, it worth Enjoying.

Lovely *Thais* sits beside thee,  
Take the Good the Gods provide thee.  
The Many rend the Skies, with loud  
applause;  
So Love was Crown'd, but Musique won the  
Cause.

The Prince, unable to conceal his Pain,  
Gaz'd on the Fair 110  
Who caus'd his Care,  
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,  
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:  
At length, with Love and Wine at once  
oppress'd,  
The vanquish'd Victor sunk upon her Breast.

## CHORUS.

*The Prince, unable to conceal his Pain,  
Gaz'd on the fair  
Who caus'd his Care,  
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,  
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again; 120  
At length, with Love and Wine at once  
oppress'd,  
The vanquish'd Victor sunk upon her Breast.*

## VI.

Now strike the Golden Lyre again ;  
A lowder yet, and yet a lowder Strain.  
Break his Bands of Sleep asunder,  
And rouse him, like a rattling Peal of Thunder.

Hark, hark, the horrid Sound  
Has rais'd up his Head ;  
As awak'd from the Dead,  
And amaz'd, he stares around. 130

Revenge, revenge, *Timotheus* cries,  
See the Furies arise !

See the Snakes that they rear,  
How they hiss in their Hair,  
And the Sparkles that flash from their Eyes !

Behold a ghastly Band,  
Each a Torch in his Hand !

Those are *Grecian* Ghosts, that in Battail  
were slain,

And unbury'd remain  
Inglorious on the Plain : 140  
Give the Vengeance due  
To the Valiant Crew.

Behold how they toss their Torches on high,  
How they point to the *Persian* Abodes,  
And glitt'ring Temples of their Hostile Gods.  
The Princes applaud with a furious Joy ;  
And the King seized a Flambeau with Zeal  
to destroy ;

*Thais* led the Way,  
To light him to his Prey,  
And, like another *Hellen*, fir'd another *Troy*.

## CHORUS.

And the King seiz'd a Flambeau with Zeal to  
destroy ; 151

*Thais* led the Way,  
To light him to his Prey,  
And, like another *Hellen*, fir'd another *Troy*.

## VII.

Thus long ago,  
'Ere heaving Bellows learn'd to blow,  
While Organs yet were mute,  
*Timotheus*, to his breathing Flute  
And sounding Lyre,  
Cou'd swell the Soul to rage, or kindle soft  
Desire. 160

At last Divine *Cecilia* came,  
Inventress of the Vocal Frame ;  
The sweet Enthusiast, from her Sacred  
Store,

Enlarg'd the former narrow Bounds,  
And added Length to solemn Sounds,  
With Nature's Mother-Wit, and Arts un-  
known before.

Let old *Timotheus* yield the Prize,

Or both divide the Crown :

He rais'd a Mortal to the Skies ;

She drew an Angel down. 170

## GRAND CHORUS.

At last Divine *Cecilia* came,  
Inventress of the Vocal Frame ;  
The sweet Enthusiast, from her Sacred Store,  
Enlarg'd the former narrow Bounds,  
And added Length to solemn Sounds,  
With Nature's Mother-Wit, and Arts un-  
known before.

Let old *Timotheus* yield the Prize,

Or both divide the Crown :

He rais'd a Mortal to the Skies ;

She drew an Angel down. 180

## A SONG.

## 1

Go tell *Amynta*, gentle Swain,  
I wou'd not die, nor dare complain,  
Thy tuneful Voice with numbers joyn,  
Thy words will more prevail than mine.  
To Souls oppress'd, and dumb with grief,  
The Gods ordain this kind relief ;  
That Musick shou'd in sounds convey  
What dying Lovers dare not say.

## 2

A Sigh or Tear perhaps she'll give,  
But love on pitty cannot live.  
Tell her that Hearts for Hearts were made,  
And love with love is only paid.  
Tell her my pains so fast encrease,  
That soon they will be past redress ;  
But ah ! the Wretch, that speechless lyes,  
Attends but Death to close his Eyes.

## RONDELEY.

I  
CHLOE found *Amynas* lying,  
All in Tears, upon the Plain,  
Sighing to himself, and crying,  
Wretched I, to love in vain !  
Kiss me, Dear, before my dying ;  
Kiss me once, and ease my pain.

2  
Sighing to himself, and crying,  
Wretched I, to love in vain !  
Ever scorning, and denying  
To reward your faithful Swain  
Kiss me, Dear, before my dying ;  
Kiss me once, and ease my pain !

3  
Ever scorning, and denying  
To reward your faithful Swain.  
*Chloe*, laughing at his crying,  
Told him, that he lov'd in vain :  
Kiss me, dear, before my dying ;  
Kiss me once, and ease my pain !

4  
*Chloe*, laughing at his crying,  
Told him that he lov'd in vain ;  
But repenting, and complying,  
When he kiss'd, she kiss'd again :  
Kiss'd him up, before his dying ;  
Kiss'd him up, and eas'd his pain.

## THE FAIR STRANGER

## A SONG.

I  
HAPPY and free, securely blest,  
No Beauty could disturb my Rest ;  
My am'rous Heart was in Despair,  
To find a new victorious Fair :

2  
Till you, descending on our Plains,  
With foreign Force renew my Chains ;  
Where now you rule without Controul,  
The mighty Sov'reign of my Soul.

3  
Your Smiles have more of conqu'ring Charm  
Than all your Native Country's Arms :  
Their Troops we can expel with Ease,  
Who vanquish only when we please.

4  
But in your Eyes, oh, there's the Spell !  
Who can see them, and not rebel ?  
You make us Captives by your Stay,  
Yet kill us if you go away.

## A SONG.

I  
FAIR, sweet and young, receive a prize  
Reserv'd for your Victorious Eyes :  
From Crowds, whom at your Feet you see,  
O pity, and distinguish me ;  
As I from thousand Beauties more  
Distinguish you, and only you adore.

II  
Your Face for Conquest was design'd,  
Your ev'ry Motion charms my Mind ;  
Angels, when you your Silence break,  
Forget their Hymns to hear you speak ;

But when at once they hear and view,  
Are loath to mount, and long to stay with  
you.

III  
No Graces can your Form improve,  
But all are lost, unless you love ;  
While that sweet Passion you disdain,  
Your Veil and Beauty are in vain.  
In pity then prevent my Fate,  
For after dying all Relieves too late.

RONDELEY. Text from the *Miscellany Poems*,  
1693.

THE FAIR STRANGER Text from *A New  
Miscellany*, 1701  
A SONG. Text from the *Miscellany Poems*,  
1704.

## A SONG.

HIGH State and Honours to others impart,  
 But give me your Heart :  
 That Treasure, that Treasure alone,  
 I beg for my own.  
 So gentle a Love, so fervent a Fire,  
 My Soul does inspire.  
 That Treasure, that Treasure alone,  
 I beg for my own.  
 Your Love let me crave,  
 Give me in Possessing

10

So matchless a Blessing ;  
 That Empire is all I wou'd have.

Love's my Petition,  
 All my Ambition ;  
 If e'er you discover  
 So faithful a Lover,  
 So real a Flame,  
 I'll die, I'll die,  
 So give up my Game.

## THE SECULAR MASQUE.

*Enter JANUS.*

*Janus.* Chronos, Chronos, mend thy Pace :  
 An hundred Times the rowling Sun  
 Around the Radiant Belt has run  
 In his revolving Race.  
 Behold, behold, the Goal in sight ;  
 Spread thy Fans, and wing thy flight.

*Enter CHRONOS, with a Scythe in his Hand  
 and a great Globe on his Back, which he  
 sets down at his entrance.*

*Chronos.* Weary, weary of my weight,  
 Let me, let me drop my Freight,  
 And leave the World behind.  
 I could not bear,  
 Another Year,  
 The Load of Human-kind.

10

*Enter MOMUS, Laughing.*

*Momus.* Ha ! ha ! ha ! Ha ! ha ! ha ! well  
 hast thou done

To lay down thy Pack,  
 And lighten thy Back.

The World was a Fool, e'er since it begun,  
 And since neither *Janus*, nor *Chronos*,  
 nor I

Can hinder the Crimes  
 Or mend the bad Times,

'Tis better to Laugh than to Cry. 20

Co. of all 3. 'Tis better to Laugh than to Cry.

*Janus.* Since *Momus* comes to laugh below,  
 Old Time begin the Show,

That he may see, in every Scene,  
 What Changes in this Age have been.

*Chronos.* Then Goddess of the Silver Bow  
 begin.

*Horns, or Hunting-Musique within.*

*Enter DIANA.*

*Diana.* With Horns and with Hounds I  
 waken the Day,  
 And hie to my Woodland walks away :  
 I tuck up my Robe, and am buskined soon,  
 And tye to my Forehead a waxing Moon.  
 I course the fleet Stag, unkennel the Fox,  
 And chase the wild Goats or'e summets of  
 Rocks, 32  
 With shouting and hooting we pierce thro'  
 the Sky ;  
 And Eccho turns Hunter, and doubles the  
 Cry.

Cho. of all. *With shouting and hooting we  
 pierce through the Skie,  
 And Eccho turns Hunter, and doubles the  
 Cry.*

*Janus.* Then our Age was in it's Prime :

*Chronos.* Free from Rage.

*Diana.* And free from Crime.

*Momus.* A very Merry, Dancing, Drinking,  
 Laughing, Quaffing, and unthinking Time.

Cho. of all. *Then our Age was in it's Prime,  
 Free from Rage, and free from Crime, 42  
 A very Merry, Dancing, Drinking,  
 Laughing, Quaffing, and unthinking Time.  
 [Dance of Diana's attendants.]*

THE SECULAR MASQUE. Text. from the  
 original but posthumous edition of 1700, except  
 as noted.

A SONG. Text from the *Miscellany Poems*, 1704.

*Enter MARS.*

*Mars.* Inspire the Vocal Brass, Inspire ;  
The World is past its Infant Age :  
Arms and Honour,  
Arms and Honour,  
Set the Martial Mind on Fire,  
And kindle Manly Rage. 50  
*Mars* has lookt the Sky to Red ;  
And Peace, the Lazy Good, is fled.  
Plenty, Peace, and Pleasure fly ;  
The Sprightly Green  
In Woodland-Walks no more is seen ;  
The-Sprightly Green has drunk the Tyrian  
Dye.

Cho. of all. *Plenty, Peace, &c.*

*Mars.* Sound the Trumpet, Beat the Drum ;  
Through all the World around,  
Sound a Reveille, Sound, Sound, 60  
The Warrior God is come.

Cho. of all. *Sound the Trumpet, &c*

*Momus.* Thy Sword within the Scabbard  
keep,  
And let Mankind agree ;  
Better the World were fast asleep,  
Than kept awake by Thee.  
The Fools are only thinner,  
With all our Cost and Care ;  
But neither side a winner,  
For Things are as they were. 70

Cho. of all. *The Fools are only, &c.*

*Enter VENUS.*

*Venus.* Calms appear, when Storms are past ;  
Love will have his Hour at last :

Nature is my kindly Care ;  
*Mars* destroys, and I repair ;  
Take me, take me, while you may,  
*Venus* comes not ev'ry Day.

Cho. of all. *Take her, take her, &c.*

*Chronos.* The World was then so light,  
I scarcely felt the Weight ; 80  
Joy rul'd the Day, and Love the  
Night.  
But since the Queen of Pleasure left the  
Ground,  
I faint, I lag,  
And feebly drag  
The pond'rous Orb around.

*Momus.* All, all of a piece throughout :  
Pointing } Thy Chase had a Beast  
to *Diana.* } in View ;  
to *Mars.* Thy Wars brought  
nothing about ;  
to *Venus.* Thy Lovers were all  
untrue.

*Janus.* 'Tis well an Old Age is out. 90

*Chro.* And time to begin a New.

Cho. of all. *All, all of a piece throughout :*  
*Thy Chase had a Beast in View ;*  
*Thy Wars brought nothing about ;*  
*Thy Lovers were all untrue.*

'Tis well an Old Age is out,  
And time to begin a New.

Dance of Huntsmen, Nymphs,  
Warriors, and Lovers.

FINIS

## SONG

Of a *Scholar* and his *Mistress*, who, being Cross'd by their Friends, fell Mad  
for one another ; and now first meet in *Bedlam*.

[*Musick within.*]

[*The Lovers enter at Opposite Doors, each  
held by a Keeper.*]

*Phyllis.* Look, look, I see—I see my Love  
appear :  
'Tis he—'Tis he alone ;  
For like him there is none :  
'Tis the dear, dear Man, 'tis thee, Dear.

*Amyntas.* Hark ! the Winds War ;  
The foamy Waves roar ;  
I see a Ship afar,  
Tossing and Tossing, and making to the  
Shoar :  
But what's that I View,  
So Radiant of Hue, 10

SONG OF A SCHOLAR AND HIS MISTRESS Text  
from the original but posthumous edition of 1700,  
except as noted  
3 For like him] For, like him, 1700.



St. *Hermo*, St. *Hermo*, that sits upon the  
Sails ?

Ah ! No, no, no.

St. *Hermo* never, never shone so bright ;  
'Tis *Phillis*, only *Phillis* can shoot so fair  
a Light ;

'Tis *Phillis*, 'tis *Phillis* that saves the Ship  
alone,

For all the Winds are hushed, and the  
Storm is overblown.

*Phillis*. Let me go, let me run, let me fly to  
his Arms.

*Amyntas*. If all the Fates combine,  
And all the Furies join,  
I'll force my way to *Phillis*, and break  
through the Charms. 20

[Here they break from their  
Keepers; run to each other,  
and embrace.]

*Phillis*. Shall I Marry the Man I love ?

And shall I conclude my Pains ?

Now blest be the Powers above,  
I feel the Blood bound in my Veins ;  
With a lively Leap it began to move,  
And the Vapours leave my Brains.

*Amyntas*. Body join'd to Body, and Heart  
join'd to Heart ;

To make sure of the Cure ;

Go call the Man in Black, to mumble o're  
his part.

*Phillis*. But suppose he should stay . . .

*Amyntas*. At worst, if he delay ;

'Tis a Work must be done ;

We'll borrow but a Day,  
And the better the sooner begun.

CHORUS of Both.

At worst, if he delay, &c.

[They run out together hand in hand.]

## PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

### PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO THE WILD GALLANT.

#### PROLOGUE.

Is it not strange to hear a Poet say,  
He comes to ask you how you like the Play ?  
You have not seen it yet ! alas 'tis true ;  
But now your Love and Hatred judge, not  
You.

And cruel Factions (brib'd by Interest) come,  
Not to weigh Merit, but to give their Doome.  
Our Poet, therefore, jealous of th' Event,  
And (though much Boldness takes) not  
confident,

Has sent me whither you, Fair ladies, too  
Sometimes upon as small Occasions goe, 10  
And from this Scheme, drawn for the Hour  
and Day,

Bid me inquire the Fortune of his Play.

*The curtain drawn discovers two Astrologers ;  
The Prologue is presented to them.*

1 *Astrol.* reads. A figure of the heavenly  
Bodies in their several Apartments, Feb. the

5th, half an hour after three after Noon,  
from whence you are to judge the success  
of a new play, called *the Wild Gallant*.

2 *Astrol.* Who must judge of it, we or  
these gentlemen ? We'll not meddle with  
it ; so tell your poet. Here are, in this  
House, the ablest Mathematicians in *Europe*  
for his purpose. 22

They will resolve the Question, e'r they  
part.

1 *Asl.* Yet let us judge it by the Rules of Art :  
First *Jupiter*, the Ascendants Lord dis-  
grac'd,

In the twelfth House and near grim *Saturn*  
plac'd,

Denote short life unto the Play :—

2 *Asl.* — *Jove* yet,  
In his apartment *Sagitary*, set  
Under his own Roof, cannot take much  
Wrong.

1 *Asl.* Why then the Life's not very short,  
nor long ; 30

SONG OF A SCHOLAR, ETC. 13 *Hermo* never]  
*Hermo*, Never 1700. 20 *Charms*] *Charm* 1700.

PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES Texts from the  
original editions.  
*THE WILD GALLANT*, 1663.

2 *Asl.* The Luck not very good, nor very ill ;

*Prolo.* That is to say, 'tis as 'tis taken still,

1 *Asl.* But, brother, *Ptolomy* the learned says,  
'Tis the fifth House from whence we judge  
of Plays.

*Venus*, the Lady of that House, I find  
Is *Peregrine* ; your Play is ill design'd ;  
It should have been but one continued  
Song,

Or at the least a Dance of 3 hours long

*Asl.* But yet the greatest Mischief does  
remain,

The twelfth Apartment bears the Lord of  
Spain ;

Whence I conclude, it is your Author's Lot,  
To be indanger'd by a Spanish plot.

*Prolo.* Our Poet yet Protection hopes from  
you ;

But bribes you not with any thing that's  
new.

Nature is old, which Poets imitate ;  
And for Wit, those that boast their own  
estate

Forget *Fletcher* and *Ben* before them went,  
Their Elder 'Brothers, and that vastly  
spent :

So much, 'twill hardly be repair'd again,  
Not though supply'd with all the wealth  
of *Spain*.

This Play is *English*, and the growth your  
own ;

As such it yields to *English* Plays alone.  
He could have wish'd it better for your  
Sakes,

But that in Plays he finds you love Mis-  
takes :

Besides, he thought it was in vain to mend  
What you are bound in Honour to defend ;

That *English* wit, how e'r despis'd by  
some,  
Like *English* valour, still may overcome.

EPILOGUE.

The *Wilde Gallant* has quite play'd out his  
Game ;

He's marry'd now, and that will make him  
tame.

Or if you think Marriage will not reclaim him,  
The Critiques swear they'll damn him, but  
they'll tame him.

Yet, though our Poet's threatened most by  
these,

They are the only People he can please :  
For he, to humour them, has shown to day  
That which they only like, a wretched Play.  
But though his Play be ill, here have been  
shown

The greatest Wits and Beauties of the Town ;  
And his Occasion having brought you here,  
You are too grateful to become severe.

There is not any Person here so mean,  
But he may freely judge each Act and Scene.  
But if you bid him chuse his Judges, then  
He boldly names true *English* Gentlemen ;  
For he ne'r thought a handsome Garb or  
Dress

So great a Crime to make their Judgment less ;  
And with these Gallants he these Ladies joyns,  
To judge that Language their Converse re-  
fines.

But if their Censures should condemn his  
Play,

Far from disputing, he does only pray  
He may *Leanders* Destiny obtain :  
Now spare him, drown him when he comes  
again.

PROLOGUE TO THE RIVAL LADIES.

'Tis much desir'd, you Judges of the Town  
Would pass a vote to put all *Prologues* down ;  
For who can show me, since they first were  
writ,  
They e'r converted one hard-hearted Wit ?  
Yet the World's mended well ; in former Days  
Good *Prologues* were as scarce as now good  
Plays.

For the reforming Poets of our Age  
In this first Charge spend their poetique  
rage.  
Expect no more when once the *Prologue's*  
done ;  
The wit is ended ere the *Play's* begun. 10  
You now have Habits, Dances, Scenes, and  
Rhymes,  
High Language often, ay, and Sense some-  
times

As for a clear Contrivance, doubt it not ;  
They blow out Candles to give Light to th'  
Plot.

And for Surprize, two Bloody-minded Men  
Fight till they dye, then rise and dance again.  
Such deep Intrigues you're welcome to this  
Day :

But blame your Selves, not him who writ the  
Play.

Though his Plot's dull as can be well desir'd,  
Wit stiff as any you have e'r admir'd, 20  
He's bound to please, not to write well, and  
knows

There is a mode in Playes as well as Cloaths ;  
Therefore, kind Judges—

*A Second Prologue enters.*

2. Hold ! would you admit  
For Judges all you see within the Pit ?

1. Whom would he then except, or on what  
Score ?

2. All who (like him) have writ ill Plays  
before ;

For they, like Thieves condemn'd, are hang-  
men made

To execute the Members of their Trade.

All that are writing now he would disown,  
But then he must except—ev'n all the  
Town ; 30

All Chol'rique losing Gamesters, who in  
spight

Will damn to Day, because they lost last  
Night ;

All Servants, whom their Mistress' Scorn  
upbraids,

All Maudlin Lovers, and all slighted Maids,  
All who are out of Humour or severe,

All that want Wit, or hope to find it here.

## PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO THE INDIAN EMPEROR.

### PROLOGUE.

ALMIGHTY critiques ! whom our *Indians* here  
Worship, just as they do the Devil—for fear ;  
In Rev'rence to your Power, I come this day,  
To give you timely warning of our Play.  
The Scenes are old, the Habits are the same  
We wore last Year, before the *Spaniards*  
came.

Our Prologue, th' old-cast too  
For to observe the new it should at least  
Be spoke by some ingenious Bird or Beast. 9  
Now, if you stay, the Blood that shall be shed  
From this poor Play be all upon your Head.  
We neither promise you one Dance or Show ;  
Then Plot and Language, they are wanting  
too.

But you, kind Wits, will those light Faults  
excuse,

Those are the common Frailties of the *Muse* ;  
Which who observes, he buys his Place too  
dear ;

For 'tis your Business to be cozen'd here.  
These wretched Spies of Wit must then con-  
fess,

They take more Pains to please themselves  
the less.

THE INDIAN EMPEROR, 1665 Prologue 7-9.  
*These lines are not in all copies.*  
9 spoke | spoke, 1665

Grant us such Judges, *Phæbus*, we request,  
As still mistake themselves into a Jest ; 21  
Such easy Judges that our Poet may  
Himself admire the Fortune of his Play ;  
And arrogantly, as his Fellows do,  
Think he writes well, because he pleases  
you.

This he conceives not hard to bring about,  
If all of you would join to help him out :  
Would each Man take but what he under-  
stands,  
And leave the rest upon the Poet's Hands.

### EPILOGUE.

*Spoken by a Mercury.*

To all and singular in this full Meeting,  
Ladies and Gallants, *Phæbus* sends me  
greeting.

To all his Sons, by whate'er Title known,  
Whether of Court, of Coffee-house, or Town ;  
From his most mighty Sons, whose Confi-  
dence

Is plac'd in lofty Sound and humble Sense,  
Even to his little Infants of the Time,  
Who write new Songs and trust in Tune and  
Rhyme ;

Be't known, that *Phæbus* (being daily griev'd  
To see good Plays condemn'd and bad  
receiv'd) 10

<p>Ordains your Judgment upon every Cause Henceforth be limited by wholesome Laws. He first thinks fit no Sonneteer advance His Censure farther than the Song or Dance. Your Wit burlesque may one Step higher climb, And in his Sphere may judge all dogrel Rhyme; All proves, and moves, and loves, and honours too; All that appears high Sense, and scarce is low.</p>	<p>As for the Coffee-wits, he says not much; Their proper Business is to damn the Dutch. For the great Dons of Wit ————— 21 <i>Phœbus</i> gives them full Privilege alone To damn all others, and cry up their own. Last, for the Ladies, 'tis <i>Apollo's</i> Will, They should have power to save, but not to kill; For Love and he long since have thought it fit, Wit live by Beauty, Beauty reign by Wit.</p>
--	--

PROLOGUE TO SECRET LOVE, OR THE MAIDEN QUEEN.

FIRST PROLOGUE.

1  
He who writ this, not without Pains and  
Thought,  
From French and English Theaters has  
brought  
Th' exactest Rules by which a Play is  
wrought,

2  
The Unities of Action, Place, and Time;  
The Scenes unbroken; and a mingled chime  
Of *Johnsons* Humour with *Corneilles* rhyme.

3  
But while dead colours he with care did lay,  
He fears his Wit or Plot he did not weigh,  
Which are the living Beauties of a Play. 9

4  
Plays are like Towns, which, howe'er fortifi'd  
By Engineers, have still some weaker side,  
By the o'reseen Defendant unesp'y'd.

5  
And with that Art you make approaches now;  
Such skilful fury in Assaults you show,  
That every Poet without shame may bow.

6  
Ours therefore humbly would attend your  
doom,  
If, Souldier-like, he may have Terms to come  
With flying colours and with beat of Drum.  
*The Prologue goes out, and staves while  
a Tune is play'd, after which he  
returns again.*

SECOND PROLOGUE.

I had forgot one half, I do protest,  
And now am sent again to speak the rest. 20  
He bows to every great and noble Wit;  
But to the little Hectors of the Pit  
(Our Poet's sturdy, and will not submit.)  
He'll be before-hand with 'em, and not stay  
To see each peevish Critick stab his Play;  
Each Puny Censor, who, his skill to boast,  
Is cheaply witty on the Poets Cost.  
No Criticks Verdict should, of right, stand  
good,

They are excepted all, as men of blood;  
And the same Law should shield him from  
their fury, 30  
Which has excluded Butchers from a Jury.  
You'd all be Wits —————

But writing's tedious, and that way may  
fail;  
The most compendious Method is to rail;  
Which you so like, you think your selves all  
us'd,

When in smart Prologues you are not abus'd,  
A civil Prologue is approv'd by no man;  
You hate it as you do a Civil woman.  
Your Fancy's pall'd, and liberally you pay  
To have it quicken'd, e're you see a Play. 40  
Just as old Sinners, worn from their delight,  
Give money to be whip'd to appetite.  
But what a Pox keep I so much ado  
To save our Poet? he is one of you;  
A Brother Judgment, and, as I hear say,  
A curs'd Critick as e'er damned a Play.

SECRET LOVE, 1667 Prologue 6 *Johnsons*  
Here and elsewhere editors correct to *Jonsou's*

6 with *Corneilles* Bell wrongly inserted old  
between these words.

Good salvage Gentlemen, your own kind  
spare ;  
He is, like you, a very Wolf or Bear ;  
Yet think not he'll your ancient rights invade,  
Or stop the course of your free damning  
trade ; 50  
For he (he vows) at no Friend's Play can sit,  
But he must needs find fault, to show his Wit ;

Then, for his sake, ne'er stint your own  
delight ;  
Throw boldly, for he sets to all that write ;  
With such he ventures on an even lay,  
For they bring ready money into Play.  
Those who write not, and yet all Writers nick,  
Are Bankrupt Gamesters, for they damn on  
Tick.

## PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO THE WILD GALLANT,

REVIVED.

### PROLOGUE.

As some raw Squire, by tender Mother bred,  
Till one and Twenty keeps his Maidenhead ;  
(Pleas'd with some Sport, which he alone  
does find,  
And thinks a Secret to all Humane kind,)  
Till mightily in Love, yet half afraid,  
He first attempts the gentle Dairymaid :  
Succeeds there, and, led by the renown  
Of *Whelstones Park*, he comes at length to  
Town :  
Where enter'd by some School-fellow or  
Friend, 9  
He grows to break Glass-Windows in the end:  
His Valour too, which with the Watch began,  
Proceeds to duell, and he kills his Man.  
By such Degrees, while Knowledge he did  
want,  
Our unfetch'd Author writ a *Wild Gallant*.  
He thought him monstrous leud (I'll lay my  
Life)  
Because suspected with his Landlords Wife ;  
But, since his Knowledge of the Town began,  
He thinks him now a very civil Man ;  
And, much ashamed of what he was before,  
Has fairly play'd him at three Wenches more.  
'Tis some amends his Frailties to confess ; 21  
Pray pardon him his want of Wickedness.  
He's towardsly, and will come on apace ;  
His frank Confession shows he has some  
Grace.  
You balk'd him when he was a young  
Beginner,  
And almost spoyl'd a very hopeful Sinner ;  
But if once more you slight his weak  
indeavour,  
For ought I know, he may turn taile for ever.

### EPILOGUE.

Of all Dramatique Writing, Comick Wit,  
As 'tis the best, so 'tis most hard to hit.  
For it lies all in level to the Eye,  
Where all may judge, and each Defect may  
spye.  
Humour is that which every Day we meet,  
And therefore known as every publick Street;  
In which, if e'r the Poet go astray,  
You all can point, 'twas there he lost his  
Way,  
But what's so common to make pleasant  
too,  
Is more than any Wit can always do. 10  
For 'tis, like *Turkes* with Hen and Rice to  
treat,  
To make Regalio's out of common Meat.  
But, in your Diet, you grow Salvages :  
Nothing but humane Flesh your Taste can  
please ;  
And as their Feasts with slaughter'd Slaves  
began,  
So you, at each new Play, must have a  
Man.  
Hither you come, as to see Prizes fought ;  
If no Blood's drawn, you cry, the Prize is  
naught.  
But Fooles grow wary now ; and, when they  
see  
A Poet eyeing round the Company, 20  
Straight each Man for himself begins to  
doubt ;  
They shrink like Seamen when a Press comes  
out.  
Few of 'em will be found for publick Use,  
Except you charge an Oph upon each  
House,  
Like the Train-Bands, and every man ingage  
For a sufficient Fool to serve the Stage.

THE WILD GALLANT, REVIVED, 1667. Pro-  
logue, 14 unfetch'd] *The editors give unfledged*

<p>And when with much adoe you get him there,  <i>Where he in all his Glory should appear,</i>          Your Poets make him such rare Things to say,          That he's more Wit than any Man ith' Play :          But of so ill a mingle with the rest, 31          As when a Parrat's taught to break a Jest.          Thus, aiming to be fine, they make a Show,          As fawdry Squires in country Churches do.          Things well consider'd, 'tis so hard to make          A Comedy, which should the knowing take,          That our dull Poet, in despair to please,          Does humbly beg by me his writ of ease.</p>	<p>'Tis a Land-tax, which he's too poor to pay ;          You therefore must some other Impost lay. 40          Would you but change for serious Plot and Verse          This motley garniture of Fool and Farce,          Nor scorn a Mode, because 'tis taught at home,          Which does, like Vests, our Gravity become,          Our Poet yields you should this Play refuse :          As Tradesmen by the change of Fashions lose          With some content their Fripperies of <i>France</i>,          In Hope it may their staple Trade advance.</p>
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PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO SIR MARTIN MAR-ALL,  
 OR THE FEIGNED INNOCENCE.

PROLOGUE.

Fools, which each man meets in his Dish  
 each Day,  
 Are yet the great *Regalio's* of a Play ;  
 In which to Poets you but just appear,  
 To prize that highest which cost them so  
 dear :  
 Fops in the Town more easily will pass ;  
 One story makes a statutable Ass ;  
 But such in Plays must be much thicker  
 sown,  
 Like yolks of Eggs, a dozen beat to one.  
 Observing Poets all their walks invade,  
 As men watch Woodcocks gliding through  
 a Glade : 10  
 And when they have enough for Comedy,  
 They stow their several Bodies in a Pye :  
 The Poet's but the Cook to fashion it,  
 For, Gallants, you yourselves have found the  
 Wit.  
 To bid you welcome would your bounty  
 wrong ;  
 None welcome those who bring their Chear  
 along.

EPILOGUE.

As country Vicars, when the Sermon's done,  
 Run huddling to the Benediction ;  
 Well knowing, though the better sort may  
 stay,  
 The Vulgar Rout will run unblesst away :  
 So we, when once our Play is done, make  
 haste  
 With a short Epilogue to close your taste.  
 In thus withdrawing, we seem mannerly ;  
 But, when the Curtain's down we peep and  
 see  
 A Jury of the Wits, who still stay late, 9  
 And in their Club decree the poor Plays fate ;  
 Their Verdict back is to the Boxes brought,  
 Thence all the Town pronounces it their  
 thought.  
 Thus, Gallants, we like *Lilly* can foresee ;  
 But if you ask us what our doom will be,  
 We by to-morrow will our Fortune cast,  
 As he tells all things when the Year is past.

SIR MARTIN MAR-ALL. 1667. Epilogue 2  
 huddling Scott gives headlong

## PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO THE TEMPEST.

## PROLOGUE.

As when a Tree's cut down, the secret root  
Lives under ground, and thence new  
Branches shoot,  
So from old *Shakespear's* honoured dust this  
day  
Springs up and buds a new reviving Play :  
*Shakespear*, who (taught by none) did first  
impart  
To *Fletcher* Wit, to labouring *Johnson* Art ;  
He Monarch-like, gave those his subjects  
law,  
And is that Nature which they paint and  
draw.  
*Fletcher* reach'd that which on his heights  
did grow, 9  
Whilst *Johnson* crept and gather'd all below.  
This did his Love, and this his Mirth digest :  
One imitates him most, the other best.  
If they have since out-writ all other men,  
'Tis with the drops which fell from *Shake-  
spear's* Pen  
The Storm which vanish'd on the Neighb'ring  
shore  
Was taught by *Shakespear's* Tempest first to  
roar.  
That Innocence and Beauty, which did smile  
In *Fletcher*, grew on this *Enchanted Isle*.  
But *Shakespear's* Magick could not copy'd be;  
Within that Circle none durst walk but he. 20  
I must confess 'twas bold, nor would you now  
That liberty to vulgar Wits allow,  
Which works by Magick supernatural things;  
But *Shakespear's* pow'r is sacred as a King's.  
Those Legends from old Priest-hood were  
receiv'd, ●

And he then writ, as People then believ'd.  
But if for *Shakespear* we your grace implore,  
We for our Theatre shall want it more ;  
Who by our dearth of Youths are forc'd t'  
employ  
One of our Women to present a Boy. 30  
And that's a transformation you will say  
Exceeding all the Magick in the Play.  
Let none expect in the last Act to find  
Her Sex transform'd from Man to Woman-  
kind.  
What e're she was before the Play began,  
All you shall see of her is perfect Man.  
Or, if your fancy will be farther led  
To find her Woman, it must be abed.

## EPILOGUE.

Gallants, by all good Signs it does appear  
That Sixty Seven's a very damning Year,  
For Knaves aboard, and for ill Poets here.  
Among the Muses there's a gen'ral Rot ;  
The Rhyming Monsieur and the *Spanish* Plot, -  
Defie or court, all's one, they go to Pot.  
The Ghosts of Poets walk within this place,  
And haunt us Actors wheresoe'er we pass,  
In Visions bloodier than King *Richard's* was.  
For this poor Wretch, he has not much to say,  
But quietly brings in his Part o' th' Play, 11  
And begs the Favour to be damn'd to-day.  
He sends me only like a Sh'riffs man here  
To let you know the Malefactor's neer,  
And that he means to dye *en cavalier*.  
For, if you shou'd be gracious to his Pen,  
Th' Example will prove ill to other Men,  
And you'll be troubled with 'em all agen.

## PROLOGUE TO ALBUMAZAR.

To say this Comedy pleas'd long ago  
Is not enough to make it pass you now.  
Yet, Gentlemen, your Ancestors had wit,  
When few Men censur'd, and when fewer  
writ ;

And *Johnson* (of those few the best) chose this  
As the best Model of his Master-picce.  
*Subtle* was got by our *Albumazar*.  
That *Alchymist* by his *Astrologer* ;  
Here he was fashion'd, and we may suppose  
He lik'd the fashion well who wore the  
Cloaths. 10

THE TEMPEST, 1667. Published in 1670.  
17 Innocence] innocence 1670.

Beauty] beauty 1670.

34 and 36 Man] man 1670.

Epilogue 3 aboard] Some editors wrongly  
give abroad

13 Sh'riffs] The editors print Sheriff's

ALBUMAZAR, 1668. Reprinted in *Corwen  
Garden Drollery*, 1672. The play is by Tomkis  
Prologue 9 we may] I should 1672  
10 lik'd the] likes my 1672.  
who wore the] that wears my 1672.

But *Ben* made nobly his what he did Mould ;  
 What was another's Lead, becomes his Gold :  
 Like an unrighteous Conqueror he Reigns,  
 Yet rules that well, which he unjustly Gains.  
 But this our Age such Authors does afford,  
 As make whole Plays, and yet scarce write  
 one word ;

Who, in this Anarchy of Wit, rob all,  
 And what's their Plunder, their Possession  
 call :

Who, like bold Padders, scorn by Night to  
 prey,

But rob by Sun-shine, in the Face of Day : 20  
 Nay scarce the common Ceremony use  
 Of Stand, Sir, and deliver up your Muse ;  
 But knock the Poet down, and, with a Grace,  
 Mount *Pegasus* before the Owner's Face.

Faith, if you have such Country *Toms* abroad,  
 'Tis time for all true Men to leave that Road.  
 Yet it were modest, could it but be said,  
 They strip the Living, but these rob the  
 Dead ;

Dare with the Mummies of the Muses play,  
 And make Love to them the *Ægyptian*  
 way ;

Or, as a Rhiming Author would have said,  
 Join the Dead Living to the Living Dead.  
 Such Men in Poetry may claim some Part ;  
 They have the Licence, tho' they want the  
 Art ;

And might, where Theft was prais'd, for  
*Laureats* stand,

Poets, not of the Head, but of the Hand.

They make the Benefits of others' studying,  
 Much like the Meals of Politick *Jack-Pudding*.

Whose dish to challenge no Man has the  
 Courage ;

'Tis all his own, when once h' has spit i' the  
 Porridge. 40

But, Gentlemen, you're all concern'd in this ;  
 You are in Fault for what they do amiss :

For they their Thefts still undiscovered  
 think,

And durst not steal, unless you please to  
 wink.

Perhaps, you may award by your Decree,  
 They shou'd refund,—but that can never be ;

For should you Letters of Reprisal seal,  
 These Men write that which no Man else  
 would steal.

## PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO AN EVENING'S LOVE, OR THE MOCK ASTROLOGER.

### PROLOGUE.

WHEN first our Poet set himself to write,  
 Like a young Bridegroom on his Wedding-  
 night,

He laid about him, and did so bestir him,  
 His Muse could never lye in quiet for him :  
 But now his Honey-moon is gone and past,  
 Yet the ungrateful drudgery must last,  
 And he is bound, as civil Husbands do,  
 To strain himself, in complaisance to you :  
 To write in pain, and counterfeit a Bliss,  
 Like the faint smackings of an after-Kiss. 10  
 But you, like Wives ill-pleas'd, supply his  
 want ;

Each Writing *Monsieur* is a fresh gallant :

And though, perhaps, 'twas done as well  
 before,

Yet still there's something in a new Amour.

Your several Poets work with several Tools,

One gets you Wits, another gets you Fools :

This pleases you with some hy-stroke of Wit,

This finds some cranny that was never hit.

But should these janty Lovers daily come

To do your Work, like your good Man at  
 home, 20

Their fine small-timber'd Wits would soon

decay ;

These are Gallants but for a Holiday.

Others you had, who oftner have appear'd,

Whom for meer impotence you have  
 cashier'd :

12 becomes] became 1672

28 strip] stript 1672. these] they 1672.

31 Such Men] Yet such 1672.

35 Such as in *Sparta* wait for Laurels stand  
 1672

37 the Benefits] their benefit 1672

39 Whose Broth to claim there's no one has the  
 Courage 1672

40 when once] after 1672.

45-46 omitted 1672.

AN EVENING'S LOVE, 1668

10 smackings] *Edd. give* smacking



Such as at first came on with Pomp and  
Glory,  
But, over-straining, soon fell flat before ye.  
Their useless weight with patience long was  
borne,  
But at the last you threw 'em off with scorn.  
As for the Poet of this present night,  
Though now he claims in you an Hus-  
bands right, 30  
He will not hinder you of fresh delight.  
He, like a Scaman, seldom will appear,  
And means to trouble home but thrice a year;  
That only time from your Gallants he'll  
borrow;  
Be kind to day, and Cuckold him to morrow.

EPILOGUE.

My Part being small, I have had time to day  
To mark your various censures of our Play.  
First, looking for a Judgement or a Wit,  
Like *Jews*, I saw 'em scatter'd through the  
Pit;  
And where a lot of Smilers lent an Ear  
To one that talk'd, I knew the Foe was there.  
The Club of jests went round; he, who had  
none,  
Borrow'd o' th' next, and told it for his own.  
Among the rest, they kept a fearful stir,  
In whisp'ring that he stole th' *Astrologer*; 10  
And said, betwixt a *French* and *English* Plot,  
He eased his halfe-tir'd Muse, on Pace and  
Trot.  
Up starts a *Mounsieur*, new come o'er, and  
warm  
In the *French* stoop, and the pull-back o' th'  
Arm:

*Morbleu dit il*, and cocks, I am a Rogue,  
But he has quitespoil'd the fein'd *Astrologer*.  
'Pox, says another, here's so great a stir  
With a Son of a Whore, Farce that's regular,  
A Rule, where nothing must *decorum* shock!  
Dam'me, 'tsasdullas Dining by the Clock. 20  
An Evening! why the Devil should we be  
vext,  
Whether he gets the Wench this night or  
next?  
When I heard this, I to the Poet went,  
Told him the House was full of Discontent,  
And ask'd him what excuse he could invent. }  
He neither swore nor storm'd, as Poets do,  
But, most unlike an Authôr, vow'd 'twas  
true;  
Yet said, he used the *French* like Enemies,  
And did not steal their Plots, but made 'em  
Prize.  
But should he all the pains and charges  
count 30  
Of taking 'em, the Bill so high you'd mount,  
That, like Prize-Goods, which through the  
Office come,  
He should have had 'em much more cheap at  
home.  
He still must write, and, Banquier-like, each  
Day  
Accept new Bills, and he must break, or pay.  
When through his hands such sums must  
yearly run,  
You cannot think the Stock is all his own.  
His haste his other errors might excuse,  
But there's no mercy for a guilty Muse;  
For, like a Mistress, she must stand or fall, 40  
And please you to a height, or not at all.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO TYRANNICK LOVE, OR  
THE ROYAL MARTYR.

PROLOGUE.

SELF-LOVE (which never rightly understood)  
Makes Poets still conclude their Plays are  
good;  
And Malice in all Criticks reigns so high,  
That for small Errors, they whole Plays  
decry;

TYRANNICK LOVE, 1669. *The editors make  
nonsense by printing the first line thus:*  
Self-love, which, never rightly understood,

So that to see this fondness, and that spite,  
You'd think that none but Mad-men judge  
or write.  
Therefore our Poet, as he thinks not fit  
T' impose upon you what he writes for Wit  
So hopes that, leaving you your censures  
free,  
You equal Judges of the whole will be: 10  
They judge but half, who only faults will see.  
Poets, like Lovers, should be bold and dare,  
They spoil their business with an over-care;

And he, who servilely creeps after sence,  
Is safe, but ne're will reach an Excellence.  
Hence 'tis, our Poet, in his conjuring,  
Allow'd his Fancy the full scope and swing.  
But when a Tyrant for his Theme he had,  
He loos'd the Reins, and bid his Muse run  
mad;  
And though he stumbles in a full career, 20  
Yet rashness is a better fault than fear.  
He saw his way; but in so swift a pace,  
To chuse the ground might be to lose the  
race.  
They then, who of each trip th' advantage  
take,  
Find but those Faults, which they want Wit  
to make.

EPILOGUE.

*Spoken by MRS. ELLEN when she was to be  
carried off dead by the Bearers.*

TO THE BEARER. Hold! are you mad? you  
damn'd, confounded Dog!

I am to rise, and speak the Epilogue.

TO THE AUDIENCE. I come, kind Gentlemen,  
strange news to tell ye;

'Tis the Ghost of poor departed Nelly.

Sweet Ladies, be not frighted; I'll be civil;  
I'm what I was, a little harmless Devil.

For, after death, we Sprights have just such  
Natures,

We had, for all the World, when humane  
Creatures;

And, therefore, I, that was an Actress here,  
Play all my Tricks in Hell, a Goblin there 10  
Gallants, look to 't, you say there are n;  
Sprights;

But I'll come dance about your Beds at  
nights;

And faith you'll be in a sweet kind of  
taking,

When I surprise you between sleep and  
waking.

To tell you true, I walk, because I dye  
Out of my Calling, in a Tragedy.

O Poet, damn'd dull Poet, who could prove  
So senseless, to make Nelly dye for Love!

Nay, what's yet worse, to kill me in the  
prime

Of Easter-term, in Tart and Chitese-cke  
time! 20

I'll fit the Fopp; for I'll not one word  
say,

'T' excuse his godly, out of fashion Play;

A Play, which, if you dare but twice sit out,  
You'll all be slander'd, and be thought  
devout.

But, farewell, Gentlemen, make haste to me,  
I'm sure e're long to have your company.

As for my Epitaph when I am gone,

I'll trust no Poet, but will write my own.

Here Nelly lies, who, though she lived a  
Slater'n,

Yet dy'd a Princess, acting in *S. Cathar'n*. 30

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO THE CONQUEST OF  
GRANADA BY THE SPANIARDS.

PROLOGUE

*Spoken by MRS. ELLEN GWYN in a broad-  
brimmed hat and waist-belt.*

This feast was first of t' other houses making.  
And, five times try'd, has never fail'd of  
taking;

For 'twere a shame a Poet should be kill'd  
Under the shelter of so broad a shield.

This is that hat, whose very sight did win yee  
To laugh and clap as though the Devil were  
in yee.

As then for Neckers, so now I hope you'll be  
So dull, to laugh once more for love of me.  
I'll write a Play, sayes one, for I have got  
A broad-brim'd hat and waistbelt toward-  
a Plot. 10

Sayes t' other, I have one more large t' n  
that.

Thus they out-write each other—with a fat  
The brims still grew with every Play t' n  
writ;

And grew so large, they cover'd all the win.  
Hat was the Play; 'twas long ago, wit,  
and Tale:

Like them that had Meat, drink, &c! &c! &c!  
in Me.

What dulness do these Mungrill-wits confess,  
When all their hope is acting of a dress !  
Thus, two the best Comedians of the Age  
Must be worn out with being Blocks o' th'

Stage : 20

Like a young Girl, who better things has  
known,

Beneath their Poets Impotence they groan.  
See now what Charity it was to save !

They thought you lik'd what onely you for-  
gave ;

And brought you more dull sence, dull sence  
much worse

Than brisk gay Non-sence, and the heavier  
Curse.

They bring old Ir'n and glass upon the Stage,  
To barter with the Indians of our Age.

Still they write on, and like great Authors  
show ; 29

But 'tis as Rowlers in wet gardens grow  
Heavy with dirt, and gath'ring as they  
goe.

May none, who have so little understood,  
To like such trash, presume to praise what's  
good !

And may those drudges of the Stage, whose  
fate

Is, damn'd dull farce more dully to translate,  
Fall under that excise the State thinks fit  
To set on all French wares, whose worst is  
wit.

French Farce, worn out at home, is sent  
abroad ;

And, patch'd up here, is made our English  
mode. 39

Henceforth, let Poets, 'ere allow'd to write,  
Be search'd, like Duellists before they fight,  
For wheel-broad hats, dull Humour, all that  
chaffe,

Which makes you mourn, and makes the  
Vulgar laugh ;

For these, in Playes, are as unlawful Arms,  
As, in a Combat, Coats of Mayle, and Charms.

### EPILOGUE.

Success, which can no more than beauty last,  
Makes our sad Poet mourn your favours  
past :

For, since without desert he got a name,  
He fears to loose it now with greater shame.

Prologue 42 Humour] Some editors wrongly  
give Honour

Fame, like a little Mistriss of the Town,  
Is gain'd with ease ; but then she's lost as  
soon ;

For, as those taudry Misses, soon or late,  
Jilt such as keep 'em at the highest rate,  
(And oft the Lacquey, or the Brawny Clown,  
Gets what is hid in the loose body'd gown ;)  
So, Fame is false to all that keep her long ;  
And turns up to the Fop that's brisk and  
young. 12

Some wiser Poet now would leave Fame  
first ;

But elder wits are, like old Lovers, curst :  
Who, when the vigor of their Youth is  
spent,

Still grow more fond as they grow impotent.  
This, some years hence, our Poets case may  
prove ;

But yet, he hopes, he's young enough to love.  
When forty comes, if ere he live to see

That wretched, fumbling age of poetry ; 20  
'Twill be high time to bid his Muse adieu :

Well he may please him self, but never you.  
Till then, he'll do as well as he began,

And hopes you will not finde him less a man.  
Think him not duller for this years delay ;

He was prepar'd, the women were away ;  
And men, without their parts, can hardly  
play.

If they, through sickness, seldome did  
appear,

Pity the Virgins of each Theatre !  
For, at both houses, 'twas a sickly year ! 30

And pity us, your servants, to whose cost,  
In one such sickness, nine whole Months are  
lost.

Their Stay, he fears, has ruin'd what he  
writ :

Long waiting both disables love and wit.  
They thought they gave him Leisure to do  
well ;

But, when they forc'd him to attend, he  
fell !

Yet, though he much has faild, he begs to  
day

You will excuse his unperforming Play :  
Weakness sometimes great passion does  
express ;

He had pleas'd better, had he lov'd you  
less. 40

Epilogue 21 'Twill 'Twill 1672.  
42 Months] Mon'ths 1672.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO THE SECOND PART OF THE  
CONQUEST OF GRANADA BY THE SPANIARDS.

PROLOGUE.

THEY who write Ill, and they who ne'r durst  
write,  
Turn Critiques out of meer Revenge and  
Spight:  
A *Play-house* gives 'em Fame; and up there  
starts,  
From a mean Fifth-rate Wit, a Man of Parts  
(So Common Faces on the Stage appear;  
We take 'em in, and they turn Beauties  
here.)  
Our Authour fears those Critiques as his  
Fate;  
And those he Fears, by consequence, must  
Hate,  
For they the Trafficque of all Wit invade,  
As Scriv'ners draw away the Bankers Trade.  
Howe're, the Poet's safe enough to day; 11  
They cannot censure an unfinish'd Play.  
But, as when Vizard Masque appears in  
Pit,  
Straight every Man who thinks himself a Wit  
Perks up; and, managing his Comb with  
grace,  
With his white Wigg sets off his Nut-brown  
Face;  
That done, bears up to th' prize, and views  
each Limb,  
To know her by her Rigging and her  
Trimm;  
Then, the whole noise of Fops to wagers go,  
*Pov on her*, 't must be she; and *Damn'ee* no:  
Just so, I Prophecy, these Wits to-day 21  
Will blindly guess at our imperfect Play:  
With what new Plots our Second Part is  
fill'd,  
Who must be kept alive, and who be kil'd.  
And as those Vizard Masques maintain that  
Fashion,  
To soothe and tickle sweet Imagination;  
So, our dull Poet keeps you on with *Masquing*;  
To make you think there's something worth  
your asking:  
But when 'tis shown, that which does now  
delight you  
Will prove a Dowdy, with a Face to fright  
you. 30

EPILOGUE.

They who have best succeeded on the  
Stage,  
Have still conform'd their Genius to their  
Age.  
Thus *Jonson* did Mechanique humour show  
When men were dull, and conversation low.  
Then, Comedy was faultless, but 'twas  
course;  
*Cobbs* Tankard was a Jest, and *Otter's* horse.  
And as their Comedy, their Love was mean;  
Except, by chance, in some one labour'd  
Scene,  
Which must attone for an ill-written play,  
They rose, but at their height could seldome  
stay. 10  
Fame then was cheap, and the first commer  
sped;  
And they have kept it since, by being dead,  
But, were they now to write, when Critiques  
weigh  
Each Line, and ev'ry Word, throughout  
a Play,  
None of 'em, no, not *Jonson* in his height,  
Could pass, without allowing grains for  
weight.  
Think it not envy, that these truths are told;  
Our Poet's not malicious, though he's bold.  
'Tis not to brand 'em that their faults are  
shown,  
But by their errors to excuse his own. 20  
If Love and Honour now are higher rais'd,  
'Tis not the Poet, but the Age is prais'd.  
Wit's now arriv'd to a more high degree;  
Our native Language more refin'd and free;  
Our Ladies and our men now speak more wit  
In conversation, than those Poets writ.  
Then, one of these is, consequently, true;  
That what this Poet writes comes short of  
you,  
And imitates you ill (which most he fears)  
Or else his writing is not worse than theirs.  
Yet, though you judge (as sure the Critiques  
will) 31  
That some before him writ with greater skill,  
In this one praise he has their fame surpast,  
To please an Age more Gallant than the last.

## PROLOGUE.

*Spoken on the First Day of the Kings House acting after the Fire.*

So shipwrackt Passengers escape to Land,  
 So look they, when on the bare Beach they  
     stand,  
 Dropping and cold, and their first fear scarce  
     o'er,  
 Expecting Famine on a Desert Shore.  
 From that hard Climate we must wait for  
     Bread,  
 Whence ev'n the Natives, forc'd by hunger,  
     fled.  
 Our Stage does humane Chance present to  
     view,  
 But ne'er before was seen so sadly true :  
 You are chang'd too, and your Pretence to  
     see  
 Is but a Nobler Name for Charity.      10  
 Your own Provisions furnish out our Feasts,  
 While you, the Founders, make your selves  
     the guests.  
 Of all Mankind beside Fate had some Care, }  
 But for poor Wit no portion did prepare ; }  
 'Tis left a Rent Charge to the Brave and }  
     Fair.

You cherish'd it, and now its Fall you  
     mourn,  
 Which blind unmanner'd Zelots make their  
     scorn,  
 Who think that Fire a Judgment on the  
     Stage,  
 Which spar'd not Temples in its furious  
     Rage.  
 But as our new-built City rises higher, 20 }  
 So from old Theatres may new aspire, }  
 Since Fate contrives Magnificence by Fire. }  
 Our great Metropolis does far surpass  
 What'e'r is now, and equals all that was :  
 Our Wit as far does Foreign Wit excel,  
 And, like a King, shou'd in a Palace  
     dwell.  
 But we with Golden Hopes are vainly  
     fed,  
 Talk high, and entertain you in a shed :  
 Your Presence here (for which we humbly  
     sue)  
 Will grace Old Theatres, and build up  
     New.      30

## PROLOGUE TO ARVIRAGUS AND PHILICIA; REVIVED.

With sickly Actors and an old House too,  
 We're match'd with glorious Theatres and  
     new,  
 And with our Ale-house scenes and Cloaths  
     bare worn  
 Can neither raise old Plays nor new adorn.  
 If all these Ills could not undo us quite,  
 A brisk *French* Troop is grown your dear  
     delight ;  
 Who with broad bloody Bills call you each  
     day  
 To laugh and break your Buttons at their  
     Play ;  
 Or see some serious Piece, which we presume  
 Is fall'n from some incomparable plume ; 10  
 And therefore, *Messieurs*, if you'll do us  
     Grace,  
 Send Lacquies early to preserve your Place.

We dare not on your Priviledge intrench,  
 Or ask you why you like 'em ? They are  
     *French*.  
 Therefore some go with Courtesie exceeding,  
 Neither to hear nor see, but show their  
     Breeding :  
 Each Lady striving to out-laugh the rest ;  
 To make it seem they understood the Jest.  
 Their Countrymen come in, and nothing  
     pay,  
 To teach us *English* where to clap the play :  
 Civil, *Ignad* ; Our Hospitable Land      21  
 Bears all the Charge, for them to under-  
     stand :  
 Mean time we languish, and neglected lye,  
 Like Wives, while you keep better Company ;  
 And wish for our own sakes, without a  
     Satyr,  
 You'd less good Breeding or had more good  
     Nature.

PROLOGUE AFTER THE FIRE. Text from the  
*Miscellanies* of 1692. Variants from *Covent*  
*Garden Drollery*, 1672.  
 4 on] from 1672.  
 10 for] of 1672.

ARVIRAGUS AND PHILICIA. Text from the  
*Miscellanies* of 1684. The play is by Carlell.

PROLOGUE, *for the Women,*

*When they Acted at the Old Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields.*

<p>WERE none of you, Gallants, e'er driven so hard, As when the poor kind Soul was under guard, And could not do't at home, in some By- street To take a Lodging, and in private meet ? Such is our Case ; We can't appoint our House, The Lovers old and wonted Rendezvous, But hither to this trusty Nook remove ; The worse the Lodging is, the more the Love. For much good Pastime, many a dear sweet hug Is stol'n in Garrets, on the humble Rugg, 10 Here's good Accommodation in the Pit ; The Grave demurely in the midst may sit,</p>	<p>And so the hot <i>Burgundian</i> on the Side Ply Vizard Masque, and o'er the Benches stride : Here are convenient upper Boxes too, For those that make the most triumphant show ; All that keep Coaches must not sit below. There, Gallants, you betwixt the Acts retire, And at dull Plays have something to admire : 19 We, who look up, can your Addresses mark, And see the Creatures coupled in the Ark : So we expect the <i>Lovers, Braves, and Wits</i> ; The gaudy House with Scenes will serve for Cits.</p>
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PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO THE MAIDEN QUEEN,  
OR SECRET LOVE,

*When acted by the Women only.*

PROLOGUE.

*Spoken by MRS. BOUTELL, in man's clothes.*

WOMEN like us (passing for Men) you'll  
cry,  
Presume too much upon your Secresie.  
There's not a Fop in Town but will pretend,  
To know the Cheat himself, or by his  
Friend.  
Then make no words on't, Gallants, 'tis e'en  
true,  
We are condemn'd to look, and strut, like  
you.  
Since we thus freely our hard Fate confess,  
Accept us, these bad Times, in any Dress.  
You'll find the sweet on't, now old Panta-  
loons  
Will go as far, as formerly new Gowns ; 10  
And from your own cast Wigs expect no  
Frowns.

The Ladies we shall not so easily please.  
They'll say what impudent bold things are  
these,  
That dare provoke, yet cannot do us  
right,  
Like Men, with huffing Looks, that dare not  
fight.  
But this reproach our Courage must not  
daunt,  
The Bravest Souldier may a Weapon want,  
Let Her that doubts us, still send Her  
Gallant.  
Ladies, in us you'll Youth and Beauty  
find,  
All Things, but one, according to your  
Mind. 20  
And when your Eyes and Ears are feasted  
here,  
Rise up, and make out the short Meal else-  
where.

PROLOGUE FOR THE WOMEN. Text from the  
same, except as noted.

1 Were] Where 1654: a misprint.

17 Coaches] Bell wrongly printed Couches

THE MAIDEN QUEEN, 1672. Text from *Convent  
Garden Drollery*, 1672, where many of the stops  
are wrong, but as the text had not Dryden's  
authority the errors are not here noted

## EPILOGUE.

*Spoken by MRS. REEVE, in man's clothes.*

What think you, Sirs, was't not all well enough?

Will you not grant that we can strut, and huff?

Men may be proud; but faith, for ought I see,

They neither walk, nor cock, so well as we; And for the fighting part, we may in time Grow up to swagger in heroick Rhime; For though we cannot boast of equal Force, Yet at some Weapons Men have still the worse.

Why should not then we Women act alone, }  
Or whence are Men so necessary grown? 10  
Our's are so old, they are as good as none. }  
Some who have tri'd 'em, if you'll take  
their Oaths,  
Swear they're as arrant Tinsell as their  
Cloaths.

Imagine us but what we represent,  
And we could e'en give you as good Content,  
Our Faces, Shapes,—all's better than you  
see,

And for the rest, they want as much as we.  
Oh, would the higher Pow'rs be kind to us,  
And grant us to set up a female House.

Wee'l make ourselves to please both Sexes  
then, 20

To the Men Women, to the Women Men.  
Here we presume, our Legs are no ill Sight,  
And they will give you no ill Dreams at  
Night.

In Dreams both Sexes must their Passions  
ease,

You make us then as civil as you please.  
This would prevent the Houses joyning too,  
At which we are as much displeas'd as  
you;

For all our Women most devoutly swear, }  
Each would be rather a poor Actress here }  
Than to be made a Mamamouchi there. 30

## PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO MARRIAGE-A-LA-MODE.

## PROLOGUE.

LORD, how reform'd and quiet are we grown,  
Since all our Braves and all our Wits are  
gone:

Fop-corner now is free from Civil War,  
White-Wig and Vizard-Mask no longer jar.  
France, and the Fleet have swept the Town  
so clear,

That we can Act in peace, and you can hear.  
Those that durst fight are gone to get renown;  
And those that durst not, blush to stand in  
Town.

'Twas a sad sight, before they march'd  
from home,

To see our Warriours, in Red Wastecoats,  
come, 10

With hair tuck'd up, into our Tireing-room. }  
But 'twas more sad to hear their last Adieu }  
The Women sob'd, and swore they would be  
true;

MARRIAGE-A-LA-MODE, 1672. Printed in *Covenant  
Garden Drollery*, 1672, and with the play, 1673.  
Prologue & Vizard-Mask] *Christie: Vizard  
Masks 1672: Vizard make 1673.*  
7-8 omitted 1673.  
9 march'd] 1673: went 1672.

And so they were, as long as e're they  
cou'd;

But powerful *Guinee* cannot be withstood, }  
And they were made of Playhouse flesh }  
and bloud.

Fate did their Friends for double Use  
ordain;

In Wars abroad, they grinning Honour gair }  
And Mistresses, for all that stay, maintain. }

Now they are gone, 'tis dead Vacation here,  
For neither Friends nor Enemies appear. 21  
Poor pensive Punk now peeps ere Plays  
begin,

Sees the bare Bench, and dares not venture  
in;

But manages her last Half-crown with care,  
And trudges to the *Mall*, on foot, for Air.  
Our City Friends so far will hardly roam,  
They can take up with Pleasures nearer  
home;

And see gay Shows with gaudy Scenes else-  
where: 28

For we presume they seldom come to hear.

16 Playhouse] Play house 1673.  
26 roam] 1672: come 1673.  
28 with] 1672: and 1673.

But they have now ta'n up a glorious Trade,  
And cutting *Moorcraft* struts in Masquerade,  
There's all our hope, for we shall show to day  
A Masquing Ball, to recommend our Play ;  
Nay, to endear 'em more, and let 'em see  
We scorn to come behind in Courtesie,  
We'll follow the new Mode which they begin,  
And treat 'em with a Room, and Couch  
within :  
For that's one way, how e're the Play fall  
short,  
T' oblige the Town, the City, and the Court.

EPILOGUE.

Thus have my Spouse and I inform'd the  
Nation,  
And led you all the way to Reformation ;  
Not with dull Morals, gravely writ, like those  
Which men of easy Phlegme with care com-  
pose,  
Your Poets, of stiff Words and limber sense,  
Born on the confines of indifference :  
But by Examples drawn, I dare to say,  
From most of you who hear, and see the Play  
There are more *Rhodophils* in this Theatre,  
More *Palamedes*, and some few Wives, I fear :  
But yet too far our Poet would not run ; II  
Though 'twas well offer'd, there was nothing  
done.

He would not quite the Woman's frailty  
bare,  
But stript 'em to the waste, and left 'em  
there :  
And the men's faults are less severely  
shown,  
For he considers that himself is one.  
Some stabbing Wits, to bloudy Satyr bent,  
Would treat both Sexes with less comple-  
ment :  
Would lay the Scene at home ; of Husbands  
tell,  
For Wenches taking up their Wives i' th'  
Mell ; 20  
And a brisk bout, which each of them did  
want,  
Made by mistake of Mistris and Gallant.  
Our modest Authour thought it was enough  
To cut you off a Sample of the stuff :  
He spared my shame, which you, I'm sure,  
would not,  
For you were all for driving on the Plot ;  
You sigh'd when I came in to break the sport,  
And set your teeth when each design fell  
short.  
To Wives, and Servants all good wishes lend,  
But the poor Cuckold seldom finds a friend.  
Since therefore, Court and Town will take  
no pity, 31  
I humbly cast myself upon the City.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO THE ASSIGNATION,  
OR LOVE IN A NUNNERY.

PROLOGUE.

PROLOGUES, like Bells to Churches, toul  
you in  
With Chimeing Verse, till the dull Playes  
begin ;  
With this sad difference though, of Pit and  
Pue ;  
You damns the *Poet*, but the *Priest* damns  
you.  
But Priests can treat you at your own  
expence,  
And, gravely, call you Fools, without Offence

Poets, poor Devils, have ne'er your Folly  
shown,  
But, to their Cost, you prov'd it was their  
own : 8  
For, when a Fop's presented on the Stage,  
Straight all the Coxcombs in the Townningage ;  
For his deliverance and revenge they joyn,  
And grunt, like Hogs, about their Captive  
Swine.  
Your Poets daily split upon this shelf :  
You must have Fools, yet none will have  
himself.  
Or, if in kindness, you that leave would give,  
No man could wite you at that rate you live:



For some of you grow Fops with so much  
haste,  
Riot in nonsense, and commit such waste,  
'Twould Ruine Poets should they spend so  
fast.

He who made this observed what Farces  
hit,

And durst not disoblige you now with wit.  
But, Gentlemen, you overdo the Mode;  
You must have Fools out of the common  
Rode.

Th'unnatural strain'd Buffoon is only taking;  
No Fop can please you now of Gods own  
making.

Pardon our Poet, if he speaks his Mind;  
You come to Plays with your own Follies  
lin'd:

Small Fools fall on you, like small showers,  
in vain;

Your own oyl'd Coats keep out all common  
rain.

You must have Mamamouchi, such a Fop  
As would appear a Monster in a Shop; 31  
He'll fill your Pit and Boxes to the brim,  
Where, Ram'd in Crowds, you see your selves  
in him.

Sure there's some spell our Poet never knew,  
In hullibablah de, and Chu, chu, chu;  
But Marabarah sahem most did touch you:  
That is, Oh how we love the Mamamouchi!  
Grimace and habit sent you pleas'd away;  
You damn'd the poet, and cried up the Play.

This Thought had made our Author more  
uneasie,

But that he hopes I'm Fool enough to  
please ye.

But here's my grief,—though Nature, joined  
with Art,

Have cut me out to act a Fooling Part,  
Yet, to your Praise, the few wits here will  
say,

'Twas imitating you taught Haynes to Play.

### EPILOGUE.

Some have expected, from our Bills to-day,  
To find a *Satyre* in our *Poet's Play*.

The *Zealous Rout* from *Coleman-street* did run,  
To see the Story of the *Fryer* and *Nun*,  
Or Tales, yet more Ridiculous to hear,

Vouch'd by their Vicar of Ten pounds a year;  
Of Nuns who did against Temptation Pray,  
And Discipline laid on the pleasant Way:

Or that, to please the Malice of the Town,  
Our *Poet* should in some close Cell have  
shown

Some Sister, Playing at Content alone.  
This they did hope; the other Side did  
fear;

And both, you see, alike are Couzen'd here.  
Some thought the Title of our Play to blame;  
They liked the thing, but yet abhorr'd the  
Name:

Like modest *Punks*, who all you ask afford,  
But, for the *World*, they would not name  
that word.

Yet, if you'll credit what I heard him say,  
Our *Poet* meant no Scandal in his *Play*;  
His Nuns are good which on the Stage are  
shown,

And, sure, behind our *Scenes* you'll look for  
none.

## PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO AMBOYNA, OR THE CRUELITIES OF THE DUTCH TO THE ENGLISH MERCHANTS.

### PROLOGUE.

As needy Gallants in the Scriv'ners hands  
Court the rich Knave that gripes their Mort-  
gag'd Lands,

The first fat Buck of all the Season's sent,  
And Keeper takes no Fee in Complement;

AMBOYNA, 1673. Prologue to keep friendship]  
*Christie, I do not know from what source, gives*  
preserve them

The doteage of some *Englishmen* is such,  
To fawn on those who ruine them, the *Dutch*.  
They shall have all rather than make a War  
With those who of the same Religion are.

The *Streights*, the *Guiney Trade*, the *Herrings*  
too,

Nay, to keep friendship, they shall pickle you.  
Some are resolv'd not to find out the Cheat,  
But Cuckold-like, love him who does the  
Feat:

What injuries soe'r upon us fall,  
Yet still the same Religion answers all:  
Religion wheedled you to Civil War,  
Drew *English* Blood, and *Dutchmens* now  
would spare.  
Be gull'd no longer; for you'll find it true,  
They have no more Religion, faith—then  
you,  
Interest's the God they worship in their  
State; 19  
And you, I take it, have not much of that.  
Well, Monarchys may own Religions name,  
But States are Atheists in their very frame.  
They share a sin, and such proportions fall  
That, like a stink, 'tis nothing to 'em all.  
How they love *England*, you shall see this  
day:  
No Map shows *Holland* truer than our Play:  
Their Pictures and Inscriptions well we know;  
We may be bold one Medal sure to show.  
View then their Falshoods, Rapine, Cruelty;  
And think what once they were they still  
would be: 30  
But hope not either Language, Plot, or Art;  
'Twas writ in haste, but with an *English*  
Heart:  
And lest hope Wit; in *Dutchmen* that would  
be  
As much improper as would Honesty.

EPILOGUE.

A Poet once the *Spartan's* led to fight,  
And made 'em conquer in the Muses right:  
So would our Poet lead you on this day,  
Showing your tortur'd Fathers in his Play.  
To onewell born th' affront is worse and more.  
When he's abus'd and baffled by a Bore:  
With an ill Grace the *Dutch* their mischiefs do.  
They've both ill Nature and ill Manners too.  
Well may they boast themselves an antient  
Nation,  
For they were bred e're Manners were in  
fashion: 10  
And their new Commonwealth has set 'em free,  
Onely from Honour and Civility.  
*Venetians* do not more uncouthly ride,  
Than did their Lubber-State Mankind be-  
stride;  
Their Sway became 'em with as ill a Meen,  
As their own Paunches swell above their Chin:  
Yet is their Empire no true Growth but  
Humour,  
And onely two Kings' touch can cure the  
Tumor.  
As *Cato* did his *Affricque* Fruits display,  
So we before your Eies their *Indies* lay: 20  
All loyal *English* will like him conclude,  
Let *Cæsar* Live, and *Carthage* be subdu'd!

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO THE UNIVERSITY  
OF OXFORD.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by MR. HART at the acting of the  
*Silent Woman*,

WHAT *Greece*, when learning flourish'd, onely  
knew,  
(*Athenian* Judges,) you this day renew.  
Here too are Annual Rites to *Pallas* done,  
And here Poetique prizes lost or won.  
Methinks I see you crown'd with Olives sit,  
And strike a sacred Horror from the Pit.  
A Day of Doom is this of your Decree,  
Where even the Best are but by Mercy free:  
A Day which none but *Johnson* durst have  
wish'd to see.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO THE UNIVERSITY  
OF OXFORD, 1673 Printed in 1684, again in 1692

Here they who long have known the usefull  
Stage 10  
Come to be taught themselves to teach the  
Age.  
As your Commissioners our Poets go,  
To cultivate the Virtue which you sow;  
In your *Lycæum* first themselves refin'd,  
And delegated thence to Humane kind.  
But as Embassadors, when long from  
home.  
For new Instructions to their Princes  
come;  
So Poets who your Precepts have forgot,  
Return, and beg they may be better taught:  
Follies and Faults else-where by them are  
shown. 20  
But by your Manners they correct their own.

Th' illiterate Writer, Emperique like, applies  
 To Minds discas'd, unsafe, chance Remedies :  
 The Learn'd in Schools, where Knowledge  
     first began,  
 Studies with Care th' Anatomy of Man ;  
 Sees Vertue, Vice, and Passions in their  
     Cause,  
 And Fame from Science, not from Fortune,  
     draws.  
 So Poetry, which is in *Oxford* made  
 An Art, in *London* onely is a Trade.  
 There haughty Dunces, whose unlearned  
     Pen  
 Could ne'er spell Grammar, would be reading  
     Men. 30  
 Such build their Poems the *Lucretian* way ;  
 So many Huddled Atoms make a Play,  
 And if they hit in Order by some Chance,  
 They call that Nature which is Ignorance.  
 To such a Fame let mere Town-Wits  
     aspire,  
 And their gay Nonsense their own Citts  
     admire.  
 Our Poet, could he find Forgiveness here,  
 Would wish it rather than a *Plaudit* there.  
 He owns no Crown from those *Prætorian*  
     Bands, 40  
 But knows *that* Right is in this *Senates*  
     Hands.  
 Not impudent enough to hope your Praise, }  
 Low at the Muses Feet, his Wreath he lays, }  
 And, where he took it up, resigns his Bays. }  
 Kings make their Poets whom themselves  
     think fit.  
 But 'tis your Suffrage makes Authentique  
     Wit.

## EPILOGUE.

Spoken by MR. HART.

No poor *Dutch* Peasant, wing'd with all his  
     Fear,  
 Flies with more haste, when the *French* Arms  
     draw near,  
 Than we with our Poetique Train come  
     down,  
 For Refuge hither from th' infected Town ;  
 Heaven for our Sins this Summer has thought  
     fit  
 To visit us with all the Plagues of Wit.

A *French* Troop first swept all things in  
     its way ;  
 But those hot *Monsieurs* were too quick to  
     stay ;  
 Yet, to our Cost, in that short time, we find  
 They left their Itch of Novelty behind. 10  
 Th' *Italian* Merry-Andrews took their  
     place,  
 And quite debauch'd the Stage with lewd  
     Grimace :  
 Instead of Wit and Humours, your Delight  
 Was there to see two Hobby-horses fight,  
 Stout *Scaramoucha* with Rush Lance rode in,  
 And ran a Tilt at Centaure *Arlequin*.  
 For Love you heard how amorous Asses  
     bray'd,  
 And Cats in Gutters gave their Serenade.  
 Nature was out of Countenance, and each  
     Day  
 Some new-born Monster shewn you for a  
     Play. 20  
 But when all fail'd, to strike the Stage  
     quite dumb,  
 Those wicked Engines, call'd Machines, are  
     come.  
 Thunder and Lightning now for Wit are  
     play'd.  
 And shortly Scenes in *Lapland* will be lay'd :  
 Art Magique is for Poetry profest,  
 And Cats and Dogs, and each obscener Beast  
 To which *Egyptian* Dotards once did bow,  
 Upon our *English* Stage are worshipp'd now.  
 Witchcraft reigns there, and raises to Renown  
*Macbeth*, the *Simon Magus* of the town. 30  
*Fletcher's* despis'd, your *Johnson* out of  
     Fashion,  
 And Wit the onely Drug in all the Nation.  
 In this low Ebb our Wares to you are  
     shown,  
 By you those Staple Authours Worth is  
     known ;  
 For Wit's a Manufacture of your own.  
 When you, who only can, their scenes have  
     prais'd,  
 We'll boldly back, and say their Price is  
     rais'd.

Epilogue 30 the *Simon*] and *Simon* 1602, and  
 most editors. *Christie* wrongly ascribes the  
 error to *Broughton*.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE *Spoken at the opening of the New House,*  
MARCH 26, 1674.

PROLOGUE.

A Plain built House, after so long a stay,  
Will send you half unsatisfi'd away;  
When, fall'n from your expected Pomp, you  
find

A bare convenience only is designed.  
You, who each Day can Theatres behold,  
Like *Nero's* Palace, shining all with Gold,  
Our mean ungilded Stage will scorn, we fear,  
And for the homely Room, disdain the Chear  
Yet now cheap Druggets to a Mode are

grown,  
And a plain Suit (since we can make but  
one) 10  
Is better than to be by tarnisht gawdry  
known.

They, who are by your Favours wealthy  
made,  
With mighty Sums may carry on the Trade;  
We, broken Banquiers, half destroy'd by  
Fire,  
With our small Stock to humble Roofs  
retire;  
Pity our Loss, while you their Pomp  
admire.

For Fame and Honour we no longer strive;  
We yield in both, and only beg to live;  
Unable to support their vast Expense,  
Who build and treat with such Magnificence,  
That, like th' Ambitious Monarchs of the  
Age, 21

They give the Law to our Provincial Stage.  
Great Neibours enviously promote Excess,  
While they impose their Splendor on the  
less;

But only Fools, and they of vast Estate,  
Th' extremity of Modes will imitate,  
The dangling Knec-fringe and the Bib-  
cravat.

Yet if some Pride with want may be allow'd,  
We in our plainness may be justly proud;  
Our Royal Master will'd it should be so; 30  
Whate'er he's pleased to own can need no  
show;

That sacred Name gives Ornament and  
Grace;  
And, like his Stamp, makes basest Mettals  
pass.

'Twere Folly now a stately Pile to raise,  
To build a Play-house, while you throw down  
Plays;  
Whilst Scenes, Machines, and empty *Opera's*  
reign,  
And for the Pencil you the Pen disdain;  
While Troops of famish'd *Frenchmen* hither  
drive,

And laugh at those upon whose Alms they  
live: 39  
Old *English* Authors vanish, and give place  
To these new Conquerors of the *Norman*  
Race

More tamely than your Fathers you submit;  
You're now grown Vassals to 'em in your Wit.  
Mark, when they play, how our fine Fops  
advance  
The Mighty Merits of these Men of *France*,  
Keep time, cry *Ben*, and humour the  
Cadence.

Well, please your selves; but sure 'tis under-  
stood,

That *French* Machines have ne'er done  
*England* good.

I would not prophesie our Houses Fate;  
But while vain Shows and Scenes you over-  
rate, 50

'Tis to be feared —  
That, as a Fire the former House o'erthrew,  
Machines and Tempests will destroy the new.

EPILOGUE.

Though what our Prologue said was sadly  
true,  
Yet, Gentlemen, our homely House is new,  
A Charm that seldom fails with wicked  
you.  
A Country Lip may have the Velvet touch;  
Tho' she's no Lady, you may think her  
such:  
A strong Imagination may do much.

<p>But you, loud Sirs, who thro' your Curls look big, Criticks in plume and white vallancy Wig, Who lolling on our foremost Benches sit, And still charge first, (the true forlorn of Wit) 10 Whose favours, like the Sun, warm where you roul, Yet you, like him, have neither heat nor Soul ; So may your Hats your Foretops never press, Untouch'd your Ribbons, sacred be your Dress ; So may you slowly to old Age advance, And have th' Excuse of Youth for Ignorance ; So may Pop corner full of Noise remain, And drive far off the dull, attentive Train ; So may your Midnight Scowrings happy prove, And Morning Batt'ries force your way to love ; 20 So may not <i>France</i> your Warlike Hands recal, But leave you by each other's Swords to fall, As you come here to ruffle Vizard Punk, When sober rail, and roar when you are drunk.</p>	<p>But to the Wits we can some Merit plead, And urge what by themselves has oft been said : Our House relieves the Ladies from the frights Of ill-pav'd Streets, and long dark Winter Nights ; The <i>Flanders</i> Horses from a cold bleak Road, Where Bears in Furs dare scarcely look abroad ; 30 The Audience from worn Plays and Fustian Stuff Of Rhime, more nauseous than three Boys in Buff. Though in their House the Poets Heads appear, We hope we may presume their Wits are here. The best which they reserv'd they now will play, For, like kind Cuckolds, tho' w' have not the way To please, we'll find you abler Men who may. If they shou'd fail, for last Recruits we breed A Troop of frisking Monsiers to succeed. (You know the <i>Freych</i> sure Cards at time of need.) 40</p>
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## PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

### \*PROLOGUE.

*Spoken by MR. HART.*

<p>POETS, your Subjects, have their Parts assign'd, T' unbend and to divert their Sov'reign's Mind : When, tyr'd with following Nature, you think fit To seek repose in the cool shades of Wit, And from the sweet Retreat, with Joy survey What rests, and what is conquer'd, of the way. Here, free your selves from Envy, Care, and Strife, You view the various Turns of humane Life ;</p>	<p>Safe in our Scene, through dangerous Courts you go, And undebauch'd the Vice of Cities know. 10 Your Theories are here to Practice brought, As in Mechanick Operations wrought ; And Man, the little World, before you set, As once the Sphere of Chrystal Shew'd the Great. Blest sure are you above all Mortal Kind, If to your Fortunes you can suit your Mind ; Content to see, and shun, those ills we show, And Crimes, on Theatres alone, to know. With joy we bring what our dead Authors writ, And beg from you the value of their Wit : 20 That <i>Shakespear's</i>, <i>Fletcher's</i>, and great <i>John-</i> <i>son's</i> Claim May be renew'd from those who gave them Fame.</p>
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None of our living Poets dare appear ;  
 For Muses so severe are worshipt here  
 That, conscious of their Faults, they shun  
     the Eye,  
 And, as Prophane, from sacred Places fly,  
 Rather than see th' offended God, and dye.  
 We bring no Imperfections, but our own ;  
 Such Faults as made are by the Makers  
     shown.  
 And you have been so kind that we may  
     boast, 30  
 The greatest Judges still can pardon most.  
 Poets must stoop, when they would please  
     our Pit,  
 Debas'd even to the Level of their Wit ;  
 Disdaining that which yet they know will  
     take,  
 Hating themselves what their Applause must  
     make.  
 But when to Praise from you they would  
     aspire,  
 Though they like Eagles mount, your *Jove*  
     is higher.  
 So far your Knowledge all their Pow'r trans-  
     cends,  
 As what *should* be beyond what *Is*, extends.

EPILOGUE.

*Spoken by MRS. MARSHALL.*

Oft has our Poet wisht, this happy Seat  
 Might prove his fading Muses last Retreat :  
 I wonder'd at his Wish, but now I find  
 He sought for quiet, and content of mind ;  
 Which noisefull Towns and Courts can never  
     know,

And onely in the shades, like Laurels, grow.  
 Youth, e'er it sees the World, here studies  
     Rest,  
 And Age, returning thence, concludes it best.  
 What wonder if we court that happiness,  
 Yearly to share, which hourly you possess ;  
 Teaching ev'n you, while the next World we  
     show, 11  
 Your Peace to value more, and better know  
 'Tis all we can return for favours past,  
 Whose holy Memory shall ever last,  
 For Patronage from him whose care presides  
 O'er every noble Art, and every Science  
     guides :  
*Bathurst*, a name the learn'd with reverence  
     know,  
 And scarcely more to his own *Virgil* owe ;  
 Whose Age enjoys but what his Youth  
     deserv'd, 19  
 To rule those Muses whom before he serv'd.  
 His Learning, and untainted Manners too,  
 We find (*Athenians*) are deriv'd to you ;  
 Such Antient Hospitality there rests  
 In yours, as dwelt in the first *Grecian*  
     Breasts,  
 Whose kindness was Religion to their  
     Guests.  
 Such Modesty did to our Sex appear,  
 As had there been no Laws we need not  
     fear,  
 Since each of you was our Protector here.  
 Converse so chaste, and so strict Virtue  
     shown,  
 As might *Apollo* with the Muses own. 30  
 Till our return, we must despair to find  
 Judges so just, so knowing, and so kind.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO AURENG-ZEBE

PROLOGUE.

OUR Author by experience finds it true,  
 'Tis much more hard to please himself than  
     you ;  
 And out of no feign'd Modesty, this day,  
 Damns his laborious Trifle of a Play ;  
 Not that its worse than what before he writ,  
 But he has now another taste of Wit ;

And, to confess a Truth (though out of  
     Time,)  
 Grows weary of his long-loved Mistris Rhyme.  
 Passion's too fierce to be in Fetters bound, 9  
 And Nature lies him like Enchanted Ground :  
 What Verse can do he has perform'd in this,  
 Which he presumes the most correct of his ;  
 But spite of all his pride, a secret shame  
 Invades his Breast at *Shakespear's* sacred  
     name :

Epilogue 4 sought for] One version has here  
 sought  
 DR.

AURENG-ZEBE, 1675. Published in 1676.

Aw'd when he hears his Godlike *Romans*  
rage,

He in a just despair would quit the Stage ;  
And to an Age less polish'd, more unskill'd,  
Does with disdain the foremost Honours  
yield.

As with the greater Dead he dares not strive,  
He wou'd not match his Verse with those  
who live : 20

Let him retire, betwixt two Ages cast,  
The first of this, and hindmost of the last.  
A losing Gamester, let him sneak away ;  
He bears no ready Money from the Play.  
The Fate which governs Poets, thought it fit,  
He shou'd not raise his Fortunes by his Wit.  
The Clergy thrive, and the litigious Bar ;  
Dull Heroes fatten with the Spoils of War :  
All Southern Vices, Heav'n be prais'd, are  
here ;

But Wit's a Luxury you think too dear. 30  
When you to cultivate the Plant are loth,  
'Tis a shrewd sign 'twas never of your  
growth :

And Wit in Northern Climates will not blow,  
Except, like *Orange-trees*, 'tis hous'd from  
Snow.

There needs no care to put a Play-house  
down,

'Tis the most desert place of all the Town :  
We and our Neighbours, to speak proudly,  
are

Like Monarchs, ruin'd with expensive War ;  
While, like wise *English*, unconcern'd you  
sit,

And see us play the Tragedy of Wit. 40

### EPILOGUE.

A pretty task & so I told the Fool,  
Who needs would undertake to please by  
Rule ;

He thought that, if his Characters were good,  
The Scenes entire, and freed from noise and  
bloud ;

The Action great, yet circumscrib'd by Time,  
The Words not forc'd, but sliding into  
Rhime,

The Passions rais'd and calm'd by just  
Degrees,

As Tides are swell'd, and then retire to Seas ;

He thought in hitting these his bus'ness  
done,

Though he perhaps has fail'd in ev'ry one : 10  
But, after all, a Poet must confess,  
His Art's, like Physick, but a happy gheiss.  
Your Pleasure on your Fancy must depend :  
The Lady's pleas'd, just as she likes her  
Friend.

No Song ! no Dance ! no Show ! he fears  
you'll say :

You love all naked Beauties, but a Play.  
He much mistakes your methods to delight ;  
And, like the *French*, abhors our Target-  
fight :  
But those damn'd Dogs can never be i' th'  
right.

True *English* hate your Monsieur's paltry  
Arts, 20

For you are all Silk-weavers, in your hearts.  
Bold *Brittons*, at a brave Bear-garden Fray,  
Are rouz'd : and, clatt'ring Sticks, cry, *Play,*  
*play, play.*

Meantime, your filthy Forreigner will stare,  
And mutter to himself, *Ha gens Barbare !*  
And, Gad, 'tis well he mutters ; well for him ;  
Our Butchers else would tear him limb from  
limb.

'Tis true, the time may come, your Sons may  
be

Infected with this *French* civility :  
But this in After-ages will be done : 30

Our Poet writes a hundred years too soon.  
This Age comes on too slow, or he too fast ;  
And early Springs are subject to a blast !  
Who would excel, when few can make a Test  
Betwixt indiff'rent Writing and the best ?

For Favours cheap and common, who wou'd  
strive,

Which, like abandoned Prostitutes, you  
give ?

Yet scatter'd here and there, I some behold,  
Who can discern the Tinsel from the Gold :  
To these he writes ; and, if by them allow'd,  
'Tis their Prerogative to rule the Crowd. 41  
For he more fears (like a presuming Man)  
Their Votes who cannot judge, than theirs  
who can.

Epilogue 18 and 29 *French*] *French* 1576.

22 *Brittons*] *Brittons* 1576

25 *gens*] *Saintsbury* conjectures gent

EPILOGUE TO CALISTO, OR THE CHASTE NYMPH.

*Intended to have been spoken by the LADY HENRIETTA MARIA WENTWORTH, when Calisto was Acted at Court*

As *Jupiter* I made my Court in vain ;  
 I'll now assume my Native shape again.  
 I'm weary to be so unkindly us'd,  
 And would not be a God to be refus'd.  
 State grows uneasy when it hinders Love ;  
 A glorious Burden, which the wise remove.  
 Now, as a Nymph, I need not sue, nor try  
 The force of any lightning but the Eye.  
 Beauty and Youth more than a God command ;  
 No *Jove* could e'er the force of these withstand. <sup>10</sup>  
 'Tis here that Sovereign Power admits dispute,  
 Beauty sometimes is justly absolute.  
 Our sullen *Caloes*, whatsoe'er they say,  
 Even while they frown and dictate Laws, obey.  
 You, mighty Sir, our bonds more easie make,  
 And gracefully what all must suffer take ;  
 Above those forms the Grave affect to wear,  
 For 'tis not to be wise to be severe.

True wisdom may some gallantry admit,  
 And soften business with the charms of wit.  
 These peaceful Triumphs with your Cares  
 you bought, <sup>21</sup>  
 And from the midst of fighting Nations  
 brought.  
 You only hear it thunder from afar,  
 And sit in peace the Arbiter of War :  
 Peace, the loath'd Manna, which hot Brains  
 despise,  
 You knew its worth, and made it early  
 prize :  
 And in its happy leisure sit and see  
 The promises of more felicity.  
 Two glorious Nymphs of your one God-like  
 line,  
 Whose Morning Rays like Noontide strike  
 and shine ; <sup>30</sup>  
 Whom you to suppliant Monarchs shall dis-  
 pose,  
 To bind your Friends and to disarm your  
 Foes.

EPILOGUE TO THE MAN OF MODE, OR SIR FOPLING FLUTTER.

Most Modern Wits such monstrous Fools  
 have shown,  
 They seem not of heav'n's making, but their  
 own.  
 Those Nauseous Harlequins in Farce may  
 pass ;  
 But there goes more to a substantial Ass !  
 Something of man must be expos'd to  
 View,  
 That, Gallants, they may more resemble  
 you.  
 Sir *Fopling* is a Fool so nicely writ,  
 The Ladies wou'd mistake him for a Wit ;  
 And, when he sings, talks lowd, and cocks,  
 wou'd cry,  
 I vow methinks he's pretty Company ! <sup>10</sup>

So brisk, so gay, so travell'd, so refin'd !  
 As he took pains to graff upon his kind.  
 True Fops help Natures work, and go to  
 school,  
 To file and finish god-A'mighty's fool.  
 Yet none Sir *Fopling* him, or him can call ;  
 He's Knight o' th' Shire, and represents ye all.  
 From each he meets he culls whate're he can,  
 Legion's his name, a people in a Man.  
 His bulky folly gathers as it goes,  
 And, rolling o're you, like a Snow-ball  
 grows. <sup>20</sup>  
 His various Modes from various Fathers  
 follow ;  
 One taught the Toss, and one the new *French*  
 Wallow ;

CALISTO Printed in 1683 but not assigned to  
 Dryden till 1704. The play is by Crowne.

THE MAN OF MODE, 1676 The play is by  
 Etherege.



<p>His Sword-knot this, his Crevat this design'd;          And this the yard long Snake he twirls          behind.          From one the sacred Perriwig he gain'd,          Which Wind ne'er blew, nor touch of Hat          prophan'd.          Another's diving Bow he did adore,          Which with a shog casts all the hair before,</p>	<p>Till he with full Decorum brings it back,          And rises with a Water Spaniel shake. 30          As for his Songs (the Ladies dear Delight)          Those sure he took from most of you who          Write.          Yet every man is safe from what he          fear'd;          For no one fool is hunted from the herd.</p>
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## PROLOGUE TO CIRCE.

<p>WERE you but half so wise as you're severe,          Our youthfull Poet shou'd not need to fear;          To his green years your Censures you would          suit,          Not blast the Blossom, but expect the Fruit.          The Sex that best does pleasure understand          Will alwayes chuse to err on t'other hand.          They check not him that's aukard in          delight,          But clap the young Rogues Check, and set          him right.          Thus heartn'd well, and flesh't upon his Prey,          The youth may prove a man another day. 10          Your <i>Ben</i> and <i>Fletcher</i>, in their first young          flight,          Did no <i>Volpone</i>, no <i>Arbaces</i> write;          But hopp'd about, and short Excursions          made          From Bough to Bough, as if they were          afraid,          And each were guilty of some <i>Slighted Maid</i>.)</p>	<p><i>Shakespear's</i> own Muse her <i>Pericles</i> first          bore;          The Prince of <i>Tyre</i> was elder than the  <i>Moore</i>.          'Tis miracle to see a first good Play;          All Hawthorns do not bloom on <i>Christmas-</i>  <i>day</i>.          A slender Poet must have time to grow, 20          And spread and burnish as his Brothers do.          Who still looks lean, sure with some <i>pox</i> is          curst,          But no Man can be <i>Falstaff</i>-fat at first,          Then damn not, but indulge his stew'd          Essays,          Encourage him, and bloat him up with          Praise,          That he may get more bulk before he dies,          He's not yet fed enough for Sacrifice.          Perhaps, if now your Grace you will not          grudge,          He may grow up to write, and you to judge.</p>
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## EARLIER VERSION OF PROLOGUE TO CIRCE.

<p>WERE you but half so wise as y' are severe,          Our youthful Poet shou'd not need to fear;          To his green years your Censures you wou'd          suit,          Not blast the Blossom, but expect the Fruit.          The Sex that best does pleasure understand          Will alwayes chuse to err on t'other hand.          They check not him that's Aukward in          delight,          But clap the young Rogues Check, and set          him right.</p>	<p>Thus heartn'd well, and flesh't upon his Prey,          The youth may prove a man another day. 10          For your own sakes, instruct him when he's          out,          You'll find him mend his work at every          bout.          When some young lusty Thief is passing by, }          How many of your tender Kind will cry, }          A proper Fellow! pity he should dye! }          He might be sav'd, and thank us for our          pains,          There's such a stock of Love within his Veins.</p>
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CIRCE, 1677. Two versions of this Prologue.  
 The play is by Charles Davenant.  
 12 no] *Scott* and others wrongly give nor no  
 15 were] *Scott* and others wrongly give was

24 stew'd] *This can hardly be right Scott*  
*and others give rude Dr. Aldis Wright con-*  
*jectured stew'd and this may well be right.*

These Arguments the Women may persuade,  
But move not you, the Brothers of the Trade,  
Who, scattering your Infection through  
the Pit, <sup>20</sup>  
With aking Hearts and empty Purses sit,  
To take your dear five Shillings worth of  
Wit.  
The Praise you give him in your kindest mood  
Comes dribbling from you, just like drops of  
Blood;  
And then you clap so civilly, for fear  
The loudness might offend your Neighbours  
ear,

That we suspect your Gloves are lin'd  
within,  
For silence sake, and Cotten'd next the  
skin.  
From these Usurpers we appeal to you,  
The only knowing, only judging few; <sup>30</sup>  
You, who in private have this Play allow'd,  
Ought to maintain your Suffrage to the  
Crowd.  
The Captive, once submitted to your  
Bands,  
You should protect from Death by Vulgar  
hands.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO ALL FOR LOVE, OR  
THE WORLD WELL LOST.

PROLOGUE.

WHAT Flocks of Critiques hover hereto-day,  
As Vultures wait on Armies for their Prey,  
All gaping for the Carcase of a Play!  
With croaking Notes they bode some dire  
event,  
And follow dying Poets by the scent.  
Ours gives himself for gone; y' have watch'd  
your Time;  
He fights this day unarm'd, without his  
Rhyme,  
And brings a Tale which often has been told,  
As sad as *Dido's*, and almost as old.  
His Heroe, whom you Wits his Bully call, <sup>10</sup>  
Bates of his Mettle, and scarce rants at all;  
He's somewhat lewd, but a well-meaning  
mind,  
Weeps much, fights little, but is wondrous  
kind;  
In short, a Pattern and Companion fit  
For all the keeping *Tonies* of the Pit.  
I cou'd name more: A Wife, and Mistress  
too,  
Both (to be plain) too good for most of  
you;  
The Wife well-natur'd, and the Mistress  
true.  
Now, Poets, if your fame has been his  
Care,  
Allow him all the Candour you can spare. <sup>20</sup>

A brave Man scorns to quarrel once a  
day,  
Like Hectors in at ev'ry petty fray.  
Let those find fault whose Wit's so very  
small,  
They've need to show that they can think  
at all.  
Errors, like Straws, upon the surface flow;  
He who would search for Pearls must dive  
below.  
Fops may have leave to level all they can,  
As Pigmies wou'd be glad to lop a Man.  
Half-wits are Fleas, so little and so light,  
We scarce cou'd know they live, but that  
they bite. <sup>30</sup>  
But, as the rich, when tir'd with daily  
Feasts,  
For Change become their next poor Tenants  
Ghests;  
Drink hearty Draughts of Ale from plain  
brown Bowls,  
And snatch the homely Rasher from the  
Coals:  
So you, retiring from much better Cheer,  
For once may venture to do penance  
here.  
And since that plenteous Autumn now is  
past,  
Whose Grapes and Peaches have indulg'd  
your Taste,  
Take in good Part from our poor Poets  
boord  
Such rivell'd Fruits as Winter can afford. <sup>40</sup>

## EPILOGUE.

Poets, like Disputants, when Reasons fail,  
Have one sure Refuge left, and that's to  
rail.

Fop, Coxcomb, Fool, are thunder'd through  
the Pit,

And this is all their Equipage of Wit.

We wonder how the Devil this diff'rence  
grows,

Between our Fools in Verse, and yours in  
Prose:

For, 'Faith, the Quarrel rightly under-  
stood,

'Tis *Civil War* with their own Flesh and  
Blood.

The thread bare Author hates the gawdy  
Coat,

And swears at the Guilt Coach, but swears  
afout: 10

For 'tis observ'd of ev'ry Scribbling Man,

He grows a Fop as fast as e'er he can;

Prunes up, and asks his Oracle the Glass,

If Pink or Purple best become his Face.

For our poor Wretch, he neither rails nor  
prays,

Nor likes your Wit just as you like his Plays;

He has not yet so much of Mr. *Bays*.

He does his best; and if he cannot please,

Wou'd quietly sue out his *Writ of Ease*.

Yet, if he might his own grand Jury call, 20

By the Fair Sex he begs to stand or fall.

Let *Cæsar's* Pow'r the Mens Ambition move,

But grace you him, who lost the World for  
Love!

Yet if some antiquated Lady say,

The last Age is not copy'd in his Play;

Heav'n help the man who for that face must  
drudge,

Which only has the wrinkles of a Judge.

Let not the Young and Beauteous join with  
those;

For shou'd you raise such numerous Hosts of  
Foes,

Young Wits and Sparks he to his aid must  
call; 30

'Tis more than one Man's work to please  
you all.

## EPILOGUE TO MITHRIDATES, KING OF PONTUS.

You've seen a Pair of faithful Lovers  
die:

And much you care, for most of you will  
cry,

'Twas a just Judgment on their Constancy.

For, Heaven be thank'd, we live in such an  
Age,

When no man dies for Love, but on the  
Stage:

And ev'n those Martyrs are but rare in  
Plays;

A cursed sign how much true Faith  
decays:

Love is no more a violent desire;

'Tis a meer Metaphor, a painted Fire.

In all our Sex, the name examin'd well, 10  
Is Pride to gain, and Vanity to tell.

In Woman, 'tis of subtil int'rest made;

Curse on the Punk that made it first a  
Trade!

She first did Wits Prerogative remove,

And made a Fool presume to prate of  
Love.

Let Honour and Preferment go for Gold,

But glorious Beauty is not to be sold;

Or, if it be, 'tis at a rate so high,

That nothing but adoring it shou'd buy.

Yet the rich Cullies may their boasting  
spare; 20

They purchase but sophisticated Ware.

'Tis Prodigality that buys deceit,

Where both the Giver, and the Taker  
cheat.

Men but refine on the old Half-Crown  
way;

And Women fight, like *Swissers*, for their Pay.

MITHRIDATES, 1678. The play is by Lee.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO THE KIND KEEPER,  
OR MR. LIMBERHAM.

PROLOGUE

TRUE Wit has seen its best Days long ago ;  
It ne'er look'd up since we were dipt in Show,  
When sense in dogrel Rhymes and Clouds  
was lost,

And Dulness flourish'd at the Actors' Cost.  
Nor stopt it here ; when Tragedy was done,  
Satire and Humour the same Fate have run,  
And Comedy is sunk to Trick and Pun.  
Now our machining Lumber will not sell,  
And you no longer care for Heav'n or Hell ;  
What Stuff will please you next, the Lord  
can tell. 10

Let them, who the Rebellion first began  
To Wit, restore the Monarch if they can ;  
Our Author dares not be the first bold Man.  
He, like the prudent Citizen, takes care  
To keep for better Maris his staple Ware ;  
His Toys are good enough for *Sturbridge* Fair.  
Tricks were the Fashion ; if it now be spent,  
'Tis time enough at Easter to invent ;  
No man will make up a new Suit for Lent.  
If now and then he takes a small Pretence, 20  
To forage for a little Wit and Sense,  
Pray pardon him, he meant you no Offence,  
Next summer, *Nosstradanus* tells, they say,  
That all the Criticks shall be shipp'd away.  
And not-enow be left to damn a Play.  
To every Sail beside, good Heav'n, be  
kind ;  
But drive away that Swarm with such a  
Wind  
That not one Locust may be left behind !

EPILOGUE.

*Spoken by LIMBERHAM.*

I beg a Boon, that, e're you all disband,  
Some one would take my Bargain off my  
hand ;

To keep a Punk is but a common evil ;  
To find her false, and Marry,—that's the  
Devil.

Well, I ne're acted Part in all my life,  
But still I was fobb'd off with some such Wife  
I find the Trick ; these Poets take no pity  
Of one that is a Member of the City.

We Cheat you lawfully, and in our Trades ;  
You Cheat us basely with your Common  
Jades. 10

Now I am Married, I must sit down by it ,  
But let me keep my Dear-bought Spouse in  
quiet :

Let none of you Damn'd *Woodalls* of the Pit  
Put in for Shares to mend our breed in Wit ;  
We know your Bastards from our Flesh and  
Blood,

Not one in ten of yours e're comes to good.  
In all the Boys their Fathers Vertues shine,  
But all the Female Fry turn *Pugs*, like mine.

When these grow up, Lord, with what Ram-  
pant Gadders

Our Counters will be throng'd, and Roads  
with Padders. 20

This Town two Bargains has, not worth one  
farthing,

A *Smithfield* Horse, and Wife of *Covent-*  
*Garden.*

PROLOGUE TO THE TRUE WIDOW.

HEAV'n save ye Gallants, and this hopeful  
Age,

Y' are welcome to the downfal of the Stage :  
The Fools have labour'd long in their  
Vocation ;

And Vice (the Manufacture of the Nation)  
O'erstocks the Town so much, and thrives  
so well,

That Fopps and Knaves grow Druggs, and  
will not sell.

In vain our Wares on Theaters are shown,  
When each has a Plantation of his own.

His Cruise ne'r fails ; for whatsoever he  
spends,

There's still God's Plenty for himself and  
friends. 10

THE TRUE WIDOW, 1678 The play is by  
Shadwell The Prologue was reprinted in 1690  
with Aphra Behn's *The Widow Ranter*.  
g Cruise] Editors till Christie absurdly give  
Cause

Shou'd Men be rated by Poetick Rules,  
Lord, what a Poll would there be rais'd from  
Fools !

Mean time poor Wit prohibited must lye,  
As if 'twere made some *French* Commodity.  
Fools you will have, and rais'd at vast  
expence,

And yet as soon as seen, they give offence.  
Time was, when none wou'd cry that Oaf  
was mee,

But now you strive about your Pedigree.  
Bauble and Cap no sooner are thrown down,  
But there's a Muss of more than half the  
Town. 20

Each one will challenge a Child's part at  
least ;

A sign the Family is well increas'd :

Of Forreign Cattle there's no longer  
need,

When w're supply'd so fast with *English*  
Breed.

Well ! Flourish, Countrymen ; drink, swear,  
and roar ;

Let every free-born Subject keep his  
Whore,

And wandring in the Wilderness about,

At end of 40 years not wear her out.

But when you see these Pictures, let none  
dare

To own beyond a Limb, or single share ; 30  
For where the Punk is common, he's a  
Sot

Who needs will father what the Parish  
got.

## PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO ŒDIPUS.

### PROLOGUE.

WHEN *Athens* all the *Græcian* State did guide,  
And *Greece* gave Laws to all the World beside ;  
Then *Sophocles* with *Socrates* did sit,  
Supreme in Wisdom one, and one in Wit :  
And Wit from Wisdom differ'd not in those,  
But as 'twas Sung in Verse or said in Prose.  
Then *Œdipus*, on crowded Theaters

Drew all admiring Eyes and listning Ears :  
The pleas'd Spectator shouted every Line,  
The noblest, manliest, and the best Design !  
And every Critick of each learned Age 11  
By this just Model has reform'd the Stage.  
Now, should it fail, (as Heav'n avert our  
fear !)

Damn it in silence, lest the World should hear.  
For were it known this Poem did not please,  
You might set up for perfect Salvages :  
Your Neighbours would not look on you as  
men :

But think the Nation all turned *Picts* agen.  
Faith, as you manage matters, 'tis not fit  
You should suspect your selves of too much  
Wit. 20

Drive not the jeast too far, but spare this  
piece ;

And for this once be not more Wise than  
*Greece*.

See twice ! Do not pell-mell to Damning fall,  
Like true-born *Brittains*, who ne're think  
at all :

Pray be advis'd ; and though at *Mons* you  
won,

On pointed Cannon do not always run.

With some Respect to antient Wit proceed,  
And take the four first Councils for your  
Creed.

But, when you lay Tradition wholly by,  
And on the private Spirit alone relye, 30  
You turn Fanaticks in your Poetry.

If, notwithstanding all that we can say,  
You needs will have your pen'worths of  
the Play,

And come resolv'd to Damn, because you  
pay,

Record it, in memorial of the Fact,  
The first Play bury'd since the Wollen Act.

### EPILOGUE.

WHAT *Sophocles* could undertake alone,  
Our Poets found a Work for more than one ;  
And therefore Two lay tugging at the piece,  
With all their force, to draw the pondrous  
Mass from *Greece* ;

A weight that bent ev'n *Seneca's* strong  
Muse,

And which *Corneille's* Shoulders did refuse :

<p>So hard it is th' <i>Athenian</i> Harp to string !          So much two Consuls yield to one just King.          Terrour and Pity this whole Poem sway ;          The mightiest Machines that can mount              a Play ;  <i>How</i> heavy will those <i>Vulgar</i> Souls be found,          Whom two such Engines cannot move from              Ground !          When <i>Greece</i> and <i>Rome</i> have smil'd upon              this Birth,          You can but damn for one poor spot of Earth ;          And when your Children find your judgment              such,          They'll scorn their Sires, and wish them-              selves born <i>Dutch</i> ;          Each haughty Poet will infer with ease,          How much his Wit must under-write to              please.          As some strong Churl would brandishing              advance          The monumental Sword that conquer'd              <i>France</i>,</p>	<p>So you by judging this your judgments              teach,          Thus far you like, that is, thus far you reach.          Since then the Vote of full two Thousand              years          Has Crown'd this Plot, and all the Dead are              theirs,          Think it a Debt you pay, not Alms you              give,          And in your own defence let this Play live.          Think 'em not vain, when <i>Sophocles</i> is              shown,          To praise his worth, they humbly doubt their              own.          Yet as weak States each other's pow'r              assure,          Weak Poets by Conjunction are secure. 30          Their Treat is what your Pallats relish most,          Charm ! Song ! and Show ! a Murder and              a Ghost !          We know not what you can desire or hope,          To please you more, but burning of a <i>Pope</i></p>
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PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO TROILUS AND CRESSIDA,  
 OR TRUTH FOUND TOO LATE.

PROLOGUE.

*Spoken by MR. BETTERTON, representing  
 the Ghost of SHAKESPEAR.*

SEE, my lov'd *Britons*, see your *Shakespeare*  
     rise,  
 An awfull Ghost confess'd to human Eyes !  
 Unnam'd, methinks, distinguish'd I had  
     been  
 From other Shades by this eternal Green,  
 About whose Wreaths the vulgar Poets strive,  
 And with a Touch, their wither'd Bays  
     revive.  
 Untaught, unpractis'd, in a barbarous Age,  
 I found not, but created first the Stage.  
 And if I dram'd no *Greek* or *Latin* Store,  
 'Twas that my own Abundance gave me  
     more. 10  
 On foreign Trade I needed not rely,  
 Like fruitfull *Britain*, rich without Supply.  
 In this my rough-drawn Play, you shall  
     behold  
 Some Master-strokes, so manly and so bold

That he, who meant to alter, found 'em such  
 He shook ; and thought it Sacrilege to touch.  
 Now, where are the Successors to my Name ?  
 What bring they to fill out a Poets Fame ?  
 Weak, short-liv'd Issues of a feeble Age ;  
 Scarce living to be Christen'd on the Stage !  
 For Humour Farce, for Love they Rhyme  
     dispençe, 21  
 That tolls the Knell for their departed Sence.  
 Dulness might thrive in any Trade but this -  
 'Twould recommend to some fat Benefice.  
 Dulness, that in a Playhouse meets Disgrace,  
 Might meet with Reverence in its proper  
     place  
 The fulsome Clench that nauseates the town }  
 Wou'd from a Judge or Alderman go down ! }  
 Such Virtue is there in a Robe and Gown ! }  
 And that insipid Stuff which here you hate, }  
 Might somewhere else be call'd a grave  
     Debate ; 31  
 Dulness is decent in the Church and State.  
 But I forget that still 'tis understood,  
 Bad Plays are best decry'd by showing good :

*CÆDIPUS*, 1678 Epilogue 9 Pity] pity 1678  
 10 mount] *Christie* wrongly gives move

*TROILUS AND CRESSIDA*, 1679 The original  
 text is careless in the use of capitals

Sit silent then, that my pleas'd Soul may see  
A Judging Audience once, and worthy me :  
My faithful Scene from true Records shall  
tell,

How *Trojan* Valour did the *Greek* excell ;  
Your great Forefathers shall their Fame  
regain,  
And *Homers* angry Ghost repine in vain. 40

## EPILOGUE.

*Spoken by* THERSITES.

These cruel Critiques put me into Passion,  
For in their lowring Looks I read Damna-  
tion :

You expect a Satyr, and I seldom fail ;  
When I'm first beaten, 'tis my Part to rail.  
You *British* Fools of the old *Trojan* Stock,  
That stand so thick one cannot miss the  
Flock,

Poets have cause to dread a keeping Pit,  
When Womens Cullyes come to judge of Wit.  
As we strew Rats-bane when we Vermine  
fear,

'Twere worth our Cost to scatter Fool-bane  
here ; 10

And after all our judging Fops were serv'd,  
Dull Poets too shou'd have a Dose reserv'd,  
Such Reprobates as, past all Sence of  
Shaming,

Write on, and nere are satisfy'd with  
Damming,

Next, those, to whom the Stage does not  
belong

Such whose Vocation onely is to Song,  
At most to Prologue ; when for Want of  
Time

Poets take in for Journeywork in Rhime.  
But I want Curses for those mighty Shoales  
Of scribbling *Chlorisses*, and *Phillis* Fools : 20  
Those Ophs should be restrain'd, during their  
Lives,

From Pen and Ink, as Madmen are from  
Knives :

I cou'd rayl on, but 'twere a Task as vain  
As Preaching Truth at *Rome*, or Wit in  
*Spain* :

Yet to huff out our Play was worth my  
trying ;

*John Lilbourn* scap'd his Judges by defying.  
If guilty, yet I'm sure oth' Churches Blessing,  
By suffering for the Plot, without confessing.

PROLOGUE TO CÆSAR BORGIA, SON OF POPE  
ALEXANDER THE SIXTH.

TH' unhappy man who once has trail'd a  
Pen,

Lives not to please himself, but other  
men ;

Is always drudging, wasts his Life and  
Blood,

Yet only eats and drinks what you think  
good. 5

What praise soe're the Poetry deserve,  
Yet every Fool can bid the Poet starve.  
That fumbling Lecher to revenge is bent,  
Because he thinks himself or Whore is  
meant :

Name but a Cuckold, all the City swarms ;  
From *Leaden-hall* to *Ludgate* is in Arms. 10  
Were there no fear of *Antichrist* or *France*,  
In the best times poor Poets live by chance.

CÆSAR BORGIA, 1680. The play is by Lee  
12 best] Editors till *Christie* wrongly give  
blest  
times] *The editors* wrongly give time

Either you come not here, or, as you grace)  
Some old acquaintance, drop into the place,  
Careless and qualmish with a yawning Face.)  
You sleep o're Wit, and by my troth you  
may ;

Most of your Talents lye another way.

You love to hear of some prodigious Tale,  
The Bell that tolled alone, or *Irish* Whale.  
News is your Food, and you enough provide,  
Both for your selves and all the World  
beside. 21

One Theatre there is of vast resort,  
Which whilome of Requests was called the  
Court.

But now the great *Exchange* of News 'tis  
hight,  
And full of hum and buzz from Noon till  
Night :

Up Stairs and down you run, as for a Race,  
And each Man wears three Nations in his  
Face. 2

So big your look, tho' Claret you retrench,  
That, arm'd with bottled Ale, you huff the  
*French.*  
But all your Entertainment still is fed 30  
By Villains in our own dull Island bred :  
Would you return to us, we dare engage  
To show you better Rogues upon the Stage.  
You know no Poison but plain Rats-bane  
here ;  
Death's more refind, and better bred else-  
where.

They have a civil way in *Italy*  
By smelling a perfume to make you dye,  
A Trick would make you lay your Snuff-  
box by.  
Murder's a Trade—so known and practis'd  
there,  
That 'tis Infallible as is the Chair — 40  
But mark their Feasts, you shall behold  
such Pranks ;  
The Pope says Grace, but 'tis the Devil gives  
Thanks.

THE PROLOGUE AT OXFORD, 1680.

*Thespis*, the first Professor of our Art,  
At Country Wakes, Sung Ballads in a Cart.  
To prove this true, if *Latin* be no Trespass,  
*Dicitur et Plaustris vexisse Poemata Thespis.*  
But *Eschylus*, says *Horace* in some Page,  
Was the first Mountebanke'rtrod the Stage ;  
Yet *Athens* never knew your learned Sport  
Of tossing Poets in a *Tennis-Court*.  
But 'tis the Talent of our *English* Nation  
Still to be plotting some new Reformation ;  
And few years hence, if anarchy go on, 11  
*Jack Presbyter* will here erect his Throne.  
Knock out a Tub with Preaching once a Day.  
And every Prayer be longer than a Play.  
Then all you Heathen Wits shall go to pot  
For disbelieving of a Popish plot :

Nor should we want the Sentence to  
depart  
Ev'n in our first Original, a Cart.  
*Ocellum*, *Dum Scotus*, must though learn'd go  
down,  
As chief Supporters of the Triple Crown. 20  
And *Aristotle* for destruction ripe :  
Some say he call'd the Soul an Organ-pipe,  
Which, by some little help of Derivation,  
Shall thence be call'd a Pipe of Inspiration.  
Your wiser Judgments further penetrate  
Who late found out one Tare amongst the  
Wheat,  
This is our Comfort: none e'er cried us  
down  
But who disturb'd both Bishop and a Crown.

PROLOGUE TO THE LOYAL GENERAL.

If yet there be a few that take delight  
In that which reasonable Men should write,  
To them Alone we Dedicate this Night.  
The Rest may satisfy their curious Itch  
With City Gazets, or some Factious Speech,  
Or what-ere Libel, for the Publick Good,  
Stirs up the Shrove-tide Crew to Fire and  
Blood.

Remove your Benches, you apostate Pit,  
And take Above, twelve penny-worth of Wit:  
Go back to your dear Dancing on the Rope, 10  
Or see what's worse, the Devil and the Pope !  
The Plays that take on our Corrupted Stage,  
Methinks, resemble the distracted Age ;

CÆSAR BORGIA, 1680  
21 our] Some editors wrongly give your  
41 Feasts] Some editors wrongly give Feast  
THE PROLOGUE AT OXFORD, 1680. The text as  
given with Nat. Lee's tragedy of *Sophonisba*, for  
which the Prologue was written. The variants  
below are from the version in the *Miscellany*  
*Poems*  
2 in] from 1684  
5 *Eschylus*] *Escalus* 1684.  
6 e'er] that 1684  
12 will] shall 1684

16 After this line in 1684 this couplet.  
Your Poets shall be us'd like Infidels,  
And worst the Author of the *Oxford Bells*  
17 want] scape 1684  
18 After this line in 1684 these couplets  
No Zealous Brother there would want a Stone,  
To maul Us Cardinals, and pelt Pope *Joan*  
Religion, Learning, Wit, would be suppress,  
Rags of the Whore, and Trappings of the Beast  
19 This line in 1684 thus:  
*Scotus* *Suarez*, *Tom of Aquin*, must go down  
21 *Aristotle*] *Aristotle's* 1684  
24 thence be call'd] then be prov'd 1684  
25-28 Omitted 1684  
THE LOYAL GENERAL, 1680. The play is by Tate.

11 go] goes 1684  
15 you] your 1684



Noise, Madness, all unreasonable Things,  
That strike at Sense, as Rebels do at Kings !  
The stile of Forty One our Poets write, 16  
And you are grown to judge like Forty Eight.  
Such Censures our mistaking Audience make,  
That 'tis almost grown scandalous to take.  
They talk of Feavours that infect the Brains;  
But Non-sence is the new Disease that reigns.  
Weak Stomachs, with a long Disease opprest,  
Cannot the Cordials of strong Wit digest ;  
Therefore thin Nourishment of Farce ye  
choose, 24  
Decoctions of a Barly-water Muse :

A Meal of Tragedy wou'd make ye Sick,  
Unless it were a very tender Chick.  
Some Scenes in Sippets would be worth our  
time :  
Those wou'd go down ; some Love that's  
poach'd in Rime ;  
If these shou'd fail — 30  
We must lie down, and, after all our cost,  
Keep Holy-day, like Water-men in Frost :  
Whilst you turn Players on the Worlds  
great Stage,  
And Act your selves the Farce of your own  
Age.

### PROLOGUE TO THE SPANISH FRYAR, OR THE DOUBLE DISCOVERY.

Now, Luck for us, and a kind hearty Pit,  
For he who pleases, never failes of Wit.  
Honour is yours :  
And you, like Kings at City Treats, bestow it ;  
The Writer kneels, and is bid rise a Poet.  
But you are fickle Sovereigns, to our Sorrow ;  
You dubb to day, and hang aman tomorrow:  
You cry the same Sense up, and down again,  
Just like brass Money once a year in *Spain* :  
Take you i' th' mood, what e'er base metal  
come, 10  
You coin as fast as Groats at *Bromingham* ;  
Though 'tis no more like Sense in ancient  
Plays  
Than *Rome's* religion like *St. Peter's* days.  
In short, so swift your Judgments turn and  
wind,  
You cast our fleetest Wits a mile behind.  
'Twere well your Judgments but in Plays did  
range,  
But ev'n your Follies and Debauches change  
With such a Whirl, the Poets of your Age  
Are tyr'd, and cannot score 'em on the Stage,  
Unless each Vice in short-hand they indite, 20  
Ev'n as notcht Prentices whole Sermons  
write.  
The heavy *Hollanders* no Vices know, }  
But what they us'd a hundred years ago ; }  
Like honest Plants, where they were stuck, }  
they grow ;

They cheat, but still from cheating Sires they  
come ;  
They drink, but they were christen'd first in  
Mum.  
Their patrimonial Sloth the *Spaniards* keep,  
And *Philip* first taught *Philip* how to sleep.  
The *French* and we still change ; but here's  
the Curse,  
They change for better, and we change for  
worse ; 30  
They take up our old trade of Conquering,  
And we are taking theirs, to dance and sing :  
Our Fathers did for change to *France* repair,  
And they for change will try our *English* Air.  
As Children, when they throw one Toy away,  
Straight a more foolish Gugaw comes in play ;  
So we, grown penitent, on serious thinking,  
Leave Whoring, and devoutly fall to Drink-  
ing.  
Scouring the Watch grows out of fashion  
wit ;  
Now we set up for Tilting in the Pit, 40  
Where 'tis agreed by Bullies, chicken-  
hearted,  
To fright the Ladies first, and then be parted.  
A fair attempt has twice or thrice been made,  
To hire Night-murth'ers, and make Death  
a Trade.  
When Murther's out, what Vice can we  
advance ?  
Unless the new-found Pois'ning Trick of  
*France* :  
And when their art of *Rats-bane* we have  
got,  
By way of thanks, we'll send 'em o'er our  
Plot.

THE SPANISH FRYAR, 1681. Published in 1682  
4 Kings at City Treats,] Kings, at City Treats  
1682.

[11 *Bromingham*] The editors print *Birmingham*.

. 12-13 Omitted in the 2nd edition, 1686.

EPILOGUE TO TAMERLANE THE GREAT.

LADIES, the Beardless Author of this Day  
Commends to you the Fortune of his Play.  
A Woman Wit has often grac'd the Stage,  
But he's the first Boy-Poet of our Age  
Early as is the Year his Fancies blow,  
Like young *Narcissus* peeping through the  
Snow;  
Thus *Cowley* blossom'd soon, yet Flourish'd  
long,  
This is as forward, and may prove as  
strong.  
Youth with the Fair should always Favour  
find,  
Or we are damn'd Dissemblers of our kind. 9  
What's all this Love they put into our  
Parts?  
'Tis but the pit-a-pat of Two Young  
Hearts.

Shou'd Hag and Gray-beard make such  
tender moan,  
Faith, you'd e'en trust 'em to themselves  
alone,  
And cry, let's go, here's nothing to be  
done.  
Since Love's our Business, as 'tis your  
Delight,  
The Young, who best can practise, best can  
Write.  
What though he be not come to his full Pow'r?  
He's mending and improving every Hour.  
You sly She-Jockies of the Box and Pit 20  
Are pleas'd to find a hot unbroken Wit,  
By management he may in time be made,  
But there's no hopes of an old batter'd Jade;  
Faint and unnerv'd he runs into a Sweat,  
And always fails you at the Second Heat.

A PROLOGUE.

GALLANTS, a bashful Poet bids me say  
He's come to lose his Maidenhead to-day.  
Be not too fierce, for he's but green of Age,  
And ne're till now debauch'd upon the  
Stage.  
He wants the suff'ring part of Resolution,  
And comes with blushes to his Execution.  
E're you deflow'r his Muse, he hopes the  
Pit  
Will make some Settlement upon his Wit.  
Promise him well, before the Play begin;  
For he wou'd fain be cozen'd into Sin 10  
'Tis not but that he knows you meant to fail;  
But, if you leave him after being frail,  
He'll have, at least, a fair Pretence to rail;  
To call you base, and swear you us'd him ill,  
And put you in the new Deserters Bill:  
Lord, what a Troop of perjur'd Men we see;  
Enough to fill another Mercury!  
But this the Ladies may with patience  
brook.  
Their's are not the first Colours you forsook!  
He wou'd be loth the Beauties to offend; 20  
But if he shou'd, he's not too old to mend.

He's a young Plant, in his first Year of  
bearing,  
But his Friend swears he will be worth the  
reering.  
His Gloss is still upon him, tho' 'tis true  
He's yet unripe, yet take him for the blue.  
You think an *Apricot* half green is best;  
There's sweet and sour; and one side good  
at least.  
Mango's and Limes, whose Nourishment is  
little,  
Tho' not for Food, are yet preserv'd for  
Pickle. 29  
So this green Writer may pretend, at least,  
To whet your Stomachs for a better Feast.  
He makes this Difference in the Sexes too;  
He sells to Men, he gives himself to you.  
To both he wou'd contribute some delight;  
A mere Poetical Hermaphrodite,  
Thus he's equipp'd, both to be woo'd and  
woo;  
With Arms offensive, and defensive too;  
'Tis hard, he thinks, if neither part will do.)

TAMERLANE THE GREAT, 1681. The play is by  
Charles Saunders

A PROLOGUE Published in the *Miscellanies*  
of 1693.  
28 Limes] Berries in posthumous editions

## PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO THE PRINCESS OF CLEVES.

## PROLOGUE.

LADIES! (I hope there's none behind to hear,) I long to whisper something in your Ear,  
 A Secret, which does much my Mind perplex:  
 There's Treason in the Play against our Sex.  
 A Nan that's false to Love, that vows and  
 cheats,  
 And kisses every living thing he meets!  
 A Rogue in Mode, I dare not speak too broad,  
 One that does something to the very Bawd.  
 Out on him, Traytor, for a filthy Beast! 9  
 Nay, and he's like the pack of all the rest:  
 None of 'em stick at mark; They all deceive.  
 Some Jew has changed the Text, I half  
 believe;  
 Their Adam cozen'd our poor Grandame Eve.)  
 To hide their Faults they rap out Oaths, and  
 tear;  
 Now tho' we lye, we're too well-bred to  
 swear.  
 So we compound for half the Sin we owe,  
 But men are dipt for Soul and Body too;  
 And, when found out, excuse themselves,  
 Pox cant 'em,  
 With Latin stuff, *perjuria ridet Amantum*.  
 I'm not Book Learn'd, to know that word in  
 vogue, 20  
 But I suspect 'tis Latin for a Rogue.  
 I'm sure, I never heard that Schritch-Owl  
 hollow'd  
 In my poor Ears, but Separation follow'd.  
 How can such perjur'd Villains e'er be saved?  
*Achitophel's* not half so false to *David*.  
 With Vows and soft Expressions to allure,  
 They stand, like Foremen of a Shop,  
 demure:  
 No sooner out of sight, but they are gadding,  
 And for the next new Face ride out a padding.  
 Yet, by their Favour, when they have bin  
 kissing, 30  
 We can perceive the ready Mony missing.  
 Well! we may rail; but 'tis as good e'en  
 wink;  
 Something we find, and something they will  
 sink.

But, since they're at renouncing, 'tis our  
 Parts  
 To trump their Diamonds, & they trump  
 our Hearts.

## EPILOGUE.

A Qualm of Conscience brings me back agen,  
 To make amends to you bespatter'd Men.  
 We Women love like Cats, that hide their  
 Joys  
 By growling, squaling, and a hideous Noise.  
 I rail'd at wild young Sparks; but without  
 lying,  
 Never was Man worse thought on for high-  
 flying.  
 The Prodigal of Love gives each her Part,  
 And Squandering shows at least a noble Heart.  
 I've heard of Men, who, in some lewd Lam-  
 poon,  
 Have hir'd a Friend to make their Valour  
 known. 10  
 That Accusation straight this Question brings,  
 What is the Man that does such naughty  
 things?  
 The Spaniel Lover, like a sneaking Fop,  
 Lies at our Feet; he's scarce worth taking  
 up,  
 'Tis true, such Heroes in a Play go far;  
 But Chamber Practice is not like the Bar.  
 When Men such vile, such feint Petitions  
 make,  
 We fear to give, because they fear to take;  
 Since Modesty's the Virtue of our Kind,  
 Pray let it be to our own Sex confin'd. 20  
 When Men usurp it from the Female Nation,  
 'Tis but a Work of Supererogation—  
 We show'd a Princess in the Play, 'tis true,  
 Who gave her *Cæsar* more than all his due;  
 Told her own Faults; but I shou'd much  
 abhor  
 To choose a Husband for my Confessor.  
 You see what Fate follow'd the Saint-like  
 Fool,  
 For telling Tales from out the Nuptial School.  
 Our Play a merry Comedy had prov'd, 29  
 Had she confess'd as much to him she lov'd.  
 True *Presbyterian*-Wives the means wou'd  
 try:  
 But damn'd Confessing is flat Popery.

THE PRINCESS OF CLEVES, 1681. Text from  
 the *Miscellanies* of 1681. The play is by Lee.  
 Prologue 13 Their Editors till *Christie* give  
 There

## PROLOGUE TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

THE fam'd *Italian* Muse, whose Rhymes  
advance

*Orlando*, and the *Paladins* of *France*,  
Records that, when our Wit and Sense is  
flown,

'Tis lodg'd within the Circle of the Moon  
In Earthen Jars, which one, who thither  
soar'd,

Set to his Nose, snufft up, and was restor'd.  
What e're the Story be, the Moral's true ;  
The Wit we lost in Town we find in you.

Our Poets their fled Parts may draw from  
hence,

And fill their windy Heads with sober Sense.  
When *London* Votes with *Southwark's* dis-  
agree, 11

Here may they find their long-lost Loyalty,  
Here busie Senates, to th' old Cause inclin'd,  
May snuff the Votes their Fellows left be-  
hind :

Your Country Neighbours, when their Grain  
grows dear,

May come, and find their last Provision here ;  
Whereas we cannot much lament our Loss,  
Who neither carried back nor brought one  
Cross.

We look'd what Representatives wou'd  
bring,

But they help'd us, just as they did the King.  
Yet we despair not ; for we now lay forth 21  
The *Sybill's* Books to those who know their  
Worth ;

And tho the first was Sacrific'd before,  
These Volumes doubly will the price restore.

Our Poet bade us hope this Grace to find,  
To whom by long Prescription you are kind.  
He, whose undaunted Muse with Loyal Rage  
Has never spar'd the Vices of the Age,  
Here finding nothing that his Spleen can raise,  
Is forced to turn his Satire into Praise. 30

## PROLOGUE TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

DISCORD and Plots, which have undone our  
Age,  
With the same ruine have o'erwhelmed the  
Stage.

Our House has suffered in the common Woe,  
We have been troubled with *Scotch* Rebels  
too.

Our brethren are from *Thames* to *Tweed*  
departed,

And of our Sisters all the kinder-hearted  
To *Edenborough* gone, or coached or carted.

With bonny Blewcap there they act all night  
For *Scotch* half-crown, in *English* Three-  
pence hight.

One Nymph, to whom fat *Sir John Falstaff's*  
lean, 10

There with her single Person fills the  
Scene.

Another, with long Use and Age decay'd,  
Div'd here old Woman, and rose there a  
Maid.

Our trusty Door-keepers of former time  
There strut and swagger in Heroique Rhyme.  
Tack but a copper Lace to druggert Suit,  
And there 's a Heroe made without Dispute ;

And that which was a Capon's tayl before  
Becomes a plume for *Indian* emperor.

But all his Subjects, to express the Care 20  
Of Imitation, go, like *Indians*, bare ;  
Lac'd Linen there would be a dangerous  
Thing ;

It might perhaps a new Rebellion bring ;  
The *Scot* who wore it wou'd be chosen King.  
But why should I these Renegades describe,  
When you yourselves have seen a lewder  
Tribe ?

*Teag* has been here, and to this learned Pit  
With *Irish* Action slandered, *English* Wit ;  
You have beheld such barbarous *Macs* appear  
As merited a second Massacre ; 30

Such as like *Cam* were branded with Dis-  
grace,

And had their Country stampt upon their  
Face.

When Strollers durst presume to pick your  
purse,

We humbly thought our broken Troop not  
worse

How ill soe'er our Action may deserve,  
*Oxford's* a place where Wit can never sterve.

FIRST PROLOGUE TO THE UNIV. OF OXFORD,  
1681. Text from the *Miscellanies* of 1693

SECOND PROLOGUE, 1681. Text from the *Mis-  
cellanies* of 1684.

## PROLOGUE TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

<p>             THO' Actors cannot much of Learning              boast,              Of all who want it, we admire it most :              We love the Praises of a learned Pit,              As we remotely are ally'd to Wit.              We speak our Poet's Wit, and trade in              Ore,              Like those who touch upon the Golden              Shore ;              Betwixt our Judges can distinction make,              Discern how much and why our Poems              take ;              Mark if the Fools, or Men of Sense, rejoice ;              Whether th' Applause be only Sound or              Voice.           </p> <p>             When our Fop Gallants, or our City Folly,              Clap over-loud, it makes us melancholy :              We doubt that Scene which does their              wonder raise,              And for their Ignorance condemn their              Praise.              Judge then, if we who act and they who              write              Shou'd not be proud of giving you delight.  <i>London</i> likes grossly ; but this nicer Pit              Examines, fathoms, all the Depths of Wit ;           </p>	<p>             The ready Finger lays on every Blot :              Knows what shou'd justly please, and what              shou'd not.              Nature her self lyes open to your view.              You judge by her what draught of her is              true,              Where Out-lines false, and Colours seem too              faint,              Where Bunglers dawb, and where true Poets              Paint.              But by the sacred Genius of this Place,              By every Muse, by each Domestick Grace,              Be kind to Wit, which but endeavours well.              And, where you judge, presumes not to              excel.           </p> <p>             Our Poets hither for Adoption come,              As Nations su'd to be made free of <i>Rome</i> :              Not in the suffragating Tribes to stand.              But in your utmost, last, Provincial Band.              If his Ambition may those Hopes pursue,              Who with Religion loves your Arts and you,  <i>Oxford</i> to him a dearer Name shall be,              Than his own Mother University.  <i>Thebes</i> did his green unknowing Youth in-              gage.              He chuses <i>Athen</i> in his riper Age.           </p>
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## PROLOGUE. .

## TO THE UNHAPPY FAVOURITE.

SPOKEN TO THE KING AND THE QUEEN AT THEIR COMING TO THE HOUSE.

<p>             WHEN first the Ark was landed on the              Shore,              And Heav'n had vowed to curse the Ground              no more,              When Tops of Hills the longing Patriark              saw,              And the new Scene of Earth began to draw,              The Dove was sent to View the Waves              Decrease,              And first brought back to Man the Pledge of              Peace.              'Tis needless to apply, when those appar           </p>	<p>             Who bring the Olive, and who Plant it here.              We have before our Eyes the Royal Dove,              Still Innocence is Harbinger to Love.              The Ark is open'd to dismiss the Train.              And people with a better Race the Plain.              Tell me, you Pow'rs, why should vain Man              pursue              With endless Toyl each object that is new.              And for the seeming Substance leave the              true ?              Why should he quit for Hopes his certain              good,              And loath the Manna of his daily food ?           </p>
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PROLOGUE TO THE UNIV. OF OXFORD. Text  
 from the *Miscellanies* of 1684.

THE UNHAPPY FAVOURITE, 1682. Printed in  
 the *Miscellanies* of 1684; and with the play, which  
 is by Banks, in 1685.

<p>Must <i>England</i> still the Scene of Changes be, Tost and Tempestuous like our Ambient Sea? Must still our Weather and our Wills agree? Without our Blood our Liberties we have; Who that is Free would fight to be a Slave? Or what can Wars to after Times Assure, Of which our Present Age is not secure? All that our Monarch would for us Ordain Is but t' enjoy the Blessings of his Reign.</p>	<p>Our Land's an <i>Eden</i> and the 'Main's our Fence, While we preserve our State of Innocence: That lost, then Beasts their Brutal Force employ, And first their Lord and then themselves destroy. What Civil Broils have cost we knew too well; Oh! let it be enough that once we fell, And every Heart conspire, with every Tongue, Still to have such a King, and this King Long.</p>
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EPILOGUE TO THE UNHAPPY FAVOURITE,  
OR THE EARL OF ESSEX.

<p>WE act by Fits and Starts, like drowning Men, But just peep up, and then Dop down again. Let those who call us Wicked change their Sense, For never Men liv'd more on Providence. Not Lott'ry Cavaliers are half so poor, Nor Broken Cits, nor a Vacation Whore; Not Courts, nor Courtiers living on the Rents Of the three last ungiuing Parliaments; So wretched, that, if <i>Pharaoh</i> could Divine, He might have spar'd his Dream of Seven lean Kine, And chang'd his Vision for the Muses Nine. The <i>Comet</i> which, they say, portends a Dearth Was but a Vapour drawn from <i>Play-house</i> Earth, Pent there since our last Fire, and <i>Lilly</i> says, Foreshows our change of State and thin <i>Third-days</i>. 'Tis not our want of Wit that keeps us poor, For then the Printers Press would suffer more. Their Pamphleteers each Day their Venom spit; They thrive by Treason, and we starve by Wit.</p>	<p>Confess the truth, which of you has not laid Four Farthings out to buy the <i>Hatfield</i> Maid? Or, what is duller yet and more does spite us, <i>Democritus</i> his Wars with <i>Heraditus</i>? These are the Authors that have run us down, And Exercise you Critticks of the Town. Yet these are Pearls to your <i>Lamponing</i> Rhimes, Y' abuse your selves more dully than the Times. <i>Scandal</i>, the Glory of the <i>English</i> Nation, Is worn to Raggs, and Scribled out of Fashion; Such harmless Thrusts as if like Fencers Wise, You had agreed your Play before their Prize. Faith, you may hang your Harps upon the Willows, 'Tis just like Children when they box with Pillows. Then put an end to Civil Wars for shame, Let each Knight Errant who has wrong'd a Dame Throw down his Pen and give her if he can, The satisfaction of a Gentleman.</p>
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EPILOGUE TO THE UNHAPPY FAVOURITE  
2 Dop] Editors till *Christie* give pop  
18 each Day their Venom] their Venom daily  
1683

## PROLOGUE.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS UPON HIS FIRST APPEARANCE AT THE DUKE'S  
THEATRE SINCE HIS RETURN FROM SCOTLAND.

<p>In those cold Regions which no Summers chear, When brooding darkness covers half the year, To hollow Caves the shivering Natives go, Bears range abroad and hunt in tracks of Snow; But when the tedious Twilight wears away And Stars grow paler at the approach of Day, The longing crowds to frozen Mountains run, Happy who first can see the glimmering Sun; The surly Salvage Off-spring disappear; And curse the bright Successor of the Year. Yet though rough Bears in covert seek defence, <span style="float: right;">11</span> White Foxes stay with seeming Innocence; That crafty kind with day-light can dis- pense. Still we are throng'd so full with <i>Reynard's</i> race That Loyal Subjects scarce can find a place: Thus modest Truth is cast behind the Crowd, Truth speaks too Low, Hypocrisie too Loud. Let them be first to flatter in success; Duty can stay, but Guilt has need to press. Once, when true Zeal the Sons of God did call, To make their solemn show at Heaven's <i>White-hall</i>, <span style="float: right;">21</span> The fawning Devil appear'd among the rest And made as good a Courtier as the best.</p>	<p>The friends of <i>Job</i>, who rail'd at him before, Came Cap in hand when he had three times more. Yet, late Repentance may perhaps be true; Kings can forgive, if Rebels can but sue. A Tyrant's Pow'r in rigour is express: The Father yearns in the true Prince's breast. We grant an Ore-grown Whig no grace can mend, <span style="float: right;">30</span> But most are Babes that know not they offend. The Crowd, to restless motion still inclin'd, Are clouds that rack according to the wind. Driv'n by their Chiefs, they storms of Hail- stones pour, Then mourn, and soften to a silent showre. O welcome to this much offending land The Prince that brings forgiveness in his hand! Thus Angels on glad messages appear; Their first Salute commands us not to fear: Thus Heav'n, that cou'd constrain us to obey, <span style="float: right;">40</span> (With rev'rence if we might presume to say,) Seems to relax the rights of Sov'reign sway, Permits to Man the choice of Good and Ill, And makes us Happy by our own Free-will.</p>
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## PROLOGUE

TO THE DUCHESS ON HER RETURN FROM SCOTLAND.

<p>WHEN factious Rage to cruel Exile drove The Queen of Beauty, and the Court of Love, The Muses droop'd with their forsaken Arts, And the sad Cupids broke their useless Darts. Our fruitful Plains to Wilds and Deserts turn'd, Like <i>Eden's</i> Face when banish'd Man it mourned: Love was no more when Loyalty was gone, The great Supporter of his awful Throne.</p>	<p>Love could no longer after Beauty stay, But wander'd northward to the Verge of Day, As if the Sun and he had lost their Way. <span style="float: right;">11</span> But now the illustrious Nymph, return'd again, Brings every Grace triumphant in her Train: The wondering Nereids, though they rais'd no Storm, Foreslow'd her Passage to behold her Form;</p>
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PROLOGUE TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, 1682  
2 When] *Editors till Christie give Where*  
33 rack] *Editors till Christie give tack*

PROLOGUE TO THE DUCHESS, 1682. Text from  
the *Miscellanies* of 1693.

Some cried a *Venus*, some a *Thetis* past,  
But this was not so fair nor that so chaste.  
Far from her Sight flew Faction, Strife, and  
Pride,

And Envy did but look on her, and died  
Whate'er we suffer'd from our sullen Fate, 20  
Her Sight is purchased at an easy rate :  
Three gloomy Years against this Day were set,  
But this one mighty Sum has clear'd the debt.  
Like *Joseph's* Dream, but with a better  
Doom ;

The Famine past, the Plenty still to come.  
For her the weeping Heavens become serene,  
For her the Ground is clad in cheerful green,  
For her the Nightingales are taught to sing,  
And Nature has for her delay'd the Spring  
The Muse resumes her long-forgotten Lays,  
And Love, restor'd, his ancient Realm sur-  
veys,

31

Recalls our Beauties and revives our Plays ;  
His waste Dominions peoples once again,  
And from her Presence dates his second  
Reign.

But awful Charms on her fair Forehead sit,  
Dispensing what she never will admit ;  
Pleasing yet cold, like *Cynthia's* silver Beam,  
The People's Wonder and the Poet's Theme.  
Distemper'd Zeal, Sedition, canker'd Hate  
No more shall vex the Church and tear the  
State ;

40

No more shall Faction civil Discords move,  
Or only Discords of too tender Love :  
Discord like that of Music's various Parts,  
Discord that makes the Harmony of  
Hearts,

Discord that only this Dispute shall bring,  
Who best shall love the Duke and serve the  
King.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO THE LOYAL BROTHER,  
OR THE PERSIAN PRINCE.

PROLOGUE.

PORTS, like Lawful Monarchs, rul'd the  
Stage,  
Till Criticks, like Damn'd Whiggs, debauch'd  
our Age.

Mark how they jump ; Criticks wou'd regu-  
late  
Our Theatres, and Whiggs reform our State ;  
Both pretend love, and both (Plague rot  
'em) hate.

The Critick humbly seems Advice to bring,  
The fawning Whigg Petitions to the King ;  
But ones Advice into a Satyr slides,  
T' other's Petition a Remonstrance hides.  
These will no Taxes give, and those no  
Pence ;

10

Criticks wou'd starve the Poet, Whiggs the  
Prince.

The critick all our Troops of friends discards ;  
Just so the Whigg wou'd fain pull down the  
Guards.

Guards are illegal that drive foes away,  
As watchful Shepherds that fright beasts of  
prey.

Kings who Disband such needless Aids as  
these  
Are safe—as long as e're their Subjects  
please ;

And that would be till next Queen *Besses*  
night,

Which thus grave penny Chroniclers indite.  
Sir *Edmond-berry* first, in woful wise 20  
Leads up the show, and Milks their Maudlin  
Eyes.

There's not a Butcher's Wife but Dribs her  
part,

And pities the poor Pageant from her heart ;  
Who, to provoke Revenge, rides round the  
Fire,

And with a civil congee does retire :  
But guiltless blood to ground must never  
fall :

There's *Antichrist* behind, to pay for all.  
The Punk of *Babylon* in Pomp appears,  
A lewd Old Gentleman of seventy years ;  
Whose Age in vain our Mercy wou'd implore,  
For few take Pity on an Old-cast Whore. 31  
The Devil, who brought him to the shame,  
takes part ;

Sits cheek by jowl in black to cheer his heart.  
Like Thief and Parson in a *Tiburn-Cart*.)

THE LOYAL BROTHER, 1682. The play is by  
Southern



The word is given, and with a loud Huzzaw  
The Miter'd Moppet from his Chair they  
draw :

On the slain Corps contending Nations  
fall :

Alas, what's one poor Pope among 'em  
all !

He burns; now all true hearts your Triumphs  
ring,

And next (for fashion) cry, *God save the*  
*King.* 40

A needful Cry in midst of such Alarms,  
When Forty thousand Men are up in  
Arms.

But after he's once sav'd, to make amends, }  
In each succeeding Health they Damn his  
Friends :

So God begins, but still the Devil ends. }

What if some one inspir'd with Zeal shou'd  
call,

Come, let's go cry, God save him at *White-*  
*hall?*

His best Friends wou'd not like this over-  
care,

Or think him e're the safer for that  
pray'r. 49

Five praying Saints are by an Act allow'd,  
But not the whole Church-Militant in  
crowd ;

Yet, should Heav'n all the true Petitions  
drain

Of *Presbyterians* who wou'd *Kings* maintain,  
Of Forty thousand five wou'd scarce  
remain.

### EPILOGUE.

A Virgin Poet was serv'd up to day,  
Who till this Hour ne're cackl'd for a Play.  
He's neither yet a Whigg nor Tory-Boy, }  
But, like a Girl, whom several wou'd  
enjoy,

Begs leave to make the best of his own  
natural Toy.

Were I to play my callow Author's game,  
The King's House wou'd instruct me by the  
Name :

There's Loyalty to one ; I wish no more ;  
A Commonwealth sounds like a common  
Whore.

Let Husband or Gallant be what they will,  
One part of Woman is true Tory still. 11

If any factious spirit should rebell,  
Our Sex with ease can every rising quell.

Then, as you hope we shou'd your failings  
hide,

An honest Jury for our play provide.  
Whiggs at their Poets never take offence ;

They save dull Culprits who have Murther'd  
Sense.

Though Nonsense is a nauseous heavy  
Mass,

The Vehicle called faction makes it  
pass ;

Faction in Play's the Commonwealths man's  
bribe, 20

The leaden Farthing of the Canting  
Tribe :

Though void in payment Laws and Statutes  
make it,

The Neighbourhood, that knows the Man,  
will take it.

'Tis Faction buys the Votes of half the  
Pit ;

Theirs is the Pension-Parliament of wit.  
In City-Clubs their venom let 'em vent ;

For there 'tis safe, in its own Element.  
Here, where their Madness can have no

pretence,  
Let 'em forget themselves an hour in  
sense.

In one poor Isle, why should two Factions  
be ? 30

Small diff'rence in your Vices I can see :  
In Drink and Drabs both Sides too well

agree.  
Wou'd there were more Preferments in the  
Land ;

If Places fell, the Party could not stand.  
Of this damn'd Grievance ev'ry Whigg com-  
plains ;

They grunt like Hogs till they have got their  
Grains.

Mean time you see what Trade our Plots ad-  
vance :

We send each Year good Money into  
*France* ;

And they that know what Merchandise we  
need,

Send o're true Protestants to mend our  
breed. 40

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO THE KING AND QUEEN,

AT THE OPENING OF THEIR THEATRE UPON THE UNION OF THE TWO COMPANIES IN 1682.

PROLOGUE.

SINCE Faction ebbs, and Rogues grow out of Fashion,

Their penny-Scribes take care t' inform the Nation

How well men thrive in this or that Plantation :

How *Pennsylvania's* Air agrees with Quakers, And *Carolina's* with Associators :

Both c'en too good for Madmen and for Traitors.

Truth is, our Land with Saints is so run o'er, And every Age produces such a store, That now there's need of two *New-Englands* more.

What's this, you'll say, to Us and our Vocation ? 10

Only thus much, that we have left our Station,

And made this Theatre our new Plantation.

The Factious Natives never cou'd agree ; But aiming, as they call'd it, to be Free, Those Play-house Whiggs set up for Property.

Some say they no Obedience paid of late, But would new Fears and Jealousies create, 'Till topsy-turvy they had turned the State.

Plain Sense, without the Talent of Foretelling,

Might guess 'twould end in down-right knocks and quelling ; 20

For seldom comes there better of Rebelling.

When Men will, needlessly, their Freedom barter

For lawless Pow'r, sometimes they catch a Tartar ;

(There's a damned word that rhimes to this, call'd Charter.)

But since the Victory with Us remains, You shall be call'd to Twelve in all our gains,

(If you'll not think Us sawcy for our Pains)

Old men shall have good old Plays to delight 'em :

And you, fair Ladies and Galants, that slight 'em,

We'll treat with good new Plays, if our new Wits can write 'em 30

We'll take no blundering Verse, no fustian Tumour,

No dribling Love from this or that Presumer, No dull fat Fooll shamm'd on the Stage for humour.

For, faith, some of 'em such vile stuff have made,

As none but Fools or Fairies ever Play'd ; But 'twas, as Shop-men say, to force a Trade.

We've giv'n you Tragedies all sense defying ; And singing men in woeful Metre dying ;

Thus 'tis when heavy Lubbers will be flying.

All these disasters we well hope to weather ; We bring you none of our old Lumber hether , 41

Whigg Poets and Whigg Sheriffs may hang together.

EPILOGUE.

New Ministers, when first they get in place, Must have a care to please , and that's our Case :

Some Laws for public Welfare we design, If you, the Power supream, will please to join.

There are a sort of Pratlers in the Pit, Who either have, or who pretend to Wit ;

These noisy Sirs so loud their Parts rehearse, That oft the Play is silenc'd by the Farce :

Let such be dumb, this penalty to shun, Each to be thought my Lady's eldest Son. 10

But stay ; methinks some Vizard Mask I see Cast out her Lure from the mid Gallery :

About her all the fluttering Sparks are rang'd ;

The Noise continues, though the Scene is chang'd :

Now growling, sputt'ring, wauling, such a clutter,

'Tis just like Puss defendant in a Gutter ;

Fine Love, no doubt ; but ere two days are  
o'er ye,  
The Surgeon will be told a woful story.  
Let Vizard Mask her naked Face expose,  
On pain of being thought to want a Nose : 20  
Then for your laqueys, and your Train  
beside,  
(By whate'er Name or Title dignify'd.)  
They roar so loud, you'd think behind the  
Stairs  
*Tom Dove*, and all the Brotherhood of Bears :  
They're grown a Nuisance, beyond all  
Disasters ;  
We've none so great but their unpaying  
Masters.  
We beg you, Sirs, to beg your Men that they  
Would please to give you leave to hear the  
Play.  
Next, in the Play-house, spare your precious  
Lives ;  
Think, like good *Christians*, on your *beams*  
and *wives* ; 30  
Think on your Souls ; but by your lugging  
forth,  
It seems you know how little they are worth.

If none of these will move the warlike Mind,  
Think on the helpless Whore you leave  
behind.  
We beg you, last, our Scene-room to forbear  
And leave our Goods and Chattels to our  
Care.  
Alas, our Women are but washy Toys,  
And wholly taken up in Stage Employ's :  
Poor willing Tits they are : but yet I doubt  
This double Duty soon will wear them out.  
Then you are watch'd besides with jealous  
Care : 41  
What if my Lady's Page should find you  
there ?  
My Lady knows t' a tittle what there's  
in ye ;  
No passing your gilt Shilling for a Guinea.  
Thus, Gentlemen, we have summ'd up in  
short  
Our Grievances, from Country, Town, and  
Court :  
Which humbly we submit to your good  
pleasure ;  
But first Vote Money, then redress at  
leisure.

## PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO THE DUKE OF GUISE.

### PROLOGUE.

*Spoken by Mr. SMITH.*

OUR Play's a Parallel : The Holy League  
Begot our Cov'nant ; Guisards got the  
Whigg ;  
Whate'er our hot-brain'd Sheriffs did  
advance  
Was like our Fashions, first produc'd in  
*France* ;  
And, when worn out, well scourg'd, and  
banish'd there,  
Sent over, like their godly Beggars, here.  
Cou'd the same Trick, twice play'd, our  
Nation gull ?  
It looks as if the Devil were grown dull ;  
Or serv'd us up in Scorn his broken Meat,  
And thought we were not worth a better  
Cheat. 10  
The fulsome Cov'nant, one wou'd think in  
Reason,  
Had given us all our Bellies-full of Treason ;

And yet, the Name but chang'd, our nasty  
Nation  
Chaws its own Excrement, th' Association.  
'Tis true, we have not learn'd their pois'ning  
way,  
For that's a mode but newly come in play ;  
Besides, Your Drug's uncertain to prevail,  
But your True Protestant can never fail }  
With that compendious Instrument, a Flail. }  
Go on, and bite, ev'n though the Hook lies  
bare, 20  
Twice in one Age expel the lawful Heir,  
Once more decide Religion by the Sword ;  
And purchase for us a new Tyrant Lord.  
Pray for your King, but yet your Purses  
spare ;  
Make Him not Two-Pence richer by your  
Prayer.  
To show you love Him much, chastise Him  
more,  
And make Him very Great, and very  
Poor.  
Push Him to Wars, but still no Pence ad-  
vance ;

Let Him lose *England*, to recover *France*. 29  
 Cry Freedom up with Popular noise Votes,  
 And get enough to cut each other's Throats,  
 Lop all the Rights that fence your Monarch's  
 Throne ;  
 For fear of too much Pow'r, pray leave Him  
 none.  
 A noise was made of Arbitrary Sway ;  
 But in Revenge, you Whiggs have found  
 a way,  
 An Arbitrary Duty now to pay.  
 Let His own Servants turn, to save their  
 stake,  
 Clean from His Plenty, and His Wants for-  
 sake ;  
 But let some *Judas* near His Person stay,  
 To swallow the last Sop, and then betray.  
 Make *London* independant of the Crown ; 41  
 A Realm a part ; the Kingdom of the Town.  
 Let *Ignoramus* juries find no Traytors,  
 And *Ignoramus* Poets scribble Satyrs.  
 And, that your meaning none may fail to  
 scan,  
 Do what in Coffee-houses you began ;  
 Pull down the Master, and Set up the Man.]

EPILOGUE.

*Spoken by Mrs. COOKE.*

Much Time and Trouble this poor Play has  
 cost ;  
 And faith, I doubted once the Cause was lost.  
 Yet no one Man was meant, nor Great nor  
 Small ;  
 Our Poets, like frank Gamesters, threw at  
 All.  
 They took no single Aim :—  
 But, like bold Boys, true to their Prince and  
 hearty,  
 Huzza'd, and fired Broad-sides at the whole  
 Party.  
 Duels are Crimes ; but, when the Cause is  
 right,  
 In Battel every Man is bound to fight.  
 For what should hinder Me to sell my  
 Skin, 10  
 Dear as I cou'd, if once my Hand were in ?  
*Se defendendo* never was a Sin.  
 'Tis a fine World, my Masters, right or  
 wrong,  
 The Whiggs must talk, and Tories hold their  
 Tongue.  
 They must do all they can——.

But We, Forsooth, must bear a Christian  
 mind,  
 And fight, like Boys, with one Hand ty'd  
 behind ;  
 Nay, and when one Boy's down, 'twere  
 wond'rous wise  
 To cry, Box fair, and give him time to  
 rise.  
 When Fortune favours, none but Fools will  
 dally ; 20  
 Would any of you Sparks, if *Nan* or *Mally*  
 Tipp'd you th' inviting Wink, stand, shall I,  
 shall I ?  
 A *Trimmer* cry'd (that heard me tell this  
 Story),  
 Fie, Mistress *Cooke* ! Faith, you're too rank  
 a Tory !  
 Wish not Whiggs hang'd, but pity their hard  
 Cases ;  
 You Women love to see Men make wry  
 Faces.—  
 Pray, Sir, said I, don't thmk me such  
 a *Jee* ;  
 I say no more, but give the Dev'l his due—  
 Lentives, says he, best suit with our Con-  
 dition.  
*Jack Ketch*, says I, 's an excellent Physi-  
 cian. 30  
 I love no Bloud.—Nor I, Sir, as I breath ;  
 But hanging is a fine dry kind of Death.  
 We *Trimmers* are for holding all things  
 even—  
 Yes—just like him that hung 'twixt Hell  
 and Heaven.—  
 Have we not had Men's Lives enow  
 already ?—  
 Yes sure :—but you're for holding all  
 things steady.  
 Now since the Weight hangs all on one side,  
 Brother,  
 You *Trimmers* shou'd, to poize it, hang on  
 t' other.  
 Damn'd Neuters, in their middle way of  
 steering,  
 Are neither Fish nor Flesh nor good Red-  
 Herring : 40  
 Not Whiggs, nor Tories they : nor this, nor  
 that ;  
 Not Birds, nor Beasts ; but just a kind of  
 Bat :  
 A Twilight Animal ; true to neither Cause,  
 With Tory Wings, but Whiggish Teeth and  
 Claws.

## ANOTHER EPILOGUE.

*Intended to have been spoken to the Play  
before it was forbidden last summer.*

Two Houses join'd, two Poets to a Play ?  
You noisy Whigs will sure be pleas'd to-day ;  
It looks so like two Shrieves the City Way.  
But since our Discords and Divisions cease,  
You, *Bilboa*-gallants, learn to keep the  
Peace ;

Make here no Tilts ; let our poor Stage  
alone ;

Or if a decent Murder must be done,

Pray take a civil Turn to Marybone.

If not, I swear we'll pull up all our Benches ;  
Not for your Sakes, but for our Orange-  
wenches : 10

For you thrust wide sometimes, and many  
a Spark,

That misses one, can hit the other Mark.

This makes our Boxes full ; for men of  
Sense

Pay their four Shillings in their own Defence :

That safe behind the Ladies they may  
stay,

Peep o'er the Fan, and judge the bloody  
Fray.

But other Foes give Beauty worse Alarms ;  
The *posse-poetorum's* up in Arms :

No Woman's Fame their libels has escap'd ;

Their Ink runs Venom, and their Pens are  
clapp'd. 20

When Sighs and Prayers their ladies cannot  
move,

They rail, write Treason, and turn Whigs to  
love.

Nay, and I fear they worse Designs advance,  
There's a damn'd Love-trick new brought  
o'er from *France*.

We charm in vain, and dress, and keep  
a Pother,

While those false Rogues are ogling one  
another.

All Sins besides admit some Expiation ;  
But this against our Sex is plain Damnation.

They join for Libels too, these Women-  
haters ;

And as they club for Love, they club for  
Satyres : 30

The best on't is they hurt not : for they wear  
Stings in their Tails ; their only Venom's  
there.

'Tis true, some shot at first the Ladies hit,  
Which able Marksmen made and Men of Wit :  
But now the Fools give Fire, whose Bounce  
is louder ;

And yet, like mere Train-bands, they shoot  
but Powder.

Libels, like Plots, sweep all in their first  
Fury ;

Then dwindle like an ignoramus Jury :

Thus Age begins with towzing and with  
tumbling,

But grunts, and groans, and ends at last in  
fumbling. 40

## EPILOGUE TO CONSTANTINE THE GREAT.

OUR Hero's happy in the Plays Conclusion ;  
The holy Rogbe at last has met Confusion ;  
Though *Arius* all along appeared a Saint,  
The last Act showed him a true Protestant.  
*Eusebius* (for you know I read *Greek* Authors)  
Reports, that, after all these Plots and  
Slaughters,

The Court of *Constantine* was full of Glory,  
And every *Trimmer* turn'd Addressing *Tory*.  
They follow'd him in Herds as they were  
mad :

When *Clause* was King, then all the World  
was glad. 10

*Whiggs* kept the places they possess before,  
And most were in a way of getting more ;  
Which was as much as saying, Gentlemen,  
Here's Power and Money to be Rogues  
again.

Indeed, there were a sort of peaking Tools,  
Some call 'em Modest, but I call 'em Fools ;  
Men much more Loyal, tho' not half so loud ;  
But these poor Devils were cast behind the  
Croud.

For bold Knaves thrive without one grain of  
Sense,

But good Men starve for want of Impudence.

-ANOTHER EPILOGUE. Text from the original  
broadsheet, 1682.

CONSTANTINE THE GREAT, 1684. The play is  
by Lee.

Besides all these, there were a sort of  
Wights, <sup>21</sup>  
(I think my Author calls them *Teckelites*),  
Such hearty Rogues against the King and  
Laws,  
They favour'd even a foreign Rebel's Cause,  
When their own damn'd Design was quash'd  
and aw'd ;  
At least they gave it their good Word abroad.  
As many a Man, who for a quiet Life  
Breeds out his Bastard, not to nose his Wife,  
Thus ore their Darling Plot these *Trimmers* }  
cry, <sup>29</sup>  
And, tho' they cannot keep it in their Eye,  
They bind it Prentice to *Count Teckely*.  
They believe not the last Plot ; may I be  
curst,  
If I believe they e'er believ'd the first.

No wonder their own Plot no Plot they think,  
The Man that makes it never smells the Stink.  
And now it comes into my Head, I'll tell  
Why these damn'd *Trimmers* lov'd the *Turks*  
so well.  
The Original *Trimmer*, though a Friend to  
no Man,  
Yet in his Heart ador'd a pretty Woman ;  
He knew that *Mahomet* laid up for ever 40  
Kind Black-eyed Rogues for every true  
Believer ;  
And, which was more than mortal Man e'er  
tasted,  
One Pleasure that for threescore Twelve-  
months lasted.  
To turn for this, may surely be forgiven :  
Who'd not be circumcis'd for such a  
Heaven ?

PROLOGUE TO DISAPPOINTMENT, OR THE MOTHER  
IN FASHION.

*Spoken by Mr. BETTERTON.*

How comes it, Gentlemen, that, non-a-days,  
When all of you so shrewdly judge of  
Plays,  
Our Poets tax you still with want of Sence ?  
All Prologues treat you at your own Ex-  
pence.  
Sharp Citizens a wiser way can go ;  
They make you Fools, but never call you so.  
They, in good Manners, seldom make a slip,  
But treat a Common Whore with Ladyship :  
But here each sawcy Wit at Random writes,  
And uses Ladies as he uses Knights. 10  
Our Author, Young and Grateful in his  
Nature,  
Vows that from him no Nymph deserves a  
Satyr.  
Nor will he ever Draw—I mean his Rhime  
Against the sweet Partaker of his Crime.  
Nor is he yet so bold an Undertaker  
To call MEN Fools, 'tis railing at their  
MAKER.  
Besides, he fears to split upon that Shelf ;  
He's young enough to be a FOP himself :

And, if his Praise can bring you all A-bed,  
He swears such hopeful Youth no Nation  
ever bred. 20  
Your Nurses, we presume, in such a Case,  
Your Father chose, because he lik'd the  
Face ;  
And often they supply'd your Mother's }  
place.  
The Dry Nurse was your Mother's ancient  
Maid,  
Who knew some former Slip she ne'er  
betray'd.  
Betwixt 'em both, for Milk and Sugar-Candy,  
Your sucking Bottles were well stor'd with  
Brandy  
Your Father, to initiate your discourse, }  
Meant to have taught you first to swear  
and curse, 29  
But was prevented by each careful Nurse.  
For, leaving Dad and Mam, as names too  
common,  
They taught you certain parts of Man and  
Woman.

CONSTANTINE THE GREAT, 1684. 28 nosc]  
noise 1702 and add till Christie  
DISAPPOINTMENT, 1684 Text from the original  
of 1684. The play is by Southern. The Epilogue  
is printed in some editions as Dryden's. It was  
rightly rejected by Christie on the ground of its

ascription in the collected edition of Southern's  
plays to the Hon. John Stafford It has escaped  
the notice of editors that the same ascription is  
made in the original edition of the play The  
statement that the Prologue was spoken by Better-  
ton is omitted by the editors.

I pass<sup>r</sup> your Schools, for there when first  
 you came,  
 You wou'd be sure to learn the Latin  
 name.  
 In Colleges, you scorn'd their Art of thinking,  
 But learn'd all Moods and Figures of good  
 Drinking :  
 Thence come to Town, you practise Play, to  
 know  
 The Vertues of the High Dice and the Low.  
 Each thinks himself a SHARPER most pro-  
 found :  
 He cheats by Pence, is cheated by the  
 Pound. 40  
 With these perfections, and what else he  
 gleans,  
 The SPARK sets up for Love behind our  
 Scenes,  
 Hot in pursuit of Princesses and Queens.  
 There, if they know their Man, with cunning  
 Carriage,  
 Twenty to one but it concludes in Marriage.  
 He hires some homely Room, Love's Fruits  
 to gather,  
 And Garret-high rebels against his Father :  
 But he once dead——

Brings her in Triumph, with her Portion,  
 down,  
 A Twillet, Dressing-Box, and Half a  
 Crown.  
 Some Marry first, and then they fall to  
 Scowring, 51  
 Which is, Refining Marriage into Whoring.  
 Our Women batten well on their good  
 Nature,  
 All they can rap and rend for the dear  
 Creature.  
 But while abroad so liberal the DOLT is,  
 Poor SPOUSE at Home as Ragged as a  
 Colt is.  
 Last, some there are, who take their first  
 Degrees  
 Of Lewdness in our middle Galleries ;  
 The Doughty BULLIES enter Bloody  
 Drunk, 59  
 Invade and grabble one another's PUNK ;  
 They Caterwoul, and make a dismal Rout,  
 Call SONS of WHORES, and strike, but  
 ne're lug out :  
 Thus, while for *Paultry Punk* they roar and  
 stickle,  
 They make it *Baudier* than a Conventicle.

## PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO ALBION AND ALBANIUS.

## PROLOGUE.

FULL twenty years and more, our lab'ring  
 Stage  
 Has lost, on this incorrigible age :  
 Our Poets, the *John Ketches* of the Nation,  
 Have seem'd to lash yee ev'n to excoriation :  
 But still no sign remains : which plainly notes  
 You bore like *Hero's* or you brib'd like *Oates*.  
 What can we do, when mimicking a Fop,  
 Like beating Nut-trees, makes a larger Crop ?  
 Faith, we'll e'en spare our pains, and to  
 content you,  
 We'll fairly leave you what your Maker  
 meant you. 10  
 Satyre was once your Physick, Wit your  
 Food ;  
 One nourisht not, and t' other drew no Blood.  
 Wee now prescribe, like Doctors in Despair,  
 The Diet your weak appetites can bear.  
 Since hearty Beef and Mutton will not do,

Here's Julep dance, Ptisan of Song and show :  
 Give you strong Sense, the Liquor is too  
 heady ;  
 You're come to farce, that's Asses' Milk,  
 already.  
 Some hopeful Youths there are of callow Wit,  
 Who one day may be Men, if Heav'n think fit ;  
 Sound may serve such, ere they to Sense are  
 grown ; 21  
 Like leading strings, till they can walk alone.  
 But yet, to keep our Friends in count'nance,  
 know,  
 The Wise *Italians* first invented show ;  
 Thence into *France* the Noble Pageant past ;  
 'Tis *England's* Credit to be cozn'd last.  
 Freedom and Zeal have chous'd you o'er  
 and o'er ;  
 'Pray give us leave to bubble you once  
 more ;  
 You never were so cheaply fool'd before.  
 We bring you change, to humour your  
 Disease ; 30  
 Change for the Worse has ever used to please :

Then 'tis the mode of *France*, without whose  
Rules  
None must presume to set up here for Fools :  
In *France*, the oldest Man is always young,  
Sees *Opera's* daily, learns the Tunes so long,  
Till Foot, Hand, Head, keep Time with }  
    ev'ry Song.  
Each sings his part, echoing from Pit and  
    Box,  
With his hoarse Voice, half Harmony, half  
    Pox.  
*Le plus grand Roy du Monde*, is always  
    ringing ;  
They show themselves good Subjects by  
    their singing. 40  
On that Condition, set up every Throat ;  
You Whiggs may sing, for you have chang'd  
    your Note.  
Cits and Citesses, raise a joyful Strain,  
'Tis a good Omen to begin a Reign :  
Voices may help your Charter to restoring,  
And get by singing, what you lost by roaring.

EPILOGUE.

After our *Æsop's* Fable shewn to day,  
I come to give the Moral of the play.  
Feign'd Zeal, you saw, set out the speedier  
    pace ;  
But, the last Heat, *Plain Dealing* won the  
    Race :  
*Plain Dealing* for a Jewel has been known ;  
But ne'er till now the Jewel of a Crown  
When Heav'n made Man, to show the work  
    Divine,  
Truth was his Image, stamp'd upon the Coin :

And, when a King is to a God refin'd,  
On all he says and does, he stamps his  
    Mind. 10  
This proves a Soul without alloy, and  
    pure ;  
Kings, like their Gold, should every touch  
    endure.  
To dare in Fields is Valour ; but how few  
Dare be so thoroughly Valiant to be true ?  
The Name of Great let other Kings affect :  
He's Great indeed, the Prince that is direct.  
His Subjects know him now, and trust him  
    more,  
Than all their Kings, and all their Laws  
    before.  
What safety could their publick Acts afford ?  
Those he can break, but cannot break his  
    Word. 20  
So great a Trust to him alone was due ;  
Well have they trusted whom so well they  
    knew.  
The Saint, who walk'd on Waves, securely  
    trod,  
While he believ'd the beckning of his God ;  
But, when his Faith no longer bore him  
    out,  
Began to sink, as he began to doubt.  
Let us our native Character maintain,  
'Tis of our Growth to be sincerely plain.  
T' excel in Truth we Loyally may strive,  
Set Privilege against Prerogative : 30  
He Plights his Faith, and we believe him  
    just :  
His Honour is to Promise, ours to Trust.  
Thus *Britain's* Basis on a Word is laid,  
As by a Word the World it self was made.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO DON SEBASTIAN.

PROLOGUE.

*Spoken by a Woman.*

THE Judge remov'd, tho he's no more My  
    Lord,  
May plead at Bar, or at the Council-Board :  
So may cast Poets write ; there's no Preten-  
    sion,  
To argue loss of Wit from loss of Pension  
Your looks are cheerful ; and in all this place  
I see not one that wears a damning face.  
The *British* Nation is too brave to show

Ignoble vengeance on a vanquish'd foe.  
At least be civil to the Wretch imploring ;  
And lay your Paws upon him without roaring :  
Suppose our Poet was your foe before, 11  
Yet now, the bus'ness of the Field is o'er ;  
'Tis Time to let your Civil Wars alone,  
When Troops are into Winter-quarters gone.  
*Jove* was alike to *Latan* and to *Phrygian* ;  
And you well know, a Play's of no Religion.  
Take good advice, and please your selves  
    this Day  
No matter from what hands you have the Play.  
Among good Fellows ev'ry health will pass,  
That serves to carry round another glass : 20



When with full bowls of *Burgundy* you dine,  
Tho at the Mighty Monarch you repine,  
You grant him still most Christian, in his  
Wine.

Thus far the Poet ; but his brains grow  
Addle,  
And all the rest is purely from this Noddle.  
You've seen young Ladies at the Senate  
door

Prefer Petitions, and your grace implore ;  
However grave the Legislators were,  
Their Cause went ne're the worse for being  
fair. 29

Reasons as weak as theirs, perhaps I bring ;  
But I cou'd bribe you with as good a thing,  
I heard him make advances of good Nature,  
That he for once, wou'd sheath his cutting  
Satyr :

Sign but his Peace, he vows he'll ne'er  
again

The Sacred Names of Fops and Beaus pro-  
fane.

Strike up the Bargain quickly ; for I swear,  
As Times go now, he offers very fair.

Be not too hard on him with Statutes  
neither ;

Be kind ; and do not set your Teeth  
together,

To stretch the Laws, as Cobblers do their  
Leather. 40

Horses by Papists are not to be ridden,  
But sure the Muses Horse was ne're for-  
bidden ;

For in no Rate-Book it was ever found  
That *Pegasus* was valued at Five-pound :  
Fine him to daily Drudging and Inditing ;  
And let him pay his Taxes out in Writing.

#### \* EPILOGUE.

*Spoken betwixt Antonio and Morayma.*

*Mor.* I Quak'd at heart for fear the Royal  
Fashion

Shou'd have seduc'd Us two to Separation :  
To be drawn in, against our own desire,  
Poor I to be a Nun, poor You a Fryar.

*Ant.* I trembled when the Old Man's hand  
was in,  
He would have prov'd we were too hear of  
kin,

Discovering old Intrigues of Love, like  
t'other,  
Betwixt my Father and thy sinful Mother ;  
To make Us Sister Turk and Christian  
Brother.

*Mor.* Excuse me there ; that League  
shou'd have been rather 10  
Betwixt your Mother and my *Musi*-Father ;  
'Tis for my own and my Relations Credit  
Your Friends shou'd bear the Bastard, mine  
shou'd get it.

*Ant.* Suppose us two, *Almeyda* and  
*Sebastian*,

With Incest prov'd upon us : —

*Mor.* Without Question,  
Their Conscience was too queazy of diges-  
tion.

*Ant.* Thou wou'd'st have kept the Councell  
of thy Brother

And sinn'd till we repented of each other.

*Mor.* Beast as you are, on Natures Laws  
to trample ! 19

'Twere fitter that we follow'd their Example.

And since all Marriage in Repentance ends,

'Tis good for us to part while we are Friends.

To save a Maids Remorses and Confusions,  
E'en leave me now, before We try Con-  
clusions.

*Ant.* To copy their Example first make  
certain

Of one good hour, like theirs, before our  
parting ;

Make a debauch o're Night of Love and  
Madness ;

And marry, when we wake, in sober sadness.

*Mor.* I'll follow no new Sects of your  
inventing.

One Night might cost me nine long months  
repenting : 30

First wed, and, if you find that Life a Fetter,  
Dyewhen you please, the sooner Sir the better:  
My wealth wou'd get me love e're I cou'd  
ask it :

Oh there's a strange Temptation in the  
Casket :

All these Young Sharpers would my grace  
importune,

And make me thundring Votes of Lives and  
Fortune.

PROLOGUE TO THE PROPHETESS.

What *Nostradame*, with all his Art, can guess  
 The Fate of our approaching *Prophetess*?  
 A Play, which, like a Prospective set right,  
 Presents our vast Expences close to Sight;  
 But turn the Tube, and there we sadly view  
 Our distant Gains, and those uncertain too;  
 A sweeping Tax, which on our selves we raise,  
 And all, like you, in hopes of better Days.  
 When will our Losses warn us to be Wise?  
 Our Wealth decreases, and our Charges rise.  
 Money, the sweet Allurer of our Hopes, 11  
 Ebbs out in Oceans, and comes in by Drops.  
 We raise new Objects to provoke Delight,  
 But you grow sated ere the second Sight.  
 False Men, ev'n so you serve your Mistresses;  
 They rise three Stories in their Tow'ring  
 Dress;  
 And, after all, you Love not long enough  
 To pay the Rigging, ere you leave 'em off.  
 Never content with what you had before,  
 But true to Change, and *English* Men all o'er.  
 Now Honour calls you hence; and all your  
 Care 21  
 Is to provide the horrid Pomp of War.  
 In Plume and Scarf, Jack-Boots and *Bilbo*  
 Blade  
 Your Silver goes, that shou'd support our  
 Trade.  
 Go, unkind Heroes, leave our Stage to mourn,  
 'Till rich from vanquish'd Rebels you return;  
 And the fat Spoils of *Teague* in Triumph draw,  
 His Firkn-Butter and his *Usquebaugh*.

Go, Conquerors of your Male and Female  
 Foes;  
 Men without Hearts, and Women without  
 Hose.  
 Each bring his Love a *Boylond* Captive 30  
 home;  
 Such proper Pages will long Trains become:  
 With Copper Collars, and with Brawny  
 Backs,  
 Quite to put down the Fashion of our Blacks.  
 Then shall the Pious Muses pay their Vows,  
 And furnish all their Laurels for your Brows;  
 Their tuneful Voice shall rise for your De-  
 lights;  
 We want not Poets fit to sing your Flights.  
 But you, bright Beauties, for whose only sake  
 Those Doughty Knights such Dangers under-  
 take, 40  
 When they with happy Gales are gone away,  
 With your propitious Presence grace our  
 Play,  
 And with a Sigh their Empty Seats survey;  
 Then think, on that bare Bench my servant  
 sate,  
 I see him Ogle still, and hear him Chat;  
 Selling facetious Bargains, and propounding  
 That witty Recreation, called *Dum-founding*.  
 Their Loss with Patience we will try to bear,  
 And wou'd do more, to see you often here;  
 That our dead Stage, reviv'd by your fair  
 Eyes, 50  
 Under a Female Regency may rise.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO AMPHITRYON, OR THE  
TWO SOSIAS.

PROLOGUE.

*Spoken by Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE.*

THE lab'ring Bee, when his sharp Sting is  
 gone,  
 Forgets his golden Work, and turns a Drone:  
 Such is a Satyr, when you take away  
 That Rage in which his Noble Vigour lay.

What gain you, by not suffering him to teize  
 ye?  
 He neither can offend you now, nor please ye.  
 The Honey-Bag and Venome lay so near,  
 That both, together, you resolv'd to tear;  
 And lost your Pleasure, to secure your Fear.  
 How can he show his Manhood, if you bind  
 him 10  
 To box, like Boys, with one hand ty'd  
 behind him?

THE PROPHETESS, 1690 This is Fletcher's  
 play transformed into an opera  
 3 Prospective] Editors till Christie wrongly  
 revive Perspective

AMPHITRYON, 1690 Published in 1691 The  
 original text has many false stops

This is plain Levelling of Wit ; in which  
The Poor has all th' advantage, not the  
Rich.

The Blockhead stands excus'd, for wanting  
Sense ;

And Wits turn Blockheads in their own  
defence.

Yet, though the Stages Traffick is undone,  
Still *Julian's* interloping Trade goes on :

Though Satyr on the Theatre you smother,  
Yet in Lampoons, you Libel one another.

The first produces still, a second Jig ; 20  
You whip 'em out, like School-boys, till they  
gig :

And, with the same Success, we Readers  
guess,

For ev'ry one still dwindles to a less ;

And much good Malice is so meanly drest,  
That we wou'd laugh, but cannot find the  
Jest.

If no Advice your Rhiming Rage can  
stay,

Lct not the Ladies suffer in the Fray.

Their tender Sex is priviledg'd from War ;  
'Tis not like Knights, to draw upon the  
Fair.

What Fame expect you from so mean a  
Prize ? 30

We wear no murd'ring Weapons, but our  
Eyes.

Our Sex, you know, was after yours de-  
sign'd ;

The last Perfection of the Makers Mind ;  
Heav'n drew out all the Gold for us, and  
left your Dross behind.

Beauty, for Valours best Reward, He  
chose ;

Peace, after War ; and after Toil, Repose.

Hence, ye Prophane, excluded from our  
sights ;

And, charm'd by Day, with Honour's vain  
delights,

Go, make your best of solitary Nights.

Recant betimes, 'tis prudence to submit ; 40

Our Sex is still your Overmatch in Wit :

We never fail, with new, successful Arts,  
To make fine Fools of you, and all your  
Parts.

Prologue 22 we] Some editors wrongly give our

## EPILOGUE.

*Spoken by PHAEDRA, Mrs. MOUNTFORT.*

I'm thinking (and it almost makes me  
mad)

How sweet a time those Heathen Ladies  
had.

Idolatri was ev'n their Gods' own trade :  
They Worshipt the fine Creatures they had  
made.

*Cupid* was chief of all the Deities :

And Love was all the fashion, in the  
Skies.

When the sweet Nymph held up the Lilly  
hand,

*Jove*, was her humble Servant, at Command.

The Treasury of Heav'n was ne're so bare,

But still there was a Pension for the Fair. 10

In all his Reign, Adultry was no Sin ;

For *Jove* the good Example did begin.

Mark too, when he usurp'd the Husband's  
name,

How civilly he sav'd the Ladies fame.

The secret Joys of Love he wisely hid ;

But you, Sirs, boast of more than e'er you  
did.

You teize your Cuckolds ; to their face tor-  
ment 'em :

But *Jove* gave his, new Honours to content  
'em,

And, in the kind Remembrance of the  
Fair,

On each exalted Son, bestowed a Star. 20

For these good deeds, as by the date  
appears,

His Godship flourish'd full Two thousand  
Years.

At last, when He and all his Priests grew old,

The Ladies grew in their devotion cold ;

And that false Worship would no longer  
hold.

Severity of Life did next begin ;

(And always does, when we no more can Sin.)

That Doctrine, too, so hard, in Practice, lyce,

That the next Age may see another rise. 29

Then, Pagan Gods may, once again, suc-  
ceed ;

And *Jove*, or *Mars*, be ready, at our need,

To get young Godlings ; and, so, mend  
our breed.

PROLOGUE TO MISTAKES, 'OR THE FALSE REPORT.

*Enter Mr. BRIGHT.*

Gentlemen, we must beg your pardon ; here's no Prologue to be had to day ; our New Play is like to come on, without a Frontispiece ; as bald as one of you young Beaux without your Perriwig. I left our young Poet sniveling and sobbing behind the Scenes, and cursing somebody that has deceiv'd him.

*Enter Mr. BOWEN.*

Hold your prating to the Audience: Here's honest Mr *Williams* just come in, half mellow, from the *Rose-Tavern*. He swears he is inspir'd with Claret, and will come on, and that *Extempore* too, either with a Prologue of his own, or something like one: O here he comes to his Tryal, at all Adventures ; for my part, I wish him a good Deliverance.

*[Exit Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. BOWEN.]*

*Enter Mr. WILLIAMS.*

Save ye, sirs, save ye ! I am in a hopefull way.  
I shou'd speak something, in Rhyme, now, for the Play :  
But the duce takeme, if I know what to say !  
I'll stick to my Friend the Authour, that I can tell ye,  
To the last drop of Claret in my belly.  
So far I'm sure 'tis Rhyme—that needs no granting :  
And, if my verses feet stumble—you see my own are wanting.  
Our young Poet has brought a piece of work,  
In which though much of Art there does not lurk,  
It may hold out three days—And that's as long as *Cork*. 10

But, for this Play—(which, till I have done, we show not.)

What may be its fortune—By the Lord—I know not.

This I dare swear, no malice here is writ ;

'Tis Innocent of all things—ev'n of Wit.

He's no high Flyer—he makes no sky Rockets,

His Squibs are only levell'd at your Pockets,

And if his Crackers light among your pelf, You are blown-up ; if not, then he's blown-up himself.

By this time, I'm something recover'd of my fluster'd madness :

And, now, a word or two in sober sadness. 20 Ours is a Common Play : and you pay down

A common Harlots price—just half a Crown.

You'll say, I play the Pimp on my Friends score ;

But since 'tis for a Friend, your gibes give o're,

For many a Mother has done that before.

How's this ? you cry : an Actor write ?—we know it ;

But *Shakespear* was an Actor, and a Poet

Has not great *Johnson's* learning often fail'd,

But *Shakespear's* greater Genius still prevail'd ? 29

Have not some writing Actors, in this Age Deserv'd and found Success upon the Stage ?

To tell the truth, when our old Wits are tir'd. Not one of us but means to be inspir'd.

Let your kind presence grace our homely cheer ;

Peace and the Butt is all our bus'ness here ; So much for that ;—and the Devil take small beer.

MISTAKES, 1690 The play is by Joseph Harris.

26 this ? you cry : ] this, you cry ? 1690.

# PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO KING ARTHUR, OR THE BRITISH WORTHY.

## PROLOGUE TO THE OPERA.

Spoken by Mr. BETTERTON.

SURE there's a dearth of Wit in this dull  
Town,

When silly Plays so savourily go down :  
As, when Clipp'd Money passes, 'tis a sign  
A Nation is not over-stock'd with Coin.  
Happy is he, who in his own Defence,  
Can write just level to your humble Sence ;  
Who higher than your Pitch can never go :  
And doubtless, he must creep, who Writes  
below.

So have I seen, in Hall of Knight, or Lord,  
A weak Arm throw on a long Shovel-Board :  
He barely lays his Piece, but Rubs and  
Knocks,

Secur'd by Weakness not to reach the Box.  
A feeble Poet will his Bus'ness do,  
Who, straining all he can, comes up to you :  
For, if you like your Selves, you like him  
too.

An Ape his own Dear Image will embrace :  
An ugly *Beau* adores a Hatchet Face :  
So, some of you, on pure instinct of Nature,  
Are led, by Kind, t' admire your fellow  
Creature.

In fear of which, our House has sent this Day,  
T' insure our New-Built-Vessel, call'd a Play :  
No sooner Nam'd, than one cries out, These  
Stagers

Come in good time, to make more Work for  
Wagers.

The Town divides, if it will take or no :  
The Courtiers Bet, the Cits, the Merchants  
too ;

A sign they have but little else to do.  
Betts at the first were Fool-Traps : where  
the Wise

Like Spiders, lay in Ambush for the Flies :  
But now they're grown a common Trade  
for all,

And Actions by the News-Book Rise and  
Fall ;

Wits, Cheats, and Fops are free of Wager-  
Hall.

KING ARTHUR, 1691.

Prologue 2 savourily] savourily Scott: favour-  
ably Bell.

One Policy as far as *Lions* carries :  
Another, nearer home sets up for *Paris*.  
Our Betts, at last, wou'd en'th to *Rom*-  
extend,

But that the Pope has proved our Trusty  
Friend.

Indeed, it were a Bargain, worth our Money.  
Cou'd we insure another *Outburn*.

Among the rest there are a sharpening Set.  
That Pray for us, and yet against us Bet :  
Sure Heav'n it self is at a loss to know  
If these wou'd have their Pray'rs be heard,  
or no :

For, in great Stakes, we piously suppose,  
Men Pray but very faintly they may lose.  
Leave off these Wagers : for, in Conscience  
Speaking,

The City needs not your new Tricks for  
Breaking :

And if you Gallants lose, to all appearing  
You'll want an Equipage for Volunteering :  
While thus, no Spark of Honour left within  
ye,

When you shou'd draw the Sword, you draw  
the Guinea.

## THE EPILOGUE.

Spoke by Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE.

I've had to-day a Dozen *Billet-Doux*  
From *Fops*, and *Wits*, and *Cits*, and *Beau*-  
*street Braus* :

Some from *Whitecal*, but from the *Terr*!  
more :

A *Covent-Garden* Porter brought me four.  
I have not yet read all : But, without feign-  
ing,

We *Maids* can make shrewd Guesses at your  
Meaning.

What if, to shew your Styles, I read 'em  
here ?

Me thinks I hear one cry, *Oh Lord, forbear* :  
*No, Madam, no ; by Heav'n, that's too severe.*

Well then, be safe —  
But swear henceforwards to renounce all  
Writing,

And take this Solemn Oath of my inditing —  
*As you love Ease and hate Campaigns and*  
*Fighting.*

Yet, Faith, 'tis just to make some few  
 Examples :  
 What if I shew'd you one or two for Samples?  
*Pulls one out.* Heres, one desires my  
 Ladyship to meet  
 At the kind Couch above in *Bridges-Sirzel*.  
 Oh Sharping Knave ! That wou'd have you  
 know what,  
 For a Poor Sneaking Treat of *Chocolat*.  
*Pulls out another.* Now, in the Name of  
 Luck, I'll break this open, 20  
 Because I Dreamt last Night I had a Token ;  
 The Superscription is exceeding pretty,  
*To the Desire of all the Town and City.*  
 Now, *Gallants*, you must know, this precious  
*Fop*  
 Is Foreman of a Haberdashers-Shop :  
 One who devoutly cheats, demure in  
 Carriage,  
 And courts me to the Holy Bands of  
 Marriage ;

But, with a *Civil Innuendo* too,  
 My Overplus of Love shall be for you.  
*Reads.* Madam, I swear your Looks are  
 so Divine, 30  
 When I set up, your Face shall be my  
 Sign ;  
*Tho Times are hard—to show how I Adore*  
*you,*  
*Here's my whole Heart, and half a Guinea for*  
*you.*  
 But, have a Care of *Beaux* ; They're false, my  
 Honey ;  
 And, which is worse, have not one Rag of  
 Money.  
 See how Maliciously the Rogue would  
 wrong ye !  
 But I know better Things of some among ye.  
 My wisest way will be to keep the Stage,  
 And trust to the Good Nature of the Age :  
 And he that likes the Musick and the Play 40  
 Shall be my Favourite Gallant to-day.

## PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO CLEOMENES, THE SPARTAN HEROE.

### PROLOGUE

*Spoken by Mr. MOUNTFORD.*

I THINK, or hope at least, the Coast is clear ;  
 That none but Men of Wit and Sense are  
 here ;  
 That our Bear-Garden Friends are all away,  
 Who bounce with Hands and Feet, and cry,  
 Play, Play,  
 Who, to save Coach-Hire, trudge along the  
 Street,  
 Then print our matted Seats with dirty Feet ;  
 Who, while we speak, make Love to Orange-  
 Wenchies,  
 And between Acts stand strutting on the  
 Benches ;  
 Where got a Cock-horse, making vile  
 Grimaces,  
 They to the Boxes show their Booby Faces.  
 A Merry-Andrew such a Mob will serve, 11  
 And treat 'em with such Wit as they  
 deserve :

Let 'em go people *Ireland*, where there's  
 need  
 Of such new Planters, to repair the Breed ;  
 Or to *Virginia* or *Jamaica* steer,  
 But have a Care of some *French Privateer* ;  
 For, if they should become the Prize of  
 Battle,  
 They'll take 'em, black and white, for *Irish*  
 Cattle.  
 Arise, true Judges, in your own Defence,  
 Controul those *Foplings*, and declare for  
 Sense : 20  
 For, should the Fools prevail, they stop not  
 there,  
 But make their next Descent upon the Fair.  
 Then rise, ye Fair ; for it concerns you most,  
 That Fools no longer should your Favours  
 boast :  
 'Tis time you should renounce 'em, for we  
 find  
 They plead a senseless Claim to Woman-kind :  
 Such Squires are only fit for Country-Towns,  
 To stink of Ale and dust a Stand with Clowns ;  
 Who, to be chosen for the Land's Protectors,  
 Tope and get drunk before their wise Electors.

CLEOMENES, 1692. The Prologue and Epilogue  
 were not printed with the first edition of the  
 play.

Let not Farce-Lovers your weak Choice  
upbraid, 31  
But turn 'em over to the Chamber-maid.  
Or, if they come to see our Tragick Scenes,  
Instruct them what a *Spartan* Heroe means:  
Teach 'em how manly Passions ought to  
move,  
For such as cannot Think can never Love;  
And, since they needs will judge the Poet's  
Art,  
Point 'em with *Fescu's* to each shining part.  
Our Author hopes in you; but still in Pain,  
He fears your Charms will be employ'd in  
vain. 40  
You can make Fools of Wits, we find each  
Hour;  
But to make Wits of Fools is past your Pow'r.

## EPILOGUE.

*Spoken by Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE.*

This day, the Poet, bloodily inclin'd,  
Has made me die, full sore against my Mind!  
Some of you naughty Men, I fear, will cry,  
Poor Rogue! would I might teach thee how  
to die!  
Thanks for your Love; but I sincerely say,  
I never mean to die your wicked way.  
Well, since it is decreed all Flesh must go,  
(And I am Flesh, at least, for aught you  
know,)  
I first declare, I die with pious Mind,  
In perfect Charity with all Mankind. 10  
Next, for my Will:—I have in my Dispose  
Some certain Moveables would please you  
Beaux;

As, first, my Youth; for, as I have been told,  
Some of you, modish Sparks, are devilish  
old.

My Chastity I need not leave among ye:  
For to suspect old Fops were much to wrong  
ye.

You swear you're Sinners; but for all your  
Haste,  
Your Misses shake their Heads, and find you  
chaste.

I give my Courage to those bold Commanders,  
That stay with us, and dare not go for  
*Flanders*. 20

I leave my Truth (to make his Plot more  
clear)

To Mr. *Fuller*, when he next shall swear.

I give my Judgment, craving all your  
Mercies,

To those that leave good Plays, for damn'd  
dull Farces.

My small Devotion let the Gallants share,  
That come to ogle us at Evening Pray'r.

I give my Person—let me well consider,  
Faith e'en to him that is the fairest Bidder;  
To some rich Hunks, if any be so bold

To say those dreadful Words, *To have and  
hold*. 30

But stay—to give, and be bequeathing  
still,

When I'm so poor, is just like *Wickhan's*  
Will:

Like that notorious Cheat, vast Sums I give,  
Only that you may keep me while I live.

Buy a good Bargain, Gallants, while you  
may;

I'll cost you but your Half-a-Crown a Day.

EPILOGUE TO HENRY II., KING OF ENGLAND, WITH  
THE DEATH OF ROSAMOND.

THUS you the sad Catastrophe have seen,  
Occasion'd by a Mistress and a Queen.

Queen *Eleanor* the proud was *French*, they  
say;

But *English* Manufacture got the Day.

*Jane Clifford* was her Name, as Books aver:  
Fair *Rosamond* was but her *Nom de Guerre*.

Now tell me, Gallants, wou'd you lead your  
Life

With such a Mistress, or with such a Wife?

If one must be your Choice, which d'ye  
approve,

The Curtain-Lecture or the Curtain-Love? 10  
Wou'd ye be godly with perpetual Strife,

Still drudging on with homely *Joan* your  
Wife,

Or take your Pleasure in a wicked way,  
Like honest Whoring *Harry* in the Play?

I guess your Minds; The Mistress wou'd be  
taking,

And nauseous Matrimony sent a packing.

HENRY II, 1693 The play is by John Bancroft,  
published in 1693

15 taking. Some editions wrongly give taken

<p>The Devil's in ye all; Mankind's a Rogue, You love the Bride, but you detest the Clog; After a Year, poor Spouse is left i' th' lurch; And you, like <i>Haynes</i>, return to Mother- Church. 20 Or, if the Name of Church comes cross your mind, Chapels of Ease behind our Scenes you find. The Play-house is a kind of Market-place; One chaffers for a Voice, another for a Face;</p>	<p>Nay, some of you, I dare not say how many, Would buy of me a Pen'worth for your Penny. Even this poor Face (which with my Fan I hide) Would make a shift my Portion to provide, With some small Perquisites I have beside. Though for your Love, perhaps, I should not care, 30 I could not hate a Man that bids me fair. What might ensue, 'tis hard for me to tell; But I was drench'd to day for loving well, And fear the Poyson that would make me swell.</p>
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PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO LOVE TRIUMPHANT,  
OR NATURE WILL PREVAIL.

PROLOGUE.

*Spoken by Mr. BETTERTON.*

<p>AS, when some Treasurer lays down the Stick, Warrants are Sign'd for ready Mony thick, And many desperate Debentures paid, Which never had been, had his Lordship staid: So now, this Poet, who forsakes the Stage, Intends to gratifie the present Age. One Warrant shall be Sign'd for every Man; All shall be Wits that will; and <i>Beaux</i> that can: Provided still, this Warrant be not shown, And you be Wits but to your selves alone; 10 Provided too; you rail at one another: For there's no one Wit, will allow a Brother; Provided also; that you spare this Story, Damn all the Plays that e're shall come before ye. If one by chance prove good in half a score, Let that one pay for all, and Damn it more. For if a good one scape among the Crew, And you continue Judging as you do, Every bad Play will hope for Damning too. You might Damn this, if it were worth your pains, 20 Here's nothing you will like; no fustian Scenes, And nothing too of—you know what he means.</p>	<p>No double <i>Entendrés</i>, which you Sparks allow, To make the Ladies look—they know not how; Simply as 'twere, and knowing both together, Seeming to fan their Faces in cold Weather. But here's a Story, which no Books relate, Coin'd from our own Old Poet's Addle-Pate. The Fable has a Moral too, if sought: But let that go; for, upon second Thought, 30 He fears but few come hither to be Taught. Yet if you will be profited, you may; And he would Bribe you too, to like his Play. He Dies, at least to us, and to the Stage, And what he has he leaves this Noble Age. He leaves you, first, all Plays of his Inditing, The whole Estate which he has got by Writing. The <i>Beaux</i> may think this nothing but vain Praise; They'll find it something, the Testator says: For half their Love is made from scraps of Plays. 40 To his worst Foes, he leaves his Honesty; That they may thrive upon't as much as he. He leaves his Manners to the Roaring Boys, Who come in Drunk and fill the House with noise. He leaves to the dire Critiques of his Wit His Silence and Contempt of all they Writ. To <i>Shakespear's</i> Critique he bequeaths the Curse, To find his faults; and yet himself make worse;</p>
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A precious Reader in Poetique Schools,  
Who by his own Examples damns his  
Rules. 50

Last, for the Fair, he wishes you may be  
From your dull Critiques, the Lampooners  
free.

Tho' he pretends no Legacy to leave you,  
An Old Man may at least good wishes give  
you.

Your Beauty names the Play; and may it  
prove,

To each, an Omen of Triumphant Love.

### EPILOGUE.

Now, in good Manners, nothing shou'd be  
sed

Against this Play, because the Poet's  
dead.

The Prologue told us of a Moral here;  
Wou'd I cou'd find it, but the Devil knows  
where.

If in my Part it lyes, I fear he means  
To warn us of the Sparks behind our  
Scenes.

For, if you'll take it on *Dalinda's* Word,  
'Tis a hard Chapter to refuse a Lord.

The Poet might pretend this Moral too,  
That when a Wit and Fool together woo, 10

The Damsel (not to break an Ancient Rule)  
Shou'd leave the Wit, and take the Wealthy  
Fool.

This he might mean; but there's a Truth  
behind,

And, since it touches none of all our Kind  
But Masks and Misses, faith, I'll speak my  
Mind.

What if he Taught our Sex more cautious  
Carriage,

And not to be too Coming before Marriage;  
For fear of my Misfortune in the Play,

A Kid brought home upon the Wedding day!  
I fear there are few *Sancho's* in the Pit, 20

So good as to forgive and to forget,  
That will, like him, restore us into Favour,

And take us after on our good Behaviour.  
Few, when they find the Mony Bag is rent,

Will take it for good Payment on content.  
But in the Telling, there the difference is,

Sometimes they find it more than they cou'd  
wish.

Therefore be warn'd, you Misses and you  
Masks,

Look to your hits, nor give the first that asks.  
Tears, Sighs, and Oaths, no truth of Passion  
prove; 30

True Settlement alone, declares true Love.  
For him that Weds a Puss, who kept her first,

I say but little, but I doubt the worst:  
The Wife, that was a Cat, may mind her  
house,

And prove an Honest and a Careful Spouse;  
But, faith, I wou'd not trust her with a  
Mouse.

### EPILOGUE TO THE HUSBAND HIS OWN CUCKOLD.

*Spoken by Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE.*

LIKE some raw Sophister that mounts the  
Pulpit,

So trembles a young Poet at a full Pit.  
Unus'd to Crowds, the Parson quakes for  
fear,

And wonders how the Devil he durst come  
there;

Wanting three Talents needful for the  
Place,

Some Beard, some Learning, and some little  
Grace.

Nor is the Puny Poet void of Care;  
For Authors, such as our new Authors are,

Have not much Learning, nor much Wit to  
spare;

And as for Grace, to tell the Truth, there's  
scarce one, 10

But has as little as the very Parson:  
Both say they Preach and Write for your  
Instruction;

But 'tis for a Third Day, and for Induction.  
The difference is, that tho' you like the  
Play,

The Poet's Gain is ne'er beyond his Day.

LOVE TRIUMPHANT, 1694.  
Epilogue I shou'd] *Christie and other editors*  
*absurdly give shall*  
10 woo,] woo; 1694.

THE HUSBAND HIS OWN CUCKOLD, 1696. The  
play is by John Dryden the younger.

<p>But with the Parson 'tis another Case, He, without Holiness, may rise to Grace; The Poet has one disadvantage more, That if his Play be dull, he's Damn'd all o'er, Not only a damn'd Blockhead, but damn'd Poor. But Dullness well becomes the Sable Gar- ment; I warrant that ne'er spoil'd a Priest's Pre- ferment: Wit's not his Business, and as Wit now goes, Sirs, 'tis not so much yours as you suppose, For you like nothing now but nauseous Beaux.</p>	<p>You laugh not, Gallants, as by proof appears, At what his Beauship says, but what he wears; So 'tis your Eyes are tickled, not your Ears. The Taylor and the Furrier find the Stuff, The Wit lies in the Dress and monstrous Muff. The Truth on't is, the Payment of the Pit Is like for like, Clipt Money for Clipt Wit. You cannot from our absent Author hope He should equip the Stage with such a Fop Fools Change in <i>England</i>, and new Fools arise; For, tho' th' Immortal Species never dies, Yet ev'ry Year new Maggots make new Flies. But where he lives abroad, he scarce can find One Fool, for Million that he left behind.</p>
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# PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE

ON THE OCCASION OF A REPRESENTATION FOR DRYDEN'S BENEFIT,

MARCH 25, 1700.

## PROLOGUE.

How wretched is the Fate of those who  
write!  
Brought muz'd to the Stage, for fear they  
bite;  
Where, like *Tom Dove*, they stand the  
Common Foe,  
Lugg'd by the *Critique*, Baited by the *Beau*.  
Yet, worse, their Brother Poets damn the  
Play.  
And Roar the loudest, tho' they never pay.  
The Fops are proud of Scandal, for they cry,  
At every lewd, low Character,—That's I.  
He who writes Letters to himself wou'd  
Swear,  
The World forgot him if he was not there. 10  
What shou'd a Poet do? 'Tis hard for One  
To pleasure all the Fools that wou'd be  
shown:  
And yet not Two in Ten will pass the Town.  
Most Coxcombs are not of the Laughing kind;  
More goes to make a Fop, than Fops can  
find.  
Quack *Maurus*, tho' he never took Degrees  
In either of our Universities,

Yet to be shown by some kind Wit he looks,  
Because he play'd the Fool, and writ Three  
Books.  
But if he wou'd be worth a Poet's Pen, 20  
He must be more a Fool, and write again:  
For all the former Fustian stuff he wrote  
Was Dead-born Doggrel, or is quite forgot;  
His Man of *Us*, stript of his *Hebrew Robe*,  
Is just the Proverb, and *As poor as Job*.  
One would have thought he could no longer  
Jog;  
But *Arthur* was a level, *Job's* a Bog.  
There, tho' he crept, yet still he kept in  
sight;  
But here, he founders in, and sinks down-  
right.  
Had he prepar'd us, and been dull by Rule,  
*Tobit* had first been turned to Ridicule; 31  
But our bold *Bruton*, without Fear or Awe,  
O'er-leaps at once the whole Apocrypha;  
Invades the Psalms with Rhymes, and leaves  
no room  
For any Vandal *Hopkins* yet to come.  
But when, if, after all, this Godly Geer  
Is not so Senceless as it would appear?  
Our Mountebank has laid a deeper Train;  
His Cant, like *Merry Andrew's* Noble Vein,  
Cat-call's the Sects to draw 'em in again.

At leisure Hours in Epique Song he deals, 41  
Writes to the rumbling of his Coaches  
Wheels ;

Prescribes in hast, and seldom kills by rule,  
But rides Triumphant between Stool and  
Stool.

Well, let him go ; 'tis yet too early day  
To get himself a Place in Farce or Play ;  
We know not by what Name we should  
Arraign him,

For no one Category can contain him ;  
A Pedant, canting Preacher, and a Quack,  
Are load enough to break one Asses Back : 50  
At last, grown wanton, he presum'd to write,  
Traduc'd Two Kings, their kindness to re-  
quite ;

One made the Doctor, and one dubb'd the  
Knight.

### EPILOGUE.

Perhaps the Parson stretch'd a point too far,  
When with our *Theatres* he wag'd a War.  
He tells you, that this very Moral Age  
Receiv'd the first Infection from the Stage ;  
But sure, a banisht Court, with Lewdness  
fraught,

The Seeds of open Vice returning brought.  
Thus lodge'd, (as Vice by great Example  
thrives,)

It first debauch'd the Daughters and the  
Wives.

*London*, a fruitful Soil, yet never bore  
So plentiful a Crop of Horns before. 10  
The Poets, who must live by Courts or  
starve,

Were proud, so good a Government to serve ;  
And, mixing with Buffoons and Pimps pro-  
fain,

Tainted the Stage for some small Snip of  
Gain ;

For they, like *Harlots*, under *Bawds* profess't,  
Took all the ungodly pains, and got the  
least.

Thus did the thriving Malady prevail ;  
The Court it's Head, the Poets but the Tail.  
The Sin was of our Native Growth, 'tis  
true ;

The Scandall of the Sin was wholly new. 20  
*Misses* there were, but modestly conceal'd ;  
*White-hall* the naked *Venus* first reveal'd,  
Who standing as at *Cyprus* in her Shrine,  
The Strumpet was ador'd with Rites Divine.  
E're this, if Saints had any Secret Motion,  
'Twas Chamber Practice all, and Close Devotion.

I pass the Peccadillo's of their time ; .  
Nothing but open Lewdness was a Crime.  
A *Monarch's* Blood was venial to the Nation,  
Compar'd with one foul Act of Fornication.  
Now, they wou'd Silence us, and shut the  
Door 31

That let in all the barefac'd Vice before.  
As for reforming us, which some pretend,  
That Work in *England* is without an end ;  
Well we may change, but we shall never  
mend.

Yet, if you can but bear the present Stage,  
We hope much better of the coming Age.  
What wou'd you say, if we should first begin  
To Stop the Trade of Love behind the Scene :  
Where *Actresses* make bold with married  
Men ? 40

For while abroad so prodigal the *Dolt* is,  
Poor Spouse at Home as ragged as a Colt is.  
In short, we'll grow as Moral as we can,  
Save, here and there, a Woman or a Man ;  
But neither you, nor we, with all our pains,  
Can make clean work ; there will be some  
Remains,

While you have still your *Oats*, and we our  
*Hains*.

# FABLES

*Ancient and Modern ;*

Translated into VERSE,

FROM

Homer, Ovid,  
Boccace, & Chaucer :

WITH

ORIGINAL POEMS.

---

By Mr DRYDEN.

---

*Nunc ultrò ad Cineres ipsius & ossa parentis*  
*(Haud equidem sine mente, reor, sine numine divum)*  
*Adsumus.* *Virg. Æn. lib. 5.*

---

L O N D O N :

Printed for Jacob Tonson, within Gray's Inn Gate next  
Gray's Inn Lane. MDCC.

TO  
HIS GRACE  
THE  
DUKE OF ORMOND.

MY LORD,—Some Estates are held in *England* by paying a Fine at the change of every Lord: I have enjoy'd the Patronage of your Family, from the time of your excellent Grandfather to this present Day. I have dedicated the Lives of *Plutarch* to the first Duke; and have celebrated the Memory of your Heroick Father. Tho' I am very short of the Age of *Nestor*, yet I have liv'd to a third Generation of your House; and by your Grace's Favour am admitted still to hold from you by the same Tenure.

I am not vain enough to boast that I have deserv'd the value of so Illustrious a Line; but my Fortune is the greater, that for three Descents they have been pleas'd to distinguish my Poems from those of other Men, and have accordingly made me their peculiar Care. May it be permitted me to say, That as your Grandfather and Father were cherish'd and adorn'd with Honours by two successive Monarchs, so I have been esteem'd and patronis'd by the Grandfather, the Father, and the Son, descended from one of the most Ancient, most Conspicuous, and most Deserving Families in *Europe*.

'Tis true, that by delaying the Payment of my last Fine, when it was due by your Grace's Accession to the Titles and Patrimonies of your House, I may seem in rigour of Law to have made a forfeiture of my Claim; yet my Heart has always been devoted to your Service; and since you have been graciously pleas'd, by your permission of this Address, to accept the tender of my Duty, 'tis not yet too late to lay these Poems at your Feet.

The World is sensible that you worthily succeed not only to the Honours of your Ancestors, but also to their Virtues. The long Chain of Magnanimity, Courage, easiness of Access, and desire of doing Good, even to the Prejudice of your Fortune, is so far from being broken in your Grace, that the precious Metal yet runs pure to the newest Link of it: which I will not call the last, because I hope and pray it may descend to late Posterity: And your flourishing Youth, and that of your excellent Dutchess, are happy Omens of my Wish.

'Tis observ'd by *Livy* and by others, That some of the noblest *Roman* Families retain'd a resemblance of their Ancestry, not only in their Shapes and Features, but also in their Manners, their Qualities, and the distinguishing Characters of their Minds: Some Lines were noted for a stern, rigid Virtue, salvage, haughty, parcimonious, and unpopular: Others were more sweet, and affable; made of a more pliant Past, humble, courteous, and obliging; studious of doing charitable Offices, and diffusive of the Goods which they enjoy'd. The last of these is the proper and indelible Character of your Grace's Family. God Almighty has endu'd you with a Softness, a Beneficence, an attractive Behaviour winning on the Hearts of others; and so sensible of their Misery, that the Wounds of Fortune seem not inflicted on them, but on your self. You are so ready to redress, that you almost prevent their Wishes, and always exceed their Expectations: As if what was yours, was not your own, and not given you to possess, but to bestow on wanting Merit. But this is a Topick which I must cast in Shades, lest I offend your Modesty, which is so far from being ostentatious of the Good you do, that it blushes even to have it known: And therefore I must leave you to the Satisfaction and Testimony of your own Conscience, which, though it be a silent Panegyrick, is yet the best.

You are so easy of Access that *Pædicola* was not more, whose Doors were open'd on the Outside to save the people even the common Civility of asking entrance; where all were equally admitted; where nothing that was reasonable was deny'd, where Misfortune was a powerful Recommendation, and where (I can scarce forbear saying) that Want itself was a powerful Mediator, and was next to Merit.

The History of *Peru* assures us, That their *Inca's*, above all their Titles, esteem'd that the highest, which called them Lovers of the Poor: A Name more glorious than the *Felix, Pius*, and *Augustus* of the *Roman* Emperors; which were Epithets of Flattery, deserv'd by few of them; and not running in a Blood like the perpetual Gentleness and inherent Goodness of the *Ormond* Family.

Gold, as it is the purest, so it is the softest and most ductile of all Metals: Iron, which is the hardest, gathers Rust, corrodes its self; and is therefore subject to Corruption: It was never intended for Coins and Medals, or to bear the Faces and Inscriptions of the Great. Indeed 'tis fit for Armour, to bear off Insults, and preserve the Wearer in the Day of Battle; but the Danger once repell'd, it is laid aside by the Brave, as a Garment too rough for civil Conversation; a necessary Guard in War, but too harsh and cumbersome in Peace, and which keeps off the embraces of a more human Life.

For this reason, my Lord, though you have Courage in a heroic Degree, yet I ascribe it to you but as your second Attribute: Mercy, Beneficence, and Compassion, claim Precedence, as they are first in the divine Nature. An intrepid Courage, which is inherent in your Grace, is at best but a Holiday-kind of Virtue, to be seldom exercis'd, and never but in Cases of Necessity; Affability, Mildness, Tenderness, and a Word, which I would fain bring back to its original Signification of Virtue, I mean good Nature, are of daily use: They are the Bread of Mankind and Staff of Life: Neither Sighs, nor Tears, nor Groans, nor Curses of the vanquish'd follow Acts of Compassion, and of Charity: But a sincere Pleasure and Serenity of Mind, in him who performs an Action of Mercy, which cannot suffer the Misfortunes of another, without redress; lest they should bring a kind of Contagion along with them, and pollute the Happiness which he enjoys.

Yet since the perverse Tempers of Mankind, since Oppression on one side, and Ambition on the other, are sometimes the unavoidable Occasions of War; that Courage, that Magnanimity, and Resolution, which is born with you, cannot be too much commended: And here it grieves me that I am scant in the pleasure of dwelling on many of your Actions: But *αἰδέσθαι Τρωάς* is an Expression which *Tully* often uses, when he would do what he dares not, and fears the Censure of the *Romans*.

I have sometimes been forc'd to amplify on others; but here, where the Subject is so fruitful that the Harvest overcomes the Reaper, I am shorten'd by my Chain, and can only see what is forbidden me to reach: Since it is not permitted me to commend you according to the extent of my Wishes, and much less is it in my Power to make my Commendations equal to your Merits.

Yet in this Frugality of your Praises, there are some Things which I cannot omit, without detracting from your Character. You have so form'd your own Education, as enables you to pay the Debt you owe your Country, or, more properly speaking, both your Countries: Because you were born, I may almost say in Purple at the Castle of *Dublin*, when your Grandfather was Lord-Lieutenant, and have since been bred in the Court of *England*.

If this Address had been in Verse, I might have call'd you, as *Claudian* calls *Mercury*, *Numen commune, Gemino faciens commercia munda*. The better to satisfy this double Obligation, you have early cultivated the Genius you have to Arms, that when the service of *Britain* or *Ireland* shall require your Courage and your Conduct, you may exert them both to the Benefit of either Country. You began in the Cabinet what you afterwards practis'd in the Camp; and thus both *Lucullus* and *Cæsar* (to omit a crowd of shining *Romans*) form'd them selves to the War by the Study of History, and by the examples of the greatest Captains, both of *Greece* and *Italy*, before their time. I name those two Commanders in particular, because they were better read in Chronicle than any of the *Roman* Leaders; and that *Lucullus* in particular, having only the Theory of War from Books, was thought fit, without Practice, to be sent into the Field against the most formidable Enemy of *Rome*. *Tully* indeed was call'd the learn'd Consul in dension; but then, he was not born a Soldier: His Head was turn'd another way: When he read the Tactics, he was thinking on the Bar, which was his Field of Battle. The Knowledge of Warfare

is thrown away on a General who dares not make use of what he knows. I commend it only in a Man of Courage and of Resolution : in him it will direct his Martial Spirit, and teach him the way to the best Victories, which are those that are least bloody, and which, tho' atchieved by the Hand, are managed by the Head. Science distinguishes a Man of Honour from one of those Athletick Brutes whom undeservedly we call Heroes. Curs'd be the Poet, who first honour'd with that Name a meer *Ajax*, a Man-killing Idiot. The *Ulysses* of *Ovid* upbraids his Ignorance, that he understood not the Shield for which he pleaded : There was engraven on it, Plans of Cities, and Maps of Countries, which *Ajax* could not comprehend, but look'd on them as stupidly as his Fellow-Beast the Lion. But  
 10 on the other side, your Grace has given your self the Education of his Rival ; you have studied every Spot of Ground in *Flanders*, which for these ten Years past has been the Scene of Battles and of Sieges. No wonder if you perform'd your part with such Applause on a Theater which you understood so well.

If I design'd this for a Poetical Encomium, it were easy to enlarge on so copious a Subject ; but confining my self to the Severity of Truth, and to what is becoming me to say, I must not only pass over many Instances of your Military Skill, but also those of your assiduous Diligence in the War, and of your personal bravery, attended with an ardent Thirst of Honour ; a long train of Generosity ; Profuseness of doing Good ; a Soul unsatisfy'd with all it has done ; and an unextinguish'd Desire of doing more. But all this is Matter  
 20 for your own Historians ; I am, as *Virgil* says, *Spatii exclusus iniquis*.

Yet not to be wholly silent of all your Charities, I must stay a little on one Action, which prefer'd the Relief of Others, to the Consideration of your Self. When, in the Battle of *Landen*, your Heat of Courage (a Fault only pardonable to your Youth) had transported you so far before your Friends, that they were unable to follow, much less to succour you ; when you were not only dangerously, but in all appearance mortally wounded ; when in that desperate Condition you were made Prisoner, and carried to *Namur*, at that time in Possession of the *French* ; then it was, my Lord, that you took a considerable Part of what was remitted to you of your own Revenues, and as a memorable Instance of your Heroick Charity, put it into the Hands of Count *Guiscard*, who was Governor of the  
 30 Place, to be distributed among your Fellow-Prisoners. The *French* Commander, charm'd with the greatness of your Soul, accordingly consign'd it to the Use for which it was intended by the Donor : By which means the Lives of so many miserable Men were sav'd, and a comfortable Provision made for their Subsistence, who had otherwise perish'd, had not you been the Companion of their Misfortune : or rather sent by Providence, like another *Joseph*, to keep out Famine from invading those, whom in Humility you called your Brethren. How happy was it for those poor Creatures that your Grace was made their Fellow-Sufferer ? And how glorious for You, that you chose to want, rather than not relieve the Wants of others ? The Heathen Poet, in commending the charity of *Dido* to the *Trojans*, spoke like a Christian : *Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco*. All  
 40 men, even those of a different Interest, and contrary Principles, must praise this Action, as the most eminent for Piety, not only in this degenerate Age, but almost in any of the former ; when Men were made *de meliore luto* ; when Examples of Charity were frequent, and when there were in being, *Teucri, pulcherrima proles, Magnanimi heroes, nati melioribus annis*. No Envy can detract from this : it will shine in History ; and like Swans, grow whiter the longer it endures : and the Name of *ORMOND* will be more celebrated in his Captivity than in his greatest Triumphs.

But all Actions of your Grace are of a piece ; as Waters keep the Tenour of their Fountains : your Compassion is general, and has the same Effect as well on Enemies as Friends. 'Tis so much in your Nature to do Good, that your Life is but one continued Act of placing  
 50 Benefits on many, as the Sun is always carrying his Light to some Part or other of the World : And were it not that your Reason guides you where to give, I might almost say that you could not help bestowing more, than is consisting with the Fortune of a private Man, or with the Will of any but an *Alexander*.

What Wonder is it then, that being born for a Blessing to Mankind, your suppos'd Death in that Engagement, was so generally lamented through the Nation? The Concernment for it was as universal as the Loss: And though the Gratitude might be counterfeit in some; yet the Tears of all were real: Where every man deplor'd his private Part in that Calamity, and even those who had not tasted of your Favours, yet built so much on the Fame of your Beneficence, that they bemoan'd the Loss of their Expectations.

This brought the untimely Death of your Great Father into fresh remembrance; as if the same Decree had pass'd on two short successive Generations of the Virtuous; and I repeated to my self the same Verses, which I had formerly apply'd to him: *Ostendunt terris hunc tantum fata, nec ultra Esse sinunt.*

But to the Joy not only of all good Men, but of Mankind in general, the unhappy Omen took not place. You are still living to enjoy the Blessings and Applause of all the Good you have perform'd, the Prayers of Multitudes whom you have oblig'd, for your long Prosperity, and that your Power of doing generous and charitable Actions may be as extended as your Will; which is by none more zealously desir'd than by

Your Grace's most humble,  
most oblig'd, and most  
obedient servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

## PREFACE.

'Tis with a Poet as with a Man who designs to build, and is very exact, as he supposes, in casting up the Cost beforehand: But, generally speaking, he is mistaken in his Account, and reckons short of the Expense he first intended: He alters his Mind as the Work proceeds, and will have this or that Convenience more, of which he had not thought when he began. So has it hapn'd to me; I have built a House, where I intended but a Lodge: Yet with better Success than a certain Nobleman, who, beginning with a Dog-kennel never liv'd to finish the Palace he had contriv'd.

From translating the First of *Homer's Iliads* (which I intended as an Essay to the whole Work) I proceeded to the Translation of the Twelfth Book of *Orid's Metamorphoses*, because it contains, among other Things, the Causes, the Beginning, and Ending of the Trojan War: Here I ought in reason to have stopp'd; but the speeches of *Ajax* and *Ulysses* lying next in my way, I could not bilk 'em. When I had compass'd them, I was so taken with the former Part of the Fifteenth Book (which is the Master-piece of the whole *Metamorphoses*) that I enjoin'd myself the pleasing Task of rendring it into *English*. And now I found by the Number of my Verses, that they began to swell into a little Volume; which gave me an Occasion of looking backward on some Beauties of my Author, in his former Books: There occur'd to me the Hunting of the Boar, *Cinyras* and *Myrrha*, the good-natur'd story of *Baucis* and *Philemon*, with the rest, which I hope I have translated closely enough, and given them the same Turn of Verse which they had in the Original; and this, I may say without vanity, is not the Talent of every Poet: He who has arriv'd to the nearest to it is the Ingenious and Learned *Sandys*, the best Versifier of the former Age; if I may properly call it by that Name, which was the former Part of this concluding Century. For *Spenser* and *Fairfax* both flourish'd in the reign of Queen *Elizabeth*; Great Masters in our Language; and who saw much farther into the Beauties of our Numbers, than those who immediately followed them. *Milton* was the Poetical son of *Spencer*, and Mr. *Waller* of *Fairfax*; for we have our Lines Descents and Clans, as well as other Families: *Spencer* more than once insinuates, that the Soul of *Chaucer* was transfus'd



into his Body ; and that he was begotten by him Two hundred years after his Decease. *Milton* has acknowledg'd to me, that *Spencer* was his Original ; and many besides my self have heard our famous *Waller* own, that he deriv'd the Harmony of his Numbers from the *Godfrey of Bulloign*, which was turned into *English* by Mr. *Fairfax*. But to return : Having done with *Ovid* for this time, it came into my mind, that our old *English* poet, *Chaucer*, in many Things resembled him, and that with no disadvantage on the Side of the Modern Author, as I shall endeavour to prove when I compare them : And as I am, and always have been, studious to promote the Honour of my Native Country, so I soon resolved to put their Merits to the Trial, by turning some of the *Canterbury Tales* into our

10 Language, as it is now refin'd : For by this means, both the Poets being set in the same light, and dress'd in the same *English* Habit, Story to be compared with Story, a certain Judgment may be made betwixt them by the Reader, without obtruding my Opinion on him : Or if I seem partial to my Country-man and Predecessor in the Laurel, the Friends of Antiquity are not few : And besides many of the Learn'd, *Ovid* has almost all the *Beaux*, and the whole Fair Sex, his declar'd Patrons. Perhaps I have assum'd somewhat more to my self than they allow me ; because I have adventur'd to sum up the Evidence : But the Readers are the Jury ; and their Privilege remains entire to decide according to the Merits of the Cause : Or, if they please to bring it to another Hearing before some other Court. In the mean time, to follow the Thrid of my Discourse (as Thoughts, according

20 to Mr. *Hobbs*, have always some Connexion), so from *Chaucer* I was led to think on *Boccace*, who was not only his Contemporary, but also pursu'd the same Studies ; wrote Novels in Prose, and many Works in Verse ; particularly is said to have invented the Octave Rhyme, or *Stanza* of Eight Lines, which ever since has been maintain'd by the Practice of all *Italian* Writers, who are, or at least assume the Title of, *Heroick Poets*: He and *Chaucer*, among other Things, had this in common, that they refin'd their Mother-Tongues ; but with this difference, that *Dante* had begun to file their Language, at least in Verse, before the time of *Boccace*, who likewise receiv'd no little Help from his Master *Petrarch* : But the Reformation of their Prose was wholly owing to *Boccace* himself, who is yet the Standard of Purity in the *Italian* Tongue ; though many of his Phrases are become obsolete, as in

30 process of Time it must needs happen. *Chaucer* (as you have formerly been told by our learn'd Mr. *Rhymers*) first adorn'd and amplified our barren Tongue from the *Provençal*, which was then the most polish'd of all the Modern Languages : But this Subject has been copiously treated by that great Critick, who deserves no little Commendation from us his Countrymen. For these Reasons of Time and Resemblance of Genius in *Chaucer* and *Boccace*, I resolv'd to join them in my present Work ; to which I have added some Original Papers of my own, which whether they are equal or inferior to my other Poems, an Author is the most improper Judge ; and therefore I leave them wholly to the Mercy of the Reader : I will hope the best, that they will not be condemn'd ; but if they should, I have the Excuse of an old Gentleman, who mouning on Horseback before some Ladies,

40 when I was present, got up somewhat heavily, but desir'd of the Fair Spectators that they would count Fourscore and eight before they judg'd him. By the Mercy of God, I am already come within Twenty Years of his Number, a Cripple in my Limbs ; but what Decays are in my Mind, the Reader must determine. I think my self as vigorous as ever in the Faculties of my Soul, excepting only my Memory, which is not impair'd to any great degree ; and if I lose not more of it, I have no great reason to complain. What Judgment I had increases rather than diminishes ; and Thoughts, such as they are, come crowding in so fast upon me, that my only Difficulty is to chuse or to reject ; to run them into Verse or to give them the other harmony of Prose, I have so long studied and practis'd both, that they are grown into a Habit, and become familiar to me. In short, though

50 I may lawfully plead some part of the old Gentleman's Excuse, yet I will reserve it till I think I have greater need, and ask no Grains of Allowance for the Faults of this my present Work, but those which are given of course to Humane Frailty. I will not trouble my Reader with the shortness of Time in which I writ it, or the several Intervals of Sickness :

They who think too well of their own Performances are apt to leave in their Readers how little Time their Works have cost them, and what other *Barren* of *Time* they have interced'd: but the Reader will be as apt to ask, the Question, Why they should not longer Time to make their Works more perfect, and why they had not employ'd more of their Judges as to thrust their indigested Stuff upon them, as if they were to be *swallow'd*?

With this Account of my present Undertaking I conclude the first Part of the *Discourse*. In the second Part, as at a second Sitting, though I alter not the Design, I repeat the same Features over again, and change the *Dis-colouring* of the Works. In the third I will only say, that I have written nothing which exceeds of Immorality or Profanity; at least, I am not conscious to my self of any such Intention. If there I happen to have found an irreverent Expression, or a Thought too wanton, they are crept into the Verse through my Inadvertency; If the Searchers find any in the *Canons*, let them be *seized* or forfeited, like Counterfeited Goods; at least, let their Authors be answerable for them, as being but imported Merchandise, and not of my own Manufacture. On the other Side, I have endeavour'd to close such Fables, both Ancient and Modern, as are not each of them some instructive Moral, which I could prove by Induction, but the Way is tedious; and they leap foremost into sight, without the Reader's Title of being after them. I wish I could affirm with a safe Conscience, that I had taken the same Care in all my former Writings; for it woud be woud, that supposing Verses are never so beautiful or pleasing, yet if they contain any thing which shocks Religion, or good Manners, they are at best, what *Horace* says of good Numbers without good sense, *Verba recte verum, nugare sonitus*. Thus far, I hope, I am Right in Court, while it remains to be put, other Right of Self-defence, where I have been wrongfully accus'd, and my Verse was drawn into Blasphemy or Bawdry, as it has often been by a Religious Lawyer, and a Pleading against the Stage; in which he mixes Truth with Lables, and I have forgotten the old Rule of calumniating strongly, that something is my business.

I resume the Third of my Discourse with the first of my *Triumphs*, which was the first *Book of Homer*. If it shall please God to give me longer Life, and I produce His will, my Intentions are to translate the whole *Iliad*; provided still, that I meet with the same Encouragements from the Publick, which may enable me to proceed in my Undertaking, with some Camerfulness. And this I dare assure the World before hand, that I have found by Trial, *Homer* a more pleasing Task than *Virgil* (though I was not the Translator will be less laborious). For the *Grecian* is more according to my Genius than the *Latin* Poet. In the Works of the two Authors we may read their Manners and their Inclinations, which are wholly different. *Virgil* was of a quiet, sedate Temper; his Style violent, impetuous, and full of Fire. The chief Talent of *Virgil* was in the Choice and Ornament of Words; *Homer* was rapid in his Thoughts, and took all the Liberty both of Numbers and of Expression, which his Language, and the Age he liv'd in allow'd him. *Homer*'s Invention was more copious, *Virgil*'s more exact; so that in *Homer* had not led the Way, it was not in *Virgil* to have begun their *Scenes*. For nothing can be more evident, than that the *Peas* or *Peas* is but the *Peas* of the *Iliad*; a Continuation of the same Story. And the *Peas* was chosen by *Virgil* for the *Peas* of *Æneas*, are those of *Hector* superadded to those which *Hector* gave out. The *Peas* of *Ulysses* in the *Odysses*, are imitated in the first *Book* of the *Æneid*, and the *Peas* of the *Peas* are not the same (which would have avoid him a repetition of the total Barrenness of Invention), yet the *Peas* were the same, which *Virgil* had wander'd; and *Virgil* cannot be deny'd to be the *Peas* of the *Peas* of the *Peas*. Six better books of *Virgil*'s Poem are the *Peas* and twenty *Peas* of the *Peas* occasion'd by a Lady, a Single Complete, *Butcher* and the *Peas* of the *Peas*. I say not this in derogation to *Virgil*, neither do I centre in the *Peas* of the *Peas* said in his just Praise: for his *Epitaph* are also not wholly of the *Peas* of the *Peas*.

Form which he has given to the Telling, makes the Tale his own, even though the Original Story had been the same. But this proves, however, that *Homer* taught *Virgil* to design :- And if Invention be the first Vertue of an Epick Poet, then the *Latin* Poem can only be allow'd the second Place. Mr. *Hobbs*, in the Preface to his own bald Translation of the *Ilias* (studying Poetry as he did Mathematicks, when it was too late), Mr. *Hobbs*, I say, begins the Praise of *Homer* where he should have ended it. He tells us, that the first Beauty of an Epick Poem consists in Diction, that is, in the Choice of Words, and Harmony of Numbers ; Now, the Words are the Colouring of the Work, which in the Order of Nature is last to be consider'd. The Design, the Disposition, the Manners, and the Thoughts are  
 10 all before it : Where any of those are wanting or imperfect, so much wants or is imperfect in the Imitation of Humane Life ; which is in the very Definition of a Poem. Words indeed, like glaring Colours, are the first Beauties that arise, and strike the Sight : but if the Draught be false or lame, the Figures ill dispos'd, the Manners obscure or inconsistent, or the Thoughts unnatural, then the finest Colours are but Dawbing, and the Piece is a beautiful Monster at the best. Neither *Virgil* nor *Homer* were deficient in any of the former Beauties ; but in this last, which is Expression, the *Roman* poet is at least equal to the *Grecian*, as I have said elsewhere ; supplying the poverty of his Language by his Musical Ear, and by his Diligence. But to return : Our two Great Poets, being so different  
 20 in their Tempers, one Cholerick and Sanguin, the other Phlegmatick and Melancholick : that which makes them excel in their several Ways is, that each of them has follow'd his own natural Inclination, as well in Forming the Design as in the Execution of it. The very *Heroes* show their Authors : *Achilles* is hot, impatient, revengeful, *Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer*, &c. *Aeneas* patient, considerate, careful of his People and merciful to his Enemies ; ever submissive to the Will of Heaven, *quo fata trahunt retrahuntque sequamur*. I could please my self with enlarging on this Subject, but am forc'd to defer it to a fitter Time. From all I have said I will only draw this Inference, That the Action of *Homer* being more full of Vigour than that of *Virgil*, according to the Temper of the Writer, is of consequence more pleasing to the Reader. One warms you by Degrees ; the other sets you on fire all at once, and never intermits his Heat. 'Tis the same Difference which  
 30 *Longinus* makes betwixt the effects of eloquence in *Demosthenes*, and *Tully*. One persuades ; the other commands. You never cool while you read *Homer*, even not in the Second Book (a graceful Flattery to his Countrymen) ; but he hastens from the Ships, and concludes not that Book till he has made you an Amends by the violent playing of a new Machine. From thence he hurries on his Action with Variety of Events, and ends it in less Compass than Two months. This Vehemence of his, I confess, is more suitable to my Temper : and therefore I have translated his First Book with greater Pleasure than any Part of *Virgil* ; But it was not a Pleasure without Pains : The continual Agitations of the Spirits, must needs be a Weakening of any Constitution, especially in Age ; and many Pauses are required for Refreshment betwixt the Heats ; the *Iliad* of its self being a third part  
 40 longer than all *Virgil's* Works together.

This is what I thought needful in this Place to say of *Homer*. I proceed to *Ovid*, and *Chaucer* ; considering the former only in relation to the latter. With *Ovid* ended the Golden Age of the *Roman* Tongue : From *Chaucer* the purity of the *English* Tongue began. The Manners of the Poets were not unlike : Both of them were well-bred, well-natur'd, amorous, and Libertine, at least in their Writings, it may be also in their Lives. Their Studies were the same, Philosophy and Philology. Both of them were knowing in Astronomy, of which *Ovid's* Books of the *Roman* Feasts, and *Chaucer's* Treatise of the *Astrolabe*, are sufficient Witnesses. But *Chaucer* was likewise an Astrologer, as were *Virgil*, *Horace*, *Persius*, and *Manilius*. Both writ with wonderful Facility and Clearness :  
 50 neither were great Inventors : For *Ovid* only copied the *Grecian* Fables ; and most of *Chaucer's* Stories were taken from his *Italian* Contemporaries or their Predecessors : *Boccace* his *Decamerion* was first publish'd ; and from thence our *Englishman* has borrow'd many of his *Canterbury* Tales ; Yet that of *Palamon* and *Arcté* was written, in all probability,

by some *Italian Wit*, in a former Age, as I shall prove hereafter: The Tale of *Grizeld* was the invention of *Petrarch*; by him sent to *Boccace*; from whom it came to *Chaucer*: *Troilus* and *Cressida* was also written by a *Lombard Author*; but much amplified by our *English* translatur, as well as beautified; the Genius of our Countrymen in general being rather to improve an Invention, than to invent themselves; as is evident not only in our Poetry, but in many of our Manufactures. I find I have anticipated already, and taken up from *Boccace* before I come to him; But there is so much less behind; and I am of the Temper of most Kings, who love to be in debt, are all for present Money, no matter how they pay it afterwards: Besides, the Nature of a preface is Rambling; never wholly out of the Way, nor in it. This I have learn'd from the Practice of honest *Montaigne*,<sup>10</sup> and return at my pleasure to *Ovid* and *Chaucer*, of whom I have little more to say. Both of them built on the Inventions of other Men; yet since *Chaucer* had something of his own, as *The Wife of Baths Tale*, *The Cock and the Fox*, which I have translated, and some others, I may justly give our Countryman the Precedence in that Part; since I can remember nothing of *Ovid* which was wholly his. Both of them understood the Manners, under which Name I comprehend the Passions, and, in a larger Sense, the Descriptions of Persons, and their very Habits. For an Example, I see *Baucis* and *Philemon* as perfectly before me, as if some ancient Painter had drawn them; and all the Pilgrims in the *Canterbury Tales*, their Humours, their Features, and the very Dress, as distinctly as if I had supp'd with them at the Tabard in *Southwark*. Yet even there too the Figures<sup>20</sup> in *Chaucer* are much more lively, and set in a better Light: which though I have not Time to prove, yet I appeal to the Reader, and am sure he will clear me from Partiality. The Thoughts and Words remain to be consider'd, in the Comparison of the two Poets; and I have sav'd my self one half of that Labour, by owning that *Ovid* liv'd when the *Roman* Tongue was in its Meridian; *Chaucer*, in the Dawning of our Language: Therefore that Part of the Comparison stands not on an equal Foot, any more than the Diction of *Ennius* and *Ovid*, or of *Chaucer*, and our present *English*. The Words are given up as a Post not to be defended in our Poet, because he wanted the Modern Art of Fortifying. The Thoughts remain to be consider'd: And they are to be measur'd only by their Propriety; that is, as they flow more or less naturally from the Persons describ'd, on such and such Occasions.<sup>30</sup> The Vulgar Judges, which are Nine Parts in Ten of all Nations, who call Conceits and Jingles Wit, who see *Ovid* full of them, and *Chaucer* altogether without them, will think me little less than mad for preferring the *Englishman* to the *Roman*: Yet, with their leave, I must presume to say, that the Things they admire are only glittering Trifles, and so far from being Witty, that in a serious Poem they are nauseous, because they are unnatural. Wou'd any Man, who is ready to die for Love, describe his passion like *Narcissus*? Wou'd he think of *inopem me copia fecit*, and a Dozen more of such Expressions, pour'd on the Neck of one another, and signifying all the same Thing? If this were Wit, was this a Time to be witty, when the poor Wretch was in the Agony of Death? This is just *John Littlewit* in *Bartholomew Fair*, who had a Conceit (as he tells you) left him in his Misery; a miserable<sup>40</sup> Conceit. On these Occasions the Poet shou'd endeavour to raise Pity; but instead of this, *Ovid* is tickling you to laugh. *Virgil* never made use of such Machines, when he was moving you to commiserate the Death of *Dido*: He wou'd not destroy what he was building. *Chaucer* makes *Arcite* violent in his Love, and unjust in the Pursuit of it: Yet when he came to die, he made him think more reasonably: He repents not of his Love, for that had alter'd his Character; but acknowledges the Injustice of his Proceedings, and resigns *Emilia* to *Palamon*. What would *Ovid* have done on this Occasion? He would certainly have made *Arcite* witty on his Death-bed. He had complain'd he was farther off from Possession, by being so near, and a thousand such Boyisms, which *Chaucer* rejected as below the Dignity of the Subject. They who think otherwise, would, by the same Reason,<sup>50</sup> prefer *Lucan* and *Ovid* to *Homer* and *Virgil*, and *Marial* to all Four of them. As for the Turn of Words, in which *Ovid* particularly excels all Poets; they are sometimes a Fault, and sometimes a Beauty, as they are used properly or improperly; but in strong

Passions always to be shunn'd, because Passions are serious, and will admit no Playing. The *French* have a high Value for them; and I confess, they are often what they call Delicate, when they are introduced with Judgment; but *Chaucer* writ with more Simplicity, and follow'd Nature more closely, than to use them. I have thus far, to the best of my Knowledge, been an upright Judge betwixt the Parties in Competition, not meddling with the Design nor the Disposition of it; because the Design was not their own, and in the disposing of it they were equal. It remains that I say somewhat of *Chaucer* in particular.

In the first place, As he is the father of *English Poetry*; so I hold him in the same Degree  
 10 of Veneration as the *Grecians* held *Homer*, or the *Romans* *Virgil*: He is a perpetual Fountain of good Sense; learn'd in all Sciences; and therefore speaks properly on all Subjects: As he knew what to say, so he knows also when to leave off; a Continencc which is practis'd by few Writers, and scarcely by any of the Ancients, excepting *Virgil* and *Horace*. One of our late great Poets is sunk in his Reputation because he cou'd never forgo any conceit which came in his way; but swept like a Drag-net, great and small. There was plenty enough, but the Dishes were ill-sorted; whole pyramids of Sweet-meats, for Boys and Women; but little of solid Meat, for Men: All this proceeded not from any want of Knowledge, but of Judgment; neither did he want that in discerning the Beauties and Faults of other Poets; but only indulg'd himself in the Luxury of Writing; and perhaps  
 20 knew it was a Fault, but hop'd the Reader would not find it. For this Reason, though he must always be thought a great Poet, he is no longer esteem'd a good Writer: and for Ten Impressions which his Works have had in so many successive Years, yet at present a hundred Books are scarcely purchas'd once a Twelve month: For as my last Lord *Rochester* said, though somewhat profanely, *Not being of God, he could not stand*.

*Chaucer* follow'd Nature every where; but was never so bold to go beyond her: And there is a great Difference of being *Poeta* and *nimis Poeta*, if we may believe *Catullus*, as much as betwixt a modest Behaviour and Affectation. The Verse of *Chaucer*, I confess, is not Harmonious to us; but 'tis like the Eloquence of one whom *Tacitus* commends, it was *auribus istius temporis accommodata*; they who liv'd with him, and some time after  
 30 him, thought it Musical; and it continues so even in our Judgment, if compar'd with the Numbers of *Lidgate* and *Gower*, his Contemporaries: there is the rude Sweetness of a *Scotch Tune* in it, which is natural and pleasing, though not perfect. 'Tis true, I cannot go so far as he who publish'd the last Edition of him; for he would make us believe the Fault is in our Ears, and that there were really Ten Syllables in a Verse where we find but Nine: But this opinion is not worth confuting; 'tis so gross and obvious an Errour, that common Sense (which is a Rule in every thing but Matters of Faith and Revelation) must convince the Reader, that Equality of Numbers in every Verse which we call *Heroick*, was either not known, or not always practis'd in *Chaucer's* Age. It were an easie Matter to produce some thousands of his Verses, which are lame for want of half a foot, and  
 40 sometimes a whole one, and which no pronunciation can make otherwise. We can only say, that he liv'd in the Infancy of our Poetry, and that nothing is brought to Perfection at the first. We must be Children before we grow Men. There was an *Ennius*, and in process of Time a *Lucllius*, and a *Lucretius*, before *Virgil* and *Horace*; even after *Chaucer* there was a *Spencer*, a *Harrington*, a *Fairfax*, before *Waller* and *Denham* were in being: And our Numbers were in their Nonage till these last appear'd. I need say little of his Parentage, Life, and Fortunes: they are to be found at large in all the Editions of his Works. He was employ'd abroad and favoured by *Edward the Third*, *Richard the Second*, and *Henry the Fourth*, and was Poet, as I suppose, to all Three of them. In *Richard's* time, I doubt, he was a little dipt in the Rebellion of the Commons; and being Brother-in-Law to *John of Gant*, it was no wonder if he follow'd the Fortunes of that Family;  
 50

14 forgo any conceit] forgive any conceit 1700. This can hardly be right, though most editors print it without comment. Christie, also without comment, prints forego

and was well with *Henry* the Fourth when he had depos'd his Predecessor. Neither is it to be admir'd, that *Henry*, who was a wise as well as a valiant Prince, who clam'd by Succession, and was sensible that his Title was not sound, but was rightfully in *Mortimer*, who had married the Heir of *York*; it was not to be admir'd, I say, if that great Politician should be pleas'd to have the greatest Wit of those Times in his Interests, and to be the Trumpet of his Praises. *Augustus* had given him the Example, by the Advice of *Mecenas*, who recommended *Virgil* and *Horace* to him; whose Praises help'd to make him popular while he was alive, and after his Death have made him Precious to Posterity. As for the Religion of our Poet, he seems to have some little Bias towards the Opinions of *Wicliff*, after *John of Gaunt* his Patron; somewhat of which appears in the Tale of *Piers Plowman*: 10 Yet I cannot blame him for inveighing so sharply against the Vices of the Clergy in his Age: Their Pride, their Ambition, their Pomp, their Avarice, their Worldly Interest, deserv'd the Lashes which he gave them, both in that, and in most of his *Canterbury Tales*: Neither has his Contemporary *Boccace*, spar'd them. Yet both those Poets lived in much esteem with good and holy Men in Orders: For the Scandal which is given by particular Priests, reflects not on the Sacred Function. *Chaucer's Monk*, his *Chanon*, and his *Fryar* took not from the Character of his *Good Parson*. A Satyrical Poet is the Check of the Laymen on bad Priests. We are only to take care, that we involve not the Innocent with the Guilty in the same Condemnation. The Good cannot be too much honour'd, nor the Bad too coarsely us'd: For the Corruption of the Best, becomes the Worst. When a 20 Clergy-man is whipp'd, his Gown is first taken off, by which the Dignity of his Order is secur'd: If he be wrongfully accus'd, he has his Action of Slander; and 'tis at the Poet's Peril, if he transgress the Law. But they will tell us, that all kind of Satire, though never so well deserv'd by particular Priests, yet brings the whole Order into Contempt. Is then the Peerage of *England* anything dishonour'd, when a peer suffers for his Treason? If he be libell'd, or any way defam'd, he has his *Scandalum Magnatum* to punish the Offendor. They who use this kind of Argument, seem to be conscious to themselves of somewhat which has deserv'd the Poet's Lash; and are less concern'd for their Publick Capacity, than for their private: At least there is Pride at the bottom of their Reasoning. If the Faults of Men in Orders are only to be judg'd among themselves, they are all in some sort 30 Parties: For, since they say the Honour of their Order is concern'd in every Member of it, how can we be sure, that they will be impartial Judges? How far I may be allow'd to speak my Opinion in this Case, I know not: But I am sure a Dispute of this Nature caused Mischief in abundance betwixt a King of *England* and an Archbishop of *Canterbury*: one standing up for the Laws of his Land, and the other for the Honour (as he called it), of God's Church; which ended in the Murther of the Prelate, and in the whipping of his Majesty from Post to Pillar for his Penance. The Learn'd and Ingenious Dr. *Drake* has sav'd me the Labour of inquiring into the Esteem and Reverence which the Priests have had of old: and I would rather extend than diminish any part of it: Yet I must needs say, that when a Priest provokes me without any Occasion given him, I have no 40 Reason, unless it be the Charity of a *Christian*, to forgive him: *Prior lasti* is Justification sufficient in the Civil Law. If I answer him in his own Language, Self-defence, I am sure, must be allow'd me; and if I carry it farther, even to a sharp Recrimination, somewhat may be indulged to Humane Frailty. Yet my Resentment has not wrought so far but that I have follow'd *Chaucer* in his Character of a Holy Man, and have enlarg'd on that Subject with some Pleasure, reserving to my self the Right, if I shall think fit hereafter, to describe another sort of Priests, such as are more easily to be found than the Good Parson; such as have given the last Blow to Christianity in this Age, by a Practice so contrary to their Doctrine. But this will keep cold till another time. In the mean while, I take up *Chaucer* where I left him. He must have been a Man of a most 50 wonderful comprehensive Nature, because, as it has been truly observ'd of him, he has taken into the Compass of his *Canterbury Tales* the various Manners and Humours (as now call them) of the whole *English Nation* in his Age. Not a single Character has

escap'd him. All his Pilgrims are severally distinguish'd from each other : and not only in their Inclinations, but in their very Physiognomies and Persons. *Baptista Porta* could not have describ'd their Natures better, than by the Marks which the Poet gives them. The Matter and Manner of their Tales, and of their Telling are so suited to their different Educations, Humours and Callings, that each of them would be improper in any other Mouth. Even the grave and serious Characters are distinguish'd by their several sorts of Gravity : Their Discourses are such as belong to their Age, their Calling, and their Breeding ; such as are becoming of them, and of them only. Some of his Persons are Vicious, and some vertuous ; some are unlearn'd or (as *Chaucer* calls them) Lewd, and some are  
 10 Learn'd. Even the Ribaldry of the Low Characters is different : The *Reeve*, the *Miller*, and the *Cook* are several Men, and distinguish'd from each other, as much as the mincing Lady Prioress and the broad-speaking gap-toothed Wife of *Bathe*. But enough of this : There is such a Variety of Game springing up before me, that I am distracted in my Choice, and know not which to follow. 'Tis sufficient to say, according to the Proverb, that here is God's Plenty. We have our Fore-fathers and Great Grandames all before us, as they were in *Chaucer's* Days ; their general Characters are still remaining in Mankind, and even in *England*, though they are called by other Names than those of *Monks* and *Fryars*, and *Chanons*, and *Lady Abbesses*, and *Nuns* : For Mankind is ever the same, and nothing  
 20 lost out of Nature, though every thing is alter'd. May I have leave to do myself the Justice (since my Enemies will do me none, and are so far from granting me to be a good Poet that they will not allow me so much as to be a Christian, or a Moral Man), may I have leave, I say, to inform my Reader, that I have confin'd my Choice to such Tales of *Chaucer* as savour nothing of Immodesty. If I had desir'd more to please than to instruct, the *Reeve*, the *Miller*, the *Shipman*, the *Merchant*, the *Sumner*, and, above all, the Wife of *Bathe*, in the Prologue to her Tale, would have procur'd me as many Friends and Readers, as there are *Beaux* and Ladies of Pleasure in the Town. But I will no more offend against Good Manners : I am sensible, as I ought to be, of the Scandal I have given by my loose Writings ; and make what Reparation I am able by this Publick Acknowledgment. If anything of this Nature, or of Profaneness, be crept into these Poems, I am so far from  
 30 defending it, that I disown it. *Totum hoc indictum volo*. *Chaucer* makes another manner of Apologie for his broad-speaking, and *Boccace* makes the like ; but I will follow neither of them. Our Country-man, in the end of his Characters, before the *Canterbury Tales*, thus excuses the Ribaldry, which is very gross in many of his Novels :

But first, I pray you of your courtesy,  
 That ye ne arrete it nought my villany,  
 Though that I plainly speak in this mattere  
 To tellen you her words, and eke her chere :  
 Ne though I speak her words properly,  
 For this ye knowen as well as I,  
 40 Who shall tellen a tale after a man  
 He mole rehearse as nye as ever he can  
 Everich word of it been in his charge,  
 All speke he, never so rudely, ne large.  
 Or else he mole tellen his tale untrue,  
 Or feine things, or find words new :  
 He may not spare, altho he were his brother,  
 He mole as well say o word as another.  
 Christ spake himself full broad in holy writ,  
 And well I wote no villany is it,  
 50 Eke Plato saith, who so can him rede,  
 The words mole been counsin to the dede.

Yet if a Man should have enquir'd of *Boccace* or of *Chaucer*, what need they had of,

introducing such Characters, where obscene Words were proper in their Mouths, but very undecent to be heard, I know not what Answer they could have made: For that Reason, such Tales shall be left untold by me. You have here a *Specimen of Chaucer's Language*, which is so obsolete, that his Sense is scarce to be understood; and you have likewise more than one Example of his unequal Numbers, which were mention'd before. Yet many of his Verses consist of Ten Syllables, and the Words not much behind our present *English*: As, for Example, these two lines, in the Description of the Carpenter's Young Wife:

*Winning she was, as is a jolly Coll,  
Long as a Mast, and upright as a Bolt.*

I have almost done with *Chaucer*, when I have answer'd some Objections relating to my present Work. I find some People are offended that I have turned these Tales into modern *English*; because they think them unworthy of my Pains, and look on *Chaucer* as a dry, old-fashion'd Wit, not worth reviving. I have often heard the late Earl of *Leicester* say, that Mr. *Cowley* himself was of that opinion; who having read him over at my Lord's Request, declared he had no Taste of him. I dare not advance my Opinion against the Judgment of so great an Author: But I think it fair, however, to leave the Decision to the Publick: Mr. *Cowley* was too modest to set up for a Dictatour; and being shock'd perhaps with his old Style, never examin'd into the depth of his good Sense. *Chaucer*, I confess, is a rough Diamond; and must first be polish'd e'er he shines. I deny not likewise, that, living in our early Days of Poetry, he writes not always of a piece; but sometimes mingles trivial Things with those of greater Moment. Sometimes also, though not often, he runs riot, like *Ovid*, and knows not when he has said enough. But there are more great Wits beside *Chaucer*, whose Fault is their Excess of Conceits, and those ill sorted. An Author is not to write all he can, but only all he ought. Having observ'd this Redundancy in *Chaucer* (as it is an easie Matter for a Man of ordinary Parts to find a Fault in one of greater) I have not ty'd myself to a Literal Translation; but have often omitted what I judged unnecessary, or not of Dignity enough to appear in the Company of better Thoughts. I have presum'd farther in some Places; and added somewhat of my own where I thought my Author was deficient, and had not given his Thoughts their true Lustre, for want of Words in the Beginning of our Language. And to this I was the more embolden'd, because (if I may be permitted to say it of my self) I found I had a Soul congenial to his, and that I had been conversant in the same Studies. Another Poet, in another Age, may take the same Liberty with my Writings; if at least they live long enough to deserve Correction. It was also necessary sometimes to restore the Sense of *Chaucer*, which was lost or mangled in the Errors of the Press. Let this Example suffice at present: in the Story of *Palamon and Arcite*, where the Temple of *Diana* is describ'd, you find these Verses in all the Editions of our Author:

*There saw I Danè, tyerned into a Tree,  
I mean not the Goddess Diane,  
But Venus daughter, which that hight Danè.*

Which after a little Consideration I knew was to be reform'd into this Sense, that *Daphne*, the Daughter of *Peneus*, was turn'd into a Tree. I durst not make thus bold with *Ovid*; lest some future *Milbourn* should arise, and say, I varied from my Author, because I understood him not.

But there are other Judges who think I ought not to have translated *Chaucer* into *English*, out of a quite contrary Notion: They suppose there is a certain Veneration due to his old Language; and that it is little less than Profanation and Sacrilege to alter it. They are farther of opinion, that somewhat of his good Sense will suffer in this Transfusion, and much of the Beauty of his Thoughts will infallibly be lost, which appear with more Grace in their old Habit. Of this Opinion was that excellent Person whom I mention'd, the late Earl of *Leicester*, who valu'd *Chaucer* as much as Mr. *Cowley* despis'd him. My

23 beside *Chaucer*] Most editors give besides *Chaucer*



Lord dissuaded me from this Attempt (for I was thinking of it some Years before his Death) and his Authority prevail'd so far with me as to defer my Undertaking while he liv'd, in deference to him: Yet my Reason was not convinc'd with what he urg'd against it. If the first End of a Writer be to be understood, then as his Language grows obsolete, his Thoughts must grow obscure: *nulla renascuntur quæ nunc cecidere; cadentque quæ nunc sunt in honore vocabula, si volet usus, quem penes arbitrium est et jus et norma loquendi.* When an ancient Word for its Sound and Significancy deserves to be reviv'd, I have that reasonable Veneration for Antiquity, to restore it. All beyond this is Superstition. Words are not like Land-marks, so sacred as never to be remov'd: Customs are chang'd, and  
 10 even Statutes are silently repeal'd, when the Reason ceases for which they were enacted. As for the other Part of the Argument, that his Thoughts will lose of their original Beauty, by the innovation of Words; in the first place, not only their Beauty, but their Being is lost, where they are no longer understood, which is the present Case. I grant, that something must be lost in all Transfusion, that is, in all Translations; but the Sense will remain, which would otherwise be lost, or at least be maim'd, when it is scarce intelligible; and that but to a few. How few are there who can read *Chaucer*, so as to understand him perfectly! And if imperfectly, then with less Profit, and no Pleasure. 'Tis not for the Use of some old *Saxon* Friends that I have taken these Pains with him: Let them neglect my Version, because they have no need of it. I made it for their sakes who understand  
 20 Sense and Poetry as well as they; when that Poetry and Sense is put into Words which they understand. I will go farther, and dare to add, that what Beauties I lose in some Places, I give to others which had them not originally: But in this I may be partial to my self; let the Reader judge, and I submit to his Decision. Yet I think I have just Occasion to complain of them, who, because they understand *Chaucer*, would deprive the greater part of their Countrymen of the same Advantage, and hoord him up, as Misers do their Grandam Gold, only to look on it themselves, and hinder others from making use of it. In sum, I seriously protest, that no Man ever had, or can have, a greater Veneration for *Chaucer* than my self. I have translated some part of his Works, only that I might perpetuate his Memory, or at least refresh it, amongst my Countrymen. If I have alter'd  
 30 him anywhere for the better, I must at the same time acknowledge, that I could have done nothing without him: *Facile est inventis addere*, is no great Commendation; and I am not so vain to think I have deserv'd a greater. I will conclude what I have to say of him singly, with this one Remark: A Lady of my Acquaintance, who keeps a kind of Correspondence with some Authors of the Fair Sex in *France*, has been inform'd by them, that *Mademoiselle de Scudery*, who is as old as *Sibyl*, and inspir'd like her by the same God of Poetry, is at this time translating *Chaucer* into modern *French*. From which I gather, that he has been formerly translated into the old *Provençal* (for, how she should come to understand Old *English*, I know not). But the Matter of Fact being true, it makes me think, that there is something in it like Fatality; that, after certain Periods of Time, the Fame  
 40 and Memory of Great Wits should be renew'd, as *Chaucer* is both in *France* and *England*. If this be wholly Chance, 'tis extraordinary; and I dare not call it more, for fear of being tax'd with Superstition.

*Boccace* comes last to be consider'd, who, living in the same Age with *Chaucer*, had the same Genius, and follow'd the same Studies. Both writ Novels, and each of them cultivated his Mother-Tongue. But the greatest Resemblance of our two Modern Authors being in their familiar Style, and pleasing way of relating Comical Adventures, I may pass it over, because I have translated nothing from *Boccace* of that Nature. In the serious Part of Poetry, the Advantage is wholly on *Chaucer's* Side; for though the *Englishman* has borrow'd many Tales from the *Italian*, yet it appears, that those of *Boccace* were  
 50 not generally of his own making, but taken from Authors of former Ages, and by him only modell'd: So that what there was of invention in either of them, may be judg'd equal. But *Chaucer* has refin'd on *Boccace*, and has mended the Stories which he has borrow'd in his way of telling; though Prose allows more Liberty of Thought, and the Expressions

is more easie, when unconfin'd by Numbers. Our Countryman carries Weight, and yet wins the Race at disadvantage. I desire not the Reader should take my Word; and therefore I will set two of their Discourses on the same Subject, in the same Light, for every Man to judge betwixt them. I translated *Chaucer* first; and amongst the rest, pitch'd on *The Wife of Bath's Tale*; not daring, as I have said, to adventure on her Prologue; because it is too licentious: There *Chaucer* introduces an old Woman of mean Parentage, whom a youthful Knight of Noble Blood was forc'd to marry, and consequently loath'd her: The Crone being in bed with him on the wedding Night, and finding his Aversion, endeavours to win his Affection by Reason, and speaks a good Word for her self, (as who could blame her?) in hope to mollifie the sullen Bridegroom. She takes her Topiques from the Benefits of Poverty, the Advantages of old Age and Ugliness, the Vanity of Youth, and the silly Pride of Ancestry and Titles without inherent Vertue, which is the true Nobility. When I had clos'd *Chaucer*, I return'd to *Ovid*, and translated some more of his Fables; and by this time had so far forgotten *The Wife of Bath's Tale*, that, when I took up *Boccace*, unawares I fell on the same Argument of preferring Vertue to Nobility of Blood, and Titles, in the Story of *Sigismunda*; which I had certainly avoided for the Resemblance of the two Discourses, if my Memory had not fail'd me. Let the Reader weigh them both; and if he thinks me partial to *Chaucer*, 'tis in him to right *Boccace*.

I prefer in our Countryman, far above all his other Stories, the Noble Poem of *Palamon and Aracite*, which is of the Epique kind, and perhaps not much inferiour to the *Ilias* or the *Æneis*: The Story is more pleasing than either of them, the Manners as perfect, the Diction as poetical, the Learning as deep and various; and the Disposition full as artful: only it includes a greater length of time; as taking up seven years at least; but *Aristotle* has left undecided the Duration of the Action; which yet is easily reduc'd into the Compass of a year, by a Narration of what preceded the Return of *Palamon* to *Athens*. I had thought for the Honour of our Nation, and more particularly for his, whose Laurel, tho' unworthy, I have worn after him, that this Story was of *English* Growth and *Chaucer's* own: But I was undeceiv'd by *Boccace*; for casually looking on the End of his seventh *Giornata*, I found *Dioneo* (under which name he shadows himself) and *Fiametta* (who represents his Mistress, the natural Daughter of *Robert, King of Naples*) of whom these 30 Words are spoken. *Dioneo e Fiametta gran pezza cantarono insieme d'Arcite e di Palamone*: by which it appears that this Story was written before the time of *Boccace*; but the Name of its Author being wholly lost, *Chaucer* is now become an Original; and I question not but the Poem has receiv'd many Beauties by passing through his Noble Hands. Besides this Tale, there is another of his own Invention, after the manner of the *Provençalls*, called *The Flower and the Leaf*; with which I was so particularly pleas'd, both for the Invention and the Moral; that I cannot hinder my self from recommending it to the Reader.

As a Corollary to this Preface, in which I have done Justice to others, I owe somewhat to my self: not that I think it worth my time to enter the Lists with one *M——* or one *B——*, but barely to take notice, that such Men there are who have written scurrilously against me, without any Provocation. *M——*, who is in Orders, pretends amongst the rest this Quarrel to me, that I have fallen foul on Priesthood; If I have, I am only to ask Pardon of good Priests, and am afraid his part of the Reparation will come to little. Let him be satisfied that he shall not be able to force himself upon me for an Adversary. I condemn him too much to enter into Competition with him. His own Translations of *Virgil* have answer'd his Criticisms on mine. If (as they say, he has declar'd in print) he prefers the Version of *Ogilby* to mine, the World has made him the same Compliment: For 'tis agreed on all hands, that he writes even below *Ogilby*: That, you will say, is not easily to be done; but what cannot *M——* bring about? I am satisfi'd, however, 50 that while he and I live together, I shall not be thought the worst Poet of the Age. It looks as if I had desir'd him underhand to write so ill against me: But upon my honest word I have not brib'd him to do me this Service, and am wholly guiltless of his Pamphlet.

'Tis true I should be glad if I could persuade him to continue his good Offices, and write such another Critique on any thing of mine: For I find by Experience he has a great Stroke with the Reader, when he condemns any of my Poems, to make the World have a better Opinion of them. He has taken some Pains with my Poetry; but no body will be persuaded to take the same with his. If I had taken to the Church (as he affirms, but which was never in my Thoughts) I should have had more Sense, if not more Grace, than to have turn'd myself out of my Benefice by writing Libels on my Parishioners. But his Account of my Manners and my Principles, are of a Piece with his Cavils and his Poetry: And so I have done with him for ever.

10 As for the City Bard or Knight Physician, I hear his Quarrel to me is, that I was the Author of *Absalom* and *Achilphel*, which he thinks is a little hard on his Fanatique Patrons in London.

But I will deal the more civilly with his two Poems, because nothing ill is to be spoken of the Dead: And therefore peace be to the *Manes* of his *Arthurs*. I will only say, that it was not for this Noble Knight that I drew the plan of an Epick Poem on King *Arthur*, in my Preface to the Translation of *Juvenal*. The Guardian Angels of Kingdoms were Machines too ponderous for him to manage; and therefore he rejected them, as *Dares* did the Whirl-bats of *Eryx*, when they were thrown before him by *Entellus*: Yet from that Preface he plainly took his Hint: For he began immediately upon the Story; though he had the Baseness not to acknowledge his Benefactor, but in stead of it, to traduce me in a Libel.

I shall say the less of Mr. *Collier*, because in many Things he has tax'd me justly; and I have pleaded Guilty to all Thoughts and Expressions of mine, which can be truly argu'd of Obscenity, Profaneness, or Immorality; and retract them. If he be my Enemy, let him triumph; if he be my Friend, as I have given him no Personal Occasion to be otherwise, he will be glad of my Repentance. It becomes me not to draw my Pen in the Defence of a bad Cause, when I have so often drawn it for a good one. Yet it were not difficult to prove, that in many Places he has perverted my Meaning by his Glosses; and interpreted my Words into Blasphemy and Baudry, of which they were not guilty. Besides that, he is too much given to Horse-play in his Raillery; and comes to Battel, like a Dictatour from the Plough. I will not say, *The zeal of God's House has eaten him up*; but I am sure it has devour'd some Part of his Good Manners and Civility. It might also be doubted, whether it were altogether Zeal, which prompted him to this rough manner of Proceeding; perhaps it became not one of his Function to rake into the Rubbish of Ancient and Modern Plays; a Divine might have employ'd his Pains to better purpose than in the Nastiness of *Plautus* and *Aristophanes*; whose Examples, as they excuse not me, so it might be possibly suppos'd, that he read them not without some Pleasure. They who have written Commentaries on those Poets, or on *Horace*, *Juvenal*, and *Martial*, have explain'd some Vices, which without their Interpretation had been unknown to  
40 Modern Times. Neither has he judg'd impartially betwixt the former Age and us.

There is more Baudry in one Play of *Fletcher's*, called *The Custom of the Country*, than in all ours together. Yet this has been often acted on the Stage in my remembrance. Are the Times so much more reform'd now, than they were Five and twenty Years ago? If they are, I congratulate the Amendment of our Morals. But I am not to prejudice the Cause of my Fellow-Poets, though I abandon my own Defence: They have some of them answer'd for themselves, and neither they nor I can think Mr. *Collier* so formidable an Enemy, that we should shun him. He has lost Ground at the latter end of the Day, by pursuing his Point too far, like the Prince of *Conde* at the Battel of *Seuneph*: From immoral Plays, to no Plays; *ab abusu ad usum, non valet consequentia*. But being a Party, I am not to  
50 erect myself into a Judge. As for the rest of those who have written against me, they are such Scoundrels, that they deserve not the least Notice to be taken of them. B—— and M—— are only distinguish'd from the Crowd by being remember'd to their Infamy.

Demetri, Teque Tigelli  
Discipularum inter júbco plorare cathedras.

TO  
HER GRACE  
THE  
DUTCHESS  
OF  
ORMOND;  
WITH THE FOLLOWING POEM OF  
PALAMON AND ARCITE  
FROM  
CHAUCEER.

TO  
HER GRACE  
THE  
DUTCHESS  
OF  
ORMOND.

<p><b>MADAM</b> The Bard who first adorn'd our Native Tongue Tun'd to his <i>British</i> Lyre this ancient Song - Which <i>Homer</i> might without a Blush rehearse, And leaves a doubtful Palm in <i>Virgil's</i> Verse : He match'd their Beauties, where they most excell ; Of Love sung better, and of Arms as well. Vouchsafe, Illustrious <i>Ormond</i>, to behold What Pow'r the Charms of Beauty had of old ; Nor wonder if such Deeds of Arms were done, Inspir'd by two fair Eyes that sparkled like your own. 10 If <i>Chauceer</i> by the best Idea wrought, And Poets can divine each other's Thought, The fairest Nymph before his Eyes he set ; And then the fairest was <i>Plantagenet</i> ; Who three contending Princes made her Prize, And rul'd the Rival-Nations with her Eyes : Who left Immortal Trophies of her Fame, And to the Noblest Order gave the Name.</p>	<p>Like Her, of equal Kindred to the Throne. You keep her Conquests, and extend your own : 20 As when the Stars, in their Eternal Race, At length have roll'd around the Liquid Space, At certain Periods they resume their Place, From the same Point of Heav'n their Course advance, And move in Measures of their former Dance ; Thus, after length of Ages, she returns, Restor'd in you, and the same Place adorns : Or you perform her Office in the Sphere, Born of her Blood, and make a new Platonick Year. O true <i>Plantagenet</i>, O Race Divine, 30 (For Beauty still is fatal to the Line,) Had <i>Chauceer</i> liv'd that Angel-Face to view, Sure he had drawn his <i>Emily</i> from You ; Or had You liv'd to judge the doubtful Right, Your Noble <i>Palamon</i> had been the Knight : And Conqu'ring <i>Theseus</i> from his Side had sent Your Gen'rous Lord, to guide the <i>Theban</i> Government</p>
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Time shall accomplish that ; and I shall see

A *Palamon* in him, in You an *Emily*.

Already have the Fates your Path prepar'd, 40

And sure Presage your future Sway declar'd :  
When Westward, like the Sun, you took your Way,

And from benighted *Britain* bore the Day,  
Blue *Triton* gave the Signal from the Shore,  
The ready *Nereids* heard, and swam before  
To smoothe the Seas ; a soft *Etesian* Gale  
But just inspir'd, and gently swell'd the Sail ;  
*Portunus* took his Turn, whose ample Hand  
Heav'd up the lighten'd Keel, and sunk the Sand, 49

And steer'd the sacred Vessel safe to Land.  
The Land, if not restrain'd, had met Your Way,

Projected out a Neck, and jutt'd to the Sea.  
*Hibernia*, prostrate at your Feet, ador'd  
In You the Pledge of her expected Lord ;  
Due to her Isle ; a venerable Name ;  
His Father and his Grandsire known to Fame ;

Aw'd by that House, accusom'd to command,

The stirry *Keris* in due subjection stand,  
Nor hear the Reins in any Foreign Hand.

At Your Approach, they crowded to the Port ; 60

And scarcely Landed, You create a Court :  
As *Ormond's* Harbinger, to You they run,  
For *Venus* is the Promise of the Sun.

The Waste of Civil Wars, their Towns destroy'd,

*Pales* unhonour'd, *Ceres* unemploy'd,  
Were all forgot ; and one Triumphant Day  
Wip'd all the Tears of three Campaigns away.  
Blood, Rapines, Massacres, were cheaply bought, 68

Somighty Recompense Your Beauty brought.

As when the Dove returning bore the Mark  
Of Earth restor'd to the long-lab'ring Ark,  
The Relicks of Mankind, secure of Rest,  
Op'd every Window to receive the Guest,  
And the fair Bearer of the Message bless'd ;  
So, when You came, with loud repeated Cries,  
The Nation took an Omen from your Eyes,  
And God advanc'd his Rainbow in the Skies,  
To sign inviolable Peace restor'd ;  
The Saints with solemn Shouts proclaim'd  
the new accord.

When at Your second Coming You appear,  
(For I foretell that Millenary Year) 81

The sharpen'd Share shall vex the Soil no more,

But Earth unbidden shall produce her Store :  
The Land shall laugh, the circling Ocean smile,

And Heav'n's Indulgence bless the Holy Isle.

Heav'n from all Ages has reserv'd for You  
That happy Clime, which Venom never knew ;

Or if it had been there, Your Eyes alone  
Have Pow'r to chase all Poyson, but their own. 89

Now in this Interval, which Fate has cast  
Betwixt Your Future Glories and Your Past,  
This Pause of Pow'r, 'tis *Ireland's* Hour to v-mourn ;

While *England* celebrates Your safe Return,  
By which You seem the Seasons to command.  
And bring our Summers back to their forsaken Land.

The Vanquish'd Isle our Leisure must attend,

Till the Fair Blessing we vouchsafe to send ;  
Nor can we spare You long, though often we may lend.

The Dove was twice employ'd abroad, before  
The World was dry'd ; and she return'd no more. 100

Nor dare we trust so soft a Messenger,  
New from her Sickness, to that Northern Air ;  
Rest here a while. Your Lustre to restore,  
That they may see You, as You shone before ;  
For yet, th' Eclipse not wholly past, You wade

Thro' some Remains and Dimness of a Shade.

A Subject in his Prince may claim a Right,  
Nor suffer him with Strength impair'd to fight ;

Till Force returns, his Ardour we restrain,  
And curb his Warlike Wish to cross the Main.

Now past the Danger, let the Learn'd begin 111

Th' Enquiry, where Disease could enter in ;  
How those malignant Atoms forc'd their Way,

What in the Faultless Frame they found to make their Prey ?

Where ev'ry Element was weigh'd so well,  
That Heav'n alone, who mix'd the Mass, could tell

Which of the Four Ingredients could rebel ;

And where, imprison'd in so sweet a Cage,  
A Soul might well be pleas'd to pass an Age.

And yet the fine Materials made it weak ;  
Porcelain by being Pure, is apt to break. 121  
Ev'n to Your Breast the Sickness durst  
aspire,

And forc'd from that fair Temple to retire,  
Profanely set the Holy Place on Fire. }  
In vain Your Lord, like young *Vespasian*,  
mourn'd,

When the fierce Flames the Sanctuary burn'd,  
And I prepar'd to pay in Verses rude  
A most detested Act of Gratitude :  
Ev'n this had been Your Elegy, which now  
Is offer'd for Your Health, the Table of my  
Vow. 130

Your Angel sure our *Morley's* Mind in-  
spir'd,

To find the Remedy Your Ill requir'd ;  
As once the *Macedon*, by *Jove's* Decree,  
Was taught to dream an Herb for *Ptolomee* :  
Or Heav'n, which had such Over-cost  
bestow'd

As scarce it could afford to Flesh and  
Blood,

So lik'd the Frame, he would not work anew,  
To save the Charges of another You.

Or by his middle Science did he steer, }  
And saw some great contingent Good  
appear, 140

Well worth a Miracle to keep You here,  
And for that End preserv'd the precious  
Mould,

Which all the Future *Ormonds* was to hold ;

And meditated, in his better Mind  
An Heir from You who may redeem the  
failing Kind.

Bless'd be the Power which has at once  
restor'd

The Hopes of lost Succession to Your Lord ;  
Joy to the first, and last of each Degree, }  
Vertue to Courts, and, what I long'd to see, }  
To You the Graces, and the Muse to me.

O daughter of the Rose, whose Cheeks  
unite 151

The diff'ring Titles of the Red and White ;  
Who Heav'n's alternate Beauty well display,  
The Blush of Morning, and the Milky Way ;  
Whose Face is Paradise, but fenc'd from Sin :  
For God in either Eye has placed a Cherubin.

All is Your Lord's alone ; ev'n absent, He  
Employs the Care of Chast *Penelope*.

For him You waste in Tears Your Widow'd  
Hours,

For him Your curious Needle paints the  
Flow'rs ; 160

Such Works of Old Imperial Dames were  
taught,

Such for *Ascanius*, fair *Elisa* wrought.

The soft Recesses of Your Hours improve  
The Three fair Pledges of Your Happy Love :  
All other Parts of Pious Duty done,  
You owe Your *Ormond* nothing but a son,  
To fill in future Times his Father's Place,  
And wear the Garter of his Mother's Race.

145 who] *Derrick and editors till Christie*  
*wrongly give which*

PALAMON  
AND  
ARCITE:  
OR  
The Knight's Tale  
FROM  
CHAUCER  
In Three Books.

BOOK I.

IN Days of old, there liv'd, of mighty Fame  
A valiant Prince; and *Theseus* was his Name:  
A Chief, who more in Feats of Arms excell'd  
The Rising nor the Setting Sun beheld.  
Of *Athens* he was Lord; much Land he won,  
And added Foreign Countrys to his Crown.  
In *Scythia* with the Warriour Queen he strove,  
Whom first by Force he conquer'd, then by  
Love;  
He brought in Triumph back the beauteous  
Dame,  
With whom her Sister, fair *Emilia*, came. 10  
With Honour to his Home let *Theseus* ride,  
With Love to Friend, and Fortune for his  
Guide,  
And his victorious Army at his Side.  
I pass their warlike Pomp, their proud Array,  
Their Shouts, their Songs, their Welcome on  
the Way:  
But, were it not too long, I would recite  
The Feats of *Amazons*, the fatal Fight  
Betwixt the hardy Queen and *Heroe* Knight.  
The Town besieg'd, and how much Blood it  
cost  
The Female Army, and th' *Athenian* Host;  
The Spousals of *Hippolita* the Queen; 21  
What Tilts, and Turneys at the Feast were  
seen;  
The Storm at their Return, the Ladies Fear:  
But these and other Things I must forbear.

The Field is spacious I design to sow,  
With Oxen far unfit to draw the Plow:  
The Remnant of my Tale is of a length  
To tire your Patience, and to waste my  
Strength;  
And trivial Accidents shall be forborn,  
That others may have time to take their  
Turn;  
As was at first enjoin'd us by mine Host:  
That he whose Tale is best, and pleases  
most,  
Should win his Supper at our common Cost.  
And therefore where I left, I will pursue  
This ancient Story, whether false or true,  
In hope it may be mended with a new.  
The Prince I mention'd, full of high Renown,  
In this Array drew near th' *Athenian* Town:  
When, in his Pomp and utmost of his Pride,  
Marching, he chanc'd to cast his Eye aside,  
And saw a Quire of mourning Dames, who  
lay 41  
By Two and Two across the common Way:  
At his Approach they rais'd a rueful Cry,  
And beat their Breasts, and held their Hands  
on high,  
Creeping and crying, till they seiz'd at last  
His Coursers Bridle and his Feet embrac'd.  
Tell me, said *Theseus*, what and whence you  
are,  
And why this Funeral Pageant you prepare?  
Is this the Welcome of my worthy Deeds, 49  
To meet my Triumph in Ill-omen'd Weeds?  
Or envy you my Praise, and would destroy  
With Grief my Pleasures, and pollute my Joy?  
Or are you injur'd, and demand Relief?  
Name your Request, and I will ease your  
Grief.

PALAMON AND ARCITE. The text is that of the first and only contemporary edition, 1700, except for the variants here noted. There are some false stops in the original.

The most in Years of all the Mourning  
Train

Began ; (but sounded first away for Pain)  
Then scarce recover'd, spoke : Nor envy we  
Thy great Renown, nor grudge thy Victory ;  
Tis thine, O King, th' Afflicted to redress,  
And Fame has fill'd the World with thy  
Success : 60

We wretched Women sue for that alone,  
Which of thy Goodness is refus'd to none :  
Let fall some Drops of Pity on our Grief,  
If what we beg be just, and we deserve  
Relief :

For none of us, who now thy Grace implore,  
But held the Rank of Sovereign Queen  
before ;

¶ Till, thanks to giddy Chance, which never  
bears

That Mortal Bliss should last for length of  
Years,

She cast us headlong from our high Estate,  
And here in hope of thy Return we wait : 70  
And long have waited in the Temple nigh,  
Built to the gracious Goddess *Clemency*.

But rev'rence thou the Pow'r whose Name it  
bears,

Relieve th' Oppressed, and wipe the Widows  
Tears.

I, wretched I, have other Fortune seen,  
The Wife of *Capaneus*, and once a Queen :  
At *Thebes* he fell ; curs'd be the fatal Day !  
And all the rest thou seest in this Array,  
To make their Moan their Lords in Battel lost,  
Before that Town besieg'd by our Confed'rate  
Host : 80

But *Creon*, old and impious, who commands  
The *Theban* City, and usurps the Lands,  
Denies the Rites of Fun'ral Fires to those  
Whose breathless Bodies yet he calls his  
Foes.

Unburn'd, unbury'd, on a Heap they lie ;  
Such is their Fate, and such his Tyranny ;  
No Friend has leave to bear away the Dead,  
But with their Lifeless Limbs his Hounds are  
fed.

At this she shriek'd aloud, the mournful  
Train

Echo'd her Grief, and grov'ling on the Plain,

56 sounded] i e swoon'd *The form is genuine  
and was used by Goldsmith Many editors  
wrongly give swooned and Christie gives  
swoounded*

89 shriek'd] shriek'd 1700.

With Groans, and Hands upheld, to move  
his Mind, 91

Besought his Pity to their helpless Kind !

The Prince was touch'd, his Tears began  
to flow,

And, as his tender Heart would break in two,  
He sigh'd ; and could not but their Fate  
deplore,

So wretched now, so fortunate before.

Then lightly from his lofty Steed he flew,  
And raising one by one the suppliant Crew,

To comfort each, full solemnly he swore,  
That by the Faith which Knights to Knight-  
hood bore, 100

And what e'er else to Chivalry belongs,  
He would not cease, till he reveng'd their  
Wrongs :

That *Greece* should see perform'd what he  
declar'd,

And cruel *Creon* find his just Reward.

He said no more, but shunning all Delay

Rode on ; nor enter'd *Athens* on his Way ;

But left his Sister and his Queen behind,

And wav'd his Royal Banner in the Wind :

Where in an *Argent* Field the God of War

Was drawn triumphant on his Iron Carr ;

Red was his Sword, and Shield, and whole  
Attire, 111

And all the Godhead seem'd to glow with  
Fire ;

Ev'n the Ground glitter'd where the Stan-  
dard flew,

And the green Grass was dy'd to sanguine  
Hue.

High on his pointed Lance his Pennon bore

His *Cretan* Fight, the conquer'd *Minotaure* :

The Soldiers shout around with generous  
Rage,

And in that Victory, their own presage.

He prais'd their Ardour, inly pleas'd to see

His Host, the Flow'r of *Grecian* Chivalry. 120

All Day he march'd ; and all th' ensuing  
Night ;

And saw the City with returning Light.

The Process of the War I need not tell,

How *Theseus* conquer'd, and how *Creon* fell :

Or after, how by Storm the Walls were won,

Or how the Victor sack'd and burn'd the  
Town ;

How to the Ladies he restor'd again

The Bodies of their Lords in Battel slain ;

103 he] de 1700 : a misprint.



And with what ancient Rites they were  
interr'd ;

All these to fitter time shall be deferr'd : 130  
I spare the Widows Tears, their woful Cries,  
And Howling at their Husbands Obsequies ;  
How *Theseus* at these Fun'ral's did assist,  
And with what Gifts the mourning Dames  
dismiss'd.

Thus when the Victor Chief had *Creon*  
slain,  
And conquer'd *Thebes*, he pitch'd upon the  
Plain  
His mighty Camp, and when the Day  
return'd,  
The Country wasted and the Hamlets burn'd ;  
And left the Pillagers, to Rapine bred,  
Without Controul to strip and spoil the  
Dead. 140

There, in a Heap of Slain, among the rest  
Two youthful Knights they found beneath  
a Load oppress'd  
Of slaughter'd Foes, whom first to Death  
they sent,  
The Trophies of their Strength, a bloody  
Monument.

Both fair, and both of Royal Blood they  
seem'd,  
Whom Kinsmen to the Crown the Heralds  
deem'd ;  
That Day in equal Arms they fought for  
Fame ;  
Their Swords, their Shields, their Surcoats  
were the same.

Close by each other laid they press'd the  
Ground,  
Their manly Bosoms pierc'd with many  
a griesly Wound ; 150  
Nor well alive nor wholly dead they were,  
But some faint Signs of feeble Life appear :  
The wandring Breath was on the Wing to  
part,

Weak was the Pulse, and hardly heav'd the  
Heart.

These two were Sisters Sons ; and *Arcite* one,  
Much fam'd in Fields, with valiant *Palamon*.  
From These their costly Arms the Spoilers  
rent,

And softly both convey'd to *Theseus* Tent :  
Whom, known of *Creon's* Line and cur'd  
with Care, 159

He to his City sent as Pris'ners of the War,  
Hopeless of Ransom, and condemn'd to lie  
In Durance, doom'd a lingering Death to die.

This done, he march'd away with warlike  
Sound,  
And to his *Athens* turn'd with Laurels  
crown'd,

Where happy long he liv'd, much lov'd,  
and more renown'd.

But in a Tow'r, and never to be loos'd,  
The woful captive Kinsmen are enclos'd.

Thus Year by Year they pass, and Day by  
Day,

Till once ('twas on the Morn of chearful *May*)  
The young *Emilia*, fairer to be seen 170

Than the fair Lilly on the Flow'ry Green,  
More fresh than *May* her self in Blossoms  
new,

(For with the rosie Colour strove her Hue)  
Wak'd, as her Custom was, before the Day, 175

To do th' Observance due to sprightly *May* :  
For sprightly *May* commands our Youth to  
keep

The Vigils of her Night, and breaks their  
sluggard Sleep :

Each gentle Breast with kindly Warmth she  
moves ;

Inspires new Flames, revives extinguish'd  
Loves.

In this Remembrance *Emily* e'er day 180  
Arose, and dress'd her self in rich Array ;

Fresh as the Month, and as the Morning  
fair :

Adown her Shoulders fell her Length of  
Hair :

A Ribband did the braided Tresses bind,  
The rest was loose, and wanton'd in the  
Wind :

*Aurora* had but newly chas'd the Night,  
And purpl'd o'er the Sky with blushing Light,

When to the Garden-walk she took her way,  
To sport and trip along in Cool of Day, 190

And offer Maiden Vows in Honour of the  
*May*.

At ev'ry Turn she made a little Stand,  
And thrust among the Thorns her Lilly hand

To draw the Rose ; and ev'ry Rose she drew,  
She shook the Stalk, and brush'd away the  
Dew :

Then party-colour'd Flow'rs of white and red  
She wove, to make a Garland for her Head :

This done, she sung and caroll'd out so clear,  
That Men and Angels might rejoice to hear.

Ev'n wondring *Philomel* forgot to sing,  
And learn'd from Her to welcome in the  
Spring. 2007

The Tow'r, of which before was mention  
made,  
Within whose Keep the captive Knights were  
laid,

Built of a large Extent, and strong withal,  
Was one Partition of the Palace Wall :  
The Garden was enclos'd within the Square  
Where young *Emilla* took the Morning-Air.

It happen'd *Palamon*, the Pris'ner Knight,  
Restless for Woe, arose before the Light,  
And with his Jaylor's leave desir'd to breathe  
An Air more wholesom than the Damps  
beneath. 210

This granted, to the Tow'r he took his way,  
Cheer'd with the Promise of a glorious Day :  
Then cast a languishing Regard around,  
And saw with hateful Eyes the Temples  
crown'd  
With golden Spires, and all the Hostile  
Ground.

He sigh'd, and turned his Eyes, because he  
knew

'Twas but a larger Jayl he had in view :

Then look'd below, and from the Castles  
height

Beheld a nearer and more pleasing Sight ;  
'T'he Garden, which before he had not seen,  
In Spring's new Livery clad of White and  
Green, 221

Fresh Flow'rs in wide *Parterres*, and shady  
Walks between.

This view'd, but not enjoy'd, with Arms  
across

He stood, reflecting on his Country's Loss ;  
Himself an Object of the Publick Scorn,  
And often wish'd he never had been born.  
At last (for so his Destiny requir'd)

With walking giddy, and with thinking tir'd,  
He thro' a little Window cast his Sight,  
Tho' thick of Bars, that gave a scanty Light:  
But ev'n that Glimmering serv'd him to  
descry 231

Th' inevitable Charms of *Emily*.

Scarce had he seen, but, seiz'd with sudden  
Smart,

Stung to the Quick, he felt it at his Heart ;  
Struck blind with overpowering Light he  
stood,

Then started back amaz'd, and cry'd aloud.

Young *Arcite* heard ; and up he ran with  
haste,

To help his Friend, and in his Arms em-  
brac'd ;

And ask'd him why he look'd so deadly wan,  
And whence, and how, his change of Cheer  
began ? 240

Or who had done th' offence ? But if, said he,  
Your Grief alone is hard Captivity ;

For Love of Heav'n, with Patience undergo  
A cureless Ill, since Fate will have it so :

So stood our *Horoscope* in Chains to lie,  
And *Saturn* in the Dungeon of the Sky,

Or other baleful Aspect, rul'd our Birth,  
When all the friendly Stars were under Earth :

Whate'er betides, by Destiny 'tis done ;  
And better bear like Men, than vainly seek  
to shun, 250

Nor of my bonds, said *Palamon* again,  
Nor of unhappy Planets I complain ;

But when my mortal Anguish caus'd my Cry,  
The Moment I was hurt thro' either Eye ;

Pierc'd with a Random-shaft, I faint away,  
And perish with insensible Decay :

A Glance of some new Goddess gave the  
Wound,

Whom, like *Acleon*, unaware I found. 258

Look how she walks along yon shady Space ;  
Not *Juno* moves with more Majestick Grace,

And all the *Cyprian* Queen is in her face.  
If thou art *Venus*, (for thy Charms confess

That Face was form'd in Heaven) nor art  
thou less ;

Disguis'd in Habit, undisguis'd in Shape,  
O help us Captives from our Chains to scape ;

But if our Doom be past in Bonds to lie  
For Life, and in a loathsom Dungeon die ;

Then be thy Wrath appeas'd with our Dis-  
grace,

And show Compassion to the *Theban* Race,  
Oppress'd by Tyrant Pow'r ! While yet he  
spoke, 270

*Arcite* on *Emily* had fix'd his Look ;

The fatal Dart a ready Passage found,  
And deep within his Heart infix'd the Wound :

So that if *Palamon* were wounded sore,  
*Arcite* was hurt as much as he, or more :

Then from his inmost Soul he sigh'd, and  
said,

The Beauty I behold has struck me dead :  
Unknowingly she strikes, and kills by chance ;

Poyson is in her Eyes, and Death in ev'ry  
Glance.

O, I must ask ; nor ask alone, but move 280  
Her Mind to Mercy, or must die for Love.

Thus *Arcite* : And thus *Palamon* replies,  
(Eager his Tone, and ardent were his Eyes.)

Speak'st thou in earnest, or in jesting Vein?  
 Jestings, said *Arcite*, suits but ill with Pain.  
 It suits far worse, (said *Palamon* again,  
 And bent his Brows) with Men who Honour

weigh,  
 Their Faith to break, their friendship to  
 betray ; 288

But worst with Thee, of Noble Lineage born,  
 My Kinsman, and in Arms my Brother sworn.  
 Have we not plighted each our holy Oath,  
 That one shou'd be the Common Good of  
 both ?

One Soul shou'd both inspire, and neither  
 prove

His Fellows Hindrance in pursuit of Love ?  
 To this before the Gods we gave our Hands,  
 And nothing but our Death can break the  
 Bands.

This binds thee, then, to farther my Design,  
 As I am bound by Vow to farther thine :

Nor canst, nor dar'st thou, Traytor, on the  
 Plain 299

Approach my Honour, or thy own maintain,  
 Since thou art of my Council, and the Friend  
 Whose Faith I trust, and on whose Care  
 depend :

And would'st thou court my Ladies Love,  
 which I

Much rather than release, would chuse to die?  
 But thou, false *Arcite*, never shalt obtain,  
 Thy bad Pretence; I told thee first my  
 Pain :

For first my Love began e'er thine was born ;  
 Thou, as my Council, and my Brother sworn,  
 Art bound t'assist my Eldership of Right,  
 Or justly to be deem'd a perjur'd Knight. 310

Thus *Palamon* : But *Arcite* with disdain  
 In haughty Language thus reply'd again :  
 Forsworn thy self : The Traytor's odious  
 Name

I first return, and then disprove thy Claim.  
 If Love be Passion, and that Passion nurst  
 With strong Desires, I lov'd the Lady first.  
 Canst thou pretend Desire, whom Zeal in-  
 flam'd

To worship, and a Pow'r Cœlestial nam'd ?  
 Thine was Devotion to the Blest above,  
 I saw the Woman, and desir'd her Love ; 320  
 First own'd my Passion, and to thee com-  
 mend

Th' important Secret, as my chosen Friend.  
 Suppose (which yet I grant not) thy Desire  
 A Moment elder than my Rival Fire ;

Can Chance of seeing first thy Title prove ?  
 And know'st thou not, no Law is made for  
 Love ?

Law is to Things which to free Choice relate ;  
 Love is not in our Choice, but in our Fate :  
 Laws are but positive : Loves Pow'r we see  
 Is Natures Sanction, and her first Decree. 330  
 Each Day we break the Bond of Humane  
 Laws

For Love, and vindicate the Common Cause.  
 Laws for Defence of Civil Rights are plac'd,  
 Love throws the Fences down, and makes  
 a general Waste :

Maids, Widows, Wives, without distinction  
 fall ;

The sweeping Deluge, Love, comes on and  
 covers all.

If then the Laws of Friendship I transgress,  
 I keep the Greater, while I break the Less ;  
 And both are mad alike, since neither can  
 possess.

Both hopeless to be ransom'd, never more  
 To see the Sun, but as he passes o'er. 341  
 Like Esop's Hounds contending for the Bone,  
 Each pleaded Right, and wou'd be lord  
 alone ;

The fruitless Fight continu'd all the Day,  
 A Cur came by and snatch'd the Prize away.  
 As Courtiers therefore juggle for a Grant,  
 And when they break their Friendship, plead  
 their Want,

So thou, if Fortune will thy Suit advance,  
 Love on ; nor envy me my equal Chance :  
 For I must love, and am resolv'd to try 350  
 My Fate, or failing in th' Adventure die.

Great was their Strife, which hourly was  
 renew'd,

Till each with mortal Hate his Rival view'd :  
 Now Friends no more, nor walking Hand in  
 Hand ;

But when they met, they made a surly Stand ;  
 And glar'd like angry Lions as they pass'd,  
 And wish'd that every Look might be their  
 last.

It chanc'd at length, *Perithous* came  
 t' attend

This worthy *Theseus*, his familiar Friend :

342 The first edition began a new paragraph here. This was a mistake, but it led some editors to suppose that *Arcite's* speech ended with the words passes o'er. In fact it goes down to in th' Adventure die, but the lines are not quite grammatical.

Their Love in early Infancy began, 360  
 And rose as Childhood ripen'd into Man.  
 Companions of the War; and lov'd so well,  
 That when one dy'd, as ancient Stories tell,  
 His Fellow to redeem him went to Hell.  
 But to pursue my Tale; to welcome  
 home  
 His Warlike Brother, is *Perithous* come:  
*Arcite* of *Thebes* was known in Arms long  
 since,  
 And honour'd by this young *Thessalian*  
 Prince.  
 Theseus, to gratifie his Friend and Guest,  
 Who made our *Arcite's* Freedom his Request,  
 Restor'd to Liberty the Captive Knight, 371  
 But on these hard Conditions I recite:  
 That if hereafter *Arcite* shou'd be found  
 Within the Compass of *Athenian* Ground,  
 By Day or Night, or on whate'er Pretence,  
 His Head shou'd pay the Forfeit of th'  
 Offence.  
 To this *Perithous* for his Friend agreed,  
 And on his Promise was the Pris'n'r freed.  
 Unpleas'd and pensive hence he takes his  
 way,  
 At his own Peril; for his Life must pay.  
 Who now but *Arcite* mourns his bitter  
 Fate, 381  
 Finds his dear Purchase, and repents too  
 late?  
 What have I gain'd, he said, in Prison pent,  
 If I but change my Bonds for Banishment?  
 And banish'd from her Sight, I suffer more  
 In Freedom than I felt in Bonds before;  
 Forc'd from her Presence and condemn'd to  
 live:  
 Unwelcom Freedom and unthank'd Reprieve:  
 Heav'n is not but where *Emily* abides, 389  
 And where she's absent, all is Hell besides.  
 Next to my Day of Birth, was that accurst  
 Which bound my Friendship to *Perithous*  
 first:  
 Had I not known that Prince, I still had  
 been  
 In Bondage, and had still *Enilia* seen:  
 For tho' I never can her Grace deserve,  
 'Tis Recompense enough to see and serve.  
 O *Palamon*, my Kinsman and my Friend,  
 How much more happy Fates thy Love  
 attend!

Thine is th' Adventure; thine the Victory:  
 Well has thy Fortune turn'd the Dice for  
 thee: 400  
 Thou on that Angels Face maist feed thy  
 Eyes,  
 In Prison, no; but blissful Paradise!  
 Thou daily seest that Sun of Beauty shine,  
 And lov'st at least in Loves extreamest Line,  
 I mourn in Absence, Loves Eternal Night;  
 And who can tell but since thou hast her  
 Sight,  
 And art a comely, young, and valiant  
 Knight,  
 Fortune (a various Pow'r) may cease to  
 frown,  
 And by some Ways unknown thy Wishes  
 crown:  
 But I, the most forlorn of Humane Kind, 410  
 Nor Help can hope, nor Remedy can find;  
 But doom'd to drag my loathsome Life in  
 Care,  
 For my Reward, must end it in Despair.  
 Fire, Water, Air, and Earth, and Force of  
 Fates  
 That governs all, and Heav'n that all  
 creates,  
 Nor Art, nor Natures Hand can ease my  
 Grief;  
 Nothing but Death, the Wretches last  
 Relief:  
 Then farewell Youth, and all the Joys that  
 dwell  
 With Youth and Life, and Life it self, fare-  
 well.  
 But why, alas! do mortal Men in vain 420  
 Of Fortune, Fate, or Providence complain?  
 God gives us what he knows our Wants  
 require,  
 And better Things than those which we  
 desire:  
 Some pray for Riches; Riches they obtain;  
 But watch'd by Robbers, for their Wealth  
 are slain:  
 Some pray from Prison to be freed; and  
 come  
 When guilty of their Vows, to fall at home;  
 Murder'd by those they trusted with their  
 Life,  
 A favour'd Servant, or a Bosom Wife.  
 Such dear-bought Blessings happen ev'ry  
 Day, 430  
 Because we know not for what Things to  
 pray.

377 To this *Perithous* for his Friend] To this,  
*Perithous* for his Friend, 1700.

Like drunken Sots about the Streets we  
roam

Well knows the Sot he has a certain Home ;  
Yet knows not how to find th' uncertain  
Place,

And blunders on, and staggers ev'ry Pace.  
Thus all seek Happiness ; but few can find,  
For far the greater Part of Men are blind.  
This is my Case, who thought our utmost  
Good

Was in one Word of Freedom understood :  
The fatal Blessing came : From Prison free,  
I starve abroad, and lose the Sight of  
*Emily*. 441

Thus *Arcite* : but if *Arcite* thus deplore  
His Sufferings, *Palamon* yet suffers more.  
For when he knew his Rival freed and  
gone,

He swells with Wrath ; he makes outrageous  
Moan :

He frets, he fumes, he stares, he stamps the  
Ground ;

The hollow Tow'r with Clamours rings  
around :

With briny Tears he bath'd his fetter'd  
Feet,

And dropp'd all o'er with Agony of Sweat.  
Alas ! he cry'd, I, Wretch, in Prison pine, 450  
Too happy Rival, while the Fruit is thine :  
Thou liv'st at large, thou draw'st thy Native  
Air,

Pleas'd with thy Freedom, proud of my  
Despair :

Thou may'st, since thou hast Youth and  
Courage join'd,

A sweet Behaviour, and a solid Mind,  
Assemble ours, and all the *Theban* Race,  
To vindicate on *Athens* thy Disgrace ;  
And after (by some Treaty made) possess  
Fair *Emily*, the Pledge of lasting Peace.

So thine shall be the beauteous Prize, while I  
Must languish in Despair, in Prison die. 461  
Thus all th' Advantage of the Strife is thine,  
Thy portion double Joys, and double Sorrows  
mine.

The Rage of Jealousie then fir'd his Soul,  
And his Face kindl'd like a burning Coal :  
Now cold Despair, succeeding in her stead,  
To livid Paleness turns the glowing Red.  
His Blood scarce Liquid, creeps within his  
Veins,

Like Water which the freezing Wind con-  
strains.

Then thus he said ; Eternal Deities 470  
Who rule the World with absolute Decrees,  
And write whatever Time shall bring to-  
pass

With Pens of Adamant on Plates of Brass ;  
What is the Race of Humane Kind your  
Care

Beyond what all his Fellow-Creatures are ?  
He with the rest is liable to Pain,  
And like the Sheep, his Brother-Beast, is  
slain.

Cold, Hunger, Prisons, Ills without a Cure,  
All these he must, and guiltless oft, endure :  
Or does your Justice, Pow'r, or Prescience  
fail, 480

When the Good suffer and the Bad prevail ?  
What worse to wretched Vertue could befall,  
If Fate, or giddy Fortune govern'd all ?

Nay, worse than other Beasts is our Estate :  
Them, to pursue their Pleasures you create ;  
We, bound by harder Laws, must curb our  
Will,

And your Commands, not our Desires  
fulfil :

Then when the Creature is unjustly slain,  
Yet, after Death at least, he feels no  
Pain ;

But Man in Life surcharg'd with Woe before,  
Not freed when dead, is doom'd to suffer  
more. 491

A Serpent shoots his Sting at unaware ;  
An ambush'd Thief forelays a Traveller ;  
The Man lies murder'd, while the Thief and  
Snake,

One gains the Thickets, and one thrids the  
Brake.

This let Divines decide ; but well I know,  
Just, or unjust, I have my Share of Woe :  
Through *Saturn* seated in a luckless Place,  
'And *Juno's* Wrath, that persecutes my  
Race ;

Or *Mars* and *Venus* in a Quartil, move 500  
My Pangs of Jealousie for *Arcite's* Love.

Let *Palamon* oppress'd in Bondage mourn,  
While to his exil'd Rival we return.

By this the Sun, declining from his Height,  
The Day had shortned to prolong the Night :  
The lengthen'd Night gave length of Misery  
Both to the Captive Lover, and the Free :  
For *Palamon* in endless Prison mourns,  
And *Arcite* forfeits Life if he returns. 509

The Banish'd never hopes his Love to see,  
Nor hopes the Captive Lord his Liberty :

'Tis hard to say who suffers greater Pains,  
One sees his Love, but cannot break his  
Chains :

One free, and all his Motions uncontroll'd,  
Beholds whate'er he wou'd, but what he  
wou'd behold.

Judge as you please, for I will haste to tell  
What Fortune to the banish'd Knight befel.  
When *Arcite* was to *Thebes* return'd again,  
The Loss of her he lov'd renew'd his Pain ;  
What could be worse than never more to see  
His Life, his Soul, his charming *Emily* ? 521  
He rav'd with all the Madness of Despair,  
He roar'd, he beat his Breast, he tore his  
Hair.

Dry Sorrow in his stupid Eyes appears,  
For wanting Nourishment, he wanted Tears :  
His Eye-balls in their hollow Sockets sink,  
Bereft of Sleep ; he loaths his Meat and  
Drink :

He withers at his Heart, and looks as wan  
As the pale spectre of a murder'd Man : 529  
That Pale turns Yellow, and his Face receives  
The faded Hue of sapless Boxen Leaves ;  
In solitary Groves he makes his Moan,  
Walks early out, and ever is alone.  
Nor mix'd in Mirth, in youthful Pleasure  
shares,

But sighs when Songs and Instruments he  
hears.

His Spirits are so low, his Voice is drown'd, }  
He hears as from afar, or in a Swoond, }  
Like the deaf Murmurs of a distant Sound : }  
Uncomb'd his locks, and squalid his Attire,  
Unlike the Trim of Love and gay Desire ;  
But full of museful Mopings, which pre-  
sage 541

The loss of Reason, and conclude in Rage.

This when he had endur'd a Year and  
more,  
Now wholly chang'd from what he was  
before,

It happen'd once, that, slumbring as he lay,  
He dreamt (his Dream began at Break of  
Day)

That *Hermes* o'er his Head in Air appear'd,  
And with soft Words his drooping Spirits  
cheer'd :

His Hat adorn'd with Wings disclos'd the God,  
And in his Hand he bore the Sleep-com-  
pelling Rod ; 550

Such as he seem'd, when at his Sire's Com-  
mand,

On *Argus* Head he laid the Snaky Wand ;  
Arise, he said, to conquer *Athens* go,  
There Fate appoints an End of all thy Woe.  
The fright awaken'd *Arcite* with a Start,  
Against his Bosom bound'd his heaving  
Heart ;

But soon he said, with scarce-recover'd  
Breath,

And thither will I go to meet my Death,  
Sure to be slain ; but Death is my Desire,  
Since in *Emilia*'s Sight I shall expire. 560  
By chance he spy'd a Mirror while he spoke,  
And gazing there beheld his alter'd Look ;  
Wondering, he saw his Features and his Hue  
So much were chang'd, that scarce himself he  
knew.

A sudden Thought then starting in his Mind,  
Since I in *Arcite* cannot *Arcite* find,  
The World may search in vain with all their  
Eyes,

But never penetrate through this Disguise.  
Thanks to the Change which Grief and Sick-  
ness give,

In low Estate I may securely live, 570  
And see unknown my Mistress Day by Day.  
He said, and cloth'd himself in course Array ;  
A lab'ring Hind in shew: Then forth he went,  
And to the *Athenian* Tow'rs his Journey  
bent :

One Squire attended in the same Disguise,  
Made conscious of his Master's Enterprize.  
Arriv'd at *Athens*, soon he came to Court,  
Unknown, unquestion'd in that thick Resort ;  
Proff'ring for Hire his Service at the Gate,  
To drudge, draw Water, and to run or wait

So fair befel him, that for little Gain 581  
He serv'd at first *Emilia*'s Chamberlain ;

And, watchful all Advantages to spy,  
Was still at Hand, and in his Master's Eye ;  
And as his Bones were big, and Sinews strong,  
Refus'd no Toil that could to Slaves belong ;  
But from deep Wells with Engines Water  
drew,

And us'd his Noble Hands the Wood to hew.  
He pass'd a Year at least attending thus  
On *Emily*, and call'd *Philostratus*. 590

But never was there Man of his Degree  
So much esteem'd, so well belov'd as he.  
So gentle of Condition was he known,  
That through the Court his Courtesie was  
blown :

All think him worthy of a greater Place,  
And recommend him to the Royal Grace ;

That exercis'd within a higher Sphere,  
His Vertues more conspicuous might appear.  
Thus by the general Voice was *Arcite* prais'd,  
And by Great *Theseus* to high Favour rais'd;  
Among his Menial Servants first enroll'd, 601  
And largely entertain'd with Sums of Gold:  
Besides what secretly from *Thebes* was  
sent,  
Of his own Income, and his Annual Rent.

This well employ'd, he purchas'd Friends  
and Fame,  
But cautiously conceal'd from whence it  
came.  
Thus for three Years he liv'd with large  
Increase,  
In Arms of Honour, and Esteem in Peace;  
To *Theseus* Person he was ever near, 609  
And *Theseus* for his Vertues held him dear.

*The End of the First Book.*

PALAMON AND ARCITE: OR, THE KNIGHT'S TALE.

BOOK II.

WHILE *Arcite* lives in Bliss, the Story turns  
Where hopeless *Palamon* in Prison mourns.  
For six long Years immur'd, the captive  
Knight  
Had dragg'd his Chains, and scarcely seen  
the Light:

Lost Liberty, and Love at once he bore;  
His Prison pain'd him much, his Passion  
more:

Nor dares he hope his Fetters to remove,  
Nor ever wishes to be free from Love.

But when the sixth revolving Year was run,  
And *May* within the *Twins* received the Sun,  
Were it by Chance, or forceful Destiny, 11  
Which forms in Causes first whate'er shall be,  
Assisted by a Friend one Moonless Night,  
This *Palamon* from Prison took his flight:  
A pleasant Beverage he prepar'd before  
Of Wine and Honey mix'd, with added Store  
Of *Optum*; to his Keeper this he brought,  
Who swallow'd unaware the sleepy Draught,  
And snor'd secure till Morn, his Senses bound  
In Slumber, and in long Oblivion drown'd.  
Short was the Night, and careful *Palamon* 21  
Sought the next Covert e'er the rising Sun.  
A thick spread Forest near the City lay,  
To this with lengthened Strides he took  
his Way,  
(For far he cou'd not fly, and fear'd the  
Day:)

Safe from Pursuit, he meant to shun the  
Light,

Till the brown Shadows of the friendly Night  
To *Thebes* might favour his intended Flight.)  
When to his Country come, his next Design  
Was all the *Theban* Race in Arms to join, 30

And war on *Theseus*, till he lost his Life,  
Or won the Beauteous *Emily* to Wife.  
Thus while his thoughts the lingring Day  
beguile,

To gentle *Arcite* let us turn our Style;  
Who little dreamt how nigh he was to Care,  
Till treacherous Fortune caught him in the  
Snare.

The Morning-Lark, the Messenger of Day,  
Saluted in her Song the Morning gray;  
And soon the Sun arose with Beams so bright,  
That all th' Horizon laugh'd to see the joyous  
Sight; 40

He with his tepid Rays the Rose renews,  
And licks the dropping Leaves, and dries the  
Dews;

When *Arcite* left his Bed, resolv'd to pay  
Observance to the Month of merry *May*,  
Forth on his fiery Steed betimes he rode,  
That scarcely prints the Turf on which he  
trod:

At ease he seem'd, and prancing o'er the  
Plains,

Turn'd only to the Grove his Horse's Reins,  
The Grove I nam'd before; and lighting  
there,

A Woodbind Garland sought to crown his  
Hair; 50

Then turned his Face against the rising Day,  
And rais'd his Voice to welcom in the *May*.

For thee, sweet Month, the Groves green  
Liv'ries wear:

If not the first, the fairest of the Year:  
For thee the Graces lead the dancing Hours,  
And Nature's ready Pencil paints the Flow'rs:

42 dropping] Warton and others wrongly give  
drooping

When thy short Reign is past, the Fev'rish  
Sun

The sultry Tropick fears, and moves more  
slowly on.

So may thy tender Blossoms fear no Blite,  
Nor Goats with venom'd Teeth thy Tendrils  
bite,

As thou shalt guide my wandring Feet to  
find

The fragrant Greens I seek, my Brows to  
bind.

His Vows address'd, within the Grove he  
stray'd,

Till Fate, or Fortune, near the Place con-  
vey'd

His Steps where secret *Palamon* was laid.  
Full little thought of him the gentle Knight,

Who flying Death had there conceal'd his  
Flight,

In Brakes and Brambles hid, and shunning  
Mortal Sight ;

And less he knew him for his hated Foe,  
But fear'd him as a Man he did not know. 70

But as it has been said of ancient Years,  
That Fields are full of Eyes, and Woods have  
Ears ;

For this the Wise are ever on their Guard,  
For, Unforeseen, they say, is unprepar'd.

Uncautious *Arcite* thought himself alone,  
And less than all suspected *Palamon*,

Who, listning, heard him, while he search'd  
the Grove,

And loudly sung his Roundelay of Love :  
But on the sudden stopp'd, and silent stood,

(As Lovers often muse, and change their  
Mood ;)

Now high as Heav'n, and then as low as Hell,  
Now up, now down, as Buckets in a Well :

For *Venus*, like her Day, will change her  
Cheer,

And seldom shall we see a *Friday* clear.  
Thus *Arcite* having sung, with alter'd Hue

Sunk on the Ground, and from his Bosom  
drew

A desp'rate Sigh, accusing Heav'n and Fate,  
And angry *Juno's* unrelenting Hate.

Curs'd be the Day when first I did appear ;  
Let it be blotted from the Calendar, 90

Lest it pollute the Month, and poison all  
the Year.

Still will the jealous Queen pursue our  
Race ?

*Cadmus* is dead, the *Theban* City was :

Yet ceases not her Hate : For all who come  
From *Cadmus* are involv'd in *Cadmus* Doom.

I suffer for my Blood : Unjust Decree !  
That punishes another's Crime on me.

In mean Estate I serve my mortal Foe,  
The Man who caus'd my Country's Overthrow

This is not all ; for *Juno*, to my Shame, 100  
Has forc'd me to forsake my former Name ;

*Arcite* I was, *Philostratus* I am.  
That side of Heav'n is all my Enemy :

*Mars* ruin'd *Thebes* ; his Mother ruin'd me.  
Of all the Royal Race remains but one

Beside my self, th' unhappy *Palamon*,  
Whom *Theseus* holds in Bonds, and will not  
free ;

Without a Crime, except his Kin to me.  
Yet these, and all the rest I cou'd endure ;

But Love's a Malady without a Cure : 110  
Fierce Love has pierc'd me with his fiery  
Dart,

He fries within, and hisses at my Heart.  
Your Eyes, fair *Emily*, my Fate pursue ;

I suffer for the rest, I die for you.  
Of such a Goddess no Time leaves Record,

Who burn'd the Temple where she was  
ador'd :

And let it burn, I never will complain,  
Pleas'd with my Suff'rings, if you knew my  
Pain.

At thus a sickly Qualm his Heart assail'd,  
His Ears ring inward, and his Senses fail'd.

No Word miss'd *Palamon* of all he spoke, 121  
But soon to deadly Pale he chang'd his Look :

He trembl'd ev'ry Limb, and felt a Smart,  
As if cold Steel had glided through his Heart ;

Nor longer staid, but starting from his Place,  
Discover'd stood, and shew'd his hostile Face :

False Traytor, *Arcite*, Traytor to thy Blood,  
Bound by thy sacred Oath to seek my Good,

Now art thou found forsworn for *Emily* ;  
And dar'st attempt her Love, for whom I die.

So hast thou cheated *Theseus* with a Wile,  
Against thy Vow, returning to beguile 132

Under a borrow'd Name : As false to me,  
So false thou art to him who set thee free

But rest assur'd, that either thou shalt die,  
Or else renounce thy Claim in *Emily* :

For though unarm'd I am, and (freed by  
Chance)

Am here without my Sword, or pointed  
Lance,



Hope not, base Man, unquestion'd hence to

go,  
For I am *Palamon*, thy mortal Foe. 140  
*Arcite*, who heard his Tale and knew the  
Man,

His sword unsheath'd, and fiercely thus  
began :

Now, by the Gods who govern Heav'n above,  
Wert thou not weak with Hunger, mad with  
Love,

That Word had been thy last, or in this  
Grove

This Hand should force thee to renounce thy  
Love.

The Surety which I gave thee I defie ;  
Fool, not to know that Love endures no Tie,  
And *Jove* but laughs at Lovers Perjury. 149

Know, I will serve the fair in thy despight ;  
But since thou art my Kinsman, and a Knight,  
Here, have my Faith, to-morrow in this  
Grove

Our Arms shall plead the Titles of our Love :  
And Heaven so help my Right, as I alone  
Will come, and keep the Cause and Quarrel  
both unknown ;

With Arms of Proof both for myself and thee ;  
Chuse thou the best, and leave the worst to  
me.

And, that at better Ease thou maist abide.  
Bedding and Clothes I will this Night provide,  
And needful Sustenance, that thou maist be  
A Conquest better won, and worthy me. 161  
His Promise *Palamon* accepts ; but pray'd,  
To keep it better than the first he made.

Thus fair they parted till the *Morrows* Dawn ;  
For each had laid his plighted Faith to Pawn.  
Oh Love ! Thou sternly dost thy Pow'r  
maintain,

And wilt not bear a Rival in thy Reign,  
Tyrants and thou all Fellowship disdain. }

This was in *Arcite* prov'd and *Palamon* :  
Both in Despair, yet each would love alone.

*Arcite* return'd, and, as in Honour ty'd, 171  
His Foe with Bedding, and with Food sup-  
ply'd ;

Then, e'er the Day, two Suits of Armour  
sought,

Which born before him on his Steed he  
brought :

Both were of shining Steel, and wrought so  
pure

As might the Strokes of two such Arms  
endure.

Now, at the Time, and in th' appointed Place.  
The Challenger, and Challeng'd, Face to Face,  
Approach ; each other from afar they knew, \*  
And from afar their Hatred chang'd their  
Hue. 180

So stands the *Thracian* Heardsman with his  
Spear,

Full in the Gap, and hopes the hunted Bear,  
And hears him rustling in the Wood, and sees  
His Course at Distance by the bending Trees:

And thinks, Here comes my mortal Enemy,  
And either he must fall in Fight, or I :

This while he thinks, he lifts aloft his Dart ;  
A gen'rous Chillness seizes ev'ry Part ;

The Veins pour back the Blood, and fortifie  
the Heart.

Thus pale they meet ; their Eyes with  
Fury burn ; 190

None greets ; for none the Greeting will  
return ;

But in dumb Surliness, each arm'd with Care  
His Foe protest, as Brother of the War ;

Then both, no Moment lost, at once advance  
Against each other, arm'd with Sword and  
Lance :

They lash, they foil, they pass, they strive  
to bore

Their Corslets, and the thinnest Parts explore.  
Thus two long Hours in equal Arms they  
stood,

And wounded, wound ; till both were bath'd  
in Blood ;

And not a Foot of Ground had either got, 200  
As if the World depended on the Spot.

Fell *Arcite* like an angry Tyger far'd,  
And like a Lion *Palamon* appear'd :

Or as two Boars whom Love to Battel draws,  
With rising Bristles and with froathy Jaws

Their adverse Breasts with Tusks oblique  
they wound ;

With Grunts and Groans the Forest rings  
around.

So fought the Knights, and fighting must  
abide,

Till Fate an Umpire sends their Diff'rence to  
decide. 209

The Pow'r that ministers to God's Decrees,  
And executes on Earth what Heav'n foresees,

Called Providence, or Chance, or Fatal Sway,  
Comes with resistless Force, and finds or  
makes her Way.

Nor Kings, nor Nations, nor united Pow'r  
One Moment can retard th' appointed Hour.

And some one Day, some wondrous Chance  
appears,  
Which happen'd not in Centuries of Years:  
For sure, whate'er we Mortals hate or love,  
Or hope, or fear, depends on Pow'rs above:  
They move our Appetites to Good or Ill, 220  
And by Foresight necessitate the Will  
In *Theseus* this appears; whose youthful Joy  
Was Beasts of Chase in Forests to destroy;  
This gentle Knight, inspir'd by jolly *May*,  
Forsook his easie Couch at early Day,  
And to the Wood and Wilds pursu'd his  
Way.

Beside him rode *Hippolita* the Queen,  
And *Emily* attir'd in lively Green,  
With Horns, and Hounds, and all the tuneful  
Cry,  
To hunt a Royal Hart within the Covert  
nigh: 230

And, as he follow'd *Mars* before, so now  
He serves the Goddess of the Silver Bow.  
The way that *Theseus* took was to the Wood,  
Where the two Knights in cruel Battel stood:  
The Laund on which they fought, th' ap-  
pointed Place

In which th' uncoupl'd Hounds began the  
Chace.

Thither forth-right he rode to rowse the Prey,  
That shaded by the Fern in Harbour lay;  
And thence dislodg'd, was wont to leave the  
Wood 239

For open Fields, and cross the Crystal Flood.  
Approach'd, and looking underneath the Sun,  
He saw proud *Arcite*, and fierce *Palamon*,  
In mortal Battel doubling Blow on Blow  
Like Lightning flam'd their Fauchions to  
and fro,

And shot a dreadful Gleam; so strong they  
strook,  
There seem'd less Force requir'd to fell an  
Oak:

He gaz'd with Wonder on their equal Might,  
Look'd eager on, but knew not either Knight:  
Resolv'd to learn, he spur'd his fiery Steed  
With goring Rowels, to provoke his Speed.  
The Minute ended that began the Race, 251  
So soon he was betwixt 'em on the Place;  
And with his Sword unsheath'd, on Pain of  
Life

Commands both Combatants to cease their  
Strife:

Then with imperious Tone pursues his Threat;  
What are you? Why in Arms together met?

How dares your Pride presume against my  
Laws,

As in a listed Field to fight your Cause?  
Unask'd the Royal Grant; no Marshal by,  
As Knightly Rites require; nor Judge to  
try? 260

Then *Palamon*, with scarce recover'd Breath,  
Thus hasty spoke; We both deserve the  
Death,

And both wou'd die; for look the World  
around,

A Pair so wretched is not to be found.  
Our Life's a Load; encumber'd with the  
Charge,

We long to set th' imprison'd Soul at large.  
Now, as thou art a Sovereign Judge, decree  
The rightful Doom of Death to him and me,  
Let neither find thy Grace, for Grace is  
Cruelty.

Me first, O kill me first, and cure my Woe;  
Then sheath the Sword of Justice on my  
Foe: 271

Or kill him first, for when his Name is  
heard,

He foremost will receive his due Reward.

*Arcite* of *Thebes* is he, thy mortal Foe,  
On whom thy Grace did Liberty bestow,  
But first contracted, that, if ever found  
By Day or Night upon th' *Athenian* Ground,  
His Head should pay the Forfeit: See  
return'd

The perjur'd Knight, his Oath and Honour  
scorn'd. 279

For this is he, who, with a borrow'd Name  
And profer'd Service, to thy Palace came,  
Now call'd *Philostratus*: retain'd by thee,  
A Traytor trusted, and in high Degree,  
Aspiring to the Bed of beauteous *Emily*.  
My Part remains, from *Thebes* my Birth  
I own,

And call myself th' unhappy *Palamon*.  
Think me not like that Man; since no Dis-  
grace

Can force me to renounce the Honour of my  
Race.

Know me for what I am: I broke thy  
Chain,

Nor promis'd I thy Pris'n'ner to remain: 290  
The Love of Liberty with Life is giv'n,  
And Life it self th' inferiour Gift of Heaven.

Thus without Crime I fled; but farther  
know,

I with this *Arcite* am thy mortal Foe:

Then give me Death, since I thy Life pursue ;  
For Safeguard of thy self, Death is my Due.  
More would'st thou know ? I love bright

*Emily,*

And for her sake and in her Sight will  
die :

But kill my Rival too ; for he no less  
Deserves ; and I thy righteous Doom will  
bless, 300

Assur'd that what I lose, he never shall  
possess.

To this reply'd the stern *Athenian* Prince,  
And sow'rly smild, In owning your Offence  
You judge your self, and I but keep record  
In place of Law, while you pronounce the  
Word.

Take your Desert, the Death you have  
decreed ;

I seal your Doom, and ratifie the Deed.  
By *Mars*, the Patron of my Arms, you die.

He said ; dumb Sorrow seiz'd the Standers  
by. 309

The Queen, above the rest, by Nature Good,  
(The Pattern form'd of perfect Womanhood)  
For tender Pity wept : When she began,  
Through the bright Quire th' infectious  
Vertue ran.

All dropt their Tears, ev'n the contended  
Maid ;

And thus among themselves they softly said :  
What Eyes can suffer this unworthy Sight !  
Two Youths of Royal Blood, renown'd in  
Fight,

The Mastership of Heav'n in Face and Mind,  
And Lovers, far beyond their faithless Kind:  
See their wide streaming Wounds ; they  
neither came 320

From Pride of Empire, nor desire of Fame :  
Kings fight for Kingdoms, Madmen for  
Applause ;

But Love for Love alone ; that crowns the  
Lover's Cause.

This Thought, which ever bribes the beau-  
teous Kind,

Such Pity wrought in ev'ry Ladies Mind,  
They left their Steeds, and prostrate on the  
Place,

From the fierce King, implor'd th' Offenders  
Grace.

205 pursue ;] pursue, 1700

321 From] *Warton and others wrongly give*  
For

323 Love for] love for 1700.

He paus'd a while, stood silent in his Mood,  
(For yet his Rage was boiling in his Blood)  
But soon his tender Mind th' Impression felt.  
(As softest Metals are not slow to melt 331  
And Pity soonest runs in gentle Minds :)  
Then reasons with himself ; and first he finds  
His Passion cast a Mist before his Sense,  
And either made, or magnifi'd th' Offence.  
Offence ! of what ? to whom ? Who judg'd  
the Cause ?

The Pris'ner freed himself by Natures Laws ;  
Born free, he sought his Right : The Man  
he freed

Was perjurd, but his Love excus'd the Deed:  
Thus pond'ring, he look'd under with his  
Eyes, 340

And saw the Womens Tears, and heard their  
Cries ;

Which mov'd Compassion more : He shook  
his Head,

And softly sighing to himself, he said,  
Curse on th' unpard'ning Prince, whom  
Tears can draw

To no Remorse ; who rules by Lions Law ;  
And deaf to Pray'rs, by no Submission  
bow'd,

Rends all alike ; the Penitent, and Proud :  
At this with look serene he rais'd his Head ;  
Reason resum'd her Place, and Passion fled :

Then thus aloud he spoke : The Pow'r of  
Love, 350

In Earth, and Seas, and Air, and Heav'n  
above,

Rules, unresisted, with an awful Nod ;

By daily Miracles declar'd a God :

He blinds the Wise, gives Eye-sight to the  
Blind ;

And moulds and stamps anew the Lover's  
Mind.

Behold that *Arcite*, and this *Palamon*,  
Freed from my Fetters, and in Safety gone,

What hinder'd either in their Native Soil  
At ease to reap the Harvest of their Toil ?

But Love, their Lord, did otherwise ordain,  
And brought 'em, in their own Despite again,

To suffer Death deserv'd ; for well they  
know 362

'Tis in my Pow'r, and I their deadly Foe.  
The Proverb holds, That to be wise and love,

Is hardly granted to the Gods above.

See how the Madmen bleed : Behold the Gains  
With which their Master, Love, rewards  
their Pains :

For sev'n long Years, on Duty ev'ry Day,  
Lo their Obedience, and their Monarch's  
Pay: 369

Yet, as in Duty bound, they serve him on,  
And ask the Fools, they think it wisely done:  
Nor Ease nor Wealth nor Life it self regard,  
For 'tis their Maxim, Love is Love's Reward.  
This is not all; the Fair, for whom they  
strove

Nor knew before, nor could suspect their  
Love,

Nor thought, when she beheld the Fight  
from far,

Her Beauty was th' Occasion of the War.

But sure a gen'ral Doom on Man is past,

And all are Fools and Lovers, first or last:

This both by others and my self I know,

For I have serv'd their Sovereign, long ago:

Oft have been caught within the winding  
Train 382

Of Female Snares, and felt the Lover's  
Pain,

And learn'd how far the God can Humane  
Hearts constrain.

To this Remembrance, and the Pray'rs of  
those

Who for th' offending Warriors interpose,

I give their forfeit Lives; on this accord,

To do me Homage as their Sov'reign Lord;

And as my Vassals, to their utmost Might,

Assist my Person, and assert my Right. 390

This freely sworn, the Knights their Grace  
obtain'd;

Then thus the King his secret Thoughts  
explain'd:

If Wealth, or Honour, or a Royal Race,

Or each, or all, may win a Ladies Grace,

Then either of you Knights may well deserve

A Princess born; and such is she you serve:

For *Emily* is Sister to the Crown,

And but too well to both her Beauty known:

But shou'd you combat till you both were  
dead,

Two Lovers cannot share a single Bed: 400

As, therefore, both are equal in Degree,

The Lot of both be left to Destiny.

Now hear th' Award, and happy may it prove

To her, and him who best deserves her Love

Depart from hence in peace, and free as Air,

Search the wide World, and where you please

repair;

But on the Day when this returning Sun

To the same Point through ev'ry sign has run,

Then each of you his Hundred Knights shall  
bring

In Royal Lists, to fight before the King; 410

And then, the Knight, whom Fate or happy  
Chance

Shall with his Friends to Victory advance,

And grace his Arms so far in equal Fight,

From out the Bars to force his Opposite,

Or kill, or make him Recreant on the Plain,

The Prize of Valour and of Love shall gain;

The vanquish'd Party shall their Claim  
release,

And the long Jars conclude in lasting Peace.

The Charge be mune t' adorn the chosen  
Ground,

The Theatre of War, for Champions so  
renown'd; 420

And take the Patrons Place of either  
Knight,

With Eyes impartial to behold the Fight;

And Heav'n of me so judge, as I shall  
judge aright.

If both are satisf'd with this Accord,

Swear by the Laws of Knighthood on my  
Sword.

Who now but *Palamon* exults with joy?

And ravish'd *Arctie* seems to touch the Sky:

The whole assembl'd Troop was pleas'd as  
well,

Extol'd the Award, and on their Knees they  
fell

To bless the gracious King. The Knights  
with Leave 430

Departing from the Place, his last Commands  
receive;

On *Emily* with equal Ardour look,

And from her Eyes their Inspiration took:

From thence to *Thebes* old Walls pursue  
their Way,

Each to provide his Champions for the Day.

It might be deem'd, on our Historian's  
Part,

Or too much Negligence, or Want of Art,

If he forgot the vast Magnificence

Of Royal *Theseus*, and his large Expence.

He first enclos'd for Lists a level Ground, 440

The whole Circumference a Mile around:

The Form was Circular; and all without

A Trench was sunk, to Moat the Place about.

Within, an Amphitheatre appear'd,

Rais'd in Degrees; to sixty Paces rear'd:

420 Extol'd *Derrick* and editors before *Chris*  
*tie* w<sup>o</sup> ongly give Extol

That when a Man was plac'd in one Degree,  
Height was allow'd for him above to see.

Eastward was built a Gate of Marble  
white;

The like adorn'd the Western opposite.

A nobler Object than this Fabrick was, 450  
*Rome* never saw; nor of so vast a Space.

For, rich with Spoils of many a conquer'd  
Land,

All Arts and Artists *Theseus* could command;  
Who sold for Hire, or wrought for better  
Fame:

The Master-Painters, and the Carvers came.  
So rose within the Compass of the Year  
An Ages Work, a glorious Theatre.

Then, o'er its Eastern Gate was rais'd above  
A Temple, sacred to the Queen of Love;

An Altar stood below: On either Hand 460  
A Priest with Roses crown'd, who held

a Myrtle Wand.

The Dome of *Mars* was on the Gate  
oppos'd,

And on the North a Turret was enclos'd,

Within the Wall, of Alabaster white,

And crimson Coral, for the Queen of Night,

Who takes in Sylvan Sports her chaste  
Delight.

Within these Oratories might you see

Rich Carvings, Pourtraitures, and Imagery:

Where ev'ry Figure to the Life express'd

The Godhead's Pow'r to whom it was  
address'd. 470

In *Venus* Temple on the Sides were seen

The broken Slumbers of inamour'd Men;

Pray'rs that ev'n spoke and Pity seemed  
to call,

And issuing Sighs that smok'd along the  
Wall;

Complaints and hot Desires, the Lover's Hell,

And scalding Tears, that wore a Channel  
where they fell;

And all around were Nuptial Bonds, the  
Ties

Of Loves Assurance, and a Train of Lies,

That, made in Lust, conclude in Perjuries.

Beauty, and Youth, and Wealth, and  
Luxury, 480

And spritely Hope, and short-enduring Joy;

And Sorceries, to raise th' Infernal Pow'rs,

And Sigils fram'd in Planetary Hours;

Expense, and After-thought, and idle Care,

And Doubts of motley Hue, and dark De  
spair;

Suspicious, and Fantastical Surmise,  
And Jealousie suffus'd, with Jaundice in her  
Eyes;

Discolouring all she view'd, in Tawney  
dress'd;

Down-look'd, and with a Cuckow on her Fist.

Oppos'd to her, on t' other side advance 490

The costly Feast, the Carol, and the Dance,

Minstrels, and Musick, Poetry, and Play,

And Balls by night, and Turnaments by Day.

All these were painted on the Wall, and  
more;

With Acts, and Monuments of Times before;

And others added by Prophetick Doom,

And Lovers yet unborn, and Loves to come:

For there th' *Idalian* mount, and *Cithæron*,

The Court of *Venus*, was in Colours drawn:

Before the Palace-gate, in careless Dress, 500

And loose Array, sat Portress Idleness;

There, by the Fount, *Narcissus* pin'd alone;

There *Samson* was; with wiser *Solomon*,

And all the mighty Names by Love undone:

*Medea's* Charms were there; *Circæan* Feasts,

With Bowls that turn'd inamour'd Youth  
to Beasts.

Here might be seen, that Beauty, Wealth,  
and Wit,

And Prowess, to the Pow'r of Love submit;

The spreading Snare for all Mankind is laid;

And Lovers all betray, and are betray'd. 510

The Goddess self, some noble Hand had  
wrought;

Smiling she seem'd, and full of pleasing  
Thought:

From Ocean as she first began to rise,

And smooth'd the ruff'd Seas, and clear'd  
the Skies;

She trode the Brine, all bare below the

Breast,

And the green Waves but ill conceal'd the

Rest;

A Lute she held; and on her Head was seen

A Wreath of Roses red and Myrtles green;

Her Turtles fann'd the buxom Air above;

And, by his Mother, stood an Infant-Love:

With Wings unsledg'd; his Eyes were

banded o'er; 521

His Hands a Bow, his Back a Quiver bore,

Supply'd with Arrows bright and keen,

a deadly Store.

But in the Dome of mighty *Mars* the Red  
With diff'rent Figures all the Sides were  
spread :

This Temple, less in Form, with equal Grace  
Was imitative of the first in *Thrace* :

For that cold Region was the lov'd Abode,  
And Sovereign Mansion of the Warriour-God.  
The Landscape was a Forest wide and bare ;  
Where neither Beast nor Humane Kind  
repair ;

The Fowl, that scent afar, the Borders fly,  
And shun the bitter Blast, and wheel about  
the Sky.

A Cake of Scurf lies baking on the Ground,  
And prickly Stubs, instead of Trees, are found ;  
Or Woods with Knots, and Knares deform'd  
and old,

Headless the most, and hideous to behold :  
A rattling Tempest through the Branches  
went,

That stripp'd 'em bare, and one sole way  
they bent.

Heav'n froze above, severe, the Clouds con-  
geal,

And through the Crystal Vault appear'd the  
standing Hail.

Such was the Face without, a Mountain stood  
Threatning from high, and overlook'd the  
Wood :

Beneath the lowring Brow, and on a Bent,  
The Temple stood of *Mars* Armipotent ;  
The Frame of burnish'd Steel, that cast a  
glare

From far, and seem'd to thaw the freezing  
Air.

A streight, long Entry to the Temple led,  
Blind with high Walls ; and Horror over  
Head :

Thence issu'd such a Blast, and hollow Rore,  
As threaten'd from the Hinge, to heave the  
Door ;

In, through that Door, a Northern Light  
there shone ;

'Twas all it had, for Windows there were  
none.

The Gate was Adamant ; Eternal Frame !  
Which, hew'd by *Mars* himself, from *Indian*  
Quarries came,

The Labour of a God ; and all along  
Tough Iron Plates were clench'd to make  
it strong.

A Tun about was ev'ry Pillar there ;  
A polish'd Mirrour shone not half so clear.

There saw I how the secret Fellow wrought,  
And Treason lab'ring in the Traytor's  
Thought ;  
And Midwife Time the ripen'd Plot to  
Murder brought.

There, the Red Anger dar'd the Pallid Fear ;  
Next stood Hypocrisie, with holy Lear :  
Soft, smiling, and demurely looking down,  
But hid the Dagger underneath the Gown :  
Th' assassinating Wife, the Houshold Friend ;  
And far the blackest there, the Traytor-  
Friend.

On t' other side there stood Destruction  
bare ;

Unpunish'd Rapine, and a Waste of War, 570  
Contest, with sharpen'd Knives in Cloysters  
drawn,

And all with Blood bespread the holy Lawn.  
Loud Menaces were heard, and foul Disgrace,  
And bawling Infamy, in Language base ;  
Till Sense was lost in Sound, and Silence  
fled the Place.

The Slayer of Himself yet saw I there,  
The Gore congeal'd was clotted in his Hair :  
With Eyes half clos'd, and gaping Mouth  
he lay,

And grim, as when he breath'd his sullen  
Soul away.

In midst of all the Dome, Misfortune sat, 580  
And gloomy Discontent, and fell Debate,  
And Madness laughing in his ireful Mood ;  
And arm'd Complaint on Theft ; and Cries  
of Blood.

There was the murder'd Corps, in Covert  
laid,

And Violent Death in thousand Shapes dis-  
play'd :

The City to the Soldier's Rage resign'd :  
Successful Wars, and Poverty behind :  
Ships burnt in Fight, or forc'd on Rocky  
Shores,

And the rash Hunter strangled by the Boars ;  
The new-born Babe by Nurses overlaid ;  
And the Cook caught within the raging Fire  
he made.

All ills of *Mars* his Nature, Flame and  
Steel :

The gasping Charioteer, beneath the Wheel  
Of his own Car ; the ruin'd House that falls  
And intercepts her Lord betwixt the Walls :  
The whole Division that to *Mars* pertains,  
All Trades of Death that deal in Steel for  
Gains,

Were there: The Butcher, Armourer, and  
Smith,  
Who forges sharpen'd Fauchions, or the  
Scythe. 599  
The scarlet Conquest on a Tow'r was plac'd.  
With Shouts, and Soldiers Acclamations  
grac'd:  
A pointed Sword hung threatening o'er his  
Head,  
Sustain'd but by a slender Twine of Thred.  
There saw I *Mars* his *Ides*, the *Capitol*,  
The Seer in vain foretelling *Cesar's* Fall;  
The last *Triumvirs*, and the Wars they move,  
And *Antony*, who lost the World for Love.  
These, and a thousand more, the Fane adorn;  
Their Fates were painted e'er the Men were  
born, 609  
All copied from the Heav'n's, and ruling Force  
Of the Red Star, in his revolving Course.  
The Form of *Mars* high on a Chariot stood,  
All sheath'd in Arms, and gruffly look'd the  
God:  
Two Geomantick Figures were  
display'd  
Above his Head, a \*Warriour }  
and a Maid, } *\*Rubens, &*  
One when Direct, and one when } *Paella*  
Retrograde. }  
Tir'd with Deformities of Death, I haste  
To the third Temple of *Diana* chaste;  
A Sylvan Scene with various Greens was  
drawn,  
Shades on the Sides, and on the midst  
a Lawn: 620  
The Silver *Cynthia*, with her Nymphs around,  
Pursu'd the flying Deer, the Woods with  
Horns resound:  
*Calisto* there stood manifest of Shame,  
And, turn'd a Bear, the Northern Star be-  
came:  
Her Son was next, and, by peculiar Grace  
In the cold Circle held the second Place:  
The Stag *Acteon* in the Stream had spy'd  
The naked Huntress, and, for seeing, dy'd:  
His Hounds, unknowing of his Change,  
pursue  
The Chace, and their mistaken Master slew.

*Pencian Daphne* too was there to see, 631  
*Apollo's* Love before, and now his Tree:  
Th' adjoining Fane th' assembl'd *Greeks*  
express'd,  
And hunting of the *Caledonian* beast.  
*Oenides* Valour, and his env'y'd Prize;  
The fatal Pow'r of *Atalanta's* Eyes;  
*Diana's* Vengeance on the Victor shown,  
The Murdres Mother, and consuming Son;  
The *Polscian* Queen extended on the Plain;  
The Treason punish'd, and the Traytor slain.  
The rest were various Huntings, well  
design'd. 641  
And Salvage Beasts destroy'd, of ev'ry Kind:  
The graceful Goddess was array'd in Green;  
About her Feet were little Beagles seen,  
That watch'd with upward Eyes the Motions  
of their Queen.  
Her Legs were buskin'd, and the Left before,  
In act to shoot, a Silver Bow she bore,  
And at her Back a painted Quiver wore.  
She trod a waxing Moon, that soon wou'd  
wane,  
And drinking borrowed Light, be fill'd  
again; 650  
With down-cast Eyes, as seeming to survey  
The dark Dominions, her alternate Sway.  
Before her stood a Woman in her Throws,  
And call'd *Lucina's* Aid, her Burden to  
dislo-e.  
All these the Painter drew with such  
Command,  
That Nature snatch'd the Pencil from his  
Hand,  
Asham'd and angry that his Art could feign  
And mend the Tortures of a Mothers Pain.  
*Theseus* beheld the Fanes of ev'ry God,  
And thought his mighty Cost was well  
bestow'd: 660  
So Princes now their Poets should regard;  
But few can write, and fewer can reward.  
The Theater thus rais'd, the Lists enclos'd,  
And all with vast Magnificence dispos'd,  
We leave the Monarch pleased, and haste to  
bring  
The Knights to combat; and their Arms  
to sing.

*The End of the Second Book.*

615 side note. *Rubens*] *Christie reports Rubens as the reading of 1700. My copy has Rubens*  
634 *Caledonian*] i. e. *Calj* donian

## PALAMON AND ARCITE: OR, THE KNIGHT'S TALE.

## BOOK III.

THE Day approach'd when Fortune shou'd  
decide

Th' important Enterprize, and give the  
Bride ;

For now, the Rivals round the World had  
sought,

And each his Number, well appointed,  
brought.

The Nations far and near contend in Choice,  
And send the Flow'r of War by Publick  
Voice ;

That after, or before, were never known  
Such Chiefs ; as each an Army seem'd alone :

Beside the Champions ; all of high Degree,  
Who Knighthood lov'd, and Deeds of

Chivalry, <sup>10</sup>  
Throng'd to the Lists, and envy'd to behold,  
The Names of others, not their own, inroll'd.

Nor seems it strange ; for ev'ry Noble  
Knight

Who loves the Fair, and is endu'd with  
Might,

In such a Quarrel wou'd be proud to fight.  
There breaths not scarce a Man on *British*

Ground  
(An Isle for Love and Arms of old renown'd)

But would have sold his Life to purchase  
Fame,

To *Palamon* or *Arcite* sent his Name ;  
And had the Land selected of the best, <sup>20</sup>

Half had come hence, and let the World  
provide the rest.

A hundred Knights with *Palamon* there  
came,

Approv'd in Fight, and Men of Mighty  
Name ;

Their Arms were sev'ral, as their Nations  
were,

But furnish'd all alike with Sword and Spear.  
Some wore Coat-armour, imitating Scale ;

And next their Skins were stubborn Shirts  
of Mail.

Some wore a Breastplate and a light Juppon,  
Their Horses cloth'd with rich Caparison ;

Some for Defence would Lethern Bucklers  
use, <sup>30</sup>

Of folded Hides ; and others Shields of  
Pruce.

One hung a Poleax at his Saddle-bow,  
And one a heavy Mace, to stun the Foe :  
One for his Legs and Knees provided well,  
With *Jambeux* arm'd, and double Plates  
of Steel :

This on his Helmet wore a Ladies Glove,  
And that a Sleeve embroider'd by his Love.

With *Palamon*, above the rest in Place,  
*Lycurgus* came, the surly King of *Thrace* ;

Black was his Beard, and manly was his  
Face : <sup>40</sup>

The Balls of his broad Eyes roll'd in his head,  
And glar'd betwixt a Yellow and a Red ;

He look'd a Lion with a gloomy Stare,  
And o'er his Eye-brows hung his matted

Hair ;  
Big-bon'd and large of Limbs, with Sinews

strong,  
Broad-shoulder'd, and his Arms were round  
and long.

Four Milk-white Bulls (the *Thracian* Use  
of old)

Were yok'd to draw his Car of burnish'd  
Gold.

Upright he stood, and bore aloft his Shield,  
Conspicuous from afar, and over-look'd the

Field <sup>50</sup>  
His Surcoat was a Bear-skin on his Back ;  
His Hair hung long behind, and glossy

Raven-black.  
His ample Forehead bore a Coronet

With sparkling Diamonds, and with Rubies  
set :

Ten Brace, and more, of Greyhounds, snowy,  
fair,

And tall as Stags, ran loose, and cours'd  
around his Chair,

A Match for Pards in Flight, in grappling  
for the Bear ;

With Golden Muzzles all their Mouths were  
bound,

And Collars of the same their Necks  
surround

Thus thro' the Fields *Lycurgus* took his  
way ; <sup>60</sup>

His hundred Knights attend in Pomp and  
proud Array.

To match this Monarch, with strong  
*Arcite* came

*Emetrius*, king of *Inde*, a mighty Name,



On a Bay Courser, goodly to behold,  
The Trappings of his Horse emboss'd with  
barb'reus Gold.

Not *Mars* bestrode a Steed with greater  
Grace ;

His Surcoat o'er his Arms was Cloth of  
*Thrace*,

Adorn'd with Pearls, all Orient, round, and  
great ;

His Saddle was of Gold, with Emeralds set.

His Shoulders large a Mantle did attire, 70  
With Rubies thick, and sparkling as the

Fire ;

His Amber-colour'd Locks in Ringlets run,  
With graceful Negligence, and shone against  
the Sun.

His Nose was aquiline, his eyes were blue,  
Ruddy his Lips, and fresh and fair his Hue :  
Some sprinkled Freckles on his Face were  
seen,

Whose dusk set off the Whiteness of the  
Skin :

His awful Presence did the Crowd surprize,  
Nor durst the rash Spectator meet his  
Eyes,

Eyes that confess'd him born for Kingly  
Sway, 80

So fierce, they flash'd intolerable Day.

His Age in Nature's youthful Prime appeared,  
And just began to bloom his yellow Beard.  
Whene'er he spoke, his Voice was heard  
around,

Loud as a Trumpet, with a Silver Sound.

A Laurel wreath'd his Temples, fresh, and  
green,

And Myrtle-sprigs, the Marks of Love, were  
mix'd between.

Upon his Fist he bore, for his Delight,  
An Eagle well reclaim'd, and Lilly-white.

His hundred Knights attend him to the  
War, 90

All arm'd for Battel ; save their Heads were  
bare.

Words, and Devices blaz'd on ev'ry Shield,  
And pleasing was the Terror of the Field.  
For Kings, and Dukes, and Barons you  
might see,

Like sparkling Stars, though different in  
Degree,

All for th' Increase of Arms, and Love of  
Chivalry.

Before the King, taine Leopards led the Way,  
And Troops of Lions innocently play.

So *Bacchus* through the conquer'd *Indies*  
rode,

And Beasts in Gambols frisk'd before their  
honest God. 100

In this Array the War of either side

Through *Athens* pass'd with Military Pride.

At Prime, they entered on the *Sunday* Morn ;

Rich Tap'stry spread the Streets, and  
Flowers the Posts adorn.

The Town was all a Jubilee of Feasts ;

So *Theseus* will'd, in Honour of his Guests ;

Himself with open Arms the Kings embrac'd,

Then all the rest in their Degrees were grac'd.

No Harbinger was needful for the Night,

For ev'ry House was proud to lodge a  
Knight. 110

I pass the Royal Treat, nor must relate  
The Gifts bestow'd, nor how the Champions  
sate ;

Who first, who last, or how the Knights  
address'd

Their Vows, or who was fairest at the Feast ;

Whose Voice, whose graceful Dance did most  
surprise,

Soft am'rous Sighs, and silent Love of Eyes.

The Rivals call my Muse another Way,

To sing their Vigils for th' ensuing Day.

'Twas ebbing Darkness, past the Noon of  
Night : 110

And *Phosphor* on the Confines of the Light,

Promis'd the Sun ; ere Day began to spring.

The tuneful Lark already stretch'd her  
Wing,

And sick'ring on her Nest, made short  
Essays to sing.

When wakeful *Palamon*, preventing Day,

Took, to the Royal Lists, his early way,

To *Venus* at her Fane, in her own House,  
to pray.

There, falling on his Knees before her Shrine,

He thus implor'd with Pray'rs her Pow'r  
divine.

Creator *Venus*, genial Pow'r of Love,

The Bliss of Men below, and Gods above.

Beneath the sliding Sun thou runn'st thy  
Race, 131

Dost fairest shine, and best become thy  
Place.

104 Posts] Potts 1700. Dr. Saintsbury pre-  
fers this misprint, but cf. Cymon and Iph. 501.

'the Streets were throng'd around,  
The Palace open'd, and the Posts were crown'd.'

For thee the Winds their Eastern Blasts  
forbear,  
Thy Month reveals the Spring, and opens all  
the Year.

Thee, Goddess, thee the Storms of Winter  
fly,  
Earth smiles with Flow'rs renewing; laughs  
the Sky,  
And Birds to Lays of Love their tuneful  
Notes apply.

For thee the Lion loaths the Taste of Blood,  
And roaring hunts his Female through the  
Wood;

For thee the Bulls rebellow through the  
Groves, 140  
And tempt the Stream, and snuff their absent  
Loves.

'Tis thine, whate'er is pleasant, good, or  
fair;  
All Nature is thy Province, Life thy Care,  
Thou mad'st the World, and dost the World  
repair.

Thou gladder of the mount of *Cytheron*,  
Increase of *Jove*, Companion of the Sun,  
If e'er *Adonis* touch'd thy tender Heart,  
Have pity, Goddess, for thou know'st the  
Smart: 148

Alas! I have not Words to tell my Grief;  
To vent my Sorrow wou'd be some Relief:  
Light Suff'rings give us Leisure to complain;  
We groan, but cannot speak, in greater Pain.  
O Goddess, tell thy self what I would say,  
Thou know'st it, and I feel too much to pray.  
So grant my Suit, as I enforce my Might,  
In Love to be thy Champion, and thy Knight,  
A Servant to thy Sex, a Slave to thee,  
A foe profess'd to barren Chastity.

Nor ask I Fame or Honour of the Field,  
Nor chuse I more to vanquish, than to yield:  
In my Divine *Emilia* make me blest, 161  
Let Fate, or partial Chance, dispose the rest:  
Find thou the Manner, and the Means pre-  
pare;

Possession, more than Conquest, is my Care.  
*Mars* is the Warriour's God; in him it lies  
On whom he favours, to confer the Prize;  
With smiling Aspect you serenely move  
In your fifth Orb, and rule the Realm of  
Love.

The Fates but only spin the courser Clue,  
The finest of the Wooll is left for you. 17

Spare me but one small portion of the Twine,  
And let the Sisters cut below your Line:  
The rest among the Rubbish may they

sweep,  
Or add it to the Yarn of some old Miser's  
Heap.

But if you this ambitious Pray'r deny,  
(A Wish, I grant, beyond Mortality.)  
Then let me sink beneath proud *Arctie's*  
Arms,

And I once dead, let him possess her Charms.  
Thus ended he; then, with Observance  
due,

The sacred Incence on her Altar threw: 180  
The curling Smoke mounts heavy from the  
Fires;

At length it catches Flame, and in a Blaze  
expires;

At once the gracious Goddess gave the Sign,  
Her Statue shook, and trembl'd all the  
Shrine:

Pleas'd *Palamon* the tardy *Omen* took;  
For, since the Flames pursued the trailing  
Smoke,

He knew his Boon was granted; but the  
Day

To distance driv'n, and Joy adjourn'd with  
long Delay.

Now Morn with Rosie Light had streak'd  
the Sky,

Up rose the Sun, and up rose *Emily* 190  
Address'd her early Steps to *Cynthia's* Fane,  
In State attended by her Maiden Train,  
Who bore the Vests that Holy Rites require,  
Incence, and od'rous Gums, and cover'd Fire.  
The plenteous Horns with pleasant Mead  
they crown,

Nor wanted aught besides in Honour of the  
Moon.

Now while the Temple smok'd with hallow'd  
Steam,

They wash the Virgin in a living Stream;  
The secret Ceremonies I conceal:

Uncouth; perhaps unlawful to reveal: 200  
But such they were as Pagan Use requir'd,  
Performed by Women when the Men retir'd,  
Whose Eyes profane their chaste mysterious  
Rites

Might turn to Scandal, or obscene Delights.  
Well-meaners think no Harm; but for the  
rest,

Things sacred they pervert, and Silence is  
the best.

Her shining Hair, uncomb'd, was loosely  
spread,  
A Crown of Mastless Oak adorn'd her Head  
When to the Shrine approach'd, the spotless  
Maid  
Had kindling Fires on either Altar laid : 210  
(The Rites were such as were observ'd of old,  
By *Statius* in his *Theban* Story told.)  
Then kneeling with her Hands across her  
Breast,  
Thus lowly she preferr'd her chaste Request.  
O Goddess, Haunter of the Woodland  
Green,  
To whom both Heav'n and Earth and Seas  
are seen ;  
Queen of the nether Skies, where half the  
Year  
Thy Silver Beams descend, and light the  
gloomy Sphere ;  
Goddess of Maids, and conscious of our  
Hearts,  
So keep me from the Vengeance of thy  
Darts, 220  
Which *Niobe's* devoted Issue felt,  
When hissing through the Skies the feather'd  
Deaths were dealt :  
As I desire to live a Virgin-life,  
Nor know the Name of Mother or of Wife.  
Thy Votress from my tender Years I am,  
And love, like thee, the Woods and Sylvan  
Game.  
Like Death, thou know'st, I loath the  
Nuptial State,  
And Man, the Tyrant of our Sex, I hate, }  
A lowly Servant, but a lofty Mate.  
Where Love is Duty on the Female Side, 230  
On theirs mere sensual Gust, and sought  
with surly Pride.  
Now by thy triple Shape, as thou art seen  
In Heav'n, Earth, Hell, and ev'ry where a  
Queen,  
Grant this my first Desire ; let Discord cease,  
And make betwixt the Rivals lasting Peace :  
Quench their hot Fire, or far from me  
remove  
The Flame, and turn it on some other Love.  
Or if my frowning Stars have so decreed,  
That one must be rejected, one succeed,  
Make him my Lord, within whose faithful  
Breast 240  
Is fix'd my Image, and who loves me best.  
But oh ! ev'n that avert ! I chuse it not,  
But take it as the least unhappy Lot.

A Maid I am, and of thy Virgin-Train ;  
Oh, let me still that spotless Name retain !  
Frequent the Forests, thy chaste Will obey,  
And only make the Beasts of Chace my Prey !  
The Flames ascend on either Altar clear,  
While thus the blameless Maid address'd her  
Pray'r.  
When lo ! the burning Fire that shone so  
bright 250  
Flew off, all sudden, with extinguish'd Light,  
And left one Altar dark, a little space :  
Which turn'd self-kindl'd, and renew'd the  
Blaze :  
That other Victour-Flame a Moment stood  
Then fell, and lifeless left th' extinguish'd  
Wood ;  
For ever lost, th' irrevocable Light  
Forsook the blackning Coals, and sunk to  
Night :  
At either End it whistled as it flew,  
And as the Brands were green, so dropp'd  
the Dew ;  
Infected as it fell with Sweat of Sanguin Hue.  
The Maid from that ill Omen turned her  
Eyes, 260  
And with loud Shrieks and Clamours rent  
the Skies,  
Nor knew what signif'd the boding Sign,  
But found the Pow'rs displeas'd, and fear'd  
the Wrath Divine.  
Then shook the Sacred Shrine, and sudden  
Light  
Sprung through the vaulted Roof, and made  
the Temple bright.  
The Pow'r, behold ! the Power in Glory  
shone,  
By her bent Bow and her keen Arrows  
known ;  
The rest, a Huntress issuing from the Wood,  
Reclining on her Cornel Spear she stood. 270  
Then gracious thus began ; Dismiss thy  
Fear,  
And Heav'ns unchang'd Decrees attentive  
hear :  
More pow'rful Gods have torn thee from my  
Side,  
Unwilling to resign, and doom'd a Bride :  
The two contending Knights are weigh'd  
above ;  
One *Mars* protects, and one the Queen of  
Love :

But which the Man is in the Thund'rer's  
Breast,

This he pronounc'd, 'tis he who loves thee  
best.

The Fire that once extinct, reviv'd again  
Foreshews the Love allotted to remain. 280  
Farewell! she said, and vanish'd from the  
Place;

The Sheaf of Arrows shook, and rattl'd in  
the Case.

Agast at this, the Royal Virgin stood,  
Disclaim'd, and now no more a Sister of the  
Wood:

But to the parting Goddess thus she pray'd:  
Propitious still, be present to my Aid,  
Nor quite abandon your once favour'd  
Maid.

Then sighing she return'd; but smil'd be-  
twixt,

With Hopes, and Fears, and Joys with  
Sorrows mixt.

The next returning Planetary Hour 290  
Of *Mars*, who shar'd the Heptarchy of Pow'r,  
His Steps bold *Arcite* to the Temple bent,  
T'adore with Pagan Rites the Pow'r Armi-  
potent:

Then prostrate, low before his Altar lay,  
And rais'd his manly Voice, and thus began  
to pray.

Strong God of Arms, whose Iron Scepter  
sways

The freezing North, and *Hyperborean* seas,  
And *Scythian* Colds, and *Thracia's* Wintry  
Coast,

Where stand thy Steeds, and thou art  
honour'd most:

There most, but ev'ry where thy Pow'r is  
known, 300

The Fortune of the Fight is all thy own:  
Terror is thine, and wild Amazement flung  
From out thy Chariot, withers ev'n the  
Strong:

And Disarray and shameful Rout ensue,  
And Force is added to the fainting Crew.  
Acknowledg'd as thou art, accept my Prayer,  
If ought I have achiev'd deserve thy Care:  
If to my utmost Pow'r with Sword and  
Shield

I dar'd the Death, unknowing how to yield,  
And falling in my Rank, still kept the  
Field: 310

Then let my Arms prevail, by thee sustain'd,  
That *Emily* by Conquest may be gain'd  
Have pity on my Pains; nor those un-  
known

To *Mars*, which, when a Lover, were his own.  
Venus, the Publick Care of all above,  
Thy stubborn Heart has softned into Love:  
Now by her Blandishments and pow'rful  
Charms,

When yielded, she lay curling in thy Arms,  
Ev'n by thy Shame, if Shame it may be  
call'd,

When *Vulcan* had thee in his net intrall'd;  
O envy'd Ignominy, sweet Disgrace, 321  
When ev'ry god that saw thee, wish'd thy  
Place!

By those dear Pleasures, aid my Arms in  
Fight,

And make me conquer in my Patron's  
Right:

For I am young, a Novice in the Trade,  
The Fool of Love, unpractis'd to persuade;  
And want the soothing Arts that catch the  
Fair,

But, caught my self, lie struggling in the  
Snare;

And she I love, or laughs at all my Pain  
Or knows her Worth too well; and pays me  
with Disdain. 330

For sure I am, unless I win in Arms,  
To stand excluded from *Emilia's* Charms:  
Nor can my Strength avail, unless by thee  
Endu'd with force I gain the Victory:  
Then for the Fire which warm'd thy gen'rous  
Heart,

Pity thy Subject's Pains and equal Smart  
So be the Morrows Sweat and Labour mine,  
The Palm and Honour of the Conquest  
thine:

Then shall the War, and stern Debate, and  
Strife

Immortal, be the Bus'ness of my Life; 340  
And in thy Fane, the dusty Spoils among,  
High on the burnish'd Roof, my Banner  
shall be hung:

Rank'd with my Champions Bucklers, and  
below,

With Arms revers'd, th' Achievements of  
my Foe:

And while these Limbs the vital Spirit  
feeds,

While Day to Night, and Night to Day  
succeeds,

Thy smoking Altar shall be fat with Food  
Of Incence and the grateful Steam of Blood ;  
Burnt Off'rings Morn and Ev'ning shall be  
thine,

And Fires eternal in thy Temple shine. 350  
This Bush of yellow Beard, this Length of  
Hair,

Which from my Birth inviolate I bear,  
Guiltless of Steel, and from the Razour free,  
Shall fall a plenteous Crop, reserv'd for thee.  
So may my Arms with Victory be blest,  
I ask no more ; let Fate dispose the rest.

The Champion ceas'd ; there follow'd in  
the Close

A hollow Groan ; a murmur'ing Wind arose,  
The Rings of Ir'n, that on the Doors were  
hung,

Sent out a jarring Sound, and harshly rung  
The bolted Gates flew open at the Blast, 361  
The Storm rush'd in ; and *Arcite* stood  
agast :

The Flames were blown aside, yet shone  
they bright,  
Fann'd by the Wind, and gave a ruff'd  
Light.

Then from the Ground a Scent began to  
rise,

Sweet-smelling as accepted Sacrifice :

This *Omen* pleas'd, and as the Flames aspire,  
With od'rous Incence *Arcite* heaps the Fire  
Nor wanted Hymns to *Mars* or Heathen  
Charms :

At length the nodding Statue clash'd his  
Arms, 370

And with a sullen Sound, and feeble Cry,  
Half sunk, and half pronounc'd the Word of  
Victory.

For this, with Soul devout, he thank'd the  
God,

And, of Success secure, return'd to his  
Abode.

These Vows thus granted, rais'd a Strife  
above,

Betwixt the God of War, and Queen of Love.  
She granting first, had Right of Time to  
plead ; 377

But he had granted too, nor would recede.

*Jove* was for *Venus* : but he fear'd his Wife,  
And seem'd unwilling to decide the Strife ;  
Till *Saturn* from his Leaden Throne arose,  
And found a Way the Difference to compose:

Though sparing of his Grace, to Mischief  
bent,

He seldom does a Good with good Intent.  
Wayward, but wise ; by long Experience  
taught,

To please both Parties, for ill Ends, he  
sought :

For this Advantage Age from Youth has  
won,

As not to be outridden, though outrun.

By Fortune he was now to *Venus* Trin'd,  
And with stern *Mars* in *Capricorn* was  
join'd : 390

Of him disposing in his own Abode,  
He sooth'd the Goddess, while he gull'd the  
God :

Cease, Daughter, to complain ; and stint the  
Strife ;

Thy *Palamon* shall have his promis'd Wife :  
And *Mars*, the Lord of Conquest, in the  
Fight

With *Palmand* Laurel shall adorn his Knight.  
Wide is my Course, nor turn I to my Place  
Till Length of Time, and move with tardy  
Pace.

Man feels me, when I press th' *Ethereal*  
Plains ; 399

My Hand is heavy, and the Wound remains.

Mine is the Shipwreck in a Watry Sign ;  
And in an Earthy, the dark Dungeon mine.

Cold shivering Agues, melancholy Care,  
And bitter blasting Winds, and poison'd Air,  
Are mine, and wilful Death, resulting from  
Despair.

The throttling Quinsey 'tis my Star appoints,  
And Rheumatisms I send to rack the Joints:  
When Churls rebel against their Native  
Prince,

I arm their Hands, and furnish the Pretence ;  
And housing in the Lion's hateful Sign, 410  
Bought Senates, and deserting Troops are  
mine.

Mine is the privy Pois'ning ; I command  
Unkindly Seasons, and ungrateful Land.  
By me Kings Palaces are push'd to Ground,  
And Miners, crush'd beneath their Mines  
are found.

'Twas I slew *Samson*, when the Pillar'd Hall  
Fell down, and crush'd the Many with the  
Fall.

351 This] *Christie* wrongly gives The

407 I send] *Warton* and others absurdly give  
ascend

My Looking is the Sire of Pestilence,  
That sweeps at once the People and the Prince.  
Now weep no more, but trust thy Grandsire's Art ; 420  
*Mars* shall be pleas'd, and thou perform thy Part.  
'Tis ill, though diff'rent your Complexions are,  
The Family of Heav'n for Men should war.  
Th' Expedient pleas'd, where neither lost his Right :  
*Mars* had the Day, and *Venus* had the Night.  
The Management they left to *Chronos* Care.  
Now turn we to th' Effect, and sing the War.  
In *Athens* all was Pleasure, Mirth, and Play,  
All proper to the Spring, and spritely *May* :  
Which every Soul inspir'd with such Delight,  
'Twas Justing all the Day, and Love at Night. 431  
Heav'n smil'd, and gladdened was the Heart of Man ;  
And *Venus* had the World, as when it first began.  
At length in Sleep their Bodies they compose,  
And dreamt the future Fight, and early rose  
Now scarce the dawning Day began to spring,  
As at a Signal giv'n, the Streets with Clamours ring :  
At once the Crowd arose; confus'd and high, }  
Even from the Heav'n was heard a shouting Cry ; 439  
For *Mars* was early up, and rowz'd the Sky }  
The Gods came downward to behold the Wars,  
Sharpening their Sights, and leaning from their Stars.  
The Neighing of the gen'rous Horse was heard,  
For Battel by the busie Groom prepar'd :  
Rustling of Harness, rattling of the Shield,  
Clatt'ring of Armour, furbish'd for the Field.  
Crowds to the Castle mounted up the Street ;  
Batt'ring the Pavement with their Coursers Feet :

The greedy Sight might there devour the Gold  
Of glittering Arms, too dazling to behold : 450  
And polish'd Steel that cast the View aside,  
And Crested Morions, with their Plumy Pride.  
Knights, with a long Retinue of their Squires,  
In gawdy Liv'ries march, and quaint Attires.  
One lac'd the Helm, another held the Lance :  
A third the shining Buckler did advance.  
The Courser paw'd the Ground with restless Feet,  
And snorting foam'd, and champ'd the Golden Bit.  
The Smiths and Armourers on Palfreys ride, }  
Files in their Hands, and Hammers at their Side, 460  
And nails for loosen'd Spears, and Thongs }  
for Shields provide.  
The Yeomen guard the Streets, in seemly Bands ;  
And Clowns come crowding on, with Cudgels in their Hands.  
The Trumpets, next the Gate, in order plac'd,  
Attend the Sign to sound the Martial Blast :  
The Palace-yard is fill'd with floating Tides,  
And the last Comers bear the former to the Sides  
The Throng is in the midst : The common Crew  
Shut out, the Hall admits the better Few.  
In Knots they stand, or in a Rank they walk, 470  
Serious in Aspect, earnest in their Talk :  
Factious, and fav'ring this or t'other Side,  
As their strong Fancies, and weak Reason guide ;  
Their Wagers back their Wishes : Numbers hold  
With the fair freckl'd King, and Beard of Gold :  
So vig'rous are his Eyes, such Rays they cast,  
So prominent his Eagles Beak is plac'd.  
But most their Looks on the black Monarch bend,  
His rising Muscles, and his Brawn commend ;  
His double-biting Ax, and beamy Spear, 480  
Each asking a Gygantick Force to rear.  
All spoke as partial Favour mov'd the mind ;  
And safe themselves, at others Cost divin'd.

Wak'd by the Cries, th' *Athenian* Chief  
 arose,  
 The Knightly Forms of Combate to dispose ;  
 And passing through th' obsequious Guards,  
 he sate  
 Conspicuous on a Throne, sublime in State ;  
 There, for the two contending Knights he  
 sent :  
 Arm'd *Cap-a-pe*, with Rev'rence low they  
 bent ;  
 He smil'd on both, and with superiour Look  
 Alike their offer'd Adoration took. 491  
 The People press on ev'ry Side to see  
 Their awful Prince, and hear his high  
 Decree.  
 Then signing to their Heralds with his  
 Hand,  
 They gave his Orders from their lofty Stand.  
 Silence is thrice enjoin'd ; then thus aloud  
 The King at Arms bespeaks the Knights and  
 listning Crowd.  
 Our Sovereign Lord has ponder'd in his  
 Mind  
 The Means to spare the Blood of gentle  
 Kind ;  
 And of his Grace and in-born Clemency 500  
 He modifies his first severe Decree ;  
 The keener Edge of Battel to rebate,  
 The Troops for Honour fighting, not for  
 Hate.  
 He wills, not Death shou'd terminate their  
 Strife,  
 And Wounds, if Wounds ensue, be short of  
 Life ;  
 But issues, e'er the Fight, his dread Com-  
 mand,  
 That Slings afar, and Ponyards Hand to  
 Hand,  
 Be banish'd from the Field ; that none shall  
 dare  
 With shortned Sword to stab in closer War ;  
 But in fair Combate fight with manly  
 Strength 510  
 Nor push with biting Point, but strike at  
 length.  
 The Turney is allow'd but one Career,  
 Of the tough Ash, with the sharp-grinded  
 Spear.  
 But Knights unhors'd may rise from off the  
 Plain,  
 And fight on Foot, their Honour to regain.  
 Nor, if at Mischief taken, on the Ground  
 Be slain, but Pris'ners to the Pillar bound,

At either Barrier placed ; nor (Captives  
 made,)

Be freed, or arm'd anew the Fight invade :  
 The Chief of either side, bereft of Life, 520  
 Or yielded to his Foe, concludes the Strife.  
 Thus doom'd the Lord : Now valiant Knights  
 and young,  
 Fight each his fill with Swords and Maces  
 long.  
 The Herald ends : The vaulted Firma-  
 ment  
 With loud Acclaims, and vast Applause is  
 rent :  
 Heav'n guard a Prince so gracious and so  
 good,  
 So just, and yet so provident of Blood !  
 This was the gen'ral Cry. The Trumpets  
 sound,  
 And Warlike Symphony is heard around.  
 The marching Troops through *Athens* take  
 their Way, 530  
 The great Earl-Marshall orders their Array.  
 The Fair from high the passing Pomp behold ;  
 A Rain of Flow'rs is from the Windows roll'd.  
 The Casements are with Golden Tissue  
 spread,  
 And Horses Hoofs, for Earth, on silken  
 Tap'stry tread.  
 The King goes midmost, and the Rivals ride  
 In equal Rank, and close his either Side.  
 Next after these, there rode the Royal Wife,  
 With *Emily*, the Cause, and the Reward of  
 Strife.  
 The following Cavalcade, by Three and  
 Three, 540  
 Proceed by Titles marshall'd in Degree.  
 Thus through the Southern Gate they take  
 their Way,  
 And at the Lists arriv'd e'er Prime of Day.  
 There, parting from the King, the Chiefs  
 divide,  
 And wheeling East and West, before their  
 Many ride.  
 Th' *Athenian* Monarch mounts his Throne  
 on high,  
 And after him the Queen, and *Emily* :  
 Next these, the Kindred of the Crown are  
 grac'd  
 With nearer Seats, and Lords by Ladies  
 plac'd.  
 Scarce were they seated, when with Clamours  
 loud 550  
 In rush'd at once a rude promiscuous Crowd,

The Guards, and then each other overbare,  
 And in a Moment throng the spacious  
 Theatre  
 Now chang'd the jarring Noise to Whispers  
 low,  
 As Winds forsaking Seas more softly blow,  
 When at the Western Gate, on which the  
 Car  
 Is plac'd aloft, that bears the God of War,  
 Proud *Arate* entring arm'd before his Train  
 Stops at the Barrier, and divides the Plain.  
 Red was his Banner, and display'd abroad  
 The bloody Colours of his Patron God. 561  
 At that self-moment enters *Palamon*  
 The Gate of *Venus*, and the Rising Sun;  
 Wav'd by the wanton Winds, his Banner  
 flies,  
 All maiden White, and shares the peoples  
 Eyes.  
 From East to West, look all the World  
 around,  
 Two Troops so match'd were never to be  
 found:  
 Such Bodies built for Strength, of equal Age,  
 In Stature siz'd; so proud an Equipage:  
 The nicest Eye cou'd no Distinction make,  
 Where lay th' Advantage, or what Side to  
 take. 571  
 Thus rang'd, the Herald for the last pro-  
 claims  
 A Silence, while they answer'd to their  
 Names:  
 For so the King decreed, to shun with Care  
 The Fraud of Musters false, the common  
 Bane of War.  
 The Tale was just, and then the Gates were  
 clos'd;  
 And Chief to Chief, and Troop to Troop  
 oppos'd.  
 The Heralds last retir'd, and loudly cry'd,  
 The Fortune of the Field be fairly try'd  
 At this the Challenger, with fierce Defie  
 His Trumpet sounds; the Challenger'd makes  
 Reply: 581  
 With Clangour rings the Field, resounds  
 the vaulted Sky.  
 Their Vizors closed, their Lances in the  
 Rest,  
 Or at the Helmet pointed, or the Crest;  
 They vanish from the Barrier, speed the  
 Race,  
 And spurring see decrease, the middle  
 Space.

A Cloud of Smoke envelops either Host,  
 And all at once the Combatants are lost:  
 Darkling they join adverse, and shock un-  
 seen,  
 Coursers with Coursers justling, Men with  
 Men: 590  
 As lab'ring in Eclipse, a while they stay,  
 Till the next Blast of Wind restores the Day  
 They look anew: The beauteous Form of  
 Fight  
 Is chang'd, and War appears a grizly Sight  
 Two Troops in fair Array one moment  
 show'd,  
 The next, a Field with fallen Bodies strow'd  
 Not half the Number in their Seats are  
 found,  
 But Men and Steeds lie grov'ling on the  
 Ground.  
 The points of Spears are stuck within the  
 Shield,  
 The Steeds without their Riders scour the  
 Field. 600  
 The Knights unhors'd, on Foot renew the  
 Fight;  
 The glitt'ring Fauchions cast a gleaming  
 Light;  
 Hauberts and Helms are hew'd with many  
 a Wound;  
 Out spins the streaming Blood, and dies the  
 Ground.  
 The mighty Maces with such Haste descend,  
 They break the Bones, and make the solid  
 Armour bend.  
 This thrusts amid the Throng with furious  
 Force;  
 Down goes, at once, the Horseman and the  
 Horse:  
 That Courser stumbles on the fallen Steed,  
 And floundring, throws the Rider o'er his  
 Head. 610  
 One rolls along, a Foot-ball to his Foes;  
 One with a broken Truncheon deals his  
 Blows  
 Thus halting, this disabl'd with his Wound,  
 In Triumph led, is to the Pillar bound,  
 Where by the King's Award he must abide.  
 There goes a Captive led on t'other Side.  
 By Hits they cease; and leaning on the  
 Lance,  
 Take Breath a while, and to new Fight  
 advance.  
 Full oft the Rivals met, and neither spar'd  
 His utmost Force, and each forgot to ward.



The Head of this was to the Saddle bent, 621  
That other backward to the Crupper sent :  
Both were by Turns unhors'd ; the jealous  
Blows

Fall thick and heavy, when on Foot they  
close.

So deep their Fauchions bite, that ev'ry  
Stroke

Pierc'd to the Quick ; and equal Wounds  
they gave and took.

Born far asunder by the Tides of men,  
Like Adamant and Steel they met agen.

So when a Tyger sucks the Bullock's )  
Blood,

A famish'd Lion issuing from the Wood 630  
Roars Lordly fierce, and challenges the  
Food.

Each claims Possession, neither will obey,  
But both their Paws are fasten'd on the  
Prey ;

They bite, they tear ; and while in vain they  
strive,

The Swains come arm'd between, and both  
to Distance drive.

At length, as Fate foredoom'd, and all  
things tend

By Course of Time to their appointed End ;  
So when the Sun to West was far declin'd,

And both afresh in mortal Battel join'd,  
The strong *Emetrius* came in *Arcite's* Aid,

And *Palamon* with Odds was overlaid : 641  
For turning short, he struck with all his  
Might

Full on the Helmet of th' unwary Knight.  
Deep was the Wound ; he stagger'd with the

Blow,  
And turn'd him to his unexpected Foe ;

Whom with such Force he struck, he fell'd  
him down,

And cleft the Circle of his Golden Crown.

But *Arcite's* Men, who now prevail'd in  
Fight,

Twice Ten at once surround the single  
Knight :

O'erpower'd at length, they force him to the  
Ground, 650

Unyielded as he was, and to the Pillar  
bound ;

And king *Lycurgus*, while he fought in Vain  
His Friend to free, was tumbld on the Plain.

Who now laments but *Palamon*, compell'd  
No more to try the Fortune of the Field !

And worse than Death, to view with hate-  
ful Eyes

His Rival's Conquest, and renounce the  
Prize !

The Royal Judge on his Tribunal plac'd,  
Who had beheld the Fight from first to last,  
Bad cease the War ; pronouncing from on  
high 660

*Arcite* of *Thebes* had won the beauteous  
*Emily*.

The Sound of Trumpets to the Voice reply'd, )  
And round the Royal Lists the Heralds

cry'd, )  
*Arcite* of *Thebes* has won the beauteous

Bride.

The People rend the Skies with vast  
Applause ;

All own the Chief, when Fortune owns the  
Cause.

*Arcite* is own'd ev'n by the Gods above,  
And conqu'ring *Mars* insults the Queen of  
Love.

So laugh'd he when the rightful *Titan*  
fail'd,

And *Jove's* usurping Arms in Heav'n pre-  
vail'd. 670

Laugh'd all the Pow'rs who favour Tyranny ;  
And all the Standing Army of the Sky.

But *Venus* with dejected Eyes appears,  
And weeping, on the Lists, distill'd her

Tears ;  
Her Will refus'd, which grieves a Woman

most,  
And, in her Champion foil'd, the Cause of  
Love is lost.

Till *Saturn* said, Fair Daughter, now be  
still,

The blustering Fool has satisfi'd his Will ;  
His Boon is given ; his Knight has gain'd

the Day,  
But lost the Prize, th' Arrears are yet to

pay. 680  
Thy Hour is come, and mine the Care shall be

To please thy Knight, and set thy Promise  
free.

Now while the Heralds run the Lists  
around,

And *Arcite*, *Arcite*, Heav'n and Earth  
resound,

A Miracle (nor less it could be call'd)  
Their Joy with unexpected Sorrow pall'd.

622 That] *Derrick, Christie, and others*  
*wrongly give The*

The Victor Knight had laid his Helm aside,  
 Part for his Ease, the greater part for Pride :  
 Bare-headed, popularly low he bow'd,  
 And paid the Salutations of the Crowd ; 690  
 Then spurring, at full speed, ran endlong on  
 Where *Theseus* sat on his Imperial Throne ;  
 Furious he drove, and upward cast his  
 Eye,  
 Where next the Queen was plac'd his  
*Emily* ;  
 Then passing, to the Saddle-bow he bent,  
 A sweet Regard the gracious Virgin lent :  
 (For Women to the Brave an easie Prey,  
 Still follow Fortune, where she leads the  
 Way :)  
 Just then, from Earth sprung out a flashing  
 Fire,  
 By *Pluto* sent, at *Saturn's* bad Desire : 700  
 The startling Steed was seiz'd with sudden  
 Fright,  
 And, bounding, o'er the Pummel cast the  
 Knight :  
 Forward he flew, and pitching on his Head,  
 He quiver'd with his Feet, and lay for Dead.  
 Black was his Count'nance in a little Space,  
 For all the Blood was gather'd in his Face.  
 Help was at Hand ; they rear'd him from  
 the Ground,  
 And from his cumbrous Arms his Limbs  
 unbound ;  
 Then lanc'd a Vein, and watch'd returning  
 Breath ;  
 It came, but clogg'd with Symptoms of his  
 Death. 710  
 The Saddle-bow the Noble Parts had prest,  
 All bruise'd and mortifi'd his Manly Breast.  
 Him still entranc'd, and in a Litter laid,  
 They bore from Field, and to his Bed con-  
 vey'd.  
 At length he wak'd ; and, with a feeble Cry,  
 The Word he first pronounc'd was *Emily*.  
 Mean time the King, though inwardly he  
 mourn'd,  
 In Pomp triumphant to the Town return'd,  
 Attended by the Chiefs who fought the Field,  
 (Now friendly mix'd, and in one Troop  
 compell'd ;) 720  
 Compos'd his Looks to counterfeit'd Cheer,  
 And bade them not for *Arcite's* Life to fear.  
 But that which gladdened all the Warriour  
 Train,  
 Though most were sorely wounded, none  
 were slain.

The Surgeons soon despoil'd 'em of their Arms,  
 And some with Salves they cure, and some  
 with Charms ;  
 Foment the Bruises, and the Pains assuage  
 And heal their inward Hurts with Sov'reign  
 Draughts of Sage.  
 The King in Person visits all around, 720  
 Comforts the Sick, congratulates the Sound ;  
 Honours the Princely Chiefs, rewards the rest,  
 And holds for thrice three Days a Royal  
 Feast.  
 None was disgrac'd ; for Falling is no Shame ;  
 And Cowardice alone is Loss of Fame.  
 The vent'rous Knight is from the Saddle  
 thrown,  
 But 'tis the Fault of Fortune, not his own.  
 If Crowds and Palms the conqu'ring Side  
 adorn,  
 The Victor under better Stars was born :  
 The brave Man seeks not popular Applause,  
 Nor overpower'd with Arms, deserts his  
 Cause ; 740  
 Unsham'd, though foil'd, he does the best  
 he can ;  
 Force is of Brutes, but Honour is of Man.  
 Thus *Theseus* smil'd on all with equal  
 Grace,  
 And each was set according to his Place.  
 With Ease were reconcil'd the diff'ring Parts,  
 For Envy never dwells in Noble Hearts.  
 At length they took their Leave, the Time  
 expir'd ;  
 Well pleas'd ; and to their sev'ral Homes  
 retir'd.  
 Mean while, the Health of *Arcite* still  
 impairs ;  
 From Bad proceeds to Worse, and mocks the  
 Leeches Cares : 750  
 Swoln is his Breast, his inward Pains in-  
 crease ;  
 All Means are us'd, and all without Success.  
 The clotted Blood lies heavy on his Heart,  
 Corrupts, and there remains in spite of Art :  
 Nor breathing Veins nor Cupping will  
 prevail ;  
 All outward Remedies and inward fail :  
 The Mold of Natures Fabrick is destroy'd,  
 Her Vessels discompos'd, her Vertue void :  
 The Bellows of his Lungs begins to swell :  
 All out of frame is ev'ry secret Cell, 760  
 Nor can the Good receive, nor Bad expel.

753 clotted] *Edd. give* clotted

Those breathing Organs thus within oppress,  
With Venom soon distend the Sinews of his  
Breast.

Nought profits him to save abandon'd Life,  
Nor Vomits upward Aid, nor downward  
Laxative.

The midmost Region batter'd, and destroy'd,  
When Nature cannot work, th' Effect of  
Art is void.

For Physick can but mend our crazie State,  
Patch an old Building, not a new create.

*Arcite* is Doom'd to die in all his Pride, 770  
Must leave his Youth, and yield his beau-  
teous Bride,

Gain'd hardly, against Right, and un-  
enjoy'd.

When 'twas declar'd, all Hope of Life was  
past,  
Conscience, that of all Physick works the  
last,

Caused him to send for *Emily* in haste.

With her, at his Desire, came *Palamon*;  
Then, on his Pillow rais'd, he thus begun.

No Language can express the smallest part  
Of what I feel, and suffer in my Heart, 779

For you, whom best I love and value most;  
But to your Service I bequeath my Ghost;  
Which, from this mortal Body when unty'd,  
Unseen, unheard, shall hover at your Side;  
Nor fright you waking, nor your Sleep offend,  
But wait officious, and your Steps attend.

How I have lov'd, excuse my faltering Tongue,  
My Spirit's feeble, and my Pains are strong:  
This I may say, I only grieve to die,  
Because I lose my charming *Emily*.

To die, when Heav'n had put you in my  
Pow'r; 790

Fate could not chuse a more malicious Hour!  
What greater Curse cou'd envious Fortune  
give,

Than just to die when I began to live!  
Vain Men, how vanishing a Bliss we crave,  
Now warm in Love, now with'ring in the  
Grave!

Never, O never more to see the Sun!  
Still dark, in a damp Vault, and still alone!  
This Fate is common; but I lose my Breath  
Near Bliss, and yet not bless'd before my  
Death.

Farewell; but take me dying in your Arms,  
'Tis all I can enjoy of all your Charms: 801  
This Hand I cannot but in Death resign;  
Ah, could I live! But while I live 'tis mine.

I feel my End approach, and thus em-  
brac'd

Am pleas'd to die; but hear me speak my  
last.

Ah! my sweet Foe, for you, and you alone,  
I broke my Faith with injur'd *Palamon*.

But Love the Sense of Right and Wrong  
confounds;

Strong Love and proud Ambition have no  
Bounds.

And much I doubt, shou'd Heav'n my Life  
prolong, 810

I shou'd return to justifie my Wrong;

For while my former Flames remain within,  
Repentance is but want of Pow'r to Sm.

With mortal Hatred I pursu'd his Life,  
Nor he nor you were guilty of the Strife;

Nor I, but as I lov'd; Yet all combin'd,  
Your Beauty, and my Impotence of Mind,

And his concurrent Flame, that blew my  
Fire;

For still our Kindred Souls had one Desire.  
He had a Moments Right in point of Time;

Had I seen first, then his had been the  
Crime. 821

Fate made it mine, and justified his Right;  
Nor holds this Earth a more deserving

Knight

For Vertue, Valour, and for Noble Blood,  
Truth, Honour, all that is compriz'd in Good;

So help me Heav'n, in all the World is none  
So worthy to be lov'd as *Palamon*.

He loves you too; with such a holy Fire,  
As will not, cannot but with Life expire:

Our vow'd Affections both have often  
try'd, 830

Nor any Love but yours could ours divide,

Then by my Loves inviolable Band,  
By my long Suffering, and my short Com-

mand,

If e'er you plight your Vows when I am gone,  
Have pity on the faithful *Palamon*.

This was his last; for Death came on  
amain,

And exercis'd below his Iron Reign;

Then upward, to the Seat of Life he goes;  
Sense fled before him, what he touch'd he

froze:

Yet cou'd he not his closing Eyes withdraw,  
Though less and less of *Emily* he saw: 841

So, speechless, for a little space he lay;  
Then grasp'd the Hand he held, and sigh'd

his Soul away.

But whither went his Soul, let such relate  
Who search the Secrets of the future State :  
Divines can say but what themselves believe;  
Strong Proofs they have, but not demonstra-  
tive :

For, were all plain, then all Sides must agree,  
And Faith it self be lost in Certainty.

To live uprightly then is sure the best ; 850  
To save our selves, and not to damn the rest.  
The soul of *Arcite* went, where Heathens go,  
Who better live than we, though less they  
know.

In *Palamon* a manly Grief appears ;  
Silent, he wept, asham'd to show his Tears  
*Emilia* shriek'd but once ; and then,  
oppress'd

With Sorrow, sunk upon her Lovers Breast :  
Till *Theseus* in his Arms convey'd with Care  
Far from so sad a Sight, the swooning Fair.  
'Twere Loss of Time her Sorrow to relate ;  
Ill bears the Sex a youthful Lover's  
Fate, 861

When just approaching to the Nuptial State  
But like a low-hung Cloud, it rains so fast,  
That all at once it falls, and cannot last.  
The Face of Things is chang'd, and *Athens* now.  
That laugh'd so late, becomes the Scene of  
Woe :

Matrons and Maids, both Sexes, ev'ry State,  
With Tears lament the Knight's untimely  
Fate.

Not greater Grief in falling *Troy* was seen  
For *Hector's* Death ; but *Hector* was not  
then. 870

Old Men with Dust deform'd their hoary  
Hair,

The Women beat their Breasts, their Cheeks  
they tear.

Why would'st thou go, with one consent  
they cry,

When thou hadst Gold enough, and *Emely* !  
*Theseus* himself, who shou'd have cheer'd  
the Grief

Of others, wanted now the same Relief.  
Old *Egeus* only could revive his Son,  
Who various Changes of the World had  
known,

And strange Vicissitudes of Humane Fate,  
Still alt'ring, never in a steady State : 880

844 Soul,] *Christie and others wrongly give*  
Soul ;

869 Not] *Varlton and others wrongly give*  
Nor

Good after Ill and after Pain, Delight,  
Alternate, like the Scenes of Day and Night.  
Since ev'ry Man who lives is born to die,  
And none can boast sincere Felicity,  
With equal Mind, what happens, let us bear,  
Nor joy, nor grieve too much for Things  
beyond our Care

Like Pilgrims to th' appointed Place we  
tend ;

The World's an Inn, and Death the Journeys  
End

Ev'n Kings but play ; and when their Part  
is done,

Some other, worse or better, mount the  
Throne. 890

With words like these the Crowd was satis-  
f'd ;

And so they would have been, had *Theseus*  
dy'd.

But he, their King, was lab'ring in his Mind,  
A fitting Place for Fun'ral Poms to find,  
Which were in Honour of the Dead design'd  
And, after long Debate, at last he found  
(As Love it self had mark'd the Spot of  
Ground)

That Grove for ever green, that conscious  
Lawnd,

Where he with *Palamon* fought Hand to  
Hand :

That where he fed his amorous Desires 900  
With soft Complaints, and felt his hottest

Fires,  
There other Flames might waste his Earthly  
Part,

And burn his Limbs, where Love had burn'd  
his Heart.

This once resolv'd, the Peasants were  
enjoin'd

Sere Wood, and Firs, and dodder'd Oaks to  
find.

With sounding Axes to the Grove they go,  
Fell, split, and lay the Fewel on a Row,  
*Vulcanian* Food : A Bier is next prepar'd,  
On which the lifeless Body should be rear'd,  
Cover'd with Cloth of Gold, on which was  
laid 910

The Corps of *Arcite*, in like Robes array'd  
White Gloves were on his Hands, and on  
his Head

A Wreath of Laurel, mix'd with Myrtle,  
spread

907 on] *Christie wrongly gives in*

A Sword keen-edg'd within his Right he held,  
The warlike Emblem of the conquer'd Field :  
Bare was his manly Visage on the Bier ;  
Menac'd his Countenance ; ev'n in Death  
severe.

Then to the Palace-Hall they bore the  
Knight,  
To lie in solemn State, a Publick Sight.  
Groans, Cries, and Howlings fill the Crowded  
Place, 920

And unaffected Sorrow sat on ev'ry Face.  
Sad *Palamon* above the rest appears,  
In Sable Garments, dew'd with gushing  
Tears :

His Aubourn Locks on either Shoulder  
flow'd,

Which to the Fun'ral of his Friend he vow'd :  
But *Emily*, as Chief, was next his Side,  
A Virgin-Widow and a Mourning Bride.

And that the Princely Obsequies might be  
Perform'd according to his high Degree, <  
The Steed, that bore him living to the Fight, >  
Was trapp'd with polish'd Steel, all shining  
bright, 931

And cover'd with th' Atchievements of the  
Knight.

The Riders rode abreast, and one his Shield,  
His Lance of Cornel-wood another held ;  
The third his Bow, and, glorious to behold,  
The costly Quiver, all of burnish'd Gold.  
The Noblest of the *Grecians* next appear,  
And weeping, on their Shoulders bore the  
Bier ;

With sober Pace they march'd, and often  
staid,

And through the Master-Street the Corps  
convey'd. 940

The Houses to their Tops with Black were  
spread,

And ev'n the Pavements were with Mourn-  
ing hid.

The Right-side of the Pall old *Egeus* kept,  
And on the Left the Royal *Theseus* wept ;  
Each bore a Golden Bowl of Work Divine,  
With Honey fill'd, and Milk, and mix'd  
with ruddy Wine.

Then *Palamon*, the Kinsman of the Slain,  
And after him appear'd th' Illustrious Train :  
To grace the Pomp came *Emily* the Bright,  
With cover'd Fire, the Fun'ral Pile to  
light. 950

With high Devotion was the Service made  
And all the Rites of Pagan-Honour paid :

So lofty was the Pile, a *Parthian* Bow,  
With Vigour drawn, must send the Shaft  
below.

The Bottom was full twenty Fathom broad,  
With crackling Straw beneath in due Pro-  
portion strow'd.

The Fabrick seem'd a Wood of rising Green,  
With Sulphur and Bitumen cast between,  
To feed the Flames : The Trees were  
unctuous Fir, 959

And Mountain-Ash, the Mother of the  
Spear ;

The Mourner Eugh and Builder Oak were  
there :

The Beech, the swimming Alder, and the  
Plane,

Hard Box, and Linden of a softer Grain,  
And Laurels, which the Gods for Conqu'ring  
Chiefs ordain.

How they were rank'd shall rest untold  
by me,

With nameless Nymphs that lived in ev'ry  
Tree ;

Nor how the Dryads and the Woodland  
Train,

Disherited, ran howling o'er the Plain :

Nor how the Birds to Foreign Seats repair'd,  
Or Beasts that bolted out, and saw the  
Forest bar'd : 970

Nor how the Ground now clear'd with  
gastly Fright

Beheld the sudden Sun, a Stranger to the  
Light.

The Straw, as first I said, was laid below :  
Of Chips and Sere-wood was the second Row ;

The third of Greens, and Timber newly fell'd ;  
The fourth high Stage the fragrant Odours  
held,

And Pearls, and precious Stones, and rich  
Array ;

In midst of which, embalm'd, the Body lay.  
The Service sung, the Maid with mourning  
Eyes

The Stubble fir'd ; the smouldring Flames  
arise : 980

This Office done, she sunk upon the Ground ;  
But what she spoke, recover'd from her  
Swoond,

I want the Wit in moving Words to dress ;  
But by themselves the tender Sex may guess.

961 Eugh] *The editors print Yew Dryden's*  
*was a Westminster spelling, probably Busby's ;*  
*cf. Oxford Historical Society, vol. xxxii, p. 294.*

While the devouring Fire was burning fast,  
Rich Jewels in the Flame the Wealthy cast ;  
And some their Shields, and some their  
Lances threw,  
And gave the Warriour's Ghost a Warriour's  
Due.

Full Bowls of Wine, of Honey, Milk and  
Blood

Were pour'd upon the Pile of burning  
Wood, 990

And hissing Flames receive, and hungry  
lick the Food.

Then thrice the mounted Squadrons ride  
around

The Fire, and *Arcite's* Name they thrice  
resound :

Hail, and Farewell, they shouted, thrice  
amain,

Thrice facing to the Left, and thrice they  
turn'd again :

Still, as they turn'd, they beat their  
clatt'ring Shields ;

The Women mix their Cries ; and Clamour  
fills the Fields.

The warlike Wakes continu'd all the Night,  
And Fun'ral Games were played at new-  
returning Light :

Who naked wrestl'd best, besmear'd with  
Oil, 1000

Or who with Gantlets gave or took the  
Foil,

I will not tell you, nor wou'd you attend ;  
But briefly haste to my long Stories End.

I pass the rest ; the Year was fully  
mourn'd,

And *Palamon* long since to *Thebes* return'd :

When, by the *Grecians* general Consent,  
At *Athens* *Theseus* held his Parliament ;

Among the Laws that pass'd, it was decreed,  
That conquer'd *Thebes* from Bondage shou'd  
be freed ;

Reserving Homage to th' *Athenian* throne,  
To which the Sov'reign summon'd *Palamon*. 1011

Unknowing of the Cause, he took his Way,  
Mournful in Mind, and still in Black Array,

The Monarch mounts the Throne, and,  
plac'd on high,

Commands into the Court the beauteous  
*Emily* :

So call'd, she came ; the Senate rose, and  
paid

Becoming Rev'rence to the Royal Maid.  
And first, soft Whispers through th' Assembly  
went ;

With silent Wonder then they watch'd th'  
Event ;

All hush'd, the King arose with awful Grace ;  
Deep Thought was in his Breast, and

Counsel in his Face. 1021

At length he sigh'd ; and having first  
prepar'd

Th' attentive Audience, thus his Will  
declar'd.

The Cause and Spring of Motion, from  
above

Hung down on Earth the Golden Cham of  
Love :

Great was th' Effect, and high was his Intent,  
When Peace among the jarring Seeds he  
sent ;

Fire, Flood, and Earth, and Air by this were  
bound,

And Love, the common Link, the new  
Creation crown'd.

The Chain still holds ; for though the Forms  
decay, 1030

Eternal Matter never wears away :

The same First Mover certain Bounds has  
plac'd,

How long those perishable Forms shall last ;  
Nor can they last beyond the Time assign'd

By that All-seeing and All-making Mind :  
Shorten their Hours they may, for Will is  
free,

But never pass th' appointed Destiny.

So Men oppress'd, when weary of their  
Breath,

Throw off the Burden, and subborn their  
Death

Then, since those Forms begin, and have  
their End, 1040

On some unalter'd Cause they sure depend :  
Parts of the Whole are we, but God the  
Whole,

Who gives us Life, and animating Soul.

For Nature cannot from a Part derive  
That Being, which the Whole can only give :

He perfect, stable ; but imperfect We,  
Subject to Change, and different in Degree ;

Plants, Beasts, and Man ; and, as our  
Organs are,

We more or less of his Perfection share.

988 the] *Derrick* and *Warton* wrongly give  
their

But, by a long Descent, th' Etherial Fire  
Corrupts ; and Forms, the mortal Part,  
expire. 1051

As he withdraws his Vertue, so they pass,  
And the same Matter makes another Mass :  
This Law th' Omniscient Pow'r was pleas'd  
to give,

That ev'ry Kind should by Succession live ;  
That Individuals dié, his Will ordains ;  
The propagated Species still remains.

The Monarch Oak, the Patrarch of the Trees,  
Shoots rising up, and spreads by slow  
Degrees ;

Three Centuries he grows, and three he stays,  
Supreme in State ; and in three more  
decays : 1061

So wears the paving Pebble in the Street,  
And Towns and Tow'rs their fatal Period  
meet :

So Rivers, rapid once, now naked lie,  
Forsaken of their Springs ; and leave their  
Channels dry.

So Man, at first a Drop, dilates with Heat,  
Then form'd, the little Heart begins to beat ;  
Secret he feeds, unknowing in the Cell ;  
At length, for Hatching ripe, he breaks the  
Shell, 1069

And struggles into Breath, and cries for Aid ;  
Then, helpless, in his Mother's Lap is laid.  
He creeps, he walks, and, issuing into Man,  
Grudges their Life from whence his own  
began :

Retchless of Laws, affects to rule alone,  
Anxious to reign, and restless on the Throne ;  
First vegetive, then feels, and reasons last ;  
Rich of Three Souls, and lives all three to  
waste.

Some thus ; but thousands more in Flow'r  
of Age :

For few arrive to run the latter Stage.

Sunk in the first, in Battel some are slain,  
And others whelm'd beneath the stormy  
Main. 1081

What makes all this, but *Jupiter* the King,  
At whose Command we perish, and we  
spring ?

Then 'tis our best, since thus ordain'd to dié,  
To make a Vertue of Necessity.

Take what he gives, since to rebel is vain ;  
The Bad grows better, which we well sustain :  
And cou'd we chuse the Time, and chuse  
aright,

Tis best to dié, our Honour at the height.

When we have done our Ancestors no  
Shame, 1090

But serv'd our Friends, and well secur'd our  
Fame ;

Then should we wish our happy Life to close,  
And leave no more for Fortune to dispose :  
So should we make our Death a glad Relief  
From future Shame, from Sickness, and from  
Grief :

Enjoying while we live the present Hour,  
And dying in our Excellence, and Flow'r.  
Then round our Death-bed every Friend  
shou'd run,

And joy us of our Conquest, early won ;  
While the malicious World, with envious  
Tears, 1100

Shou'd grudge our happy End, and wish it  
Theirs.

Since then our *Arcite* is with Honour dead,  
Why shou'd we mourn, that he so soon is  
freed,

Or call untimely, what the Gods decreed ?  
With Grief as just a Friend may be deplor'd,  
From a foul Prison to free Air restor'd.  
Ought he to thank his Kinsman, or his Wife,  
Cou'd Tears recall him into wretched Life !  
Their Sorrow hurts themselves ; on him  
is lost ;

And worse than both, offends his happy  
Ghost. 1110

What then remains, but after past Annoy  
To take the good Vicissitude of Joy ?  
To thank the gracious Gods for what they  
give,

Possess our Souls, and, while we live, to live ?  
Ordain we then two Sorrows to combine,  
And in one Point th' Extremes of Grief to  
join ;

That thence resulting Joy may be renewed,  
As jarring Notes in Harmony conclude.

Then I propose that *Palamon* shall be  
In Marriage join'd with beauteous *Emily* ;  
For which already I have gained the  
Assent 1121

Of my free People in full Parliament.  
Long Love to her has borne the faithful  
Knight,

And well deserv'd, had Fortune done him  
Right :

'Tis Time to mend her Fault ; since *Emily*  
By *Arcite's* Death from former Vows is free :

1099 joy us] *Warren and others absurdly give*  
joyous

If you, Fair Sister, ratifie the Accord,  
And take him for your Husband, and your  
Lord.

'Tis no Dishonour to confer your Grace  
On one descended from a Royal Race: 1130  
And were he less, yet Years of Service  
past

From grateful Souls exact Reward at last:  
Pity is Heav'n's and yours; Nor can she  
find

A Throne so soft as in a Womans Mind.  
He said; she blush'd; and as o'eraw'd by  
Night,

Seem'd to give *Theseus* what she gave the  
Knight.

Then turning to the *Theban*, thus he said:  
Small Arguments are needful to persuade  
Your Temper to comply with my Com-  
mand;

And speaking thus, he gave *Emilia's* Hand.

Smil'd *Venus*, to behold her own true  
Knight 1141

Obtain the Conquest, though he lost the  
Fight,

And bless'd with Nuptial Bliss the sweet  
laborious Night.

*Eros*, and *Anteros*, on either Side,  
One fir'd the Bridegroom, and one warm'd  
the Bride;

And long-attending *Hymen* from above  
Show'd on the Bed the whole *Idalian* Grove.

All of a Tenour was their After-Life,  
No Day discolour'd with Domestick Strife;

No Jealousie, but mutual Truth believ'd,  
Secure Repose, and Kindness undeceiv'd.

Thus Heav'n, beyond the Compass of his  
Thought, 1152

Sent him the Blessing he so dearly bought.  
So may the Queen of Love long Duty bless,

And all true Lovers find the same Success.

*The End of the Third Book.*

THE COCK AND THE FOX: OR, THE TALE OF  
THE NUN'S PRIEST.

THERE liv'd, as Authors tell, in Days of  
Yore,

A Widow, somewhat old, and very poor:  
Deep in a Cell her Cottage lonely stood,  
Well thatch'd, and under covert of a Wood.

This Dowager, on whom my Tale I found,  
Since last she laid her Husband in the  
Ground,

A simple sober Life in patience led,  
And had but just enough to buy her Bread:  
But Huswifery the little Heav'n had lent,  
She duly paid a Groat for Quarter-Rent; 10  
And pinch'd her Belly, with her Daughters  
two,

To bring the Year about with much ado.

The Cattel in her Homestead were three  
Sows,

An Ewe called *Mally*, and three brindled  
Cows

Her Parlor-Window stuck with Herbs around  
Of sav'ry Smell; and Rushes strew'd the  
Ground.

A Maple-Dresser in her Hall she had;  
On which full many a slender Meal she made:

For no delicious Morsel pass'd her Throat;  
According to her Cloth she cut her Coat: 20

No paynant Sauce she knew, no costly Treat,  
Her Hunger gave a Relish to her Meat:

A sparing Diet did her Health assure;  
Or sick, a Pepper-Posset was her Cure.

Before the Day was done, her Work she sped,  
And never went by Candle-light to Bed;

With Exercise she sweat ill Humors out;  
Her Dancing was not hinder'd by the Gout.

Her Poverty was glad; her Heart content,  
Nor knew she what the Spleen or Vapors

meant. 30

1128 Lord] Some editors print Lord, The full stop of the original seems right.

THE COCK AND THE FOX Text from the original and only contemporary edition, 1700 There are some very false stops in the original.

3 Cell] This can hardly be right. Clancer's word is Dale. Bell conjectured Dell, and this may be right.

11] Daughters] Daughter 1700. A misprint 21 paynant] Dryden elsewhere uses the form paynant, and perhaps it should be restored here.



Of Wine she never tasted through the Year,  
But White and Black was all her homely Chear;

Brown Bread, and Milk (but first she skim'd her bowls)

And Rashers of sing'd Bacon on the Coals.  
On Holy-Days, an Egg or two at most;  
But her Ambition never reach'd to roast.

A Yard she had with Pales enclos'd about,  
Some high, some low, and a dry Ditch without.

Within this Homestead, liv'd without a Peer,  
For crowing loud, the noble Chanticleer: 40  
So hight her Cock, whose singing did surpass  
The merry Notes of Organs at the Mass.

More certain was the crowing of a Cock  
To number Hours, than is an Abbey-clock,  
And sooner than the Mattin-Bell was rung,  
He clap'd his Wings upon his Roost, and sung:

For when Degrees fifteen ascended right,  
By sure Instinct he knew 'twas One at Night.

High was his Comb, and Coral-red withal,  
In dents embattel'd like a Castle-Wall; 50  
His Bill was Raven-black, and shon like Jet,  
Blue were his Legs, and Orient were his Feet:  
White were his Nails, like Silver to behold,  
His Body glitt'ring like the burnish'd Gold.

This gentle Cock, for solace of his Life,  
Six Misses had beside his lawful Wife;  
Scandal, that spares no King, tho' ne'er so good,

Says, they were all of his own Flesh and Blood:

His Sisters both by Sire, and Mother's Side,  
And sure their Likeness show'd them near ally'd. 60

But make the worst, the Monarch did no more

Than all the *Ptolomey's* had done before:  
When Incest is for Int'rest of a Nation,  
'Tis made no Sin by Holy Dispensation.  
Some Lines have been maintain'd by this alone,

Which by their common Ugliness are known.

But passing this as from our Tale apart,  
Dame Partlet was the Sovereign of his Heart:  
Ardent in Love, outrageous in his Play,  
He feather'd her a hundred times a Day; 70  
And she, that was not only passing fair,  
But was withal discreet, and debonair,

Resolv'd the passive Doctrin to fulfil,  
Tho' loath, and let him work his wicked Will:

At Board and Bed was affable and kind,  
According as their Marriage-Vow did bind,  
And as the Churches Precept had enjoin'd.  
Ev'n since she was a Sennight old, they say  
Was chaste, and humble to her dying Day,  
Nor Chick nor Hen was known to disobey. 80

By this her Husband's Heart she did obtain;

What cannot Beauty join'd with Virtue gain!  
She was his only Joy, and he her Pride:  
She, when he walk'd, went pecking by his Side;

If, spurning up the Ground, he sprung a Corn,

The Tribute in his Bill to her was born.  
But oh! what Joy it was to hear him sing  
In Summer, when the Day began to spring.  
Stretching his Neck, and warbling in his Throat,

*Solus cum Sola*, then was all his Note. 90  
For in the Days of Yore, the Birds of Parts  
Were bred to Speak, and Sing, and learn the lib'ral Arts.

It happ'd that perching on the Parlor beam

Amidst his Wives he had a deadly Dream,  
Just at the Dawn, and sigh'd, and groan'd so fast,

As every Breath he drew would be his last.  
Dame Partlet, ever nearest to his Side,

Heard all his piteous Moan, and how he cry'd  
For help from Gods and Men: And sore aghast

She peck'd and pull'd, and waken'd him at last. 100

Dear Heart, said she, for Love of Heav'n declare

Your Pain, and make me Partner of your Care.

You groan, Sir, ever since the Morning-light,  
As something had disturb'd your noble Spright.

And, Madam, well I might, said Chanticleer,

Never was *Shrovetide*-Cock in such a Fear.

Ev'n still I run all over in a Sweat,  
My Princely Senses not recover'd yet.

For such a Dream I had of dire Portent,  
That much I fear my Body will be shent:

It bodes I shall have Wars and woful  
Strife, 111

Or in a loathsom Dungeon end my Life.

Know, Dame, I dreamt within my troubl'd  
Breast,

That in our Yard I saw a murd'rous Beast,

That on my Body would have made Arrest.

With waking Eyes I ne'er beheld his Fellow,

His Colour was betwixt a Red and Yellow.

Tipp'd was his Tail, and both his pricking  
Ears

With black; and much unlike his other  
Hairs :

The rest, in Shape a Beagle's Whelp through-  
out, 120

With broader Forehead, and a sharper Snout:

Deep in his Front were sunk his glowing  
Eyes,

That yet, methinks, I see him with Surprize

Reach out your Hand, I drop with clammy  
Sweat,

And lay it to my Heart, and feel it beat.

Now fy for Shame, quoth she, by Heav'n  
above,

Thou hast for ever lost thy Ladies Love.

No Woman can endure a Recreant Knight,

He must be bold by Day, and free by Night :

Our Sex desires a Husband or a Friend, 130

Who can our Honour and his own defend ;

Wise, Hardy, Secret, lib'ral of his Purse ;

A Fool is nauseous, but a Coward worse :

No bragging Coxcomb, yet no baffled Knight.

How dar'st thou talk of Love, and dar'st not  
Fight ?

How dar'st thou tell thy Dame thou art  
affer'd ?

Hast thou no manly Heart, and hast a Beard ?

If ought from fearful Dreams may be  
divin'd,

They signify a Cock of Dunghill-kind.

All Dreams, as in old *Galen* I have read, 140

Are from Repletion and Complexion bred ;

From rising Fumes of indigested Food,

And noxious Humors that infect the Blood :

And sure, my Lord, if I can read aright,

These foolish Fancies you have had to Night

Are certain Symptoms (in the canting Style)

Of boiling Choler and abounding Bile :

This yellow Gaul that in your Stomach floats,

Ingenders all these visionary Thoughts.

When Choler overflows, then Dreams are  
bred 150

Of Flames, and all the Family of Red ;

Red Dragons, and red Beasts in Sleep we  
view ;

For Humors are distinguish'd by their Hue.

From hence we Dream of Wars and Warlike

Things,

And Wasps and Hornets with their double

Wings.

Choler adust congeals our Blood with fear,

Then black Bulls toss us, and black Devils

tear.

In sanguine airy Dreams aloft we bound ;

With Rhumes oppress'd, we sink in Rivers

drown'd

More I could say, but thus conclude my  
Theme, 160

The dominating Humour makes the Dream

*Cato* was in his time accounted Wise,

And he condemns them all for empty Lies.

Take my Advice, and when we fly to Ground,

With Laxatives preserve your Body sound,

And purge the peccant Humors that abound.

I should be loath to lay you on a Bier ;

And though there lives no 'Pothecary near,

I dare for once prescribe for your Disease,

And save long Bills, and a damn'd Doctor's

Fees. 170

Two Sovereign Herbs, which I by practise  
know,

Are both at hand (for in our Yard they  
grow ;)

On Peril of my Soul shall rid you wholly

Of yellow Choler, and of Melancholy :

You must both Purge, and Vomit ; but obey,

And for the Love of Heav'n make no delay.

Since hot and dry in your Complexion join,

Beware the Sun when in a vernal Sign ;

For when he mounts exalted in the Ram,

If then he finds your Body in a Flame, 180

Replete with Choler, I dare lay a Groat,

A Tertian Ague is at least your Lot.

Perhaps a Fever (which the Gods forefend)

May bring your Youth to some untimely End.

And therefore, Sir, as you desire to live,

A Day or two before your Laxative,

Take just three Worms, nor under nor above,

Because the Gods unequal Numbers love,

These Digestives prepare you for your Purge,

Of Fumetery, Centaury, and Spurge, 190

119 With] *Warton and others wrongly give*  
Were

187 under] over 1700 *A slip of the pen*

And of Ground-Ivy add a Leaf, or two,  
All which within our Yard or Garden grow.  
Eat these, and be, my Lord, of better Cheer;  
Your Father's Son was never born to fear.

Madam, quoth he, Grammercy for your  
Care,

But *Cato*, whom you quoted, you may spare;  
'Tis true, a wise, and worthy Man he seems,  
And (as you say) gave no belief to Dreams:  
But other Men of more Authority,  
And, by th' Immortal Powers as wise as He,  
Maintain, with sounder Sense, that Dreams  
forebode;

For *Homer* plainly says they come from God.  
Nor *Cato* said it: But some modern Fool  
Impos'd in *Cato's* Name on Boys at School.

Believe me, Madam, Morning Dreams fore-  
show

Th' Events of Things, and future Weal or  
Woe:

Some Truths are not by Reason to be try'd,  
But we have sure Experience for our Guide.  
An ancient Author, equal with the best,  
Relates this Tale of Dreams among the rest.

Two Friends, or Brothers, with devout  
Intent,

On some far Pilgrimage together went.  
It happen'd so that, when the Sun was down,  
They just arriv'd by twilight at a Town;  
That Day had been the baiting of a Bull,  
'Twas at a Feast, and ev'ry Inn so full,  
That no void Room in Chamber, or on  
Ground,

And but one sorry Bed was to be found,  
And that so little it would hold but one,  
Though till this Hour they never lay alone.

So were they forc'd to part; one stay'd  
behind,

His Fellow sought what Lodging he could  
find:

At last he found a Stall where Oxen stood,  
And that he rather chose than lie abroad.  
'Twas in a farther Yard without a Door;  
But, for his ease, well litter'd was the Floor.  
His Fellow, who the narrow Bed had kept,  
Was weary, and without a Rocker slept:  
Supine he snor'd; but in the Dead of Night,  
He dreamt his Friend appear'd before his  
Sight,

Who, with a ghastly Look and doleful Cry,  
Said, Help me, Brother, or this Night I die:  
Arise, and help, before all Help be vain,  
Or in an Oxes Stall I shall be slain.

Rowz'd from his Rest, he waken'd in a  
Start,  
Shiv'ring with Horror, and with aking  
Heart:

At length to cure himself by Reason tries;  
'Tis but a Dream, and what are Dreams  
but Lies?  
So thinking chang'd his Side, and closed  
his Eyes.

His Dream returns; his Friend appears  
again:

The Murd'ers come, now help, or I am  
slain:

'Twas but a Vision still, and Visions are  
but vain.

He dreamt the third: But now his Friend  
appear'd,

Pale, naked, pierc'd with Wounds, with  
Blood besmear'd:

Thrice warn'd, awake, said he; Relief is late,  
The Deed is done; but thou revenge my  
Fate:

Tardy of Aid, unseal thy heavy Eyes,  
Awake, and with the dawning Day arise:  
Take to the Western Gate thy ready way,  
For by that Passage they my Corps convey:  
My Corps is in a Tumbrel laid; among  
The Filth and Ordure, and enclos'd with  
Dung.

That Cart arrest, and raise a common Cry,  
For sacred hunger of my Gold I die;  
Then show'd his grisly Wounds; and last  
he drew

A piteous Sigh; and took a long Adieu.

The frighted Friend arose by break of Day,  
And found the Stall where late his Fellow lay.  
Then of his impious Host inquiring more,  
Was answer'd that his Guest was gone  
before:

Muttering, he went, said he, by Morning-light,  
And much complain'd of his ill Rest by  
Night.

This rais'd Suspicion in the Pilgrim's Mind;  
Because all Hosts are of an evil Kind,  
And oft, to share the Spoil, with Robbers  
join'd.

His Dream confirm'd his Thought: with  
troubled look

Straight to the Western-Gate his Way he  
took;

There, as his Dream foretold, a Cart he found,  
That carry'd Composs forth to dung the  
Ground.

This when the Pilgrim saw, he stretch'd his  
Throat, 270  
And cry'd out Murther with a yelling Note.  
My murther'd Fellow in this Cart lies dead,  
Vengeance and Justice on the Villain's  
Head.

You, Magistrates, who sacred Laws dispense,  
On you I call to punish this Offence.

The Word thus giv'n, within a little Space  
The Mob came roaring out, and throng'd the  
Place.

All in a trice they cast the Cart to Ground,  
And in the Dung the murther'd Body found;  
Though breathless, warm, and reeking from  
the Wound. 280

Good Heav'n, whose darling Attribute we  
find

Is boundless Grace, and Mercy to Mankind,  
Abhors the Cruel; and the Deeds of Night  
By wond'rous Ways reveals in open Light:  
Murther may pass unpunish'd for a time,  
But tardy Justice will o'ertake the Crime  
And oft a speedier pain the Guilty feels,  
The Hue and Cry of Heav'n pursues him  
at the Heels,

Fresh from the Fact; as in the present Case;  
The Criminals are seiz'd upon the Place: 290  
Carter and Host confronted Face to Face.  
Stiff in denial, as the Law appoints,  
On Engins they distend their tortur'd  
Joints:

So was confession forc'd, th' Offence was  
known,

And publick Justice on th' Offenders done.

Here may you see that Visions are to  
dread:

And in the Page that follows this I read  
Of two young Merchants, whom the hope  
of Gain

Induc'd in Partnership to cross the Main:  
Waiting till willing Winds their Sails  
supply'd, 300

Within a Trading-Town they long abide,  
Full fairly situate on a Haven's side.

One Evening it befel that looking out,  
The Wind they long had wish'd was come  
about:

Well pleas'd they went to Rest; and if the  
Gale

Till Morn continu'd, both resolv'd to sail.

But as together in a Bed they lay,  
The younger had a Dream at break of Day.  
A Man, he thought, stood frowning at his  
side, 309

Who warn'd him for his Safety to provide,  
Not put to Sea, but safe on Shore abide.  
I come, thy Genius, to command thy stay;  
Trust not the Winds, for fatal is the Day,  
And Death unhop'd attends the watry way.

The Vision said: And vanish'd from his  
Sight;

The Dreamer waken'd in a mortal Fright;  
Then pull'd his drowzy Neighbour, and  
declar'd

What in his Slumber he had seen, and heard.  
His Friend smil'd scornful, and, with proud  
contempt,

Rejects as idle what his Fellow dreamt. 320  
Stay, who will stay: For me no Fears  
restrain,

Who follow *Mercury* the God of Gain:  
Let each Man do as to his Fancy seems,  
I wait not, I, till you have better Dreams.  
Dreams are but Interludes, which Fancy  
makes;

When Monarch-Reason sleeps, this Mimick  
wakes:

Compounds a Medley of disjointed Things,  
A Mob of Coblers and a Court of Kings:  
Light Fumes are merry, grosser Fumes are  
sad;

Both are the reasonable Soul run mad: 330  
And many monstrous Forms in Sleep we  
see,

That neither were, nor are, nor e'er can be.  
Sometimes, forgotten Things long cast  
behind

Rush forward in the Brain, and come to  
mind.

The Nurses Legends are for Truths receiv'd,  
And the Man dreams but what the Boy  
believ'd.

Sometimes we but rehearse a former Play,  
The Night restores our Actions done by  
Day;

As Hounds in sleep will open for their Prey.  
In short, the Farce of Dreams is of a piece,  
Chimera's all; and more absurd, or less. 341  
You, who believe in Tales, abide alone,  
What e'er I get this Voyage is my own.

Thus while he spoke he heard the shouting  
Crew

That call'd aboard and took his last adieu.

The Vessel went before a merry Gale,  
 And for quick Passage put on ev'ry Sail:  
 But when least fear'd, and ev'n in open Day,  
 The Mischief overtook her in the way:  
 Whether she sprung a Leak, I cannot find,  
 Or whether she was overset with Wind; 351  
 Or that some Rock below, her bottom rent;  
 But down at once with all her Crew she went;  
 Her Fellow Ships from far her Loss de-  
 scry'd;  
 But only she was sunk, and all were safe  
 beside.

By this Example you are taught again,  
 That Dreams and Visions are not always vain:  
 But if, dear Partlet, you are yet in doubt,  
 Another Tale shall make the former out.

*Kenelm*, the Son of *Kenulph*, *Mercia's*  
 King, 360

Whose holy Life the Legends loudly sing,  
 Warn'd, in a Dream, his Murder did foretel  
 From Point to Point as after it befel:  
 All Circumstances to his Nurse he told,  
 (A Wonder, from a Child of sev'n Years old )  
 The Dream with Horror heard, the good old  
 Wife

From Treason counsell'd him to guard his  
 Life:

But close to keep the Secret in his Mind,  
 For a Boy's Vision small Belief would find.  
 The pious Child, by Promise bound, obey'd,  
 Nor was the fatal Murder long delay'd: 371  
 By *Quenda* slain, he fell before his time,  
 Made a young Martyr by his Sister's Crime.  
 The Tale is told by venerable *Bede*,  
 Which, at your better leisure, you may  
 read.

*Macrobius* too relates the Vision sent  
 To the great *Scipio* with the fam'd event;  
 Objections makes, but after makes Replies,  
 And adds, that Dreams are often Prophecies.

Of *Daniel* you may read in Holy  
 Writ, 380

Who, when the King his Vision did forget,  
 Cou'd Word for Word the wond'rous  
 Dream repeat.

Nor less of Patriarch *Joseph* understand,  
 Who by a Dream inslav'd th' *Egyptian* Land,  
 The Years of Plenty and of Dearth foretold,  
 When for their Bread, their Liberty they  
 sold.

Nor must th' exalted Buttler be forgot,  
 Nor he whose Dream presag'd his hanging  
 Lot.

And did not *Cræsus* the same Death  
 foresee,

Rais'd in his Vision on a lofty Tree? 390  
 The wife of *Hector* in his utmost Pride,  
 Dreamt of his Death the Night before he  
 dy'd:

Well was he warn'd from Battle to refrain;  
 But Men to Death decreed are warn'd in  
 vain:

He dar'd the Dream, and by his fatal Foe  
 was slain.

Much more I know, which I forbear to  
 speak,

For see the ruddy Day begins to break:  
 Let this suffice, that plainly I foresee

My Dream was bad, and bodes Adversity:  
 But neither Pills nor Laxatives I like, 400

They only serve to make a well-man sick:  
 Of these his Gain the sharp Physician makes,

And often gives a Purge, but seldom takes:  
 They not correct, but poyson all the Blood,

And ne'er did any but the Doctors good.  
 Their Tribe, Trade, Trinkets, I defy them all,

With ev'ry work of 'Pothecary's Hall.  
 These melancholy Matters I forbear;

But let me tell Thee, Partlet mine, and  
 swear,

That when I view the Beauties of thy Face,  
 I fear not Death, nor Dangers, nor Dis-

grace: 411  
 So may my Soul have Bliss, as when I spy  
 The Scarlet Red about thy Partridge Eye,

While thou art constant to thy own true  
 Knight,

While thou art mine, and I am thy delight,  
 All Sorrows at thy Presence take their  
 flight.

For true it is, as in *Principio*,  
*Mulier est hominis confusio*.

Madam, the meaning of this Latin is, 419  
 That Woman is to Man his Sovereign Bliss.

For when by Night I feel your tender Side,  
 Though for the narrow Perch I cannot ride,

Yet I have such a Solace in my Mind,  
 That all my boding Cares are cast behind:

And ev'n already I forget my Dream.  
 He said, and downward flew from off the  
 Beam,

For Day-light now began apace to spring,  
 The Thrush to whistle, and the Lark to sing.

Then crowing clap'd his Wings, th' appointed  
 call,

To chuck his Wives together in the Hall. 430

By this the Widow had unbarr'd the Door,  
And Chanticleer went strutting out before,  
With Royal Courage, and with Heart so light,  
Asshew'd the scorn'd the Visions of the Night.  
Now roaming in the Yard, he spurn'd the  
Ground,

And gave to Partlet the first Grain he found.  
Then often feather'd her with wanton Play,  
And trod her twenty times e'er prime of Day  
And took by turns and gave so much delight,  
Her Sisters pin'd with Envy at the Sight. 440

He chuck'd again, when other Corns he  
found,

And scarcely deign'd to set a Foot to  
Ground,

But swagger'd like a Lord about his Hall,  
And his sev'n Wives came running at his call.

'Twas now the Month in which the World  
began,

(If *March* beheld the first created Man :)

And since the vernal Equinox, the Sun  
In *Aries* twelve Degrees, or more had run ;  
When, casting up his Eyes against the Light,  
Both Month, and Day, and Hour, he  
measur'd right ; 450

And told more truly, than th' Ephemeris,  
For Art may err, but Nature cannot miss.

Thus numb'ring Times, and Seasons in  
his Breast,

His second crowing the third Hour confess'd.  
Then turning, said to Partlet, See, my Dear,  
How lavish Nature has adorn'd the Year ;  
How the pale Primrose, and blue Violet  
spring,

And Birds essay their Throats disus'd to sing :  
All these are ours ; and I with pleasure see  
Man strutting on two Legs, and aping  
me ! 460

An unfledg'd Creature, of a lumpish frame,  
Indew'd with fewer Particles of Flame :

Our Dame sits cowering o'er the Kitchen-fire,  
I draw fresh Air, and Nature's Works  
admire :

And ev'n this Day, in more delight abound,  
Than, since I was an Egg, I ever found.

The time shall come when Chanticleer shall  
wish

His Words unsaid, and hate his boasted Bliss :  
The crested Bird shall by Experience know,

*Joce* made not him his Master-piece below ; }  
And learn the latter end of Joy is Woe. 471 }

The Vessel of his Bliss to Dregs is run,  
And Heav'n will have him tast his other Tun.

DR.

Ye Wise, draw near, and hearken to my  
Tale,  
Which proves that oft the Proud by Flatt'ry  
fall ;

The Legend is as true I undertake  
As *Tristram* is, and *Lancelot* of the Lake :  
Which all our Ladies in such rev'rence hold,  
As if in Book of Martyrs it were told.

A Fox full fraught with seeming Sanctity,  
That fear'd an Oath, but like the Devil,  
would lie, 481

Who look'd like Lent, and had the holy Leer,  
And durst not sin before he say'd his Pray'r :  
This pious Cheat, that never suck'd the  
Blood,

Nor chaw'd the Flesh of Lambs, but when  
he cou'd,

Had pass'd three Summers in the neigh-  
b'ring Wood ;

And musing long whom next to circumvent,  
On Chanticleer his wicked Fancy bent ;

And in his high imagination cast,  
By Stratagem to gratify his Tast. 490

The Plot contriv'd, before the break of  
Day,

Saint *Reynard* through the Hedge had made  
his way ;

The Pale was next, but proudly, with a  
bound

He leapt the Fence of the forbidden Ground :  
Yet fearing to be seen, within a Bed

Of Coleworts he conceal'd his wily Head ;  
Then skulk'd till Afternoon, and watch'd  
his time,

(As Murd'ers use) to perpetrate his Crime.

O Hypocrite, ingenious to destroy,  
O Traytor, worse than *Sinon* was to *Troy* ;

O vile Subverter of the *Galluck* Reign, 501  
More false than *Gano* was to *Charlemagne* !

O Chanticleer, in an unhappy Hour  
Did'st thou forsake the Safety of thy Bow'r :

Better for Thee thou had'st believ'd thy  
Dream,

And not that Day descended from the Beam !  
But here the Doctors eagerly dispute :

Some hold Predestination absolute :  
Some Clerks maintain, that Heav'n at first

foresees,  
And in the virtue of Foresight decrees. 510

If this be so, then Prescience binds the Will,  
And Mortals are not free to Good or Ill

For what he first foresaw, he must ordain  
Or its eternal Prescience may be vain

M

As bad for us as Prescience had not bin :  
For first, or last, he's Author of the Sin.  
And who says that, let the blaspheming Man  
Say worse ev'n of the Devil, if he can.

For how can that Eternal Pow'r be just  
To punish Man, who Sins because he must ?  
Or, how can He reward a vertuous Deed, 521  
Which is not done by us ; but first decreed ?

I cannot bould this Matter to the Bran,  
As *Bradwardin* and holy *Austin* can :  
If Prescience can determine Actions so  
That we must do, because he did foreknow  
Or that foreknowing, yet our Choice is free,  
Not forc'd to Sin by strict necessity ;  
This strict necessity they simple call,  
Another sort there is, conditional. 530

The first so binds the Will that Things fore-  
Known

By Spontaneity, not Choice, are done.  
Thus Galley-Slaves tug willing, at their Oar, }  
Content to work, in prospect of the Shore ;  
But wou'd not work at all, if not con-  
strain'd before. }

That other does not Liberty constrain,  
But Man may either act, or may refrain.  
Heav'n made us Agents free to Good or Ill,  
And forc'd it not, tho' he foresaw the Will.  
Freedom was first bestow'd on human  
Race, 540

And Prescience only held the second place.  
If he could make such Agents wholly free,  
I not dispute ; the Point 's too high for me ;  
For Heav'n's unfathom'd Pow'r what Man  
can sound,

Or put to his Omnipotence a Bound ?  
He made us to his Image all agree ;  
That Image is the Soul, and that must be, }  
Or not the Maker's Image, or be free. }

But whether it were better Man had been  
By Nature bound to Good, not free to Sin,  
I wave, for fear of splitting on a Rock. 551  
The Tale I tell is only of a Cock ;  
Who had not run the hazard of his Life  
Had he believ'd his Dream, and not his Wife:  
For Women, with a mischief to their Kind,  
Pervert, with bad Advice, our better Mind.  
A Woman's Counsel brought us first to Woe,  
And made her Man his Paradise forego,  
Where at Heart's ease he liv'd, and might  
have bin

As free from Sorrow as he was from Sin. 560

For what the Devil had their Sex to do,  
That, born to Folly, they presum'd to know,  
And could not see the Serpent in the Grass ?  
But I my self presume, and let it pass.

Silence in times of Suffring is the best,  
'Tis dang'rous to disturb a Hornet's Nest  
In other Authors you may find enough,  
But all they say of Dames is idle Stuff.  
Legends of lying Wits together bound,  
The Wife of *Bath* would throw 'em to the  
Ground: 570

These are the words of Chanticleer, not mine,  
I honour Dames, and think their Sex divine.

Now to continue what my Tale begun.  
Lay Madam Partlet basking in the Sun,  
Breast-high in Sand : Her Sisters, in a row,  
Enjoyed the Beams above, the Warmth  
below.

The Cock, that of his Flesh was ever free,  
Sung merrier than the Mermaid in the Sea :  
And so befel, that as he cast his Eye  
Among the Colworts on a Butterfly, 580  
He saw false *Reynard* where he lay full low,  
I need not swear he had no list to Crow :  
But cry'd, Cock, Cock, and gave a suddain  
Start,

As sore dismaid and frighted at his Heart.  
For Birds and Beasts, inform'd by Nature,  
know

Kinds opposite to theirs, and fly their Foe.  
So, Chanticleer, who never saw a Fox,  
Yet shun'd him as a Sailor shuns the Rocks.

But the false Loon, who cou'd not work  
his Will

By open Force, employed his flatt'ring Skill :  
I hope, my Lord, said he, I not offend, 591  
Are you afraid of me that am your Friend ?  
I were a Beast indeed to do you wrong,  
I, who have lov'd and honour'd you so long :  
Stay, gentle Sir, nor take a false Alarm,  
For, on my Soul, I never meant you harm.  
I come no Spy, nor as a Traytor press,  
To learn the Secrets of your soft Recess :  
Far be from *Reynard* so prophane a Thought,  
But by the Sweetness of your Voice was  
brought: 600

For, as I bid my Beads, by chance I heard  
The Song as of an Angel in the Yard :  
A Song that wou'd have charm'd th' infernal  
Gods,  
And banish'd Horror from the dark Abodes :

Had *Orpheus* sung it in the nerther Sphere,  
 So much the Hymn had pleas'd the Tyrant's  
 Ear,  
 The Wife had been detain'd, to keep the  
 Husband there.

My Lord, your Sire familiarly I knew,  
 A Peer deserving such a Son, as you :  
 He, with your Lady-Mother (whom Heav'n  
 rest)

Has often grac'd my House, and been my  
 Guest

To view his living Features does me good,  
 For I am your poor Neighbour in the Wood ;  
 And in my Cottage shou'd be proud to see  
 The worthy Heir of my Friend's Family.

But since I speak of Singing let me say,  
 As with an upright Heart I safely may,  
 That, save your self, there breaths not on  
 the Ground

One like your Father for a Silver sound.  
 So sweetly wou'd he wake the Winter-day,  
 That Matrons to the Church mistook  
 their way,

And thought they heard the merry Organ  
 play.

And he to raise his Voice with artful Care.  
 (What will not Beaux attempt to please  
 the Fair ?)

On Tiptoe stood to sing with greater Strength,  
 And stretch'd his comely Neck at all the  
 length :

And while he pain'd his Voice to pierce the  
 Skies,

As Saints in Raptures use, would shut his  
 Eyes,

That the sound striving through the narrow  
 Throat,

His winking might avail, to mend the Note.  
 By this, in Song, he never had his Peer, 63  
 From sweet *Cecilia* down to Chanticleer ;  
 Not *Mars*'s Muse, who sung the mighty Man,  
 Nor *Pindar*'s heav'nly Lyre, nor *Horace*  
 when a Swan.

Your Ancestors proceed from Race divine :  
 From *Brennus* and *Belinus* is your Line ;  
 Who gave to sov'raign *Rome* such loud  
 Alarms,

That ev'n the Priests were not excus'd from  
 Arms.

605 *Orpheus*] Orphans 1700 *A ludicrous mis-  
 print.*

627 pain'd] *Derrick, Warton, and others  
 wrongly give strain'd*

Besides, a famous Monk of modern times,  
 Has left of Cocks recorded in his Rhimes, 640  
 That of a Parish-Priest the Son and Heir  
 (When Sons of Priests were from the  
 Proverb clear)

Affronted once a Cock of noble Kind,  
 And either lam'd his Legs, or struck him  
 blind ;

For which the Clerk his Father was disgrac'd,  
 And in his Benefice another plac'd.

Now sing, my Lord, if not for love of me,  
 Yet for the sake of sweet Saint Charity ;  
 Make Hills and Dales, and Earth and  
 Heav'n rejoice,

And emulate your Father's Angel-voice. 650  
 The Cock was pleas'd to hear him speak  
 so fair,

And proud beside, as solar People are ;  
 Nor cou'd the Treason from the Truth descry,  
 So was he ravish'd with this Flattery :

So much the more as from a little Elf,  
 He had a high Opinion of himself :  
 Though sickly, slender, and not large of  
 Limb,

Concluding all the World was made for  
 him.

Ye Princes, rais'd by Poets to the Gods,  
 And *Alexander*'d up in lying Odes, 660  
 Believe not ev'ry flatt'ring Knave's report,  
 There's many a *Reynard* lurking in the  
 Court ;

And he shall be receiv'd with more regard  
 And list'ned to, than modest Truth is  
 heard.

This Chanticleer, of whom the Story sings,  
 Stood high upon his Toes, and clap'd his  
 Wings ;

Then stretch'd his Neck, and wink'd with  
 both his Eyes,  
 Ambitious, as he sought th' Olympick  
 Prize.

But while he pain'd himself to raise his Note,  
 False *Reynard* rush'd, and caught him by the  
 Throat. 670

Then on his Back he laid the precious Load,  
 And sought his wonted shelter of the Wood ;  
 Swiftly he made his way, the Mischief done,  
 Of all unheeded, and pursu'd by none.

Alas, what stay is there in human State,  
 Or who can shun inevitable Fate ?

The Doom was written, the Decree was past,  
 E'er the Foundations of the World were  
 cast !



In *Aries* though the Sun exalted stood,  
His Patron-Planet to procure his good ; 680  
Yet *Saturn* was his mortal Foe, and he  
In *Libra* rais'd, oppos'd the same Degree :  
The Rays both good and bad, of equal Pow'r,  
Each thwarting other, made a mingled Hour.

On *Friday*-morn he dreamt this direful  
Dream,

Cross to the worthy Native, in his Scheme !  
Ah blissful Venus, Goddess of Delight,  
How cou'dst thou suffer thy devoted Knight,  
On thy own Day, to fall by Foe oppress'd,  
The wight of all the World who serv'd thee  
best ? 690

Who true to Love, was all for Recreation,  
And minded not the Work of Propagation.  
*Gaufride*, who could'st so well in Rhime  
complain

The Death of *Richard* with an Arrow slain,  
Why had not I thy Muse, or thou my Heart.  
To sing this heavy Dirge with equal Art !  
That I like thee on *Friday* might complain ;  
For on that Day was *Ceur de Lion* slain.

Not louder Cries, when *Illum* was in  
Flames,

Were sent to Heav'n by woful *Trojan*  
Dames, 700

When *Pyrhus* toss'd on high his burnish'd  
Blade,

And offer'd *Priam* to his Father's Shade,  
Than for the Cock the widow'd Poultry  
made.

Fair Partlet first, when he was born from  
sight,

With sovereign Shrieks bewail'd her Captive  
Knight :

Far lower than the *Carthaginian* Wife,  
When *Asdrubal* her Husband lost his Life,  
When she beheld the smouldring Flames  
ascend,

And all the *Punick* Glories at an end :  
Willing into the Fires she plung'd her Head,  
With greater Ease than others seek their  
Bed. 711

Not more aghast the Matrons of Renown,  
When Tyrant *Nero* burn'd th' Imperial  
Town,

Shriek'd for the downfal in a doleful Cry,  
For which their guiltless Lords were doom'd  
to die.

Now to my Story I return again :  
The trembling Widow, and her Daughters  
twain,

This woful cackling Cry with Horror heard,  
Of those distracted Damsels in the Yard ;  
And starting up, beheld the heavy Sight. 720  
How *Reynard* to the Forest took his Flight,  
And cross his Back, as in triumphant Scorn,  
The Hope and Pillar of the House was born.

The Fox, the wicked Fox, was all the Cry,  
Out from his House ran ev'ry Neighbour  
nigh :

The Vicar first, and after him the Crew,  
With Forks and Staves the Fellow to pursue.  
Ran *Coll* our Dog, and *Talbot* with the Band,  
And *Malkin*, with her Distaff in her Hand :  
Ran Cow and Calf, and Family of Hogs, 730  
In Panique Horror of pursuing Dogs ;  
With many a deadly Grunt and doleful  
Squeak

Poor Swine, as if their pretty Hearts would  
break.

The Shouts of Men, the Women in dismay,  
With Shrieks augment the Terror of the  
Day.

The Ducks, that heard the Proclamation  
cry'd,

And fear'd a Persecution might betide,  
Full twenty Mile from Town their Voyage  
take,

Obscure in Rushes of the liquid Lake.  
The Geese fly o'er the Barn ; the Bees in  
Arms, 740

Drive headlong from their Waxen Cells in  
Swarms.

*Jack Straw* at *London*-stone with all his Rout  
Struck not the City with so loud a Shout ;  
Not when with English Hate they did pursue  
A French Man, or an unbelieving *Jew* :  
Not when the Welkin rung with one and  
all ;

And Echoes bounded back from *Fox's* Hall ;  
Earth seem'd to sink beneath, and Heav'n  
above to fall.

With Might and Main they chas'd the  
murderous Fox,

With brazen Trumpets, and inflated Box,  
To kindle *Mars* with military Sounds, 751  
Nor wanted Horns t' inspire sagacious  
Hounds.

But see how Fortune can confound the  
Wise,

And when they least expect it, turn the Dice.  
The Captive Cock, who scarce cou'd draw  
his Breath,

And lay within the very Jaws of Death,

Yet in this Agony his Fancy wrought,  
And Fear supply'd him with this happy  
Thought :

Yours is the Prize, victorious Prince, said he,  
The Vicar my defeat, and all the Village  
see, 760

Enjoy your friendly Fortune while you may,  
And bid the Churls that envy you the Prey,  
Call back their mungril Curs, and cease their  
Cry,

See, Fools, the shelter of the Wood is nigh,  
And Chanticleer in your despatch shall die.  
He shall be pluck'd and eaten to the  
Bone.

'Tis well advis'd, in Faith it shall be done ;  
This *Reynard* said : but as the Word he  
spoke,

The Pris'n'r with a Spring from Prison  
broke :

Then stretch'd his feather'd Fans with all  
his might, 770  
And to the neighb'ring Maple wing'd his  
flight.

Whom when the Traytor safe on Tree  
beheld,  
He curs'd the Gods, with Shame and Sorrow  
fill'd ;

Shame for his Folly ; Sorrow out of time,  
For Plotting an unprofitable Crime :  
Yet mast'ring both, th' Artificer of Lies  
Renews th' Assault, and his last Batt'ry  
tries.

Though I, said he, did ne'er in Thought  
offend,

How justly may my Lord suspect his  
Friend !

Th' appearance is against me, I confess, 780  
Who seemingly have put you in Distress :  
You, if your Goodness does not plead my  
Cause,

May think I broke all hospitable Laws,  
To bear you from your Palace-yard by  
Might,

And put your noble Person in a Fright :  
This, since you take it ill, I must repent,  
Though Heav'n can witness with no bad  
intent

I practis'd it, to make you taste your Cheer,  
With double Pleasure, first prepared by fear.

So loyal Subjects often seize their  
Prince, 790

Forc'd (for his Good) to seeming Violence,  
Yet mean his sacred Person not the least  
Offence.

Descend ; so help me *Jove* as you shall find  
That *Reynard* comes of no dissembling Kind.

Nay, quoth the Cock ; but I beshrew us  
both,

If I believe a Saint upon his Oath :  
An honest Man may take a Knave's Advice,  
But Idiots only will be couzen'd twice :

Once warn'd is well bewar'd : No flattering  
lies

Shall sooth me more to sing with winking  
Eyes, 800

And open Mouth, for fear of catching Flies.  
Who Blindfold walks upon a Rivers brim,  
When he should see, has he deserv'd to  
swim ?

Better, Sir Cock, let all Contention cease,  
Come down, said *Reynard*, let us treat of  
Peace.

A Peace with all my Soul, said Chanticleer ;  
But, with your Favour, I will treat it here :  
And least the Truce with Treason should be  
mixt,

'Tis my concern to have the Tree betwixt.

## THE MORAL

In this plain Fable you th' Effect may see  
Of Neghgence, and fond Credulity : 811  
And learn besides of Flatt'ers to beware,  
Then most pernicious when they speak too  
fair.

The Cock and Fox, the Fool and Knave  
imply ;

The Truth is moral, though the Tale a Lie.  
Who spoke in Parables, I dare not say ;

But sure, he knew it was a pleasing way,  
Sound Sense, by plain Example, to convey,

And in a Heathen Author we may find,  
That Pleasure with Instruction should be  
join'd : 820

So take the Corn, and leave the Chaff be-  
hind.

798 will] *Christie and others give may*  
799 No] *Christie wrongly gives not*

# THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF; OR, THE LADY IN THE ARBOUR.

A VISION.

Now turning from the wintry Signs, the Sun	I wonder'd then, but after found it true,
His Course exalted through the Ram had	Much Joy had dry'd away the balmy Dew :
run :	Sea's wou'd be Pools without the brushing.
And whirling up the Skies, his Chariot drove	Air, <span style="float:right">30</span>
Through <i>Taurus</i> , and the lightsome Realms	To curl the Waves ; and sure some little
of Love,	Care
Where <i>Venus</i> from her Orb descends in	Shou'd weary Nature so, to make her want
Show'rs	repair.
To glad the Ground, and paint the Fields	When Chaunticleer the second Watch had
with Flow'rs :	sung,
When first the tender Blades of Grass	Scorning the Scorners Sleep from Bed I
appear,	sprung.
And Buds that yet the blast of <i>Eurus</i> fear,	And dressing, by the Moon, in loose Array
Stand at the door of Life ; and doubt to	Pass'd out in open Air, preventing Day,
cloath the Year ;	And sought a goodly Grove, as Fancy led
Till gentle Heat, and soft repeated Rains	my way.
Make the green Blood to dance within their	Strait as a Line in beauteous Order stood
Veins :	Of Oaks unshorn a venerable Wood ;
Then, at their Call, embolden'd out they	Fresh was the Grass beneath, and ev'ry
come,	Tree, <span style="float:right">40</span>
And swell the Gems, and burst the narrow	At distance planted in a due degree.
Room ;	Their branching Arms in Air with equal space
Broader and broader yet, their Blooms dis-	Stretch'd to their Neighbours with a long
play,	Embrace :
Salute the welcome Sun, and entertain the	And the new Leaves on ev'ry Bough were
Day.	seen,
Then from their breathing Souls the Sweets	Some ruddy-colour'd, some of lighter green.
repair	The painted Birds, Companions of the
To scent the Skies, and purge th' unwhole-	Spring,
some Air :	Hopping from Spray to Spray, were heard
Joy spreads the Heart, and with a general	to sing ;
Song,	Both Eyes and Ears receiv'd a like Delight,
Spring issues out, and leads the jolly Months	Enchanting Musick, and a charming Sight.
along.	On <i>Philomel</i> I fix'd my whole Desire ; <span style="float:right">50</span>
In that sweet Season, as in Bed I lay, <span style="float:right">20</span>	And list'n'd for the Queen of all the Quire ;
And sought in Sleep to pass the Night away,	Fain would I hear her heav'nly Voice to
I turned my weary Side, but still in vain,	sing ;
Tho' full of youthful Health, and void of	And wanted yet an Omen to the Spring.
Pain :	Attending long in vain ; I took the way
Cares I had none to keep me from my Rest,	Which through a Path, but scarcely printed,
For Love had never enter'd in my Breast ;	lay ;
I wanted nothing Fortune could supply,	In narrow Mazes oft it seemed to meet,
Nor did she Slumber till that hour deny :	And look'd as lightly press'd by Fairy Feet.

THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF. Text from the first and only contemporary edition, 1700, except or variants noted.

57 look'd as lightly press'd | look'd, as lightly press'd, 1700.

Wandering I walk'd alone, for still methought  
 To some strange End so strange a Path was  
 wrought :  
 At last it led me where an Arbour stood, 60  
 The sacred Receptacle of the Wood :  
 This Place unmark'd though oft I walk'd  
 the Green,  
 In all my Progress I had never seen :  
 And seiz'd at once with Wonder and  
 Delight,  
 Gaz'd all around me, new to the transport-  
 ing Sight.  
 'Twas bench'd with Turf, and, goodly to  
 be seen,  
 The thick young Grass arose in fresher  
 Green :  
 The Mound was newly made, no Sight cou'd  
 pass  
 Betwixt the nice Partitions of the Grass ;  
 The well-united Sods so closely lay ; 70  
 And all around the Shades defended it  
 from Day.  
 For Sycamours with Eglantine were spread,  
 A Hedge about the Sides, a Covering over  
 Head.  
 And so the fragrant Brier was wove between,  
 The Sycamour and Flow'rs were mix'd with  
 Green,  
 That Nature seem'd to vary the Delight ;  
 And satisfy'd at once the Smell and Sight.  
 The Master Work-man of the Bow'r was  
 known  
 Through Fairy-Lands, and built for Oberon ;  
 Who twining Leaves with such Proportion  
 drew, 80  
 They rose by Measure, and by Rule they  
 grew ;  
 No Mortal Tongue can half the Beauty tell,  
 For none but Hands divine could work so  
 well.  
 Both Roof and Sides were like a Parlour  
 made,  
 A soft Recess, and a cool Summer Shade ;  
 The Hedge was set so thick, no Foreign  
 Eye  
 The Persons plac'd within it could espy ;  
 But all that pass'd without with Ease was  
 seen,  
 As if nor Fence nor Tree was plac'd between  
 'Twas border'd with a Field ; and some was  
 plain 90  
 With Grass ; and some was sow'd with  
 rising Grain.

That (now the Dew with Spangles deck'd  
 the Ground,)  
 A sweeter spot of Earth was never found.  
 I look'd, and look'd, and still with new  
 Delight ;  
 Such Joy my Soul, such Pleasures fill'd my  
 Sight :  
 And the fresh Eglantine exhal'd a Breath ;  
 Whose Odours were of Pow'r to raise from  
 Death.  
 Nor sullen Discontent nor anxious Care,  
 Ev'n tho' brought thither, could inhabit  
 there :  
 But thence they fled as from their mortal  
 Foe ; 100  
 For this sweet Place cou'd only Pleasure  
 know.  
 Thus as I mus'd, I cast aside my Eye,  
 And saw a Medlar-Tree was planted nigh.  
 The spreading Branches made a goodly  
 Show,  
 And full of opening Blooms was ev'ry  
 Bough :  
 A Goldfinch there I saw with gawdy Pride  
 Of painted Plumes, that hopp'd from side  
 to side,  
 Still pecking as she pass'd ; and still she  
 drew  
 The Sweets from ev'ry Flower, and suck'd  
 the Dew : 109  
 Suffic'd at length, she warbled in her Throat,  
 And tun'd her Voice to many a merry Note,  
 But indistinct, and neither Sweet nor Clear,  
 Yet such as sooth'd my Soul, and pleas'd  
 my Ear.  
 Her short Performance was no sooner  
 try'd,  
 When she I sought, the Nightingale reply'd :  
 So sweet, so shrill, so variously she sung,  
 That the grove eccho'd, and the Valleys  
 rung :  
 And I so ravish'd with her heav'nly Note  
 I stood intranc'd, and had no room for  
 Thought, 119  
 But all o'er-pow'r'd with Extasy of Bliss,  
 Was in a pleasing Dream of Paradise ;  
 At length I wak'd ; and looking round the  
 Bow'r  
 Search'd every Tree, and pry'd on ev'ry  
 Flow'r,

120 o'er-pow'r'd] o'er-pow'r'd 1700 Probably  
 a misprint.

If anywhere by chance I might espy  
The rural Poet of the Melody:  
For still methought she sung not far away;  
At last I found her on a Lawrel Spray,  
Close by my Side she sate, and fair in Sight,  
Full in a Line, against her opposite;  
Where stood with Eglantine the Lawrel  
twin'd: 130

And both their native Sweetness were well con-  
join'd.

On the green Bank I sat, and listen'd long;  
(Sitting was more convenient for the Song!)  
Nor till her Lay was ended could I move,  
But wish'd to dwell for ever in the Grove.  
Only methought the time too swiftly pass'd,  
And ev'ry Note I fear'd would be the last.  
My Sight, and Smell, and Hearing were  
employ'd,

And all three Senses in full Gust enjoy'd.  
And what alone did all the rest surpass, 140  
The sweet Possession of the Fairy Place;  
Single, and conscious to my Self alone  
Of Pleasures to th' excluded World unknown.  
Pleasures which nowhere else, were to be  
found,

And all *Elysium* in a spot of Ground.

Thus while I sat intent to see and hear,  
And drew Perfumes of more than vital Air,  
All suddenly I heard th' approaching sound  
Of vocal Musick, on th' enchanted Ground:  
An Host of Saints it seem'd, so full the  
Quire; 150

As if the Bless'd above did all conspire,  
To join their Voices, and neglect the Lyre.)  
At length there issu'd from the Grove  
behind

A fair Assembly of the Female Kind:

A Train less fair, as ancient Fathers tell,  
Seduc'd the Sons of Heaven to rebel.  
I pass their Forms, and ev'ry charming  
Grace,

Less than an Angel would their Worth  
debase:

But their Attire like Liveries of a kind,  
All rich and rare is fresh within my Mind.  
In Velvet white as Snow the Troop was  
gown'd, 161

The Seams with sparkling Emeralds set  
around;

Their Hoods and Sleeves the same: And  
purpled o'er

With Diamonds, Pearls, and all the shining  
store

Of Eastern Pomp: Their long descending  
Train

With Rubies edg'd, and Sapphires, swept the  
Plain:

High on their Heads, with Jewels richly set  
Each Lady wore a radiant Coronet.

Beneath the Circles, all the Quire was grac'd  
With Chaplets green on their fair Foreheads  
plac'd, 170

Of Lawrel some, of Woodbine many more;  
And Wreaths of *Agnus castus* others bore:  
These last, who with those Virgin Crowns  
were dress'd,

Appear'd in higher Honour than the rest.

They danc'd around, but in the midst was  
seen

A Lady of a more majestique Mien;  
By Stature, and by Beauty mark'd their  
Sovereign Queen.

She in the midst began with sober Grace;  
Her Servants Eyes were fix'd upon her Face,  
And as she mov'd or turn'd, her Motions  
view'd, 180

Her Measures kept, and Step by Step  
pursu'd.

Methought she trod the Ground with  
greater Grace,

With more of Godhead shining in her Face;  
And as in Beauty she surpass'd the Quire,  
So, nobler than the rest, was her Attire.

A crown of ruddy Gold inclos'd her Brow,  
Plain without Pomp, and Rich without  
a Show:

A Branch of *Agnus castus* in her Hand  
She bore aloft (her Scepter of Command);  
Admir'd, ador'd by all the circling Crowd,  
For wheresoe'er she turn'd her Face, they  
bow'd: 191

And as she danc'd, a Roundelay she sung,  
In honour of the Lawrel, ever young:  
She rais'd her Voice on high, and sung  
so clear,

The Fawns came scudding from the Groves  
to hear:

And all the bending Forest lent an Ear.  
At ev'ry Close she made, th' attending  
Throng

Reply'd, and bore the Burden of the  
Song:

157 Forms] *Christie wrongly gives form*  
159 kind,] *Christie omitted the comma, but no*  
*doubt of a kind means 'of one kind', i.e. uni*  
*form.*

So just, so small, yet in so sweet a Note,  
It seem'd the Musick melted in the Throat.

Thus dancing on, and singing as they  
danc'd, 201

They to the middle of the Mead advanc'd:  
Till round my Arbour, a new Ring they  
made,

And footed it about the secret Shade:  
O'erjoy'd to see the jolly Troop so near,  
But somewhat aw'd I shook with holy Fear;  
Yet not so much, but that I noted well  
Who did the most in Song, or Dance excel.

Not long I had observ'd, when from afar  
I heard a suddain Symphony of War; 210  
The neighing Coursers, and the Soldiers cry,  
And sounding Trumps that seem'd to tear  
the Sky.

I saw soon after this, behind the Grove  
From whence the Ladies did in order move,  
Come issuing out in Arms a Warrior-Train,  
That like a Deluge pour'd upon the Plain:  
On barbed Steeds they rode in proud Array,  
Thick as the College of the Bees in May,  
When swarming o'er the dusky Fields they  
fly,

New to the Flow'rs, and intercept the Sky  
So fierce they drove, their Coursers were so  
fleet, 221

That the Turf trembled underneath their  
Feet.

To tell their costly Furniture were long,  
The Summers Day wou'd end before the  
Song:

To purchase but the Tenth of all their Store  
Would make the mighty Persian Monarch  
poor.

Yet what I can, I will; before the rest  
The Trumpets issu'd in white Mantles dress'd:  
A numerous Troop, and all their Heads  
around

With Chaplets green of Cerial-Oak were  
crown'd, 230

And at each Trumpet was a Banner bound;  
Which waving in the Wind display'd at large  
Their Master's Coat of Arms, and Knightly  
Charge.

Broad were the Banners, and of snowy Hue,  
A purer Web the Silk-worm never drew.  
The chief about their Necks the Scutcheons  
wore,

With Orient Pearls and Jewels powder'd o'er:

Broad were their Collars too, and ev'ry one  
Was set about with many a costly Stone.

Next these of Kings at Arms a goodly Train,  
In proud Array came prancing o'er the  
Plain: 241

Their Cloaks were Cloth of Silver mix'd with  
Gold,

And Garlands green arround their Temples  
roll'd:

Rich Crowns were on their royal Scutcheons  
plac'd,

With Sapphires, Diamonds, and with Rubies  
grac'd:

And as the Trumpets their appearance  
made,

So these in Habits were alike array'd;  
But with a Pace more sober, and more slow:

And twenty, Rank in Rank, they rode a-row.  
The Pursevants came next, in number more;

And like the Herald's each his Scutcheon  
bore: 251

Clad in white Velvet all their Troop they led,  
With each an Oaken Chaplet on his Head.

Nine royal Knights in equal Rank succeed,  
Each Warrior mounted on a fiery Steed:

In golden Armour glorious to behold;  
The Rivets of their Arms were nail'd with  
Gold.

Their Surcoats of white Ermm-Fur were  
made;

With Cloth of Gold between that cast a  
glitt'ring Shade.

The Trappings of their Steeds were of the  
same; 260

The golden Fringe ev'n set the Ground on  
flame,

And drew a precious Trail: A Crown divine  
Of Lawrel did about their Temples twine.

Three Henchmen were for ev'ry Knight  
assign'd,

All in rich Livery clad, and of a kind:  
White Velvet, but unshorn, for Cloaks they  
wore,

And each within his Hand a Truncheon bore:  
The foremost held a Helm of rare device;

A Prince's Ransom wou'd not pay the  
Price. 269

The second bore the Buckler of his Knight,  
The third of Cornel-Wood a Spear upright,

Headed with piercing Steel, and polish'd  
bright.

Like to their Lords their Equipage was seen,  
And all their Foreheads crown'd with Gar-  
lands green.

And after these came arm'd with Spear  
and Shield

An Host so great as cover'd all the Field:  
And all their Foreheads, like the Knights  
before,

With Lawrels ever green were shaded o'er,  
Or Oak, or other Leaves of lasting kind,  
Tenacious of the Stem and firm against the  
Wind. 280

Some in their Hands, besides the Lance and  
Shield,

The Boughs of Woodbind or of Hawthorn  
held,

Or Branches for their mistique Emblems  
took,

Of Palm, of Lawrel, or of Cerial Oak.

Thus marching to the Trumpets lofty  
Sound,

Drawn in two Lines adverse they wheel'd  
around,

And in the middle Meadow took their  
Ground.

Among themselves the Turney they divide  
In equal Squadrons rang'd on either side.

Then turn'd their Horses Heads, and Man  
to Man, 290

And Steed to Steed oppos'd, the Justs  
began.

They lightly set their Lances in the rest,  
And, at the Sign, against each other press'd

They met, I sitting at my Ease beheld  
The mix'd Events, and Fortunes of the Field.

Some broke their Spears, some tumbled  
Horse and Man,

And round the Fields the lighten'd Coursers  
ran.

An Hour and more like Tides, in equal sway  
They rush'd, and won by turns, and lost  
the Day:

At length the Nine (who still together held)  
Their fainting Foes to shameful Flight

compell'd, 301

And with resistless Force, o'er-ran the Field.)  
Thus, to their Fame, when finish'd was the  
Fight,

The Victors from their lofty Steeds afloat:

Like them dismounted all the Warlike Train,  
And two by two proceeded o'er the Plain:  
Till to the fair Assembly they advanc'd,  
Who near the secret Arbour sung and danc'd.

The Ladies left their Measures at the  
Sight,

To meet the Chiefs returning from the  
Fight, 310

And each with open Arms embrac'd her  
chosen Knight.

Amid the Plain a spreading Lawrel stood,  
The Grace and Ornament of all the Wood:

That pleasing Shade they sought, a soft  
Retreat

From sudden April Show'rs, a Shelter from  
the Heat.

Her heavy Arms with such extent were spread,  
So near the Clouds was her aspiring Head,

That Hosts of Birds that wing the liquid Air,  
Perch'd in the Boughs, had nightly Lodging  
there.

And Flocks of Sheep beneath the Shade  
from far 320

Might hear the rattling Hail, and wintry War;  
From Heav'n's Inclemency here found

retreat,  
Enjoy'd the cool, and shun'd the scorching  
Heat:

A hundred Knights might there at Ease  
abide;

And ev'ry Knight a Lady by his side:  
The Trunk it self such Odours did bequeath

That a Moluccan Breeze to these was  
common Breath.

The Lords, and Ladies here approaching,  
paid

Their Homage, with a low Obeisance made:  
And seem'd to venerate the sacred Shade.

These Rites perform'd, their Pleasures they  
pursue, 331

With Songs of Love, and mix with Measures  
new;

Around the holy Tree their Dance they  
frame,

And ev'ry Champion leads his chosen Dame.  
I cast my Sight upon the farther Field,

And a fresh Object of Delight beheld:  
For from the Region of the West I heard

New Musick sound, and a new Troop  
appear'd;

297 Coursers] Courses 1700 *A misprint.*  
298 Tides, in equal sway] *Christie gives tides*  
in equal sway  
301 Flight] Fight 1700. *A misprint*

332 Measures] *Derrick wrongly gives plea-*  
sures

Of Knights, and Ladies mix'd a jolly Band,  
But all on Foot they march'd, and Hand in  
Hand. 340

The Ladies dress'd in rich Symarrs were  
seen  
Of Florence Satten, flower'd with White and  
Green,  
And for a Shade betwixt the bloomy  
Gndelin.

The Borders of their Petticoats below  
Were guarded thick with Rubies on a-row ;  
And ev'ry Damsel wore upon her Head  
Of Flow'rs a Garland blended White and  
Red.

Attir'd in Mantles all the Knights were seen  
That gratify'd the View with chearful Green:  
Their Chaplets of their Ladies Colours were  
Compos'd of White and Red, to shade their  
shining Hair. 351

Before the merry Troop the Minstrels play'd,  
All in their Master's Liveries were array'd,  
And clad in Green, and on their Temples  
wore

The Chaplets White and Red their Ladies  
bore.

Their Instruments were various in their  
kind,

Some for the Bow, and some for breathing  
Wind :

The Sawtry, Pipe, and Hautbois noisy band,  
And the soft Lute trembling beneath the  
touching Hand.

A Tuft of Daises on a flow'ry Lay 360  
They saw, and thitherward they bent their  
way :

To this both Knights and Dames their  
Homage made,

And due Obeisance to the Daisy paid.  
And then the Band of Flutes began to play,  
To which a Lady sung a Virelay ;  
And still at ev'ry close she wou'd repeat  
The Burden of the Song, *The Daisy is so  
sweet.*

The Daisy is so sweet when she begun,  
The Troop of Knights and Dames con-  
tinu'd on.

The Concert and the Voice so charm'd my  
Ear, 370

And sooth'd my Soul, that it was Heav'n  
to hear.

But soon their Pleasure pass'd : At Noon  
of Day

The Sun with sultry Beams began to play :  
Not *Syrus* shoots a fiercer Flame from high,  
When with his pos'nous Breath he blasts  
the Sky :

Then droop'd the fading Flow'rs (their  
Beauty fled)

And clos'd their sickly Eyes, and hung the  
Head ;

And, rivell'd up with Heat, lay dying in  
their Bed.

The Ladies gasp'd, and scarcely could  
respire ;

The Breath they drew, no longer Air, but  
Fire ; 380

The fainty Knights were scorch'd ; and  
knew not where

To run for Shelter, for no Shade was near.  
And after this the gath'ring Clouds amain

Pour'd down a Storm of rattling Hail and  
Rain ;

And lightning flashed betwixt : The Field,  
and Flow'rs,

Burnt up before, were bury'd in the Show'rs.  
The Ladies, and the Knights no Shelter nigh,

Bare to the Weather, and the wintry Sky,  
Were dropping wet, disconsolate, and wan,

And through their thin Array receiv'd the  
Rain. 390

While those in White, protected by the  
Tree,

Saw pass the van Assault, and stood from  
Danger free.

But as Compassion mov'd their gentle Minds,  
When ceas'd the Storm, and silent were the  
Winds,

Displeas'd at what, not suff'ring they had  
seen,

They went to clear the Faction of the Green.  
The Queen in white Array before her Band,

Saluting, took her Rival by the Hand ;  
So did the Knights and Dames, with courtly

grace  
And with Behaviour sweet their Foes em-  
brace. 400

Then thus the Queen with Lawrel on her  
Brow :

Fair Sister, I have suffer'd in your Woe :  
Nor shall be wanting ought within my Pow'r

For your Relief in my refreshing Bow'r.  
That other answer'd with a lowly Look,

And soon the gracious Invitation took

360 Lay] *This is the Northamptonshire spell-  
ing, wrongly taken by Dr. Saintsbury for a  
misprint and given by him and Chubb as he*



For ill at ease both she and all her Train  
The scorching Sun had born, and beating  
Rain.

Like Courtesy was us'd by all in White,  
Each Dame a Dame receiv'd, and ev'ry  
Knight a Knight. 410

The Lawrel-Champions with their Swords  
invade

The neighb'ring Forests where the Justs were  
made,

And Serewood from the rotten Hedges  
took,

And Seeds of Latent-Fire from Flints pro-  
voke :

A cheerful Blaze arose, and by the Fire  
They warm'd their frozen Feet, and dry'd  
their wet Attire.

Refresh'd with Heat the Ladies sought  
around

For virtuous Herbs which gathered from the  
ground

They squeez'd the Juice ; and cooling  
Ointment made,

Which on their Sun-burnt Cheeks, and their  
chapt Skins they laid : 420

Then sought green Salads, which they bad  
'em eat,

A Sovereign Remedy for inward Heat.

The Lady of the Leaf ordain'd a Feast,  
And made the Lady of the Flow'r her Guest :  
When lo, a Bow'r ascended on the Plain,  
With suddain Seats adorn'd, and large for  
either Train.

This Bow'r was near my pleasant Arbour  
plac'd,

That I could hear and see whatever pass'd  
The Ladies sat, with each a Knight between,

Distinguish'd by their Colours White and  
Green ; 430

The vanquish'd Party with the Victors  
join'd,

Nor wanted sweet Discourse, the Banquet  
of the Mind.

Mean time the Minstrels play'd on either  
side

Vain of their Art, and for the Mast'ry vy'd  
The sweet Contention lasted for an Hour,  
And reach'd my secret Arbour from the  
Bow'r.

The Sun was set ; and Vesper to supply  
His absent Beams, had lighted up the Sky ;  
When *Philomel*, officious all the Day  
To sing the Service of th' ensuing *May*, 440

Fled from her Lawrel Shade, and wing'd  
her Flight

Directly to the Queen array'd in White :  
And hopping sate familiar on her Hand,  
A new Musitian, and increas'd the Band.

The Goldfinch, who to shun the scalding  
Heat,

Had chang'd the Medlar for a safer Seat,  
And hid in Bushes scap'd the bitter Show'r,

Now perch'd upon the Lady of the Flow'r ;  
And either Songster holding out their  
Throats,

And folding up their Wings renew'd their  
Notes : 450

As if all Day, prelude to the Fight,  
They only had rehears'd, to sing by Night.

The Banquet ended, and the Battle done,  
They danc'd by Star-light and the friendly  
Moon :

And when they were to part, the Laureat  
Queen

Supply'd with Steeds the Lady of the  
Green,

Hier, and her Train conducting on the way  
The Moon to follow, and avoid the Day.

This when I saw, inquisitive to know  
The secret Moral of the Mystique Show, 460

I started from my Shade, in hopes to find  
Some Nymph to satisfy my longing Mind :

And as my fair Adventure fell, I found  
A Lady all in White, with Lawrel crown'd,

Who clos'd the Rear and softly pac'd along,  
Repeating to her self the former Song.

With due respect my Body I inclin'd,  
As to some Being of Superiour Kind,

And made my Court, according to the Day,  
Wishing her Queen and Her a happy *May*.

Great Thanks my Daughter, with a gracious  
Bow 471

She said ; and I who much desir'd to know  
Of whence she was, yet fearful how to break

My Mind, adventur'd humbly thus to speak  
Madam, Might I presume and not offend,

So may the Stars and shining Moon attend  
Your Nightly Sports, as you vouchsafe to  
tell,

What Nymphs they were who mortal  
Forms excel,

And what the Knights who fought in listed  
Fields so well.

To this the Dame reply'd : Fair daughter  
know, 480

That what you saw, was all a Fairy Show :

And all those airy Shapes you now behold  
Were humane Bodies once, and cloath'd with  
earthly Mold.

Our Souls, not yet prepar'd for upper Light,  
Till Doomsday wander in the Shades of  
Night ;

This only Holiday of all the Year,  
We priviledg'd in Sun-shine may appear :  
With Songs and Dance we celebrate the Day,  
And with due Honours usher in the May.

At other Times we reign by Night alone, 490  
And posting through the Skies pursue the  
Moon :

But when the Morn arises, none are found ;  
For cruel *Demogorgon* walks the round,  
And if he finds a Fairy lag in Light,  
He drives the Wretch before ; and lashes  
into Night.

All Courteous are by Kind ; and ever proud  
With friendly Offices to help the Good.

In every Land we have a larger Space  
Than what is known to you of mortal Race,  
Where we with Green adorn our Fairy  
Bow'rs, 500

And even this Grove unseen before, is ours.  
Know farther ; Ev'ry Lady cloath'd in  
White,

And crown'd with Oak and Lawrel ev'ry  
Knight,

Are Servants to the Leaf, by Liveries known  
Of Innocence ; and I myself am one.

Saw you not Her so graceful to behold,  
In white Attire, and crown'd with Radiant  
Gold ?

The Sovereign Lady of our Land is She,  
*Diana* call'd, the Queen of Chastity : 509  
And, for the spotless Name of Maid she bears,

That *Agnus castus* in her Hand appears ;  
And all her Train with leavy Chaplets  
crown'd

Were for unblam'd Virginity renown'd  
But those the chief and highest in Command  
Who bear those holy Branches in their  
Hand :

The Knights adorned with Lawrel-Crowns,  
are they,

Whom Death nor Danger ever cou'd dis-  
may,

Victorious Names, who made the World  
obey :

Who while they liv'd, in Deeds of Arms  
excell'd,

And after Death for Deities were held. 520

But those who wear the Woodbine on their  
Brow

Were Knights of Love, who never broke  
their Vow :

Firm to their plighted Faith, and ever free  
From Fears and fickle Chance, and jealousy.  
The Lords and Ladies, who the Woodbine  
bear,

As true as *Tristram* and *Isotta* were.

But what are those said I, th' unconquered  
Nine,

Who crown'd with Lawrel-Wreaths, in  
golden Armour shine ?

And who the Knights in Green, and what  
the Train 529

Of Ladies dress'd with Daisies on the Plain ?  
Why both the Bands in Worship disagree,

And some adore the Flow'r, and some the  
Tree ?

Just is your Suit, fair daughter, said the  
Dame,

Those lawrell'd Chiefs were Men of mighty  
Fame ;

Nine Worthies were they call'd of diff'rent  
Rites,

Three Jews, three Pagans, and three  
Christian Knights.

These, as you see, ride foremost in the Field,  
As they the foremost Rank of Honour held,

And all in Deeds of Chivalry excell'd.  
Their Temples wreath'd with Leafs, that  
still renew ; 540

For deathless Lawrel is the Victor's due.  
Who bear the Bows were Knights in *Arthur's*  
Reign,

Twelve they, and twelve the Peers of *Charle-  
main* :

For Bows the Strength of brawny Arms simply  
Emblems of Valour, and of Victory.

Behold an Order yet of newer Date  
Doubling their Number, equal in their State ;

Our *England's* Ornament, the Crown's  
Defence,

In Battle brave, Protectors of their Prince  
Unchang'd by Fortune, to their Sovereign  
true, 550

For which their manly Legs are bound with  
Blue.

These, of the Garter call'd, of Faith un-  
stain'd,

In fighting Fields the Lawrel have obtain'd,  
And well repaid those Honours which they  
gain'd.

The Lawrel-Wreaths were first by *Cæsar* worn,  
And still they *Cæsar's* Successors adorn :  
One Leaf of this is Immortality,  
And more of Worth, than all the World can buy.

One Doubt remains, said I, the Dames in Green,  
What were their Qualities, and who their Queen ? 560

*Flora* commands, said she, those Nymphs and Knights,  
Who liv'd in slothful Ease, and loose Delights :

Who never Acts of Honour durst pursue,  
The Men inglorious Knights, the Ladies all untrue :

Who nurs'd in Idleness, and train'd in Courts,  
Pass'd all their precious Hours in Plays, and Sports,

Till Death behind came stalking on, unseen,  
And wither'd (like the Storm) the freshness of their Green.

These, and their Mates, enjoy the present Hour,  
And therefore pay their Homage to the Flow'r. 570

But Knights in Knightly Deeds should persevere,  
And still continue what at first they were ;  
Continue, and proceed in Honour's fair Career.

No room for Cowardise, or dull Delay ;  
From Good to Better they should urge their way.

For this with golden Spurs the Chiefs are grac'd,

With pointed Rowels arm'd to mend their haste ;

For this with lasting Leaves their Brows are bound,

For Lawrel is the Sign of Labour crown'd ;  
Which bears the bitter Blast, nor shaken falls to Ground : 580

From Winter-Winds it suffers no decay,  
For ever fresh and fair, and ev'ry Month is *May*.

Ev'n when the vital Sap retreats below,  
Ev'n when the hoary Head is hid in Snow ;  
The Life is in the Leaf, and still between  
The Fits of falling Snows, appears the streaky Green.

Not so the Flow'r which lasts for little space,  
A short-liv'd Good, and an uncertain Grace ;  
This way and that the feeble Stem is driv'n,  
Weak to sustain the Storms, and Injuries of Heav'n. 590

Prop'd by the Spring, it lifts aloft the Head,  
But of a sickly Beauty, soon to shed ;  
In Summer living, and in Winter dead.  
For Things of tender Kind for Pleasure made  
Shoot up with swift Increase, and suddain are decay'd.

With humble Words, the wisest I could frame,

And profer'd Service I repaid the Dame :  
That of her Grace she gave her Maid to know

The secret meaning of this moral Show.  
And she to prove what Profit I had made 600  
Of mystique Truth, in Fables first convey'd,  
Demanded, till the next returning *May*,  
Whether the Leaf or Flow'r I would obey ?  
I chose the Leaf ; she smil'd with sober Chear,

And wish'd me fair Adventure for the Year,  
And gave me Charms and Sigils, for defence  
Against ill Tongues that scandal Innocence :  
But I, said she, my Fellows must pursue,  
Already past the Plain, and out of view.

We parted thus ; I homeward sped my way, 610

Bewilder'd in the Wood till Dawn of Day :  
And met the merry Crew who danc'd about the *May*.

Then late refresh'd with Sleep I rose to write

The visionary Vigils of the Night.  
Blush, as thou may'st, my little Book for Shame,

Nor hope with homely Verse to purchase Fame ;

For such thy Maker chose ; and so design'd  
Thy simple Style to suit thy lowly Kind.

569 the] *Christie* and others give their

586 Snows] *Warton* and *Christie* wrongly give snow

## THE WIFE OF BATH HER TALE.

IN Days of Old, when *Arthur* fill'd the Throne,  
 Whose Acts and Fame to Foreign Lands  
 were blown,  
 The King of Elfs and little fairy Queen  
 Gamboll'd on Heaths, and danc'd on ev'ry  
 Green ;  
 And where the jolly Troop had led the  
 Round,  
 The Grass unbidden rose, and mark'd the  
 Ground.  
 Nor darkling did they dance, the Silver  
 Light  
 Of *Phæbe* serv'd to guide their Steps  
 aright,  
 And, with their Tripping pleas'd, prolong'd  
 the Night.  
 Her Beams they follow'd, where at full  
 she plaid, 10  
 Nor longer than she shed her Horns they  
 said,  
 From thence with airy Flight to Foreign  
 Lands convey'd.  
 Above the rest our *Britain* held they dear,  
 More solemnly they kept their Sabbaths  
 here,  
 And made more spacious Rings, and revell'd  
 half the Year.  
 I speak of ancient Times ; for now the  
 Swain  
 Returning late may pass the Woods in vain,  
 And never hope to see the nightly Train :  
 In vain the Dairy now with Mints is dress'd,  
 The Dairy-Maid expects no Fairy Guest, 20  
 To skim the Bowls and after pay the Feast.  
 She sighs, and shakes her empty Shoes in  
 vain,  
 No Silver Penny to reward her Pain :  
 For Priests with Pray'rs, and other godly  
 Geer,  
 Have made the merry Goblins disappear ;  
 And where they plaid their merry Pranks  
 before,  
 Have sprinkled Holy Water on the Floor :  
 And Fry'rs that through the wealthy  
 Regions run  
 Thick as the Motes, that twinkle in the Sun,

Resort to Farmers rich, and bless their  
 Halls  
 And exorcise the Beds, and cross the Walls :  
 This makes the Fairy Quires forsake the  
 Place,  
 When once 'tis hallow'd with the Rites of  
 Grace :  
 But in the Walks, where wicked Elves have  
 been,  
 The Learning of the Parish now is seen,  
 The Midnight Parson posting o'er the Green  
 With Gown tuck'd up to Wakes ; for  
 Sunday next  
 With humming Ale encouraging his Text ;  
 Nor wants the holy Leer to Country-Girl  
 betwixt.  
 From Fiends and Imps he sets the Village  
 free, 40  
 There haunts not any Incubus, but He.  
 The Maids and Women need no Danger fear  
 To walk by Night, and Sanctity so near :  
 For by some Haycock or some shady Thorn  
 He bids his Beads both Even-song and Morn.  
 It so befel in this King *Arthur's* Reign,  
 A lusty Knight was pricking o'er the Plain ;  
 A Bachelor he was, and of the courtly Train.  
 It happen'd as he rode, a Damsel gay 49  
 In Russet-Robes to Market took her way ;  
 Soon on the Girl he cast an amorous Eye,  
 So strait she walk'd, and on her Pasterns  
 high :  
 If seeing her behind he lik'd her Pace,  
 Now turning short he better lik'd her Face.  
 He lights in hast, and, full of Youthful  
 Fire,  
 By Force accomplish'd his obscene Desire  
 This done away he rode, not unesp'y'd,  
 For swarming at his Back the Country  
 cry'd ;  
 And once in view they never lost the Sight,  
 But seiz'd, and pinion'd brought to Court  
 the Knight. 60  
 Then Courts of Kings were held in high  
 Renown,  
 E'er made the common Brothels of the  
 Town ;  
 There, Virgins honourable Vows receiv'd,  
 But chast as Maids in Monasteries liv'd :

THE WIFE OF BATH'S TALE. Text from the  
 original and only contemporary edition, 1700  
 7 dance] Some editors wrongly give glance

60 Court] court 1700

The King himself to Nuptial Ties a Slave,  
No bad Example to his Poets gave ;  
And they not bad, but in a vicious Age  
Had not to please the Prince debauch'd the  
Stage.

Now what shou'd *Arthur* do? He lov'd  
the Knight,

But Sovereign Monarchs are the Source of  
Right: 70

Mov'd by the Damsels Tears and common  
Cry,

He doom'd the brutal Ravisher to die.

But fair *Genevra* rose in his Defence,  
And pray'd so hard for Mercy from the  
Prince ;

That to his Queen the King th' Offender  
gave,

And left it in her Pow'r to Kill or Save :  
This gracious Act the Ladies all approve,  
Who thought it much a Man shou'd die for  
Love ;

And with their Mistress join'd in close  
Debate,

(Covering their Kindness with dissembled  
Hate ;) 80

If not to free him, to prolong his Fate.

At last agreed, they call'd him by consent  
Before the Queen and Female Parliament.

And the fair Speaker, rising from her Chair  
Did thus the Judgment of the House declare.

Sir Knight, tho' I have ask'd thy Life,  
yet still

Thy Destiny depends upon my Will :  
Nor hast thou other Surety than the Grace

Not due to thee from our offended Race.  
But as our Kind is of a softer Mold, 90

And cannot Blood without a Sigh behold,  
I grant thee Life ; reserving still the

Pow'r

To take the Forfeit when I see my Hour ;  
Unless thy Answer to my next Demand

Shall set Thee free from our avenging  
Hand ;

The Question, whose Solution I require,  
*Is what the Sex of Women most desire ?*

In this Dispute thy Judges are at Strife ;  
Beware, for on thy Wit depends thy Life

Yet (lest surpriz'd, unknowing what to say,  
Thou damn thy self) we give thee farther

Day : 101

A Year is thine to wander at thy Will :

And learn from others, if thou want'st the  
Skill.

But, not to hold our Proffer [as] in Scorn,  
Good Sureties will we have for thy return ;  
That at the time prefix'd thou shalt obey,  
And at thy Pledges Peril keep thy Day.

Woe was the Knight at this severe  
Command !

But well he knew 'twas bootless to with-  
stand :

The Terms accepted as the Fair ordain, 110

He put in Bail for his return again ;

And promis'd Answer at the Day assign'd,

The best, with Heav'n's Assistance, he could  
find.

His Leave thus taken, on his Way he went,

With heavy Heart, and full of Discontent,

Misdoubting much, and fearful of th' Event.

'Twas hard the Truth of such a Point to find,

As was not yet agreed among the Kind.

Thus on he went ; still anxious more and  
more,

Ask'd all he met ; and knock'd at ev'ry

Door ; 120

Enquir'd of Men ; but made his chief

Request

To learn from Women what they lov'd the  
best.

They answer'd each according to her Mind,

To please her self, not all the Female Kind.

One was for Wealth, another was for Place :

Crones old and ugly, wish'd a better Face ;

The Widow's Wish was oftentimes to Wed ;

The wanton Maids were all for Sport a Bed.

Some said the Sex were pleas'd with hand-  
som Lies,

And some gross Flatt'ry lov'd without

disguise : 130

Truth is, says one, he seldom fails to win

Who Flatters well ; for that's our darling Sin.

But long Attendance, and a duteous Mind,

Will work ev'n with the wisest of the Kind.

One thought the Sexes prime Felicity

Was from the Bonds of Wedlock to be

free ;

\_\_\_\_\_

101 Proffer [as] in Scorn] Proffer in Scorn 1700

*A word has dropt out in the printing. Warton*

*gives proffer'd turn in scorn and is followed by*

*Scott and Saintsbury, but the conjecture has*

*little to recommend it. Christie gives proffer for*

*in scorn, a reading which Saintsbury justly*

*stigmatises as meaningless. The conjecture in*

*the text is mine. The added word makes no*

*appreciable difference in the sense, and the same*

*word, though no editor seems to have noticed the*

*fact, has dropt out in 543 below*

Their Pleasures, Hours, and Actions all  
their own,

And uncontroll'd to give Account to none.  
Some wish a Husband-Fool; but such are  
curst,

For Fools perverse, of Husbands are the  
worst: 140

All Women wou'd be counted Chast and  
Wise,

Nor should our Spouses see, but with our  
Eyes;

For Fools will prate; and tho' they want  
the Wit

To find close Faults, yet open Blots will hit:  
Tho' better for their Ease to hold their  
Tongue,

For Womankind was never in the Wrong.  
So Noise ensues, and Quarrels last for Life;  
The Wife abhors the Fool, the Fool the Wife.  
And some Men say, that great Delight  
have we,

To be for Truth extoll'd, and Secrecy: 150  
And constant in one Purpose still to dwell;  
And not our Husband's Counsels to reveal.

But that's a Fable: for our Sex is frail,  
Inventing rather than not tell a Tale.  
Like leaky Sives no Secrets we can hold:  
Witness the famous Tale that *Ovid* told.

*Midas* the King, as in his Book appears,  
By *Phæbus* was endow'd with Asses Ears,  
Which under his long Locks, he well con-  
ceal'd 159

(As Monarch's Vices must not be reveal'd),  
For fear the People have 'em in the Wind,  
Who long ago were neither Dumb nor Blind;  
Nor apt to think from Heav'n their Title  
springs,

Since *Jove* and *Mars* left off begetting Kings.  
*This Midas* knew; and durst communicate  
To none but to his Wife, his Ears of State;  
One must be trusted, and he thought her fit,  
As passing prudent; and a parlous Wit.

To this sagacious Confessor he went,  
And told her what a Gift the Gods had sent,  
But told it under Matrimonial Seal, 171  
With strict Injunction never to reveal.

The Secret heard she plighted him her Troth,  
(And sacred sure is every Woman's Oath)  
The royal Malady should rest unknown  
Both for her Husband's Honour and her  
own:

But ne'ertheless she pin'd with Discontent;  
The Counsel rumbled till it found a vent.

The Thing she knew she was oblig'd to hide;  
By Int'rest and by Oath the Wife was ty'd,  
But if she told it not, the Woman dy'd. 181  
Loath to betray a Husband and a Prince,  
But she must burst, or blab; and no  
pretence  
Of Honour ty'd her Tongue from Self-  
defence.

A marshy Ground commodiously was near,  
Thither she ran, and held her Breath for  
fear,

Lest if a Word she spoke of any Thing,  
That Word might be the Secret of the King.  
Thus full of Counsel to the Fen she went,  
Grip'd all the way, and longing for a vent:  
Arriv'd, by pure Necessity compell'd, 191  
On her majestick mary-bones she kneel'd:  
Then to the Waters-brink she laid her Head,  
And, as a Bittour bumps within a Reed,  
To thee alone, O Lake, she said, I tell  
(And as thy Queen command thee to con-  
ceal)

Beneath his Locks the King my Husband  
wears

A goodly Royal pair of Asses Ears:  
Now I have eas'd my Bosom of the Pain  
Till the next longing Fit return again! 200

Thus through a Woman was the Secret  
known;

Tell us, and in effect you tell the Town:  
But to my Tale: The knight with heavy  
Cheer,

Wandering in vain, had now consum'd the  
Year:

One Day was only left to solve the Doubt,  
Yet knew no more than when he first set  
out.

But home he must: And as th' Award had  
been,

Yield up his Body Captive to the Queen.  
In this despairing State he hap'd to ride,  
As Fortune led him, by a Forest-side: 210  
Lonely the Vale, and full of Horror stood,  
Brown with the shade of a religious Wood:  
When full before him at the Noon of night,  
(The Moon was up, and shot a gleamy Light)  
He saw a Quire of Ladies in a round,  
That featly footing seem'd to skim the  
Ground:

Thus dancing Hand in Hand, so light they  
were,

He knew not where they trod, on Earth or  
Air.

At speed he drove, and came a suddain  
Guest,  
In hope where many Women were, at least,  
Some one by chance might answer his  
Request. 221  
But faster than his Horse the Ladies flew,  
And in a trice were vanish'd out of view.  
One only Hag remain'd : But fowler far  
Than Grandame Apes in *Indian* Forests are :  
Against a wither'd Oak she lean'd her  
weight,  
Prop'd on her trusty Staff, not half upright,  
And drop'd an awkward Court'sy to the  
Knight.  
Then said, What make you, Sir, so late  
abroad  
Without a Guide, and this no beaten Road ?  
Or want you aught that here you hope to  
find, 231  
Or travel for some Trouble in your Mind ?  
The last I guess ; and, if I read aright,  
Those of our Sex are bound to serve a  
Knight :  
Perhaps good Counsel may your Grief  
asswage,  
Then tell your pain : For Wisdom is in Age.  
To this the Knight : Good Mother, wou'd  
you know  
The secret Cause and Spring of all my  
Woe ?  
My Life must with to Morrow's Light expire,  
Unless I tell, what Women most desire : 240  
Now cou'd you help me at this hard Essay,  
Or for your inborn Goodness, or for Pay :  
Yours is my Life, redeem'd by your Advice,  
Ask what you pleas, and I will pay the  
Price :  
The proudest Kerchief of the Court shall  
rest  
Well satisfy'd of what they love the best.  
Plight me thy Faith, quoth she : That what  
I ask  
Thy Danger over, and perform'd the Task ;  
That shalt thou give for Hire of thy Demand ;  
Here take thy Oath, and seal it on my  
Hand ; 250  
I warrant thee, on Peril of my Life,  
Thy Words shall please both Widow, Maid,  
and Wife.

228 awkward] *Another Northamptonshire form wrongly altered by the editors. Pepps has 'awkerd', and in Hudibras the word rhymes with 'hawkerd'.*

More Words there needed not to move the  
Knight,  
To take her Offer, and his Truth to plight.  
With that she spread her Mantle on the  
Ground,  
And first enquiring whether he was bound,  
Bade him not fear, tho' long and rough the  
Way,  
At Court he should arrive e'er break of Day  
His Horse should find the way without  
a Guide.  
She said: With Fury they began to ride, 260  
He on the midst, the Beldam at his Side.)  
The Horse, what Devil drove I cannot tell,  
But only this, they sped their Journey well :  
And all the way the Crone inform'd the  
Knight,  
How he should answer the Demand aright.  
To Court they came: The News was  
quickly spread  
Of his returning to redeem his Head.  
The Female Senate was assembled soon,  
With all the Mob of Women in the Town :  
The Queen sate Lord Chief Justice of the  
Hall, 270  
And bad the Cryer cite the Criminal.  
The Knight appear'd ; and Silence they  
proclaim,  
Then first the *Culprit* answer'd to his Name ;  
And after Forms of Laws, was last requir'd  
To name the Thing that Women most desir'd.  
Th' Offender, taught his Lesson by the  
way,  
And by his Counsel order'd what to say,  
Thus bold began ; My Lady Liege, said he,  
What all your Sex desire is *Sovereignty*.  
The Wife affects her Husband to command ;  
All must be hers, both Mony, House, and  
' Land. 281  
The Maids are Mistresses ev'n in their Name ;  
And of their Servants full Dominion claim.  
This, at the Peril of my Head, I say  
A blunt plain Truth, the Sex aspires to  
sway,  
You to rule all ; while we, like Slaves,  
obey.  
There was not one, or Widow, Maid, or  
Wife,  
But said the Knight had well deserv'd his  
Life.

256 whether] *The form is Dryden's but the editors print wliether*

Ev'n fair *Geneura*, with a Blush confess'd,  
 The Man had found what Women love the  
 best. 290  
 Upstarts the Beldam, who was there  
 unseen,  
 And Reverence made, accosted thus the  
 Queen.  
 My Liege, said she, before the Court arise,  
 May I poor Wretch find Favour in your Eyes,  
 To grant my just Request: 'Twas I who  
 taught  
 The Knight this Answer, and inspir'd his  
 Thought.  
 None but a Woman could a Man direct  
 To tell us Women, what we most affect.  
 But first I swore him on his Knightly Troth,  
 (And here demand performance of his  
 Oath) 300  
 To grant the Boon that next I should desire;  
 He gave his Faith, and I expect my Hire:  
 My Promise is fulfill'd: I sav'd his Life,  
 And claim his Debt, to take me for his Wife.  
 The Knight was ask'd, nor cou'd his Oath  
 deny,  
 But hop'd they would not force him to  
 comply.  
 The Women, who would rather wrest the  
 Laws,  
 Than let a Sister-Plaintiff lose the Cause,  
 (As Judges on the Bench more gracious are,  
 And more attent to Brothers of the Bar) 310  
 Cry'd, one and all, the Suppliant should  
 have Right,  
 And to the Grandame-Hag adjudg'd the  
 Knight.  
 In vain he sigh'd, and oft with Tears  
 desir'd  
 Some reasonable Sute might be requir'd.  
 But still the Crone was constant to her Note;  
 The more he spoke, the more she stretch'd  
 her Throat.  
 In vain he proffer'd all his Goods, to save  
 His Body, destin'd to that living Grave.  
 The liquorish Hag rejects the Pelf with  
 scorn:  
 And nothing but the Man would serve her  
 turn. 320  
 Not all the Wealth of Eastern Kings, said  
 she,  
 Have Pow'r to part my plighted Love, and  
 me;  
 And, Old, and Ugly as I am, and Poor;  
 Yet never will I break the Faith I swore;  
 For mine thou art by Promise, during Life,  
 And I thy loving and obedient Wife.  
 My Love! Nay, rather my Damnation  
 Thou,  
 Said he: Nor am I bound to keep my Vow;  
 The Fiend thy Sire has sent thee from below,  
 Else how cou'dst thou my secret Sorrows  
 know? 330  
 Avaunt, old Witch, for I renounce thy Bed:  
 The Queen may take the Forfeit of my  
 Head,  
 E'er any of my Race so foul a Crone shall  
 wed.  
 Both heard, the Judge pronounc'd against  
 the Knight;  
 So was he Marry'd in his own despatch;  
 And all Day after hid him as an Owl,  
 Not able to sustain a Sight so foul.  
 Perhaps the Reader thinks I do him wrong  
 To pass the Marriage-Feast and Nuptial  
 Song:  
 Mirth there was none, the Man was *a-la-*  
*mor!* 340  
 And little Courage had to make his Court.  
 To Bed they went, the Bridegroom and the  
 Bride:  
 Was never such an ill-pair'd Couple ty'd.  
 Restless he toss'd, and tumbled to and fro,  
 And rowl'd, and wriggled further off; for  
 Woe.  
 The good old Wife lay smiling by his Side,  
 And caught him in her quiv'ring Arms, and  
 cry'd,  
 When you my ravish'd Predecessor saw,  
 You were not then become this Man of  
 Straw;  
 Had you been such, you might have scap'd  
 the Law. 350  
 Is this the Custom of King *Arthur's* Court?  
 Are all Round-Table Knights of such a sort?  
 Remember I am she who sav'd your Life,  
 Your loving, lawful, and complying Wife:  
 Not thus you swore in your unhappy Hour,  
 Nor I for this return employ'd my Pow'r.  
 In time of Need I was your faithful Friend;  
 Nor did I since, nor ever will offend.  
 Believe me, my lov'd Lord, 'tis much un-  
 kind;  
 What Fury has possessed your alter'd  
 Mind? 360  
 Thus on my Wedding-night—Without Pre-  
 tence—  
 Come, turn this way, or tell me my Offence.



If not your Wife, let Reasons Rule persuade,  
Name but my Fault, amends shall soon be made.

Amends! Nay, that's impossible, said he,  
What change of Age, or Ugliness can be!  
Or could *Medea's* Magick mend thy Face,  
Thou art descended from so mean a Race,  
That never Knight was match'd with such  
Disgrace.

What wonder, Madam, if I move my Side,  
When, if I turn, I turn to such a Bride? 371  
And is this all that troubles you so sore!  
And what the Devil cou'dst thou wish me more?

Ah *Benedicite*, reply'd the Crone:  
Then cause of just Complaining have you none.

The Remedy to this were soon apply'd,  
Wou'd you be like the Bridegroom to the Bride.

But, for you say a long descended Race,  
And Wealth, and Dignity, and Pow'r, and Place,

Make Gentlemen, and that your high Degree 380

Is much disparag'd to be match'd with me;  
Know this, my Lord, Nobility of Blood  
Is but a glitt'ring, and fallacious Good:  
The Nobleman is he whose noble Mind  
Is fill'd with inborn Worth, unborrow'd  
from his Kind.

The King of Heav'n was in a Manger laid;  
And took his Earth but from an humble Maid:

Then what can Birth, or mortal Men bestow,  
Since Floods no higher than their Fountains flow?

We who for Name, and empty Honour strive,  
Our true Nobility from him derive. 391  
Your Ancestors, who puff your Mind with Pride,

And vast Estates to mighty Titles ty'd,  
Did not your Honour, but their own advance,  
For Virtue comes not by Inheritance.

If you tralineate from your Father's Mind,  
What are you else but of a Bastard-kind?  
Do, as your great Progenitors have done,  
And by their virtues prove your self their Son.

No Father can infuse, or Wit or Grace; 400  
A Mother comes across, and marring the Race.  
A Grandsire or a Grandame taints the Blood;  
And seldom three Descents continue Good.

Were Virtue by Descent, a noble Name  
Could never villanize his Father's Fame:  
But, as the first the last of all the Line,  
Wou'd like the Sun ev'n in Descending shine.

Take Fire, and bear it to the darkest House  
Betwixt King *Arthur's* Court and *Caucasus*,  
If you depart, the Flame shall still remain,  
And the bright Blaze enlighten all the Plain; 411

Nor, till the Fewel perish, can decay,  
By Nature form'd on Things combustible to prey.

Such is not Man, who mixing better Seed  
With worse, begets a base, degenerate Breed:  
The Bad corrupts the Good, and leaves behind

No trace of all the great Begetter's Mind.  
The Father sinks within his Son, we see,  
And often rises in the third Degree;  
If better Luck, a better Mother give: 420  
Chance gave us being, and by Chance we live.

Such as our Atoms were, ev'n such are we,  
Or call it Chance, or strong Necessity.  
Thus, loaded with dead weight, the Will is free.

And thus it needs must be: For Seed conjoin'd

Lets into Nature's Work th' imperfect Kind:

But Fire, th' enliv'n'ner of the general Frame,  
Is one, its Operation still the same.

Its Principle is in it self: While ours  
Works, as Confederate's War, with mingled Pow'r's: 430

Or Man, or Woman, which soever fails;  
And, oft, the Vigour of the Worse prevails.  
*Æther* with Sulphur blended alters hue,  
And casts a dusky gleam of *Sodom* blue.

Thus in a Brute, their ancient Honour ends,  
And the fair Mermaid in a Fish descends:  
The Line is gone; no longer Duke or Earl;  
But by himself degraded turns a Churl.

Nobility of Blood is but Renown  
Of thy great Fathers by their Virtue known, 440

And a long trail of Light, to thee descending down.

If in thy Smoke it ends, their Glories shine;  
But Infamy and Villanage are thine.  
Then what I said before, is plainly show'd,  
That true Nobility proceeds from God:

Nor left us by Inheritance, but giv'n  
By Bounty of our Stars, and Grace of  
Heaven.

Thus from a Captive *Servius Tullus* rose,  
Whom for his Virtues, the first *Romans*  
chose:

*Fabritius* from their Walls repell'd the Foe,  
Whose noble Hands had exercis'd the  
Plough. 451

From hence, my Lord, and Love, I thus  
conclude,

That tho' my homely Ancestors were rude,  
Mean as I am, yet I may have the Grace  
To make you Father of a generous Race:  
And Noble then am I, when I begin,  
In Virtue cloath'd, to cast the Rags of Sm:  
If Poverty be my upbraided Crime,  
And you believe in Heav'n; there was a  
time, 459

When He, the great Controller of our Fate  
Deign'd to be Man, and lived in low Estate:  
Which he who had the World at his dispose,  
If Poverty were Vice, wou'd never choose.  
Philosophers have said, and Poets sing,  
That a glad Poverty's an honest Thing.  
Content is Wealth, the Riches of the Mind;  
And happy He who can that Treasure find,  
But the base Miser starves amidst his Store,  
Broods on his Gold, and griping still at  
more

Sits sadly pining, and believes he's Poor.  
The ragged Beggar, tho' he wants  
Relief, 471

Has not to lose, and sings before the Thief.  
Want is a bitter, and a hateful Good,  
Because its Virtues are not understood.  
Yet many Things, impossible to Thought,  
Have been by Need to full Perfection  
brought:

The darning of the Soul proceeds from thence,  
Sharpness of Wit, and active Diligence:  
Prudence at once, and Fortitude it gives,  
And if in patience taken mends our Lives;  
For ev'n that Indigence that brings me  
low 481

Makes me my self and Him above to know.  
A Good which none would challenge, few  
would choose,  
A fair Possession, which Mankind refuse.

If we from Wealth to Poverty descend,  
Want gives to know the Flatt'rer from the  
Friend.

If I am Old, and Ugly, well for you,  
No leud Adul'ter will my Love pursue;  
Nor Jealousy, the Bane of marry'd Life,  
Shall haunt you, for a wither'd homely Wife:  
For Age, and Ugliness, as all agree, 491  
Are the best Guards of Female Chastity.

Yet since I see your Mind is Worldly bent,  
I'll do my best to further your Content.  
And therefore of two Gifts in my dispose,  
Think e'er you speak, I grant you leave to  
choose:

Wou'd you I should be still Deform'd, and  
Old,  
Nauseous to Touch, and Loathsome to  
Behold;

On this Condition, to remain for life  
A careful, tender and obedient Wife, 500  
In all I can contribute to your Ease,  
And not in Deed, or Word, or Thought dis-  
please?

Or would you rather have me Young and  
Fair,  
And take the Chance that happens to your  
share?

Temptations are in Beauty, and in Youth,  
And how can you depend upon my Truth?  
Now weigh the Danger with the doubtful  
Bliss,

And thank your self, if ought should fall  
amiss.

Sore sigh'd the Knight, who this long  
Sermon heard;

At length considering all, his Heart he  
chear'd, 510

And thus reply'd, My Lady, and my Wife,  
To your wise Conduct I resign my Life:  
Choose you for me, for well you understand  
The future Good and Ill, on either Hand:  
But if an humble Husband may request,  
Provide, and order all Things for the best;  
Your's be the Care to profit, and to please:  
And let your Subject-Servant take his Ease.

Then thus in Peace, quoth she, concludes  
the Strife,

Since I am turn'd the Husband, you the  
Wife: 520

The Matrimonial Victory is mine,  
Which having fairly gain'd, I will resign;  
Forgive if I have said, or done amiss,  
And seal the Bargain with a Friendly Kiss:

448 *Tullus*] Editors print *Tullius*, but the  
error is Dryden's.  
471 not] Editors give nought, perhaps rightly.

I promis'd you but one Content to share.  
But now I will become both Good, and Fair.  
No Nuptial Quarrel shall disturb your Ease,  
The Business of my Life shall be to please:  
And for my Beauty that, as Time shall try;  
But draw the Curtain first, and cast your  
Eye.

530

He look'd, and saw a Creature heav'nly  
Fair,  
In bloom of Youth, and of a charming Air.  
With Joy he turn'd, and seiz'd her Iv'ry  
Arm;

And like *Pygmalion* found the Statue warm.  
Small Arguments there needed to prevail,  
A Storm of Kisses pour'd as thick as Hail.

Thus long in mutual Bliss they lay em-  
braced,  
And their first Love continu'd to the last:  
One Sun-shine was their Life; no Cloud  
between;

Nor ever was a kinder Couple seen. 540  
And so may all our Lives like their's be  
led;

Heav'n send the Maids young Husbands,  
fresh in Bed:

May Widows Wed as often as they can,  
And ever for the better change their Man.  
And some devouring Plague pursue their  
Lives,

Who will not well be govern'd by their Wives.

## THE CHARACTER OF A GOOD PARSON.

IMITATED FROM CHAUCER AND ENLARG'D.

A Parish-Priest was of the Pilgrim-Train;  
An Awful, Reverend, and Religious Man.  
His Eyes diffus'd a venerable Grace,  
And Charity it self was in his Face.

Rich was his Soul, though his Attire was  
poor;

(As God had cloath'd his own Ambassador;)  
For such, on Earth, his bless'd Redeemer  
bore.

Of Sixty Years he seem'd; and well might  
last

To Sixty more, but that he liv'd too fast;  
Refin'd himself to Soul, to curb the Sense; 10  
And made almost a Sin of Abstinence.

Yet, had his Aspect nothing of severe,  
But such a Face as promis'd him sincere.

Nothing reserv'd or sullen was to see,  
But sweet Regards; and pleasing Sanctity:

Mild was his Accent, and his Action free.  
With Eloquence innate his Tongue was

arm'd;

Tho' harsh the Precept, yet the Preacher  
charm'd;

For, letting down the golden Chain from high,  
He drew his Audience upward to the Sky: 20

And oft, with holy Hymns, he charm'd their  
Ears

(A Musick more melodious than the  
Spheres.)

For *David* left him, when he went to rest,  
His Lyre; and after him, he sung the best.  
He bore his great Commission in his Look:  
But sweetly temper'd Awe, and soften'd all  
he spoke.

He preach'd the Joys of Heav'n and Pains  
of Hell;

And warn'd the Sinner with becoming Zeal;  
But on Eternal Mercy lov'd to dwell.

He taught the Gospel rather than the Law:  
And forc'd himself to drive; but lov'd to  
draw. 31

For Fear but freezes Minds; but Love, like  
Heat,

Exhales the Soul sublime, to seek her  
Native Seat.

To Threats, the stubborn Sinner oft is  
hard,

Wrap'd in his Crimes, against the Storm  
prepar'd;

But, when the milder Beams of Mercy  
play,

He melts, and throws his cumb'rous Cloak  
away.

543 often as they] often they 1700. The correction was silently made in the second edition, and, as no editor has really collated the first, the omission has never been noticed. See note on 104 above.

THE CHARACTER OF A GOOD PARSON. Text from the original and only contemporary edition, 1700.

Lightnings and Thunder (Heav'n's  
Artillery)

As Harbingers before th' Almighty fly:  
Those, but proclaim his Stile, and disappear;  
The stiller Sound succeeds; and God is  
there. 41

The Tythes, his Parish freely paid, he  
took;

But never Su'd; or Curs'd with Bell and  
Book.

With Patience bearing wrong; but off'ring  
none:

Since every Man is free to lose his own.

The Country-Churles, according to their  
Kind,

(Who grudge their Dues, and love to be  
behind,)

The less he sought his Off'rings, pinch'd the  
more;

And prais'd a Priest, contented to be Poor.

Yet, of his little, he had some to spare, 50  
To feed the Famish'd, and to cloath the Bare:

For Mortify'd he was to that degree,  
A poorer than himself, he wou'd not see

True Priests, he said, and Preachers of the  
Word,

Were only Stewards of their Sovereign Lord,  
Nothing was theirs; but all the publick  
Store,

Intrusted Riches to relieve the Poor.

Who, shou'd they steal, for want of his  
Relief

He judg'd himself Accomplice with the Thief.

Wide was his Parish; not contracted close  
In Streets, but here and there a straggling  
House; 61

Yet still he was at Hand, without Request  
To serve the Sick; to succour the Dis-  
tress'd;

Tempting, on Foot, alone, without affright,  
The Dangers of a dark, tempestuous Night.

All this the good old Man perform'd alone,  
Nor spar'd his pains; for Curate he had  
none.

Nor durst he trust another with his Care;  
Nor rode himself to *Pauls*, the publick Fair,

To chaffer for Preferment with his Gold, 70  
Where Bishopricks, and *sine Cures* are sold.

But duly watch'd his Flock, by Night and  
Day;

And from the prowling Wolf, redeem'd the  
Prey,

And hungry sent the wily Fox away.

The Proud he tam'd, the Penitent he  
chear'd;

Nor to rebuke the rich Offender fear'd.

His Preaching much, but more his Practice  
wrought;

(A living Sermon of the Truths he taught;)  
For this by Rules severe his Life he squar'd:

That all might see the Doctrin which they  
heard. 80

For Priests, he said, are Patterns for the  
rest:

(The Gold of Heav'n, who bear the God  
Impress'd:)

But when the precious Coin is kept unclean,  
The Sovereign's Image is no longer seen.

If they be foul, on whom the People trust,  
Well may the baser Brass contract a rust.

The Prelate for his Holy Life he priz'd;  
The worldly Pomp of Prelacy despis'd.

His Saviour came not with a gawdy Show,  
Nor was his Kingdom of the World below. 90

Patience in Want, and Poverty of Mind,  
These Marks of Church and Churchmen he

design'd,  
And living taught; and dying left behind.

The Crown he wore was of the pointed Thorn:  
In Purple he was Crucify'd, not born.

They who contend for Place and high Degree,  
Are not his Sons, but those of *Zebadee*.

Not, but he knew the Signs of Earthly  
Pow'r

Might well become *St. Peter's* Successor;

The Holy Father holds a double Reign, 100  
The Prince may keep his Pomp; the Fisher

must be plain.

Such was the Saint; who shone with every  
Grace:

Reflecting, *Moses*-like, his Maker's Face.

God saw his Image lively was express'd;

And his own Work, as in Creation, bless'd.

The Tempter saw him too, with envious  
Eye,

And, as on *Job*, demanded leave to try.

He took the time when *Richard* was depos'd,

And High and Low with happy *Harry* clos'd.

This Prince, tho' great in Arms, the Priest  
withstood, 110

Near tho' he was, yet not the next of Blood.

Had *Richard* unconstrain'd, resign'd the  
Throne,

A King can give no more than is his own:  
The Title stood entail'd, had *Richard* had

a Son.

Conquest, an odious Name, was laid  
 aside,  
 Where all submitted, none the Battle  
 try'd.  
 The senseless Plea of Right by Providence,  
 Was, by a flatt'ring Priest, invented since :  
 And lasts no longer than the present  
 sway ;  
 But justifies the next who comes in play. 120  
 The People's Right remains ; let those  
 who dare  
 Dispute their Pow'r, when they the Judges  
 are.  
 He join'd not in their Choice ; because  
 he knew  
 Worse might, and often did from Change  
 ensue.  
 Much to himself he thought ; but little  
 spoke :  
 And, Undepriv'd, his Benefice forsook.

Now, through the Land, his Cure of Soul-  
 he stretch'd,  
 And like a Primitive Apostle preach'd.  
 Still Cheerful ; ever Constant to his Call ;  
 By many follow'd ; Lov'd by most, Admir'd  
 by All. 130  
 With what he beg'd, his Brethren he reliev'd ;  
 And gave the Charities himself receiv'd ;  
 Gave, while he Taught ; and Edify'd the  
 more,  
 Because he shew'd by Proof, 'twas easy to  
 be Poor.  
 He went not, with the Crowd, to see a  
 Shrine ;  
 But fed us by the way, with Food divine.  
 In deference to his Virtues, I forbear  
 To show you, what the rest in Orders were  
 This Brilliant is so Spotless, and so Bright,  
 He needs no Foyl : But shines by his own  
 proper Light. 140

## SIGISMONDA AND GUISCARDO.

FROM BOCCACE.

WHILE *Norman Tancred* in *Salerno* reign'd,  
 The Title of a Gracious Prince he gain'd ;  
 Till turn'd a Tyrant in his latter Days,  
 He lost the Lustre of his former Praise,  
 And from the bright Meridian where he stood  
 Descending, dipp'd his Hands in Lovers  
 Blood.

This Prince, of Fortunes Favour long  
 possess'd,  
 Yet was with one fair Daughter only bless'd ;  
 And bless'd he might have been with her  
 alone :

But oh ! how much more happy, had he  
 none ! 10

She was his Care, his Hope, and his Delight,  
 Most in his Thought, and ever in his Sight :  
 Next, nay beyond his Life, he held her dear ;  
 She liv'd by him, and now he liv'd in her.  
 For this, when ripe for Marriage, he delay'd  
 Her Nuptial Bands, and kept her long a  
 Maid,

As envying any else should share a Part  
 Of what was his, and claiming all her Heart.

At length, as Publick Decency requir'd,  
 And all his Vassals eagerly desir'd, 20  
 With Mind averse, he rather underwent  
 His Peoples Will than gave his own Consent  
 So was she torn, as from a Lover's Side,  
 And made almost in his despite a Bride.

Short were her Marriage-Joys ; for in the  
 Prime

Of Youth, her Lord expir'd before his time ;  
 And to her Father's Court in little space  
 Restor'd anew, she held a higher Place ;  
 More lov'd, and more exalted into Grace.

This Princess fresh and young, and fair, and  
 wise, 30

The worshipp'd Idol of her Father's Eyes,  
 Did all her Sex in ev'ry Grace exceed,  
 And had more Wit beside than Women need.

Youth, Health, and Ease, and most an  
 amorous Mind,  
 To second Nuptials had her Thoughts  
 inclin'd ;

And former Joys had left a secret Sting  
 behind.

130 Brilliant] *The editors wrongly print  
 Brilliant*

SIGISMONDA AND GUISCARDO. Text from the  
 original and only contemporary edition, 1700.

But, prodigal in ev'ry other Grant,  
Her Sire left unsupply'd her only Want ;  
And she, betwixt her Modesty and Pride,  
Her Wishes, which she could not help, would  
hide. 40

Resolv'd at last to lose no longer Time,  
And yet to please her self without a Crime,  
She cast her Eyes around the Court, to find  
A worthy Subject suiting to her Mind,  
To him in holy Nuptials to be ty'd,  
A seeming Widow, and a secret Bride.  
Among the Train of Courtiers, one she found  
With all the Gifts of bounteous Nature  
crown'd,

Of gentle Blood ; but one whose niggard  
Fate  
Had set him far below her high Estate ; 50  
*Guiscard* his Name was call'd, of blooming  
Age,

Now Squire to *Tancred*, and before his Page ;  
To him, the Choice of all the shining Crowd,  
Her Heart the noble *Sigismonda* vow'd.

Yet hitherto she kept her Love conceal'd,  
And with close Glances ev'ry Day beheld  
The graceful Youth ; and ev'ry Day  
increas'd

The raging Fire that burn'd within her  
Breast ;

Some secret Charm did all his Acts attend,  
And what his Fortune wanted, hers could  
mend ; 60

Till, as the Fire will force its outward way,  
Or, in the Prison pent, consume the Prey ,  
So long her earnest Eyes on his were set,  
At length their twisted Rays together met ;  
And he, surpriz'd with humble Joy, survey'd  
One sweet Regard, shot by the Royal Maid :  
Not well assur'd, while doubtful Hopes he  
nurs'd,

A second Glance came gliding like the first ;  
And he, who saw the Sharpness of the Dart,  
Without Defence receiv'd it in his Heart. 70  
In Publick though their Passion wanted  
Speech,

Yet mutual Looks interpreted for each :  
Time, Ways, and Means of Meeting were  
deny'd,

But all those Wants ingenious Love supply'd.  
Th' inventive God, who never fails his Part,  
Inspires the Wit, when once he warms the  
Heart.

When *Guiscard* next was in the Circle seen,  
Where *Sigismonda* held the Place of Queen,

A hollow Cane withm her Hand she brought,  
But in the Concave had enclos'd a Note ; 80  
With this she seem'd to play, and, as in  
sport,

Toss'd to her Love, in presence of the Court ;  
Take it, she said ; and when your Needs  
require,

This little Brand will serve to light your Fire.  
He took it with a Bow, and soon divin'd  
The seeming Toy was not for nought  
design'd :

But when retir'd, so long with curious Eyes  
He view'd the Present, that he found the  
Prize.

Much was in little writ ; and all convey'd  
With cautious Care, for fear to be be-  
tray'd 90

By some false Confident or Fav'rite Maid.  
The Time, the Place, the Manner how to  
meet,

Were all in punctual Order plainly writ :  
But since a Trust must be, she thought it  
best

To put it out of Laymens Pow'r at least,  
And for their solemn Vows prepar'd a  
Priest.

*Guiscard* (her secret purpose understood)  
With Joy prepar'd to meet the coming Good ;  
Nor Pains nor Danger was resolv'd to  
spare, 99

But use the Means appointed by the Fair.  
Near the proud Palace of *Salerno* stood  
A Mount of rough Ascent, and thick with  
Wood ;

Through this a Cave was dug with vast  
Expence,

The Work it seem'd of some suspicious  
Prince,  
Who, when abusing Pow'r with lawless  
Might,

From Publick Justice would secure his  
Flight.

The Passage made by many a winding Way,  
Reach'd ev'n the Room in which the Tyrant  
lay.

Fir for his purpose, on a lower Floor  
He lodg'd, whose Issue was an Iron Door,  
From whence, by Stairs descending to the  
Ground, 111

In the blind Grot a safe Retreat he found.  
Its Outlet ended in a Brake o'ergrown  
With Brambles, choak'd by Time, and now  
unknown.

A Rift there was, which from the Mountains  
 Height  
 Convey'd a glimm'ring and malignant Light,  
 A Breathing-place to draw the Damps away,  
 A Twilight of an intercepted Day.  
 The Tyrants Den, whose Use, though lost to  
 Fame,  
 Was now th' Apartment of the Royal Dame ;  
 The Cavern, only to her Father known, 121  
 By him was to his Darling-Daughter shown.  
 Neglected long she let the Secret rest,  
 Till Love recall'd it to her lab'ring Breast,  
 And hinted as the Way by Heav'n design'd  
 The Teacher, by the Means he taught, to  
 blind.  
 What will not Women do, when Need inspires  
 Their Wit, or Love their Inclination fires !  
 Though Jealousie of State th' Invention  
 found,  
 Yet Love refin'd upon the former Ground.  
 That Way, the tyrant had reserv'd, to fly 131  
 Pursuing Hate, now serv'd to bring two  
 Lovers nigh.  
 The Dame, who long in vain had kept  
 the Key,  
 Bold by Desire, explor'd the secret Way ;  
 Now try'd the Stairs, and wading through  
 the Night,  
 Search'd all the deep Recess, and issu'd into  
 Light.  
 All this her Letter had so well explain'd,  
 Th' instructed Youth might compass what  
 remain'd ;  
 The Cavern-mouth alone was hard to find,  
 Because the Path disus'd, was out of mind :  
 But in what Quarter of the Cops it lay, 141  
 His Eye by certain Level could survey :  
 Yet (for the Wood perplex'd with Thorns  
 he knew)  
 A Frock of Leather o'er his Limbs he drew ;  
 And thus provided, search'd the Brake  
 around,  
 Till the choak'd Entry of the Cave he found.  
 Thus, all prepar'd, the promis'd Hour  
 arriv'd,  
 So long expected, and so well contriv'd :  
 With Love to Friend, th' impatient Lover  
 went,  
 Fenc'd from the Thorns, and trod the deep  
 Descent. 150  
 The conscious Priest, who was suborn'd  
 before,  
 Stood ready posted at the Postern-door ;  
 The Maids in distant Rooms were sent to  
 rest,  
 And nothing wanted but th' invited Guest.  
 He came, and, knocking thrice, without  
 delay,  
 The longing Lady heard, and turn'd the Key ;  
 At once invaded him with all her Charms,  
 And the first Step he made, was in her Arms :  
 The Leathern Out-side, boistrous as it was,  
 Gave way, and bent beneath her strict  
 Embrace : 160  
 On either Side the Kisses flew so thick,  
 That neither he nor she had Breath to speak.  
 The holy Man amaz'd at what he saw,  
 Made haste to sanctifie the Bliss by Law ;  
 And mutter'd fast the Matrimony o're,  
 For fear committ'd Sin should get before.  
 His Work perform'd, he left the Pair alone,  
 Because he knew he could not go too soon ;  
 His Presence odious, when his Task was done.  
 What Thoughts he had besceems not me  
 to say, 170  
 Though some surmise he went to fast and  
 pray,  
 And needed both, to drive the tempting  
 Thoughts away.  
 The Foe once gone, they took their full  
 Delight ;  
 'Twas restless Rage, and Tempest all the  
 night ;  
 For greedy Love each Moment would employ,  
 And grudg'd the shortest Pauses of their Joy.  
 Thus were their Loves auspiciously begun,  
 And thus with secret Care were carried on,  
 The Stealth it self did Appetite restore,  
 And look'd so like a Sin, it pleas'd the more.  
 The Cave was now become a common  
 Way, 181  
 The Wicket, often open'd, knew the Key :  
 Love rioted secure, and long enjoy'd,  
 Was ever eager, and was never cloy'd.  
 But as Extremes are short, of Ill and Good,  
 And Tides at highest Mark regorge the  
 Flood ;  
 So Fate, that could no more improve their  
 Joy,  
 Took a malicious Pleasure to destroy.  
 Tancred, who fondly lov'd, and whose  
 Delight 189  
 Was plac'd in his fair Daughters daily Sight  
 Of Custom, when his State-Affairs were done,  
 Would pass his pleasing Hours with her  
 alone :

And, as a Father's Privilege allow'd,  
Without Attendance of th' officious Crowd.

It happen'd once, that when in Heat of  
Day

He try'd to sleep, as was his usual Way,  
The balmy Slumber fled his wakeful Eyes,  
And forc'd him, in his own despite, to rise :  
Of Sleep forsaken, to relieve his Care,  
He sought the Conversation of the Fair ; 200  
But with her Train of Damsels she was gone,  
In shady Walks the scorching Heat to shun :  
He would not violate that sweet Recess,  
And found besides a welcome Heaviness  
That seiz'd his Eyes ; and Slumber, which  
forgot

When called before to come, now came  
unsought.

From Light retir'd, behind his Daughters  
Bed,

He for approaching Sleep compos'd his  
Head ;

A Chair was ready, for that Use design'd,  
So quilted that he lay at ease reclin'd ; 210  
The Curtains closely drawn, the Light to  
skreen,

As if he had contriv'd to lie unseen :  
Thus cover'd with an artificial Night,  
Sleep did his Office soon, and seal'd his Sight.

With Heav'n averse. in this ill-omen'd  
Hour

Was *Guiscard* summon'd to the secret Bow'r,  
And the fair Nymph, with Expectation fir'd,  
From her attending Damsels was retir'd :  
For, true to Love, she measur'd Time so  
right

As not to miss one Moment of Delight. 220  
The Garden, seated on the level Floor,  
She left behind, and locking ev'ry Door,  
Thought all secure ; but little did she know,  
Blind to her Fate, she had inclos'd her Foe.  
Attending *Guiscard* in his Leather Frock  
Stood ready, with his thrice-repeated  
Knock :

Thrice with a doleful Sound the jarring  
Grate

Rung deaf, and hollow, and presag'd their  
Fate.

The Door unlock'd, to known Delight they  
haste, 230

And panting in each other's Arms, embrac'd,  
Rush to the conscious Bed, a mutual Freight.  
And heedless press it with their wonted  
Weight.

The sudden Bound awak'd the sleeping  
Sire,

And shew'd a Sight no Parent can desire :  
His opening Eyes at once with odious View  
The Love discover'd, and the Lover knew :  
He would have cry'd ; but hoping that he  
dreamt,

Amazement ty'd his Tongue, and stopp'd th'  
Attempt.

Th' ensuing Moment all the Truth declar'd.  
But now he stood collected, and prepar'd ;  
For Malice and Revenge had put him on  
his Guard. 240

So, like a Lion, that unheeded lay,  
Dissembling Sleep, and watchful to betray,  
With inward Rage he meditates his Prey.  
The thoughtless Pair, indulging their Desires,  
Alternate kindl'd and then quench'd their  
Fires ;

Nor thinking in the Shades of Death they  
play'd,

Full of themselves, themselves alone sur-  
vey'd,

And, too secure, were by themselves  
betray'd.

Long time dissolv'd in Pleasure thus they  
lay, 250

Till Nature could no more suffice their Play ;  
Then rose the Youth, and through the Cave  
again

Return'd ; the Princess mingl'd with her  
Train.

Resolv'd his unripe Vengeance to defer.  
The Royal Spy, when now the Coast was  
clear,

Sought not the Garden, but retir'd unseen.  
To brood in secret on his gather'd Spleen.  
And methodize Revenge : To Death he  
griev'd ;

And, but he saw the Crime, had scarce  
believ'd.

Th' Appointment for th' ensuing Night he  
heard ; 260

And therefore in the Cavern had prepar'd  
Two brawny Yeomen of his trusty Guard.

Scarce had unwary *Guiscard* set his Foot  
Within the farmost Entrance of the Grot,

When these in secret Ambush ready lay,  
And rushing on the sudden, seiz'd the Prey :

Encumber'd with his Frock, without defence,  
An easie Prize, they led the Prisoner thence.

And, as commanded, brought before the  
Prince



The gloomy Sire, too sensible of Wrong 270  
To vent his Rage in Words, restrain'd his  
Tongue ;

And only said, Thus Servants are preferr'd  
And trusted, thus their Sov'reigns they  
reward.

Had I not seen, had not these Eyes receiv'd  
Too clear a Proof, I could not have  
believ'd.

He paus'd, and choak'd the rest. The  
Youth, who saw

His forfeit Life abandon'd to the Law,  
The Judge th' Accuser, and th' Offence to  
him,

Who had both Pow'r and Will t' avenge the  
Crime ; 279

No vain Defence prepar'd, but thus reply'd,  
The Faults of Love by Love are justify'd ;  
With unresisted Might the Monarch reigns,  
He levels Mountains, and he raises Plains,  
And, not regarding Difference of Degree,  
Abas'd your Daughter, and exalted me.

This bold Return with seeming Patience  
heard,

The Pris'ner was remitted to the Guard.  
The sullen Tyrant slept not all the Night,  
But lonely walking by a winking Light,  
Sobb'd, wept, and groan'd, and beat his  
wither'd Breast, 290

But would not violate his Daughters Rest ;  
Who long expecting lay, for Bliss prepar'd,  
Listening for Noise, and griev'd that none  
she heard ;

Of rose, and oft in vain employ'd the Key,  
And oft accus'd her Lover of Delay,  
And pass'd the tedious Hours in anxious  
Thoughts away.

The Morrow came ; and at his usual Hour  
Old *Tancred* visited his Daughters Bow'r ;  
Her Cheek (for such his Custom was) he  
kiss'd,

Then blessed her kneeling, and her Maids  
dismiss'd. 300

The Royal Dignity thus far maintain'd,  
Now left in private, he no longer feign'd ;  
But all at once his Grief and Rage appear'd,  
And Floods of Tears ran trickling down his  
Beard.

O *Sigismonda*, he began to say :  
Thrice he began, and thrice was forc'd to  
stay,  
Till Words with often trying found their  
Way :

I thought, O *Sigismonda*, (But how blind  
Are Parents Eyes their Childrens Faults to  
find !) 309

Thy Vertue, Birth, and Breeding were above  
A mean Desire, and vulgar sense of Love :  
Nor less than Sight and Hearing could  
convince

So fond a Father, and so just a Prince,  
Of such an unforeseen, and unbeliev'd  
Offence.

Then what indignant Sorrow must I have,  
To see thee lie subjected to my Slave !

A Man so smelling of the Peoples Lee,  
The Court receiv'd him first for Charity ;  
And since with no Degree of Honour grac'd,  
But only suffer'd where he first was  
plac'd : 320

A grow'ling Insect still ; and so design'd  
By Natures Hand, nor born of Noble Kind :  
A Thing by neither Man nor Woman priz'd,  
And scarcely known enough to be despis'd :  
To what has Heav'n reserv'd my Age ? Ah !  
why

Should Man, when Nature calls, not chuse  
to die,

Rather than stretch the Span of Life, to find  
Such Ills as Fate has wisely cast behind,  
For those to feel, whom fond Desire to live  
Makes covetous of more than Life can give !  
Each has his Share of Good ; and when 'tis  
gone, 331

The Guest, though hungry, cannot rise too  
soon.

But I, expecting more, in my own wrong  
Protracting Life, have liv'd a Day too long.

If Yesterday cou'd be recall'd again,  
Ev'n now would I conclude my happy Reign :  
But 'tis too late, my glorious Race is run,  
And a dark Cloud o'ertakes my setting Sun.  
Hadst thou not lov'd, or loving sav'd the  
Shame,

If not the Sin, by some Illustrious Name. 340  
This little Comfort had reliev'd my Mind,  
'Twas Frailty, not unusual to thy Kind :  
But thy low Fall beneath thy Royal Blood  
Shews downward Appetite to mix with Mud :  
Thus not the least Excuse is left for thee,  
Nor the least Refuge for unhappy me.

For him I have resolv'd : whom by  
Surprize

I took, and scarce can call it, in Disguise ;  
For such was his Attire, as, with Intent  
Of Nature, suit'd to his mean Descent : 350

The harder Question yet remains behind,  
What Pains a Parent and a Prince can find  
To punish an Offence of this degenerate  
Kind.

As I have lov'd, and yet I love thee more  
Than ever Father lov'd a Child before;  
So, that Indulgence draws me to forgive:  
Nature, that gave thee Life, would have  
thee live,

But, as a Publick Parent of the State,  
My Justice, and thy Crime, requires thy  
Fate.

Fain would I chuse a middle Course to  
steer;

Nature's too kind, and Justice too severe:  
Speak for us both, and to the Balance bring  
On either side, the Father, and the King.  
Heav'n knows, my Heart is bent to favour  
thee;

Make it but scanty weight, and leave the  
rest to me.

Here stopping with a Sigh, he pour'd a  
Flood

Of Tears, to make his last Expression good.  
She who had heard him speak, nor saw  
alone

The secret Conduct of her Love was known,  
But he was taken who her Soul possess'd,  
Felt all the Pangs of Sorrow in her Breast:  
And little wanted, but a Womans Heart  
With Cries, and Tears had testifi'd her  
Smart:

But in-born Worth, that Fortune can  
controul,

New strung, and stiffer bent her softer Soul;  
The *Heroine* assum'd the Womans Place,  
Confirmed her Mind, and fortifi'd her Face:  
Why should she beg, or what cou'd she  
pretend,

When her stern Father had condemned her  
Friend!

Her Life she might have had; but her  
Despair

Of saving his, had put it past her Care:  
Resolv'd on Fate, she would not lose her  
Breath,

But rather than not die, solicit Death.  
Fix'd on this Thought, she, not as Women  
use,

Her Fault by common Frailty would excuse;  
But boldly justifi'd her Innocence,  
And while the Fact was own'd, deny'd th'  
Offence:

Then with dry Eyes, and with an open Look,  
She met his Glance mid-way, and thus un-  
daunted spoke.

*Tancred*, I neither am dispos'd to make  
Request for Life, nor offer'd Life to take;  
Much less deny the Deed; but least of all  
Beneath pretended Justice weakly fall.  
My Words to sacred Truth shall be confin'd,  
My Deeds shall shew the Greatness of my  
Mind.

That I have lov'd, I own; that still I love,  
I call to Witness all the Pow'r's above:  
Yet more I own; To *Guiscard's* Love I give  
The small remaining Time I have to live;  
And if beyond this Life Desire can be,  
Not Fate it self shall set my Passion free.

This first avow'd; nor Folly warp'd my  
Mind,

Nor the frail Texture of the Female Kind  
Betray'd my Vertue: For too well I knew  
What Honour was, and Honour had his due:  
Before the Holy Priest my Vows were ty'd,  
So came I not a Strumpet, but a Bride;

This for my Fame, and for the Publick Voice:  
Yet more, his Merits justify'd my Choice;  
Which had they not, the first Election  
thine,

That Bond dissolv'd, the next is freely mine:  
Or grant I err'd, (which yet I must deny,)  
Had Parents Pow'r ev'n second Vows to tie,  
Thy little Care to mend my Widow'd Nights  
Has forc'd me to recourse of Marriage-Rites,  
To fill an empty Side, and follow known  
Delights.

What have I done in this, deserving Blame?  
State-Laws may alter: Nature's are the  
same

Those are usurp'd on helpless Woman-kind.  
Made without our Consent, and wanting  
Pow'r to bind.

Thou, *Tancred*, better should'st have  
understood,

That, as thy Father gave thee Flesh and  
Blood,

So gav'st thou me: Not from the Quarry  
hew'd,

But of a softer Mould, with Sense endu'd;  
Ev'n softer than thy own, of suppler Kind,  
More exquisite of Taste, and more than man  
refin'd.

Nor need'st thou by thy Daughter to be told,  
Though now thy spritely Blood with Age  
be cold,

Thou hast been young ; and canst remember  
still,  
That when thou hadst the Pow'r, thou hadst  
the Will ;

And from the past Experience of thy Fires, }  
Canst tell with what a Tide our strong }  
Desires }  
Come rushing on in Youth, and what their  
Rage requires.

And grant thy Youth was exercis'd in  
Arms,  
When Love no Leisure found for softer  
Charms,

My tender Age in Luxury was train'd, }  
With idle Ease and Pageants entertain'd ; }  
My Hours my own, my Pleasures un- }  
restrain'd.

So bred, no wonder if I took the Bent  
That seem'd ev'n warrant'd by thy Consent ;  
For, when the Father is too fondly kind, }  
Such Seed he sows, such Harvest shall he find. }  
Blame then thy self, as Reason's Law  
requires,

(Since Nature gave, and thou foment'st my  
Fires ;)

If still those Appetites continue strong,  
Thou mayest consider I am yet but young  
Consider too, that having been a Wife,  
I must have tasted of a better Life,  
And am not to be blam'd, if I renew,  
By lawful Means, the Joys which then  
I knew.

Where was the Crime, if Pleasure I procur'd,  
Young, and a Woman, and to Bliss inur'd ?  
That was my Case, and this is my Defence ;  
I pleas'd my self, I shunn'd Incontinence,  
And, urg'd by strong Desires, indulg'd  
my Sense.

Left to my self, I must avow, I strove  
From publick Shame to screen my secret  
Love,

And, well acquainted with thy Native  
Pride,  
Endeavour'd, what I could not help, to  
hide.

For which a Womans Wit an easie Way  
supply'd.

How this, so well contriv'd, so closely laid,  
Was known to thee, or by what Chance  
betray'd,

Is not my Care : To please thy Pride alone  
I could have wish'd it had been still un-  
known.

Nor took I *Guiscard* by blind Fancy led,  
Or hasty Choice, as many Women wed ;  
But with delib'rate Care, and ripen'd  
Thought,

At Leisure first design'd, before I wrought :  
On him I rested after long Debate,  
And not without consid'ring, fix'd my Fate :  
His Flame was equal, though by mine  
inspir'd :

(For so the Diff'rence of our Birth requir'd :)  
Had he been born like me, like me his Love  
Had first begun, what mine was forc'd to  
move :

But thus beginning, thus we persevere ;  
Our Passions yet continue what they were,  
Nor length of Trial makes our Joys the  
less sincere.

At this my Choice, though not by thine  
allow'd,  
(Thy Judgement herding with the common  
Crowd)

Thou tak'st unjust Offence ; and, led by  
them,

Dost less the Merit than the Man esteem.  
Too sharply, *Tancred*, by thy Pride betray'd.  
Hast thou against the Laws of Kind in-  
veigh'd ;

For all th' Offence is in Opinion plac'd,  
Which deems high Birth by lowly Choice  
debas'd.

This Thought alone with Fury fires thy  
Breast,

(For Holy Marriage justifies the rest)

That I have sunk the Glories of the State,  
And mix'd my Blood with a Plebeian Mate :  
In which I wonder thou shouldst oversee  
Superiour Causes, or impute to me

The Fault of Fortune, or the Fates Decree.  
Or call it Heav'n's Imperial Pow'r alone,  
Which moves on Springs of Justice, though  
unknown ;

Yet this we see, though order'd for the best,  
The Bad exalted, and the Good oppress'd ;  
Permitted Laurels grace the Lawless Brow,  
Th' Unworthy rais'd, the Worthy cast below.

But leaving that : Search we the secret  
Springs,

And backward trace the Principles of  
Things ;

There shall we find, that when the World  
began,

One common Mass compos'd the Mould of  
Man ;

One Paste of Flesh on all Degrees bestow'd,  
And kneaded up alike with moistning Blood.  
The same Almighty Pow'r inspir'd the  
Frame

With kindl'd Life, and form'd the Souls the  
same :

The Faculties of Intellect, and Will,  
Dispens'd with equal Hand, dispos'd with  
equal Skill,  
Like Liberty indulg'd with Choice of Good  
or Ill.

Thus born alike, from Vertue first began 510  
The Diff'rence that distinguish'd Man from  
Man :

He claim'd no Title from Descent of Blood,  
But that which made him Noble, made him  
Good :

Warm'd with more Particles of Heav'nly  
Flame,

He wing'd his upward Flight, and soar'd  
to Fame ;

The rest remain'd below, a Tribe without  
a Name.

This Law, though Custom now diverts  
the Course,

As Natures Institute, is yet in Force ;  
Uncancell'd, tho' disus'd : And he, whose  
Mind

Is Vertuous, is alone of Noble Kind ; 520  
Though poor in Fortune, of Celestial Race ;  
And he commits the Crime, who calls him  
Base.

Now lay the Line ; and measure all thy  
Court,

By inward Vertue, not external Port,  
And find whom justly to prefer above

The Man on whom my Judgment plac'd my  
Love :

So shalt thou see his Parts, and Person  
shine,

And thus compar'd, the rest a baser deg'n'rate  
Line.

Nor took I, when I first survey'd thy Court,  
His Valour or his Vertues on Report ; 530

But trusted what I ought to trust alone,  
Relying on thy Eyes, and not my own ;

Thy Praise (and Thine was then the Publick  
Voice)

First recommended *Guiscard* to my Choice :  
Directed thus by thee, I look'd, and found

A Man, I thought, deserving to be crown'd !  
First by my Father pointed to my Sight,

Nor less conspicuous by his Native Light :

His Mind, his Meen, the Features of his  
Face,

Excelling all the rest of Humane Race : 540  
These were thy Thoughts, and thou could'st  
judge aright,

Till Int'rest made a Jaundice in thy Sight.  
Or shou'd I grant thou didst not rightly

see ;  
Then thou wert first deceiv'd, and I deceiv'd  
by thee.

But if thou shalt alledge, through Pride of  
Mind,

Thy Blood with one of base Condition join'd,  
'Tis false ; for 'tis not Baseness to be

Poor ;  
His Poverty augments thy Crime the  
more ;

Upbraids thy Justice with the scant Regard  
Of Worth : Whom Princes praise, they  
shou'd reward. 550

Are these the Kings entrusted by the Crowd-  
With Wealth, to be dispens'd for Common  
Good ?

The People sweat not for their King's  
Delight,

T' enrich a Pimp, or raise a Parasite ;  
Theirs is the Toil ; and he who well has serv'd

His Country, has his Countrys Wealth  
deserv'd.

Ev'n mighty Monarchs oft are meanly  
born,

And Kings by Birth to lowest Rank return ;  
All subject to the Pow'r of giddy Chance,

For Fortune can depress, or can advance :  
But true Nobility is of the Mind, 561

Not giv'n by Chance, and not to Chance  
resign'd.

For the remaining Doubt of thy Decree,  
What to resolve, and how dispose of me,

Be warn'd to cast that useless Care aside,  
My self alone will for my self provide.

If in thy doting, and decrepit Age,  
Thy Soul, a Stranger in thy Youth to Rage,

Begins in cruel Deeds to take Delight,  
Gorge with my Blood thy barb'rous Appe-  
tite ; 570

For I so little am dispos'd to pray  
For Life, I would not cast a Wish away.

Such as it is, th' Offence is all my own ;  
And what to *Guiscard* is already done,

Or to be done, is doom'd by thy Decree,  
That, if not executed first by thee,

Shall on my Person be perform'd by me.

Away, with Women weep, and leave me  
here,  
Fix'd, like a Man to die, without a Tear;  
Or save, or slay us both this present  
Hour, 580

'Tis all that Fate has left within thy Pow'r.  
She said: Nor did her Father fail to find,  
In all she spoke, the Greatness of her Mind;  
Yet thought she was not obstinate to die,  
Nor deem'd the Death she promis'd was so  
nigh:

Secure in this Belief, he left the Dame,  
Resolv'd to spare her Life, and save her  
Shame;

But that detested Object to remove,  
To wreak his Vengeance, and to cure her  
Love.

Intent on this, a secret Order sign'd 590  
The Death of *Guiscard* to his Guards  
enjoin'd:

Strangling was chosen, and the Night the  
Time;

A mute Revenge, and blind as was the  
Crime:

His faithful Heart, a bloody Sacrifice,  
Torn from his Breast, to glut the Tyrant's  
Eyes,

Clos'd the severe Command: For, (Slaves  
to pay)

What Kings decree the Soldier must obey:  
Wag'd against Foes, and, when the Wars  
are o'er,

Fit only to maintain Despotick Pow'r:  
Dang'rous to Freedom, and desir'd alone 600  
By Kings, who seek an Arbitrary Throne.  
Such were these Guards; as ready to have  
slain

The Prince himself, allur'd with greater gain:  
So was the Charge perform'd with better Will.  
By Men inur'd to Blood, and exercis'd in Ill.

Now, though the sullen Sire had eas'd  
his Mind,

The Pomp of his Revenge was yet behind, }  
A Pomp prepar'd to grace the Present he  
design'd.

A Goblet rich with Gems, and rough with  
Gold,

Of Depth, and Breadth, the precious Pledge  
to hold, 610

With cruel Care he chose: The hollow Part  
Inclos'd, the Lid conceal'd the Lover's Heart:  
Then of his trusted Mischiefs one he sent,  
And bad him with these Words the Gift  
present:

Thy Father sends thee this, to cheer thy  
Breast,  
And glad thy Sight with what thou lov'st the  
best,

As thou hast pleas'd his Eyes, and joy'd his  
Mind,

With what he lov'd the most of Humane  
Kind.

E'er this the Royal Dame, who well had  
weigh'd

The Consequence of what her Sire had said,  
Fix'd on her Fate, against th' expected  
Hour, 621

Procur'd the Means to have it in her Pow'r:  
For this she had distill'd, with early Care,  
The Juice of Simples, friendly to Despair,  
A Magazine of Death; and thus prepar'd,  
Secure to die, the fatal Message heard;  
Then smil'd severe; nor with a troubl'd  
Look,

Or trembling hand, the Fun'ral Present took;  
Ev'n kept her Count'nance, when the Lid  
remov'd

Disclos'd the Heart, unfortunately lov'd:  
She needed not be told within whose  
Breast 631

It lodg'd; the Message had explain'd the  
rest.

Or not amaz'd, or hiding her Surprise,  
She sternly on the Bearer fix'd her Eyes:  
Then thus; Tell *Tancred*, on his Daughters  
part,

The Gold, though precious, equals not the  
Heart:

But he did well to give his best; and I,  
Who wish'd a worthier Urn, forgive his  
Poverty.

At this she curb'd a Groan, that else had  
come,

And pausing, view'd the Present in the  
Tomb: 640

Then to the Heart ador'd devoutly glew'd  
Her Lips, and raising it, her Speech renew'd:  
Ev'n from my Day of Birth, to this, the  
Bound

Of my unhappy Being, I have found  
My Father's Care and Tenderness express'd:  
But this last Act of Love excels the rest:

579 Fix'd, like a Man to die, without a Tear; }  
*Christie wrongly gives* Fixed like a man, to die  
without a tear;

For this so dear a Present, bear him back  
The best Return that I can live to make.

The Messenger dispatch'd, again she  
view'd

The lov'd Remains, and sighing, thus  
pursu'd: 650

Source of my Life, and Lord of my Desires,  
In whom I liv'd, with whom my Soul ex-  
pires;

Poor Heart, no more the Spring of Vital  
Heat,

Curs'd be the Hands that tore thee from thy  
Seat!

The Course is finish'd, which thy Fates  
decreed,

And thou, from thy Corporeal Prison freed:  
Soon hast thou reach'd the Goal with  
mended Pace,

A World of Woes dispatch'd in little space:  
Forc'd by thy Worth, thy Foe in Death  
become

Thy Friend, has lodg'd thee in a costly  
Tomb; 660

There yet remain'd thy Fun'ral Equies,  
The weeping Tribute of thy Widows Eyes;  
And those, indulgent Heav'n has found the  
way

That I, before my Death, have leave to pay  
My Father ev'n in Cruelty is kind,  
Or Heaven has turn'd the Malice of his  
Mind

To better Uses than his Hate design'd;  
And made th' Insult, which in his Gift  
appears,

The Means to mourn thee with my pious  
Tears;

Which I will pay thee down, before I go, 670  
And save my self the Pains to weep below,  
If Souls can weep; though once I meant  
to meet

My Fate with Face unmov'd, and Eyes un-  
wet,

Yet since I have thee here in narrow  
Room,

My Tears shall set thee first afloat within  
thy Tomb:

Then (as I know thy Spirit hovers nigh)  
Under thy friendly Conduct will I fly  
To Regions unexplor'd, secure to share  
Thy State; nor Hell shall Punishment  
appear;

And Heav'n is double Heav'n, if thou art  
there. 680

She said: Her brim-full Eyes, that ready  
stood,

And only wanted Will to weep a Flood,  
Releas'd their watry Store, and pour'd  
again,

Like Clouds low hung, a sober Show'r of  
Rain;

Mute solemn Sorrow, free from Female  
Noise,

Such as the Majesty of Grief destroys:  
For, bending o'er the Cup, the Tears she shed

Seem'd by the Posture to discharge her  
Head,

O'er-fill'd before; and oft (her Mouth  
apply'd

To the cold Heart) she kiss'd at once, and  
cry'd. 690

Her Maids, who stood amaz'd, nor knew the  
Cause

Of her Complaining, nor whose Heart it was;  
Yet all due Measures of her Mourning kept,  
Did Office at the Dirge, and by Infection  
wept;

And oft enquir'd th' Occasion of her Grief,  
(Unanswer'd but by Sighs) and offer'd vain  
Relief.

At length, her Stock of Tears already shed,  
She wip'd her Eyes, she rais'd her drooping  
Head,

And thus pursu'd: O ever faithful Heart,  
I have perform'd the Ceremonial Part, 700

The Decencies of Grief; It rests behind,  
That, as our Bodies were, our Souls be join'd:  
To thy whate'er abode, my Shade convey,  
And as an elder Ghost, direct the way.

She said; and bad the Vial to be brought,  
Where she before had brew'd the deadly  
Draught:

First pouring out the med'cinable Bane,  
The Heart, her Tears had rins'd, she bath'd  
again;

Then down her Throat the Death securely  
throws,

And quaffs a long Oblivion of her Woes. 710  
This done, she mounts the Genial Bed, and  
there,

(Her Body first compos'd with honest Care,)  
Attends the welcom Rest; Her Hands yet  
hoff

Close to her Heart, the Monumental Gold;  
Nor farther Word she spoke, but clos'd  
her Sight.

And quiet, sought the Covert of the Night

The Damsels, who the while in Silence  
mourn'd,  
Not knowing, nor suspecting Death suborn'd,  
Yet, as their Duty was, to *Tancred* sent,  
Who, conscious of th' Occasion, fear'd th'  
Event. 720  
Alarm'd, and with presaging Heart he came  
And drew the Curtains, and expos'd the  
Dame  
To loathsom Light; then with a late Relief  
Made vain Efforts to mitigate her Grief.  
She, what she could, excluding Day, her  
Eyes  
Kept firmly seal'd, and sternly thus replies:  
*Tancred*, restrain thy Tears unsought by  
me,  
And Sorrow, unavailing now to thee:  
Did ever Man before afflict his Mind,  
To see th' Effect of what himself design'd?  
Yet, if thou hast remaining in thy Heart 731  
Some Sense of Love, some unextinguish'd  
Part  
Of former Kindness, largely once profess'd,  
Let me by that adjure thy harden'd Breast,  
Not to deny thy Daughters last Request:  
The secret Love which I so long enjoy'd,  
And still conceal'd, to gratifie thy Pride,

Thou hast disjoin'd; but, with my dying  
Breath,  
Seek not, I beg thee, to disjoin our Death:  
Where-e'er his Corps by thy Command is  
laid, 740  
Thither let mine in publick be convey'd;  
Expos'd in open View, and Side by Side,  
Acknowledg'd as a Bridegroom and a Bride.  
The Prince's Anguish hinder'd his Reply:  
And she, who felt her Fate approaching  
nigh,  
Seiz'd the cold Heart, and heaving to her  
Breast,  
Here, precious Pledge, she said, securely rest.  
These Accents were her last; the creeping  
Death  
Benum'd her Senses first, then stopp'd her  
Breath.  
Thus she for Disobedience justly dy'd; 750  
The Sire was justly punish'd for his Pride:  
The Youth, least guilty, suffer'd for th'  
Offence  
Of Duty violated to his Prince;  
Who late repenting of his cruel Deed,  
One common Sepulcher for both decreed;  
Intomb'd the wretched Pair in Royal State,  
And on their Monument inscrib'd their Fate.

## THEODORE AND HONORIA.

Of all the Cities in *Romanian* Lands,  
The chief, and most renown'd *Ravenna*  
stands:  
Adorn'd in ancient Times with Arms and Arts,  
And rich Inhabitants, with generous Hearts.  
But *Theodore* the Brave, above the rest,  
With Gifts of Fortune, and of Nature  
bless'd,  
The foremost Place, for Wealth and Honour  
held,  
And all in Feats of Chivalry excell'd.  
This noble Youth to Madness lov'd a  
Dame,  
Of high Degree, *Honoria* was her Name; 10  
Fair as the Fairest, but of haughty Mind,  
And fiercer than became so soft a kind;  
Proud of her Birth; (for equal she had  
none.)  
The rest she scorn'd; but hated him alone.

His Gifts, his constant Courtship, nothing  
gain'd;  
For she, the more he lov'd, the more dis-  
dain'd:  
He liv'd with all the Pomp he cou'd devise,  
At Tilts and Turnaments obtain'd the Prize,  
But found no favour in his Ladies Eyes:  
Relentless as a Rock, the lofty Maid 20  
Turn'd all to Poyson that he did, or said:  
Nor Pray'rs, nor Tears, nor offer'd Vows  
could move;  
The Work went backward; and the more  
he strove  
T' advance his Sute, the farther from her  
Love.  
Weary'd at length, and wanting Remedy,  
He doubted oft, and oft resolv'd to die.  
But Pride stood ready to prevent the Blow,  
For who would die to gratify a Foe?  
His generous Mind disdain'd so mean a Fate;  
That pass'd, his next Endeavour was to  
Hate. 33

But vainer that Relief than all the rest ;  
The less he hop'd, with more Desire pos-  
sessed ;

Love stood the Siege, and would not yield  
his Breast.

Change was the next, but change deceiv'd  
his Care,

He sought a Fairer, but found none so Fair.  
He would have worn her out by slow  
degrees,

As Men by Fasting starve th' untam'd  
Disease :

But present Love requir'd a present Ease.  
Looking he feeds alone his famish'd Eyes,  
Feeds lingring Death, but, looking not, he  
dies.

Yet still he chose the longest way to Fate,  
Wasting at once his Life, and his Estate.

His Friends beheld, and pity'd him in vain,  
For what Advice can ease a Lover's Pain !  
Absence, the best Expedient they could find  
Might save the Fortune, if not cure the  
Mind :

This Means they long propos'd, but little  
gain'd,

Yet after much pursuit, at length obtain'd.  
Hard, you may think it was, to give con-  
sent,

But, struggling with his own Desires, he  
went ;

With large Expence, and with a pompous  
Train,

Provided, as to visit *France* or *Spain*,  
Or for some distant Voyage o'er the Main.

But Love had clipp'd his Wings, and cut  
him short,

Confin'd within the purlieus of his Court :  
Three Miles he went, nor farther could  
retreat ;

His Travels ended at his Country-Seat :  
To *Chassis* pleasing Plains he took his way,  
There pitch'd his Tents, and there resolv'd  
to stay.

The Spring was in the Prime ; the neigh-  
b'ring Grove

Supply'd with Birds, the Choristers of  
Love :

Musick unbought, that minister'd Delight  
To Morning-walks, and lull'd his Cares by  
Night :

There he discharg'd his Friends ; but not  
th' Expence

Of frequent Treats, and proud Magnificence.

He liv'd as Kings retire, though more at  
large,  
From publick Business, yet with equal  
Charge ;

With House, and Heart still open to receive ;  
As well content, as Love would give him  
leave :

He would have liv'd more free ; but many  
a Guest,

Who could forsake the Friend, pursu'd the  
Feast.

It happ'd one Morning, as his Fancy led,  
Before his usual Hour, he left his Bed ;  
To walk within a lonely Lawn, that stood  
On ev'ry side surrounded by the Wood :

Alone he walk'd, to please his pensive Mind,  
And sought the deepest Solitude to find :

'Twas in a Grove of spreading Pines he  
stray'd ;

The Winds, within the quiv'ring Branches  
plaid,

And Dancing-Trees a mournful Musick  
made.

The Place it self was suiting to his Care,  
Uncouth and Salvage as the cruel Fair.

He wander'd on, unknowing where he went,  
Lost in the Wood, and all on Love intent :

The Day already half his Race had run,  
And summon'd him to due Repast at Noon.

But Love could feel no Hunger but his own.  
While list'ning to the murm'ring Larvæ  
he stood,

More than a Mile immers'd within the  
Wood,

At once the Wind was laid ; the whispering  
sound

Was dumb ; a rising Earthquake rock'd the  
Ground :

With deeper Brown the Grove was over-  
spread,

A sudden Horror seiz'd his giddy Head,  
And his Ears tinkled, and his Colour fled.

Nature was in alarm ; some Danger nigh  
Seem'd threaten'd, though unseen to mortal  
Eye :

Unus'd to fear, he summon'd all his Soul,  
And stood collected in himself, and whoe'er

Not long : For soon a Whirlwind rose  
around,

And from afar he heard a screaming sound,  
As of a Dame distress'd, who cry'd for Aid.

And fill'd with loud Laments the secret  
Shade.



One Happy Hour is to a Souldier better,  
Than Mother *'Juno's* recommending Letter,  
Or *Venus*, when to *Mars* she wou'd prefer  
My Suit, and own the Kindness done to Her.

See what Our Common Priviledges are: 10  
As first no Sawcy Citizen shall dare  
To strike a Souldier, nor when struck, resent  
The wrong, for fear of farther Punishment:  
Not tho his Teeth are beaten out, his Eyes  
Hang by a String, in Bumps his Fore-head  
rise,

Shall He presume to mention his Disgrace,  
Or Beg amends for his demolish'd Face.  
A Booted Judge shall sit to try his Cause,  
Not by the Statute, but by Martial-Laws;  
Which old *Camillus*<sup>2</sup> order'd, to confine 20  
The Brawls of Souldiers to the Trench and

Line:

A Wise Provision; and from thence 'tis  
clear,  
That Officers a Souldiers Cause shou'd  
hear:

And taking cognizance of Wrongs receiv'd,  
An Honest Man may hope to be reliev'd.  
So far 'tis well: But with a General cry,  
The Regiment will rise in Mutiny,  
The Freedom of Their Fellow Rogue demand,  
And, if refus'd, will threaten to Disband.  
Withdraw thy Action, and depart in  
Peace; 30

The Remedy is worse than the Disease:  
This Cause is worthy 'him, who in the  
Hall

Wou'd for his Fee, and for his Client  
bawl:

But wou'dst Thou Friend who hast two Legs  
alone,

(Which Heav'n be prais'd, Thou yet may'st  
call Thy own,)

Wou'dst Thou to run the Gauntlet these  
expose

To a whole Company of 'Hob-nail'd Shoes?  
Sure the good Breeding of Wise Citizens  
Shou'd teach 'em more good Nature to  
their Shins.

Besides, whom can'st Thou think so  
much thy Friend,

Who dares appear thy Business to defend?  
Dry up thy Tears, and Pocket up th'  
Abuse,

Nor put thy Friend to make a bad excuse:  
The Judge cries out, Your Evidence pro-  
duce.

Will He, who saw the Souldier's Mutton  
Fist,  
And saw Thee maul'd, appear within the  
List;

To witness Truth? When I see one so  
Brave,

The Dead, think I, are risen from the Grave;  
And with their long Spade Beards and  
Matted Hair,

Our honest Ancestors are come to take  
the Air. 50

Against a Clown, with more security,  
A Witness may be brought to swear a Lye,  
Than, tho his Evidence be Full and Fair,  
To vouch a Truth against a Man of War.

More Benefits remain, and claim'd as  
Rights,

Which are a standing Armies Perquisites.

If any Rogue vexatious Suits advance  
Against me for my known Inheritance,  
Enter by Violence my Fruitful Grounds,  
Or take the Sacred Land-Mark from my  
Bounds, 60

Those Bounds which with Procession and  
with Pray'r,

And <sup>5</sup>Offer'd Cakes, have been my Annual  
care:

Or if my Debtors do not keep their day,  
Deny their Hands, and then refuse to pay;  
I must with Patience all the Terms attend,  
Among the common Causes that depend  
Till mine is call'd; and that long look'd  
for day

Is still encumber'd with some new delay:  
Perhaps ' the Cloath of State is only spread,  
Some of the *Quorum* may be Sick a Bed; 70  
That Judge is Hot, and do's his Gown,  
while this

O're night was Bowsy, and goes out to  
Piss:

So many Rubs appear, the time is gone  
For hearing, and the tedious Suit goes on:  
But Buff, and Belt-Men never know these  
Cares,

No Time, nor Trick of Law, their Action  
Bars:

Their Cause They to an easier Issue put:  
They will be heard, or They lug out, and cut.

Another Branch of their Revenue still  
Remains beyond their boundless Right  
to kill, 80

Their 'Father yet alive, impow'r'd to make  
a Will.

And as in unrepenting Sin she dy'd,  
Doom'd to the same bad Place, is punish'd  
for her Pride;

Because she deem'd I well deserv'd to die,  
And made a Merit of her Cruelty. 171  
There, then, we met; both try'd, and both  
were cast,

And this irrevocable Sentence pass'd;  
That she whom I so long pursu'd in vain,  
Should suffer from my Hands a lingering  
Pain:

Renew'd to Life, that she might daily die,  
I daily doom'd to follow, she to fly;  
No more a Lover but a mortal Foe,  
I seek her Life (for Love is none below:)

As often as my Dogs with better speed 180  
Arrest her Flight, is she to Death decreed:  
Then with this fatal Sword on which I dy'd,  
I pierce her open'd Back or tender Side,  
And tear that harden'd Heart from out her  
Breast,

Which, with her Entrails, makes my hungry  
Hounds a Feast.

Nor lies she long, but as her Fates ordain, }  
Springs up to Life, and fresh to second Pain, }  
Is sav'd to Day, to Morrow to be slain. }

This, vers'd in Death, th' infernal Knight  
relates,

And then for Proof fulfill'd their common  
Fates; 190

Her Heart and Bowels through her Back he  
drew,

And fed the Hounds that help'd him to  
pursue.

Stern look'd the Fiend, as frustrate of his  
Will,

Not half suffic'd, and greedy yet to kill.  
And now the Soul expiring through the  
Wound,

Had left the Body breathless on the Ground,  
When thus the grisly Spectre spoke again:  
Behold the Fruit of ill-rewarded Pain:

As many Months as I sustain'd her Hate,  
So many Years is she condemn'd by Fate 200  
To daily Death; and ev'ry several Place,  
Conscious of her Disdain, and my Disgrace,  
Must witness her just Punishment; and be  
A Scene of Triumph and Revenge to me.  
As in this Grove I took my last Farewel,  
As on this very spot of Earth I fell,

168 unrepenting] Editors till Christie wrongly  
give unrepented  
183 open'd] Some editors wrongly give open

As Friday saw me die, so she my Prey  
Becomes ev'n here, on this revolving Day.

Thus while he spoke, the Virgin from the  
Ground

Upstart'd fresh, already clos'd the Wound,  
And unconcern'd for all she felt before, 211  
Precipitates her Flight along the Shore:  
The Hell-hounds, as ungorg'd with Flesh  
and Blood

Pursue their Prey, and seek their wonted  
Food:

The Fiend remounts his Courser; mends his  
Pace,

And all the Vision vanish'd from the Place.  
Long stood the noble Youth oppress'd  
with Awe

And stupid at the wond'rous Things he saw  
Surpassing common Faith; transgressing  
Nature's Law.

He would have been asleep, and wish'd to  
wake, 220

But Dreams, he knew, no long Impression  
make,

Though strong at first: If Vision, to what  
end,

But such as must his future State portend?  
His Love the Damsel, and himself the  
Fiend.

But yet reflecting that it could not be  
From Heav'n, which cannot impious Acts  
decree,

Resolv'd within him self to shun the Snare  
Which hell for his Destruction did prepare;  
And as his better Genius should direct  
From an ill Cause to draw a good effect. 230

Inspir'd from Heav'n he homeward took  
his way,

Nor pall'd his new Design with long delay;  
But of his Train a trusty Servant sent,  
To call his Friends together at his Tent.

They came, and usual Salutations paid,  
With Words premeditated thus he said:

What you have often counsell'd, to remove  
My vain pursuit of unregarded Love;  
By Thrift my sinking Fortune to repair,

Tho' late, yet is at last become my Care: 240  
My Heart shall be my own; my vast Expence  
Reduc'd to bounds, by timely Providence:

This only I require; invite for me  
Honoria, with her Father's Family,  
Her Friends, and mine; the Cause I shall  
display,

On Friday next, for that's th' appointed Day.

Well pleas'd were all his Friends, the  
 Task was light ;  
 The Father, Mother, Daughter they invite  
 Hardly the Dame was drawn to this repast ;  
 But yet resolv'd, because it was the last. 250  
 The Day was come ; the Guests invited  
 came,  
 And, with the rest, th' inexorable Dame :  
 A Feast prepar'd with riotous Expence,  
 Much Cost, more Care, and most Magnifi-  
 cence.  
 The Place ordain'd was in that haunted  
 Grove  
 Where the revenging Ghost pursu'd his Love :  
 The Tables in a proud Pavilion spread,  
 With Flow'rs below, and Tissue overhead :  
 The rest in rank ; *Honoria* chief in place  
 Was artfully contriv'd to set her Face 260  
 To front the Thicket and behold the Chace.  
 The Feast was serv'd ; the time so well  
 forecast,  
 That just when the Dessert, and Fruits were  
 plac'd,  
 The Fiend's Alarm began ; the hollow sound  
 Sung in the Leaves, the Forest shook  
 around,  
 Air blacken'd ; rowl'd the Thunder ;  
 groan'd the ground.  
 Nor long before the loud Laments arise,  
 Of one distress'd, and Mastiffs mingled Cries :  
 And first the Dame came rushing through  
 the Wood,  
 And next the famish'd Hounds that sought  
 their Food 270  
 And grip'd her Flanks, and oft essay'd their  
 Jaws in Blood.  
 Last came the Fellon on the Sable Steed,  
 Arm'd with his naked Sword, and urg'd his  
 Dogs to speed :  
 She ran, and cry'd ; her Flight directly  
 bent,  
 (A Guest unbidden) to the fatal Tent,  
 The Scene of Death, and Place ordain'd for  
 Punishment.  
 Loud was the Noise, aglasi was every Guest.  
 The Women shriek'd, the Men forsook the  
 Feast ;  
 The Hounds at nearer distance hoarsely  
 bay'd ;  
 The Hunter close pursu'd the visionary  
 Maid, 280  
 She rent the Heav'n with loud Laments,  
 imploring Aid.

The Gallants, to protect the Ladies right,  
 Their Fauclions brandish'd at the grisly  
 Spright ;  
 High on his Stirrups, he provok'd the Fight.  
 Then on the Crowd he cast a furious Look,  
 And wither'd all their Strength before he  
 strook :  
 Back on your Lives ; let be, said he, my  
 Prey,  
 And let my Vengeance take the destin'd way.  
 Vain are your Arms, and vainer your  
 Defence,  
 Against th' eternal Doom of Providence : 290  
 Mine is th' ungrateful Maid by Heav'n  
 design'd :  
 Mercy she would not giye, nor Mercy shall  
 she find.  
 At this the former Tale again he told  
 With thund'ring Tone, and dreadful to  
 behold :  
 Sunk were their Hearts with Horror of the  
 Crime,  
 Nor needed to be warn'd a second time.  
 But bore each other back ; some knew the  
 Face,  
 And all had heard the much lamented Case :  
 Of him who fell for Love, and this the fatal  
 Place.  
 And now th' infernal Minister advanc'd.  
 Seiz'd the due Victim, and with Fury  
 launch'd 301  
 Her Back, and piercing through her inmost  
 Heart,  
 Drew backward, as before, th' offending part.  
 The reeking Entrails next he tore away,  
 And to his meagre Mastiffs made a Prey :  
 The pale Assistants on each other star'd,  
 With gaping Mouths for issuing Words  
 prepar'd ;  
 The still-born sounds upon the Palate hung,  
 And dy'd imperfect on the saltring Tongue.  
 The Fright was general ; but the Female  
 Band 310  
 (A helpless Train) in more Confusion stand ;  
 With horror shuddring on a heap they run,  
 Sick at the sight of hateful Justice done ;  
 For Conscience rung th' Alarm, and made  
 the Case their own.  
 So spread upon a Lake, with upward Eye,  
 A plump of Fowl behold their Foe on high :  
 They close their trembling Troop ; and all  
 attend  
 On whom the sowing Eagle will descend.

But most the proud *Honoria* fear'd th'  
 Event,  
 And thought to her alone the Vision sent. 320  
 Her Guilt presents to her distracted Mind  
 Heav'n's Justice, *Theodore's* revengful  
 Kind,  
 And the same Fate to the same Sin assign'd,  
 Already sees her self the Monster's Prey,  
 And feels her Heart, and Entrails torn away.  
 'Twas a mute Scene of Sorrow, mix'd with  
 fear;  
 Still on the Table lay th' unfinished Cheer;  
 The Knight, and hungry Mastiffs stood  
 around,  
 The mangled Dame lay breathless on the  
 Ground;  
 When on a sudden re-inspired with Breath,  
 Again she rose, again to suffer Death; 331  
 Nor stay'd the Hell-hounds, nor the Hunter  
 stay'd,  
 But follow'd, as before, the flying Maid:  
 Th' Avenger took from Earth th' avenging  
 Sword,  
 And mounting light as Air, his Sable Steed  
 he spur'd:  
 The Clouds dispell'd, the Sky resum'd her  
 Light,  
 And Nature stood recover'd of her Fright.  
 But Fear, the last of Ills, remain'd behind,  
 And Horror heavy sat on ev'ry Mind.  
 Nor *Theodore* encourag'd more his Feast, 340  
 But sternly look'd, as hatching in his Breast  
 Some deep Design, which when *Honoria*  
 view'd  
 The fresh Impulse her former Fright  
 renew'd:  
 She thought her self the trembling Dame  
 who fled,  
 And him the grisly Ghost that spur'd til'  
 infernal Steed:  
 The more dismay'd, for when the Guests  
 withdrew,  
 Their courteous Host saluting all the Crew  
 Regardless passed her o'er; nor grac'd  
 with kind adieu.  
 That sting infix'd within her haughty Mind,  
 The downfall of her Empire she divin'd; 350  
 And her proud Heart with secret Sorrow  
 pin'd.  
 Home as they went, the sad Discourse  
 renew'd  
 Of the relentless Dame to Death pursu'd,  
 And of the Sight obscene so lately view'd;  
 None durst arraign the righteous Doom she  
 bore,  
 Ev'n they who pity'd most yet blam'd her  
 more:  
 The Parallel they needed not to name,  
 But in the Dead they damn'd the living  
 Dame.  
 At ev'ry little Noise she look'd behind,  
 For still the Knight was present to her  
 Mind: 360  
 And anxious oft she started on the way,  
 And thought the Horseman-Ghost came  
 thundring for his Prey  
 Return'd, she took her Bed with little  
 Rest,  
 But in short Slumbers dreamt the Funeral  
 Feast:  
 Awak'd, she turned her Side; and slept  
 again,  
 The same black Vapors mounted in her  
 Brain,  
 And the same Dreams return'd with  
 double Pain.  
 Now forc'd to wake because afraid to  
 sleep  
 Her Blood all Fever'd, with a furious Leap  
 She sprung from Bed, distracted in her  
 Mind, 370  
 And fear'd, at ev'ry Step, a twitching  
 Spright behind.  
 Darkling and desp'rate, with a stagging  
 pace,  
 Of Death afraid, and conscious of Disgrace;  
 Fear, Pride, Remorse, at once her Heart  
 assail'd,  
 Pride put Remorse to flight, but Fear pre-  
 vail'd.  
 Friday, the fatal Day, when next it came,  
 Her Soul forethought the Fiend would  
 change his Game,  
 And her pursue, or *Theodore* be slain,  
 And two Ghosts join their Packs to hunt  
 her o'er the Plain.  
 This dreadful Image so possess'd her  
 Mind, 380  
 That, desp'rate any Succour else to find,  
 She ceas'd all farther Hope; and now began  
 To make reflection on th' unhappy Man.  
 Rich, Brave, and Young, who past expres-  
 sion lov'd,  
 Proof to Disdain; and not to be remov'd:  
 Of all the Men respected, and admir'd,  
 Of all the Dames, except her self, desir'd:

Why not of her? Prefer'd above the rest  
 By him with Knightly Deeds, and open  
 Love profess'd?  
 So had another been; where he his Vows  
 address'd. 390  
 This quell'd her Pride, yet other Doubts  
 remain'd,  
 That once disdain'd she might be dis-  
 dain'd:  
 The Fear was just, but greater Fear prevail'd,  
 Fear of her Life by hellish Hounds assail'd:  
 He took a low'ring leave; but who can tell  
 What outward Hate might inward Love  
 conceal?

Her Sexes Arts she knew, and why not then  
 Might deep dissembling have a place in Men?  
 Here Hope began to dawn; resolv'd to try,  
 She fix'd on this her utmost Remedy; 400  
 Death was behind, but hard it was to die.  
 'Twas time enough at last on Death to call;  
 The Precipice in sight, a Shrub was all,  
 That kindly stood betwixt to break the  
 fatal fall.

One Maid she had, below'd above the rest:  
 Secure of her, the Secret she confess'd:  
 And now the cheerful Light her Fears  
 dispell'd,  
 She with no winding turns the Truth con-  
 ceal'd,  
 But put the Woman off, and stood reveal'd:

With Faults confess'd commission'd her  
 to go, 410  
 If Pity yet had place, and reconcile her  
 Foe.

The welcom Message made, was soon  
 receiv'd;

'Twas what he wish'd, and hop'd, but scarce  
 believ'd;

Fate seem'd a fair occasion to present,  
 He knew the Sex, and fear'd she might  
 repent,

Should he delay the moment of Consent.  
 There yet remain'd to gain her Friends  
 (a Care

The modesty of Maidens well might spare:)  
 But she with such a Zeal the Cause em-  
 brace'd,

(As Women where they will, are all in  
 hast,) 420

That Father, Mother, and the Kin beside,  
 Were overborn by Fury of the Tide:  
 With full consent of all, she chang'd her  
 State,

Resistless in her Love, as in her Hate.  
 By her Example warn'd, the rest beware;  
 More Easy, less Imperious, were the Fair:  
 And that one Hunting which the Devil  
 design'd,  
 For one fair Female, lost him half the  
 Kind.

## CYMON AND IPHIGENIA.

FROM BOCCACE.

*Poeta loquatur,*

Old as I am, for Ladies Love unfit.  
 The Pow'r of Beauty I remember yet,  
 Which once inflam'd my Soul, and still  
 inspires my Wit.

If Love be Folly, the severe Divine  
 Has felt that Folly, tho' he censures mine;  
 Pollutes the Pleasures of a chaste Embrace,  
 Acts what I write, and propagates in Grace  
 With riotous Excess, a Priestly Race:  
 Suppose him free, and that I forge th'  
 offence, 9  
 Heshew'd the way, perverting first my Sense:

In Malice witty, and with Venom fraught,  
 He makes me speak the Things I never  
 thought.

Compute the Gains of his ungovern'd Zeal;  
 Ill sutes his Cloth the Praise of Railing well!  
 The World will think that what we loosely  
 write,

Tho' now arraign'd, he read with some  
 delight;

Because he seems to chew the Cud again,  
 When his broad Comment makes the Text  
 too plain,

CYMON AND IPHIGENIA.

1 Ladies] *Christe and Saintsbury give lady's*  
*Some editors give ladies* There can be no  
 doubt that the word is genitive plural: cf.  
*Horace, Car. ii 26. 1.*

403 sight, a] sight: A 1700.

413 what he] *Warton and others wrongly give*  
 to be

And teaches more in one explaining Page,  
Than all the double Meanings of the Stage.

What needs he Paraphrase on what we  
mean? 21

We were at worst but Wanton; he's  
Obscene.

I, nor my fellows, nor my Self excuse;  
But Love's the Subject of the Comick Muse:  
Nor can we write without it, nor would you  
A Tale of only dry Instruction view;  
Nor Love is always of a vicious Kind,  
But oft to virtuous Acts inflames the Mind,  
Awakes the sleepy Vigour of the Soul,  
And, brushing o'er, adds Motion to the  
Pool. 30

Love, studious how to please, improves our  
Parts,

With polish'd Manners, and adorns with  
Arts.

Love first invented Verse, and form'd the  
Rhime,

The Motion measur'd, harmoniz'd the  
Chime;

To lib'ral Acts enlarg'd the narrow-Soul'd,  
Soft'n'd the Fierce, and made the Coward  
Bold:

The World when wast, he Peopled with  
increase,

And warring Nations reconcil'd in Peace.

*Ormond*, the first, and all the Fair may find

In this one Legend to their Fame design'd,  
When Beauty fires the Blood, how Love  
exalts the Mind. 41

IN that sweet Isle, where *Venus* keeps her  
Court,

And ev'ry Grace, and all the Loves resort;  
Where either Sex is form'd of softer Earth,  
And takes the bent of Pleasure from their  
Birth;

There liv'd a *Cyprian* Lord, above the rest  
Vise, Wealthy, with a num'rous Issue blest.

But as no Gift of Fortune is sincere,  
Was only wanting in a worthy Heir:

His eldest Born a goodly youth to view 50  
Excell'd the rest in Shape, and outward  
Shew;

Fair, Tall, his Limbs with due Proportion  
join'd,

But of a heavy, dull, degenerate Mind.

His Soul bely'd the Features of his Face:

Beauty was there, but Beauty in disgrace.

A clownish Mien, a Voice with rustick sound,

And stupid Eyes, that ever lov'd the Ground.

He looked like Nature's Error; as the Mind  
And Body were not of a Piece design'd,  
But made for two, and by mistake in one  
were join'd. 60

The ruling Rod, the Father's forming  
Care,

Were exercis'd in vain, on Wit's despair;  
The more inform'd the less he understood,  
And deeper sunk by flound'ring in the  
Mud.

Now scorn'd of all, and grown the publick  
Shame,

The people from *Galesus* changed his name,  
And *Cymon* call'd, which signifies a Brute;  
So well his Name did with his Nature sute.

His Father, when he found his Labour  
lost,

And Care employ'd that answer'd not the  
Cost, 70

Chose an ungrateful Object to remove,  
And loath'd to see what Nature made him  
love;

So to his Country-Farm the Fool confin'd:  
Rude Work well suted with a rustick Mind.

Thus to the Wilds the sturdy *Cymon* went,  
A Squire among the Swains, and pleas'd  
with Banishment.

His Corn, and Cattle, were his only Care,  
And his supreme Delight a Country-Fair.

It happen'd on a Summers Holiday,  
That to the Greenwood-shade he took his  
way; 80

For *Cymon* shunn'd the Church, and us'd  
not much to Pray.

His Quarter Staff, which he cou'd ne'er for-  
sake,

Hung half before, and half behind his Back.  
He trudg'd along unknowing what he  
sought,

And whistled as he went, for want of  
Thought.

By Chance conducted, or by Thurst con-  
strain'd,

The deep Recesses of the Grove he gain'd;  
Where, in a Plain, defended by the Wood,

Crept through the matted Grass a Chrystal  
Flood,

By which an Alabaster Fountainstood: 90

And on the Margin of the Fount was laid  
(Attended by her Slaves) a sleeping Maid

Like *Dian* and her Nymphs, when, tir'd  
with Sport,

To rest by cool *Eurolas* they resort:

The Dame herself the Goddess well express'd,

Not more distinguish'd by her Purple Vest,  
Than by the charming Features of her Face,  
And ev'n in Slumber a superiour Grace :

Her comely Limbs compos'd with decent  
Care, 99

Her Body shaded with a slight Cymarr ;  
Her Bosom to the view was only bare :

Where two beginning Paps were scarcely  
spy'd

For yet their Places were but signify'd :

The fanning Wind upon her Bosom blows,  
To meet the fanning Wind the Bosom rose ;

The fanning Wind, and purling Streams  
continue her repose.

The Fool of Nature, stood with stupid  
Eyes

And gaping Mouth, that testify'd Surprize,  
Fix'd on her Face, nor cou'd remove his  
Sight,

New as he was to Love, and Novice in  
Delight : 110

Long mute he stood, and leaning on his Staff,  
His Wonder witness'd with an Idiot laugh ;  
Then would have spoke, but by his glimmer-  
ing Sense

First found his want of Words, and fear'd  
Offence :

Doubted for what he was he should be  
known,

By his Clown-Accent and his Country-Tone.  
Through the rude Chaos thus the running  
Light

Shot the first Ray that pierc'd the Native  
Night :

Then Day and Darkness in the Mass were  
mix'd,

Till gather'd in a Globe, the Beams were  
fix'd : 120

Last shon the Sun who, radiant in his  
Sphere

Illumin'd Heav'n, and Earth, and rowl'd  
around the Year.

So Reason in this Brutal Soul began :

Love made him first suspect he was a Man ;  
Love made him doubt his broad barbarian  
Sound ;

By Love his want of Words and Wit he  
found ;

That sense of want prepar'd the future way  
To Knowledge, and disclos'd the promise  
of a Day.

What not his Father's Care, nor Tutor's  
Art

Cou'd plant with Pains in his unpolish'd  
Heart, 130

The best Instructor Love at once inspir'd,  
As barren Grounds to Fruitfulness are fir'd ;

Love taught him Shame, and Shame with  
Love at Strife

Soon taught the sweet Civilities of Life ;  
His gross material Soul at once could find

Somewhat in her excelling all her Kind :  
Exciting a Desire till then unknown,

Somewhat unfound, or found in her alone.  
This made the first Impression in his Mind,

Above, but just above, the Brutal Kind. 140  
For Beasts can like, but not distinguish too.

Nor their own liking by reflection know ;  
Nor why they like or this, or t'other Face,

Or judge of this or that peculiar Grace ;  
But love in gross, and stupidly admire ;

As Flies allur'd by Light, approach the  
Fire.

Thus our Man-Beast advancing by degrees  
First likes the whole, then separates what  
he sees :

On sev'ral Parts a sev'ral Praise bestows,  
The ruby Lips, the well-proportion'd Nose,

The snowy Skin, in Raven-glossy Hair. 151  
The dimpled Cheek, the Forehead rising

fair,  
And ev'n in Sleep it self a smiling Air.

From thence his Eyes descending view'd  
the rest,

Her plump round Arms, white Hands, and  
heaving Breast.

Long on the last he dwelt, though ev'ry  
part

A pointed Arrow sped to pierce his Heart.  
Thus in a trice a Judge of Beauty grown,

(A Judge erected from a Country-Clown)  
He long'd to see her Eyes in Slumber hid,

And wish'd his own cou'd pierce within the  
Lid : 161

He wou'd have wak'd her, but restrain'd  
his Thought,

And Love new-born the first good Manners  
taught.

An awful Fear his ardent Wish withstood,  
Nor durst disturb the Goddess of the Wood ;

For such she seem'd by her celestial Face,  
Excelling all the rest of human Race :

And Things divine, by common Sense he knew,

Must be devoutly seen at distant view :  
So checking his Desire, with trembling Heart

170

Gazing he stood, nor would, nor could depart ;  
Fix'd as a Pilgrim wilder'd in his way,  
Who dares not stir by Night for fear to stray ;

But stands with awful Eyes to watch the dawn of Day.

At length awaking, *Iphigene* the fair  
(So was the Beauty call'd who caus'd his Care)

Unclos'd her eyes, and double Day reveal'd,  
While those of all her Slaves in Sleep were seal'd.

The slaving Cudden, prop'd upon his Staff,

Stood ready gaping with a grinning Laugh,  
To welcome her awake, nor durst begin

181

To speak, but wisely kept the Fool within.  
Then she : What make you *Cymon* here alone ?

(For *Cymon's* name was round the Country known,

Because descended of a noble Race,  
And for a Soul ill sorted with his Face.)

But still the Sot stood silent with Surprise,  
With fix'd regard on her new open'd Eyes,  
And in his Breast receiv'd th' invenom'd

Dart,

A tickling Pain that pleas'd amid the Smart.  
But conscious of her Form, with quick distrust

191

She saw his sparkling Eyes, and fear'd his brutal Lust :

This to prevent, she wak'd her sleepy Crew,  
And rising hasty took a short Adieu.

Then *Cymon* first his rustick Voice essay'd,  
With proffer'd Service to the parting Maid  
To see her safe ; his Hand she long deny'd,  
But took at length, asham'd of such a Guide.  
So *Cymon* led her home, and leaving there,  
No more wou'd to his Country Clowns repair,

200

But sought his Father's House, with better Mind,

Refusing in the Farm to be confin'd.

The Father wonder'd at the Son's return,  
And knew not whether to rejoice or mourn ;  
But doubtfully receiv'd, expecting still  
To learn the secret Causes of his alter'd Will

Nor was he long delay'd : the first Request  
He made, was, like his Brothers to be dress'd,  
And, as his Birth requir'd, above the rest.

Whence his Sute was granted by his Syre,  
Distinguishing his Heir by rich Attire : 211  
His Body thus adorn'd, he next design'd  
With lib'ral Arts to cultivate his Mind ;  
He sought a Tutor of his own accord,  
And study'd Lessons he before abhorr'd.

Thus the Man-Child advanc'd, and learned so fast,

That in short time his Equals he surpass'd :  
His brutal Manners from his Breast exal'd,  
His Mien he fashion'd, and his Tongue he fil'd ;

In ev'ry Exercise of all admir'd, 220  
He seem'd, nor only seem'd but was inspir'd :

Inspir'd by Love, whose Business is to please ;

He Rode, he Fenc'd, he moved with graceful Ease,

More fam'd for Sense, for courtly Carriage more,

Than for his brutal Folly known before.

What then of alter'd *Cymon* shall we say,  
But that the Fire which choak'd in Ashes lay,  
A Load too heavy for his Soul to move,  
Was upward blown below, and brush'd away by Love ?

Love made an active Progress through his Mind, 230

The dusky Parts he clear'd, the gross refin'd ;  
The drowsy wak'd ; and as he went impress'd

The Maker's Image on the human Beast.

Thus was the Man amended by Desire,  
And, tho' he lov'd perhaps with too much Fire,

His Father all his Faults with Reason scan'd,  
And lik'd an error of the better Hand ;  
Excus'd th' excess of Passion in his Mind,  
By Flames too fierce, perhaps too much refin'd : 239

So *Cymon*, since his Sire indulg'd his Will,  
Impetuous lov'd, and would be *Cymon* still ;  
*Galesus* he disown'd, and chose to bear  
The Name of Fool confirm'd, and Bishop'd by the Fair.

233 Breast | All the English editors change this word into Breast, a most thoughtless and ludicrous error.



To *Cipseus* by his Friends his Sute he mov'd,

*Cipseus* the Father of the Fair he lov'd :  
But he was pre-ingag'd by former Ties,  
While *Cymon* was endea'ring to be wise  
And *Iphigene*, oblig'd by former Vows,  
Had giv'n her Faith to wed a Foreign Spouse:  
Her Sire and She to *Rhodian Pasimond*, 250  
Tho' both repenting, were by Promise bound,

Nor could retract; and thus, as Fate decreed,  
Tho' better lov'd, he spoke too late to speed.

The Doom was past, the Ship already sent  
Did all his tardy Diligence prevent :  
Sigh'd to her self the fair unhappy Maid,  
While stormy *Cymon* thus in secret said :  
The time is come for *Iphigene* to find  
The Miracle she wrought upon my Mind :  
Her Charms have made me Man, her ravish'd  
Love 260

In rank shall place me with the Bless'd above.  
For mine by Love, by Force she shall be mine,

Or Death, if Force should fail, shall finish my Design.

Resolv'd he said : And rigg'd with speedy Care

A Vessel strong, and well equip'd for War.  
The secret Ship with chosen Friends he stor'd,

And bent to die, or conquer, went aboard.  
Ambush'd he lay behind the *Cyprian* Shore,  
Waiting the Sail that all his Wishes bore ;  
Nor long expected, for the following Tide 270  
Sent out the hostile Ship and beauteous Bride.

To *Rhodes* the Rival Bark directly steer'd,  
When *Cymon* sudden at her Back appear'd.  
And stop'd her Flight : Then standing on his Prow

In haughty Terms he thus defy'd the Foe :  
Or strike your Sails at Summons, or prepare  
To prove the last Extremities of War.

Thus warn'd, the *Rhodians* for the Fight provide ;

Already were the Vessels Side by Side,  
These obstinate to save, and those to seize the Bride. 280

But *Cymon* soon his crooked Grapples cast,  
Which with tenacious hold his Foes embrac'd,

And arm'd with Sword and Shield, amid the Press he pass'd.

Fierce was the Fight, but hast'ning to his Prey,

By force the furious Lover freed his way :  
Himself alone dispers'd the *Rhodian* Crew,  
The Weak disdain'd, the Valiant overthrew ;  
Cheap Conquest for his following Friends remain'd,

He reap'd the Field, and they but only glean'd. 285

His Victory confess'd, the Foes retreat,  
And cast their Weapons at the Victor's Feet.  
Whom thus he cheer'd : O *Rhodian* Youth,  
I fought

For Love alone, nor other Booty sought :  
Your Lives are safe ; your Vessel I resign.

Yours be your own, restoring what is mine :  
In *Iphigene* I claim my rightful Dae,

Rob'd by my Rival, and detain'd by you :  
Your *Pasimond* a lawless Bargain drove,

The Parent could not sell the Daughters Love ;

Or if he cou'd, my Love disdains the Laws.  
And like a King by Conquest gains his Cause ; 300

Where Arms take place, all other Pleas are vain ;

Love taught me Force, and Force shall Love maintain.

You, what by Strength you could not keep, release,

And at an easy Ransom buy your Peace.  
Fear on the conquer'd Side soon sign'd th' Accord.

And *Iphigene* to *Cymon* was restor'd :  
While to his Arms the blushing Bride he took.

To seeming Sadness she compos'd her Look :  
As if by Force subjected to his Will. 310

Tho' pleas'd, dissembling, and a Woman still.  
And, for she wept, he wip'd her falling Tears,

And pray'd her to dismiss her empty Fears :  
For yours I am, he said, and have deserv'd

Your Love much better, whom so long I serv'd,

Than he to whom your formal Father ty'd  
Your Vows ; and sold a Slave, not sent a Bride.

Thus while he spoke, he seiz'd the willing Prey,

As *Paris* bore the *Spartan* Spouse away :  
Faintly she scream'd, and ev'n her Eyes confess'd 320

She rather would be thought, than was distress'd.

Who now exults but *Cymon* in his Mind?  
 Vain hopes and empty Joys of human Kind,  
 Proud of the present, to the future blind!  
 Secure of Fate, while *Cymon* plows the Sea,  
 And steers to *Candy* with his conquer'd Prey,  
 Scarce the third Glass of measur'd Hours

was run,

When like a fiery Meteor sunk the Sun,  
 The Promise of a Storm; the shifting Gales  
 Forsake by Fits and fill the flagging Sails:  
 Hoarse Murmurs of the Main from far were

heard,

And Night came on, not by degrees prepar'd,  
 But all at once; at once the Winds arise,  
 The Thunders roul, the forky Lightning flies  
 In vain the Master issues out Commands,  
 In vain the trembling Sailors ply their

Hands;

The Tempest unforeseen prevents their Care,  
 And from the first they labour in despair.  
 The giddy Ship betwixt the Winds and

Tides,

Forc'd back and forwards, in a Circle rides,  
 Stun'd with the diff'rent Blows; then shoots

amain

Till counterbuff'd she stops, and sleeps again.  
 Not more aghast the proud Archangel fell,  
 Plung'd from the height of Heav'n to

deepest Hell,

Than stood the Lover of his Love possess'd  
 Now curs'd the more, the more he had been

bless'd;

More anxious for her Danger than his own,  
 Death he defies; but would be lost alone.

Sad *Iphigene* to Womanish Complaints

Adds pious Pray'rs, and wearies all the

Saints;

Ev'n if she could, her Love she would

repent,

But since she cannot, dreads the Punish-

ment:

Her forfeit Faith, and *Pasimond* betray'd,  
 Are ever present, and her Crime upbraid.  
 She blames herself, nor blames her Lover

less;

Augments her Anger as her Fears increase,  
 From her own Back the Burden would

remove,

And lays the Load on his ungovern'd Love,  
 Which interposing durst in Heav'n's despight  
 Invade, and violate another's Right:

360

The Pow'rs incens'd awhile deferr'd his Pain,  
 And made him Master of his Vows in vain:

But soon they punish'd his presumptuous  
 Pride;

That for his daring Enterprize she dy'd,  
 Who rather not resisted, than comply'd.

Then impotent of Mind, with alter'd Sense,  
 She hugg'd th' Offender, and forgave th'  
 Offence,

Sex to the last. Mean time with Sails  
 declin'd

The wand'ring Vessel drove before the Wind:  
 Toss'd, and retoss'd, aloft, and then alow;  
 Nor Port they seek, nor certain Course  
 they know,

371

But ev'ry moment wait the coming Blow.  
 Thus blindly driv'n, by breaking Day they  
 view'd

The Land before 'em, and their Fears  
 renew'd;

The Land was welcome, but the Tempest  
 bore

The threaten'd Ship against a rocky Shore.

A winding Bay was near; to this they  
 bent,

And just escap'd; their Force already spent.  
 Secure from Storms, and panting from the  
 Sea,

The Land unknown at leisure they survey;  
 And saw (but soon their sickly Sight with-

drew)

381

The rising Tow'rs of *Rhodes* at distant view;  
 And curs'd the hostile Shoar of *Pasimond*,  
 Sav'd from the Seas, and shipwreck'd on  
 the Ground.

The frighted Sailors try'd their Strength  
 in vain

To turn the Stern, and tempt the stormy  
 Main;

But the stiff Wind withstood the lab'ring  
 Oar,

And forc'd them forward on the fatal Shoar!  
 The crooked Keel now bites the *Rhodian*  
 Strand,

And the Ship moor'd, constrains the Crew  
 to land:

390

Yet still they might be safe, because un-

known;

But as ill Fortune seldom comes alone,  
 The Vessel they dismiss'd was driv'n before,  
 Already shelter'd on their Native Shoar;  
 Known each, they know: But each with  
 change of Cheer;

The vanquish'd side exults; the Victors  
 fear;

Not them but theirs, made Pris'ners ere  
they Fight,

Despairing Conquest and depriv'd of Flight.  
The Country rings around with loud  
Alarms,

And raw in Fields the rude Militia swarms ;  
Mouths without Hands ; maintain'd at vast  
Expence, 401

In Peace a Charge, in War a weak Defence ;  
Stout once a Month they march, a blust'ring  
Band,

And ever, but in Times of Need, at hand ;  
This was the Morn when issuing on the  
Guard,

Drawn up in Rank and File they stood  
prepar'd

Of seeming Arms to make a short essay,  
Then hasten to be Drunk, the Business of  
the Day.

The Cowards would have fled, but that  
they knew

Themselves so many, and their Foes so few ;  
But crowding on, the last the first impel ; 411  
Till overborn with weight the *Cyprians* fell.  
*Cymon* inslav'd, who first the War begun,  
And *Iphigene* once more is lost and won.

Deep in a Dungeon was the Captive cast,  
Depriv'd of Day, and held in Fetters fast :  
His Life was only spar'd at their Request,  
Whom taken he so nobly had releas'd :

But *Iphigenia* was the Ladies Care,  
Each in their turn address'd to treat the  
Fair ; 420

While *Pasimond* and his, the Nuptial Feast  
prepare.

Her secret Soul to *Cymon* was inclin'd,  
But she must suffer what her Fates assign'd ;  
So passive is the Church of Womankind.  
What worse to *Cymon* could his Fortune deal,  
Row'd to the lowest Spoke of all her Wheel ?  
It rested to dismiss the downward weight,  
Or raise him upward to his former height ;  
The latter pleas'd : and Love (concern'd the  
most)

Prepar'd th' amends, for what by Love he  
lost. 430

The Sire of *Pasimond* had left a Son,  
Though younger, yet for Courage early known,  
*Ormisda* call'd, to whom, by Promise ty'd,  
A *Rhodian* Beauty was the destin'd Bride :  
*Cassandra* was her Name, above the rest  
Renown'd for Birth, with Fortune amply  
bless'd.

*Lysymachus* who rul'd the *Rhodian* State,  
Was then by choice their annual Magistrate :  
He lov'd *Cassandra* too with equal Fire,  
But Fortune had not favour'd his Desire ;  
Cross'd by her Friends, by her not dis-  
approv'd, 441

Nor yet prefer'd, or like *Ormisda* lov'd :  
So stood th' Affair : Some little Hope  
remain'd,

That should his Rival chance to lose, he  
gain'd.

Meantime young *Pasimond* his Marriage  
press'd,

Ordain'd the Nuptial Day, prepar'd the  
Feast ;

And frugally resolv'd (the Charge to shun,  
Which would be double should he wed alone)  
To join his Brother's Bridal with his own.

*Lysymachus* oppress'd with mortal Grief  
Receiv'd the News, and study'd quick Re-  
lief : 451

The fatal Day approach'd : If Force were us'd,  
The Magistrate his publick Trust abus'd ;  
To Justice liable, as Law requir'd,  
For when his Office ceas'd, his Pow'r ex-  
pir'd :

While Pow'r remain'd, the Means were in  
his Hand

By Force to seize, and then forsake the Land :  
Betwixt Extreams he knew not how to  
move,

A Slave to Fame, but more a Slave to Love :  
Restraining others, yet himself not free,  
Made impotent by Pow'r, debas'd by  
Dignity ! 461

Both Sides he weigh'd : But after much  
Debate,

The Man prevail'd above the Magistrate.  
Love never fails to master what he finds,  
But works a different way in different  
Minds,  
The Fool enlightens, and the Wise he  
blinds.

This Youth proposing to possess, and scape,  
Began in Murder, to conclude in Rape :  
Unprais'd by me, tho' Heav'n sometime  
may bless

An impious Act with undeserv'd Success :  
The Great, it seems, are priviledg'd alone 471  
To punish all Injustice but their own.  
But here I stop, not daring to proceed.  
Yet blush to flatter an unrighteous Deed :  
For Crimes are but permitted, not decreed.

Resolv'd on Force, his Wit the Pretor  
bent

To find the Means that might secure th'  
event;

Nor long he labour'd, for his lucky Thought  
In Captive *Cymon* found the Friend he  
sought.

Th' Example pleas'd: The Cause and Crime  
the same; 480

An injur'd Lover, and a ravish'd Dame.  
How much he durst he knew by what he  
dur'd.

The less he had to lose, the less he car'd  
To menage loathsom Life when Love was  
the Reward.

This ponder'd well, and fix'd on his intent,  
In depth of Night he for the Praetor sent;  
In secret sent, the publick View to shun,  
Then with a sober Smile he thus began:

The Poet's above, who bountiously bestow  
Their Gifts and Graces on Mankind be-  
low, 490

Yet prove our Merit first, nor blindly give  
To such as are not worthy to receive:

For Valour and for Virtue they provide  
Their due Reward, but first they must be  
try'd;

These fruitful Seeds within your Mind they  
sow'd;

'Twas yours t' improve the Talent they  
bestow'd;

They gave you to be born of noble Kind,  
They gave you Love to lighten up your Mind  
And purge the grosser Parts; they gave you  
Care

To please, and Courage to deserve the Fair.  
Thus far they try'd you, and by Proof  
they found 500

The Grain intrusted in a grateful Ground;  
But still the great Experiment remain'd,  
They suffer'd you to lose the Prize you  
gain'd;

That you might learn the Gilt was theirs  
alone,

And when restor'd, to them the Blessing  
own.

Restor'd it soon will be; the Means pre-  
par'd,

The Difficulty smooch'd, the Danger shad'd;  
Be not your self, the Care to me resign.

Then *Iphigene* is yours, *Cassandra* mine. 510

Your Rival *Permand* pursues your Life,  
Impatient to revenge his ravish'd Wife,

But yet not his; to Morrow is behind,  
And Love our Fortunes in one Bond has  
join'd;

Two Brothers are our Foes, *Demas* his name,  
As much declar'd, as *Passus* and his thine;

To Morrow must their common Vows be  
try'd;

With Love to Friend, and Fortune for our  
Guide,

Lest both resolve to die, or each reclaim a  
Bride.

Right I have none, nor hast thou much  
to plead; 520

'Tis Force when done must justify the Deed;  
Our Task perform'd we next prepare for  
Flight;

And let the Losers talk in vain of Right;  
We with the Fair will sail before the Wind,  
If they are grav'd, I leave the Loss behind.

Speak thy Resolves; if now thy Courage  
drops,

Despair in Prison, and abandon hope;  
But if thou dar'st in Arms thy Love regain,  
(For Liberty without thy Love were vain.)

Then second my Design to cure the Priest,  
Or lead to second Rape, for all thou know'st  
the way. 530

Said *Cymon*, on joy'd, Do Time propose  
The Means to Fight, and only show the Loss;  
For from the first, when Love had fix'd my  
Mind,

Resolv'd I left the Care of Life behind,  
To this the bold *Lysistrachus* reply'd,

Let Heaven be securer and the Sacred Order;  
The Specialists are prepar'd, already ply  
The Minstrels, and provoke the tardy Day;

By thus the Brides are wak'd, their Groans  
are drown'd; 540

All *Rhetor* is summor'd to the Nuptial  
Feast,

All but my self, the sole unbidden Guest,  
Unbidden though I am, I will be there,  
And, join'd by thee, intend to joy the Fair.

Now hear the rest; when Day reveals  
the Light.

And cheerful Torches guide the jolly Nuptial;  
Be ready at my Call, my friend, for  
With Arms administer'd shall and thy Fate.

Then entering unexpected will we seize  
Our destin'd Prey, from Men dash'd r  
eave, 550

By Wine disabled, unprovoked for Fight;  
And braving to the Seas our own Light;

The Seas are ours, for I command the Fort,  
A Ship well man'd, expects us in the Port:  
If they, or if their Friends the Prize contest,  
Death shall attend the Man who dares resist.

It pleas'd! The Pris'ner to his Hold  
retir'd,

His Troop with equal Emulation fir'd,  
All fix'd to Fight, and all their wonted  
Work requir'd.

The Sun arose; the Streets were throng'd  
around,

The Palace open'd, and the Posts were  
crown'd:

The double Bridegroom at the Door attends  
Th' expected Spouse, and entertains the  
Friends:

They meet, they lead to Church; the Priests  
invoke

The Pow'rs, and feed the Flames with  
fragrant Smoke:

This done they Feast, and at the close of  
Night

By kindled Torches vary their Delight,  
These lead the lively Dance, and those the  
brimming Bowls invite.

Now, at th' appointed Place and Hour  
assign'd,

With Souls resolv'd the Ravishers were  
join'd:

Three Bands are form'd: The first is sent  
before

To favour the Retreat and guard the Shore:  
The second at the Palace-gate is plac'd,

And up the lofty Stairs ascend the last:  
A peaceful Troop they seem with shining  
Vests,

But Coats of Mail beneath secure their  
Breasts.

Dauntless they enter, *Cymon* at their  
Head,

And find the Feast renew'd, the Table spread:  
Sweet Voices mix'd with instrumental  
Sounds

Ascend the vaulted Roof, the vaulted Roof  
rebounds.

When like the Harpies rushing through the  
Hall

The suddain Troop appears, the Tables fall,  
Their smoaking Load is on the Pavement  
thrown;

Each Ravisher prepares to seize his own:  
The Brides invaded with a rude Embrace

Shreek out for Aid, Confusion fills the Place:

Quick to redeem the Prey their plighted  
Lords

Advance, the Palace gleams with shining  
Swords.

But late is all Defence; and Succour vain;  
The Rape is made, the Ravishers remain:

Two sturdy Slaves were only sent before  
To bear the purchas'd Prize in Safety to the  
Shore.

The Troop retires, the Lovers close the rear,  
With forward Faces not confessing Fear:

Backward they move, but scorn their Pace  
to mend,

Then seek the Stairs, and with slow hast  
descend.

Fierce *Pasimond*, their passage to pre-  
vent,

Thrust full on *Cymon's* Back in his descent,  
The Blade return'd unbath'd, and to the  
Handle bent:

Stout *Cymon* soon remounts, and cleft in two  
His Rival's Head with one descending Blow:

And as the next in rank *Ormisda* stood,  
He turn'd the Point; The sword inur'd to  
Blood

Bor'd his unguarded Breast, which pour'd  
a purple Flood.

With vow'd Revenge the gath'ring Crowd  
pursues,

The Ravishers turn Head, the Fight renews;  
The Hall is heap'd with Corps; the sprinkled  
Gore

Besmeares the Walls, and floats the Marble  
Floor.

Dispers'd at length the drunken Squadron  
flies,

The Victors to their Vessel bear the Prize;  
And hear behind loud Groans, and lament-  
able Cries.

The Crew with merry Shouts their  
Anchors weigh,

Then ply their Oars, and brush the buxom  
Sea,

While Troops of gather'd *Rhodians* croud  
the Key.

What should the People do, when left alone?  
The Governor, and Government are gone;

The publick Wealth to Foreign Parts con-  
vey'd;

Some Troops disbanded, and the rest unpaid.  
*Rhodes* is the Sovereign of the Sea no more;

Their Ships unrigg'd, and spent their Naval  
Store;

620

They neither could defend, nor can pursue,  
 But grind their Teeth, and cast a helpless  
 view :  
 In vain with Darts a distant War they try,  
 Short, and more short the missive Weapons  
 fly.  
 Mean while the Ravishers their Crimes enjoy,  
 And flying Sails, and sweeping Oars employ .  
 The Cliffs of *Rhodes* in little space are lost ;  
*Jove's* Isle they seek ; nor *Jove* denies his  
 Coast.  
 In safety landed on the *Candian* Shore,  
 With generous Wines their Spirits they  
 restore ;

There *Cymon* with his *Rhodian* Friend  
 resides,  
 Both Court, and Wed at once the willing  
 Brides.  
 A War ensues, the *Cretans* own their Cause,  
 Stiff to defend their hospitable Laws .  
 Both Parties lose by turns , and neither  
 wins,  
 Till Peace propounded by a Truce begins.  
 The Kindred of the *Slam* forgive the Deed,  
 But a short Exile must for Show precede ;  
 The Term expir'd, from *Candia* they  
 remove ;

630 | And happy each at Home enjoys his love 639

## TRANSLATIONS OF LATIN HYMNS AND MINOR MISCELLANIES.

### VENI, CREATOR SPIRITUS.

TRANSLATED IN PARAPHRASE.

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid  
 The World's Foundations first were laid,  
 Come, visit ev'ry pious Mind ;  
 Come, pour thy Joys on Human Kind ;  
 From Sin, and Sorrow set us free ;  
 And make thy Temples worthy Thee.  
 O, Source of uncreated Light,  
 The Father's promis'd *Paraclete* !  
 Thrice Holy Fount, thrice Holy Fire,  
 Our Hearts with Heav'nly Love inspire ;  
 Come, and thy Sacred Unction bring  
 To Sanctifie us, while we sing !  
 Plenteous of Grace, descend from high,  
 Rich in thy sev'n-fold Energy !  
 Thou strength of his Almighty Hand,  
 Whose Pow'r does Heav'n and Earth com-  
 mand :  
 Proceeding Spirit, our Defence,  
 Who do'st the Gift of Tongues dispence, }  
 And crown'st thy Gift with Eloquence !

Refine and purge our Earthy Parts ; 20  
 But, oh, inflame and fire our Hearts !  
 Our Frailties help, our Vice controul ;  
 Submit the Senses to the Soul ;  
 And when *Rebellious* they are grown,  
 Then, lay thy hand, and hold 'em down.  
 Chace from our Minds th' *Infernal* Foe ;  
 And Peace, the fruit of Love, bestow ;  
 And, lest our Feet shou'd step astray,  
 Protect, and guide us in the way.  
 Make us *Eternal* Truths receive, 30  
 And practise, all that we believe :  
 Give us thy self, that we may see  
 The Father and the Son, by thee.  
 Immortal Honour, endless Fame,  
 Attend th' Almighty Father's Name :  
 The Saviour Son be glorify'd,  
 Who for lost Man's Redemption dy'd :  
 And equal Adoration be,  
*Eternal Paraclete*, to thee.

## TE DEUM.

<p>THEE, Sovereign God, our grateful Accents praise ; We own thee Lord, and bless thy wondrous ways ; To thee, Eternal Father, Earth's whole Frame With loudest Trumpets sounds immortal Fame. Lord God of Hosts ! for thee the heav'nly Pow'rs With sounding Anthems fill the vaulted Tow'rs. Thy Cherubims thrice Holy, Holy, Holy cry ; Thrice Holy, all the Seraphims reply, And thrice returning Echoes endless Songs supply. Both Heav'n and Earth thy Majesty dis- play ; They owe their Beauty to thy glorious Ray. Thy Praises fill the loud Apostles' Quire : The Train of Prophets in the Song conspire. Legions of Martyrs in the Chorus shine, And vocal Blood with vocal Musick join. By these thy Church, inspir'd by heav'nly Art, Around the World maintains a second Part, And tunes her sweetest Notes, O God, to thee, The Father of unbounded Majesty ; The Son, ador'd Co-partner of thy Seat, 20 And equal everlasting <i>Paraclete</i>.</p>	<p>Thou King of Glory, Christ, of the Most High Thou co-eternal filial Deity ; Thou who, to save the World's impending Doom, Vouchsaf'dst to dwell within a Virgin's Womb ; Old Tyrant Death disarm'd, before thee flew The Bolts of Heav'n, and back the Foldings drew, To give access, and make thy faithful way ; From God's right Hand thy filial Beams display. Thou art to judge the Living and the Dead ; Then spare those Souls for whom thy Veins have bled. 31 O take us up amongst thy blest above, To share with them thy everlasting Love Preserve, O Lord ! thy People, and enhance Thy Blessing on thine own Inheritance. For ever raise their Hearts, and rule their ways, Each Day we bless thee, and proclaim thy Praise ; No Age shall fail to celebrate thy Name. No Hour neglect thy everlasting Fame. Preserve our Souls, O Lord, this Day from Ill ; Have Mercy on us, Lord, have Mercy still : As we have hop'd, do thou reward our Pain : We've hop'd in thee, let not our Hope be vain. 30</p>
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## HYMN FOR THE NATIVITY OF ST. JOHN BAPTIST.

24TH JUNE.

<p>O SYLVAN Prophet ! whose eternal Fame Echoes from <i>Judah's Hills</i> and <i>Jordan's</i> Stream, The Musick of our Numbers raise, And tune our Voices to thy Praise.  A Messenger from high <i>Olympus</i> came To bear the Tidings of thy Life and Name, And told thy Sire each Prodigy That Heav'n design'd to work in thee.</p>	<p>Hearing the News, and doubting in Surprise. His faltering Speech in fetter'd Accent dy's ; But Providence, with happy Choice, In thee restor'd thy Father's Voice.  In the Recess of Nature's dark Abode, Though still enclos'd, yet knewest thou thy God ; Whilst each glad Parent told and blest The Secrets of each other's Breast.</p>
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TE DEUM First printed as Dryden's by Scott  
from a Roman Catholic *Primer* of Hymns, 1706  
HYMN FOR THE NATIVITY OF ST JOHN. Printed  
with an incorrect title by Scott from the same.  
The title was corrected by Saintsbury, who adds

other verses from the *Primer*. There is no proof  
that these are Dryden's, and in any case, since the  
compilers of Hymn Books often deal immorally  
with their texts, it seems best not to publish what  
may be spurious and is certainly corrupt.

LINES IN A LETTER TO HIS LADY COUSIN,  
HONOR DRIDEN,

WHO HAD GIVEN HIM A SILVER INKSTAND, WITH A SET OF  
WRITING MATERIALS, 1655.

FOR since 'twas mine, the white hath lost its Hiew, .	You, Fairest Nymph, are Waxe: Oh may you bee
To show twas n'ere it selfe but whilst in you,	As well in Softnesse as in Purity!
The virgin Waxe hath blush'd it selfe to red	Till Fate and your own happy Choice reveale
Since it with mee hath lost its Maydenhead.	Whom you so farre shall bless to make your Seale.

LINES PRINTED UNDER THE ENGRAVED PORTRAIT  
OF MILTON,

IN TONSON'S FOLIO EDITION OF THE 'PARADISE LOST,' 1688.

THREE Poets, in three distant Ages born,  
*Greece, Italy, and England* did adorn.  
The first in Loftiness of Thought surpass'd,  
The next in Majesty, in both the last:  
The Force of Nature could no farther go;  
To make a third she join'd the former two.

IMPROMPTU LINES ADDRESSED TO HIS COUSIN,  
MRS. CREED,

IN A CONVERSATION AFTER DINNER ON THE ORIGIN OF NAMES.

So much Religion in your Name doth dwell,	My Pray'rs shall be, while this short Life
Your Soul must needs with Piety excel.	endures,
Thus Names, like [                      ] Pictures drawn	These may go Hand in Hand, with you and
of old,	yours;
Their owners' Nature and their Story told.	Till Faith hereafter is in Vision drown'd,
Your Name but half expresses, for in you	And Practice is with endless Glory
Belief and Practice do together go.	crown'd. 10

FRAGMENT OF A CHARACTER OF JACOB TONSON,  
HIS PUBLISHER.

WITH leering Looks, Bull-fac'd, and freckl'd fair,  
With two left Legs, and *Judas*-colour'd Hair,  
And frowzy Pores that taint the ambient Air.

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LINES IN A LETTER. Text from the original as printed  
LINES ON MILTON Text from the original of 1688  
IMPROMPTU LINES. Text first printed by Malone



# SONGS FROM THE PLAYS.

## SONG OF AERIAL SPIRITS,

### FROM THE INDIAN QUEEN.

Poor Mortals that are clog'd with Earth  
below  
Sink under Love and Care,  
While we that dwell in Air  
Such heavy Passions never know.  
Why then shou'd Mortals be  
Unwilling to be free  
From Blood, that sullen Cloud  
Which shining Souls does shroud ?  
Then they'l shew bright,  
And like us light,  
When leaving Bodies with their Care  
They slide to us and Air.

### HYMN TO THE SUN, FROM THE SAME.

You to whom Victory we owe,  
Whose glories rise  
By sacrifice  
And from our fates below,  
Never did your Altars shine  
Feasted with Blood so near divine.  
Princes to whom we bow,  
As they to you,  
Thus you can ravish from a throne,  
And by their loss of pow'r declare your  
own. 10

### FROM THE INDIAN EMPEROR.

I LOOK'D and saw within the Book of Fate,  
When many Days did lower,  
When lo one happy hour  
Leapt up, and smil'd to save thy sinking  
State ;  
A day shall come when in thy pow'r  
Thy cruel Foes shall be  
Then shall thy Land be free  
And then in Peace shall Reign :  
But take, O take that opportunity,  
Which once refus'd will never come again

FROM THE INDIAN EMPEROR.  
4 thy] the same *edd.*

## FROM THE SAME

An fading joy, how quickly art thou past !  
Yet we thy ruine haste :  
As if the Cares of Humane Life were few,  
We seek out new,  
And follow Fate that does too fast pursue.  
See how on ev'ry Bough the Birds express  
In their sweet notes their happiness.  
They all enjoy and nothing spare ;  
But on their Mother Nature lay their care:  
Why then should Man, the Lord of all  
below, 10  
Such troubles chuse to know,  
As none of all his Subjects undergo ?

Hark, hark, the Waters fall, fall, fall  
And with a Murmuring sound  
Dash, dash, upon the ground,  
To gentle slumbers call.

### FROM THE MAIDEN QUEEN.

I Feed a Flame within which so torments me  
That it both pains my heart, and yet con-  
tents me :  
'Tis such a pleasing smart and I so love it,  
That I had rather die, then once remove it.  
Yet he for whom I grieve shall never know it,  
My tongue does not betray, nor my eyes  
shew it :  
Not a sigh not a tear my pain discloses,  
But they fall silently like dew on Roses.  
Thus to prevent my love from being cruel,  
My heart's the sacrifice as 'tis the fuel : 10  
And while I suffer thus to give him quiet,  
My faith rewards my love, tho he deny it.  
On his eyes will I gaze, and there delight  
me ;  
Where I conceal my love, no frown can  
fright me :  
To be more happy I dare not aspire ;  
Nor can I fall more low, mounting no higher.

FROM THE SAME.  
5 that does] *Some editors give* which would

## FROM SIR MARTIN MARR-ALL.

*He.* Make ready fair Lady to night,  
And stand at the Door below,  
For I will be there  
To receive you with Care,  
And to your true Love you shall go.

*She.* And when the Stars twinkle so bright,  
Then down to the Door will I creep,  
To my Love will I fly,  
E'er the jealous can spy,  
And leave my old daddy asleep. 10

## FROM THE SAME (after VOITURE).

BLIND Love, to this hour,  
Had never like me, a Slave under his Pow'r.  
Then blest be the Dart  
That he threw at my heart,  
For nothing can prove  
A joy so great as to be wounded with love.

My Days and my Nights  
Are fill'd to the purpose with sorrows and  
frights ;  
From my heart still I sigh,  
And my Eyes are ne'r dry, 10  
So that, *Cupid* be prais'd.  
I am to the top of Love's happiness rais'd.

My Soul's all on fire  
So that I have the pleasure to dote and  
desire,  
Such a pretty soft pain,  
That it tickles each vein,  
'Tis the dream of a smart,  
Which makes me breathe short when it  
beats at my heart.

Sometimes in a Pet,  
When I am despis'd, I my freedom would  
get ; 20  
But straight a sweet smile  
Does my anger beguile,  
And my heart does recall,  
Then the more I do struggle the lower I fall.

Heaven does not impart  
Such a grace as to love unto ev'ry one's  
heart ;  
For many may wish  
To be wounded, and miss  
Then blest be loves Fire,  
And more blest her Eyes that first taught  
me desire. 30

## FROM AN EVENING'S LOVE.

YOU charm'd me not with that fair face  
Though it was all Divme.  
To be anothers is the Grace,  
That makes me wish you mine.  
The Gods and Fortune take their part  
Who like young Monarchs fight ;  
And boldly dare invade that Heart  
Which is anothers right.  
First mad with hope we undertake  
To pull up ev'ry Bar ; 10  
But once possess'd we faintly make  
A dull defensive War.  
Now ev'ry Friend is turn'd a foe  
In hope to get our store ;  
And passion makes us Cowards grow  
Which made us brave before.

## FROM THE SAME.

AFTER the pangs of a desperate Lover,  
When day and night I have sigh'd all  
in vain,  
Ah what a Pleasure it is to discover  
In her eyes pity, who causes my pain !

When with unkindness our Love at a  
stand is,  
And both have punish'd our selves with  
the pain,  
Ah what a pleasure the touch of her  
hand is,  
Ah what a pleasure to press it again !

When the denial comes fainter and fainter,  
And her Eyes give what her tongue  
does deny, 10  
Ah what a trembling I feel when I ven-  
ture,  
Ah what a Trembling does usher my  
joy !

When, with a Sigh, she accords me the  
blessing,  
And her Eyes twinkle 'twixt pleasure  
and pain ;  
Ah what a joy 'tis, beyond all Express-  
ing,  
Ah what a joy to hear, shall we again !

## FROM THE SAME.

CALM was the Even, and clear was the Sky,  
 And the new-budding Flowers did spring,  
 When all alone went *Amyntas* and I  
 To hear the sweet Nightingal sing;  
 I sate, and he laid him down by me;  
 But scarcely his breath he could draw;  
 For when with a fear, he began to draw  
 near,  
 He was dash'd with A ha ha ha ha!

He blush'd to himself, and lay still for  
 a while,  
 And his modesty curb'd his desire; 10  
 But straight I convinc'd all his fear with  
 a smile,

Which added new Flames to his Fire.  
*O Sylvia*, said he, you are cruel,  
 To keep your poor Lover in awe;  
 Then once more he prest with his hand to  
 my breast  
 But was dash'd with A ha ha ha ha.

I knew 'twas his passion that caus'd all his  
 fear;  
 And therefore I pity'd his Case:  
 I whisper'd him softly, there's no body here  
 And laid my Cheek close to his Face: 20  
 But as he grew bolder and bolder,  
 A Shepheard came by us and saw;  
 And just as our bliss we began with a Kiss,  
 He laugh'd out with A ha ha ha ha.

## FROM THE SAME.

*Damon. Celimena*, of my heart  
 None shall e're bereave you:  
 If with your good leave I may  
 Quarrel with you once a day  
 I will never leave you.

*Celimena*. Passion's but an empty name  
 Where respect is wanting:  
*Damon*, you mistake your aim;  
 Hang your Heart and burn your Flame,  
 If you must be ranting. 10

*Damon*. Love as dull and muddy is,  
 As decaying Liquor:  
 Anger sets it on the Lees,  
 And refines it by degrees,  
 Till it works it quicker

FROM THE SAME (3)  
 15 it quicker | the quicker *Edd*.

*Celimena*. Love by Quarrels to beget  
 Wisely you endeavour;  
 With a grave Physitian's wit,  
 Who to cure an Ague fit  
 Put me in a Feavor. 20

*Damon*. Anger rouses Love to fight,  
 And his only bait is,  
 'Tis the spur to dull delight,  
 And is but an eager Bite,  
 When desire at height is.

*Celimena*. If such drops of heat can fall  
 In our wooing weather  
 If such drops of heat can fall  
 We shall have the Devil and all  
 When we come together. 30

## FROM TYRANNICK LOVE

You pleasing Dreams of Love and sweet  
 delight,  
 Appear before this slumbring Virgins sight:  
 Soft visions set her free  
 From mournful piety.  
 Let her sad thoughts from Heav'n retire:  
 And let the Melancholy Love  
 Of those remoter joys above  
 Give place to your more sprightly fire.  
 Let purling streams be in her fancy seen:  
 And flowry Meads, and Vales of chearful  
 green: 10  
 And in the midst of deathless Groves  
 Soft smiling wishes ly,  
 And smiling hopes fast by,  
 And just beyond 'em ever Laughing Loves.

## FROM THE SAME.

All how sweet it is to love,  
 Ah how gay is young desire!  
 And what pleasing pains we prove  
 When we first approach Loves fire!  
 Pains of Love be sweeter far  
 Than all other pleasures are.

Sighs which are from Lovers blown,  
 Do but gently heave the Heart:  
 Ev'n the tears they shed alone  
 Cure, like trickling Balm, their smart. 10  
 Lovers when they lose their breath  
 Bleed away in easie death

Love and Time with reverence use,  
Treat 'em like a parting friend :  
Nor the golden gifts refuse  
Which in youth sincere they send :  
For each year their price is more,  
And they less simple than before

Love like Spring-tides full and high  
Swells in ev'ry youthful vein : 20  
But each Tide does less supply,  
Till they quite shrink in again  
If a flow in Age appear,  
'Tis but rain, and runs not clear.

## FROM THE CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

I  
WHEREVER I am, and whatever I doe,  
My *Phyllis* is still in my mind :  
When angry I mean not to *Phyllis* to goe,  
My Feet of themselves the way find :  
Unknown to my self I am just at her door,  
And when I would raile, I can bring out no  
more,  
Than *Phyllis* too fair and unkind !

2  
When *Phyllis* I see, my Heart bounds in  
my Breast,  
And the Love I wou'd stifle is shown :  
But asleep, or awake, I am never at Rest  
When from my Eyes *Phyllis* is gone !  
Sometimes a sad Dream does delude my  
sad mind,  
But, alas, when I wake and no *Phyllis* I find  
How I sigh to my self all alone.

3  
Should a King be my Rival in her I adore  
He should offer his Treasure in vain :  
O let me alone to be happy and poor,  
And give me my *Phyllis* again :  
Let *Phyllis* be mine, and but ever be kind  
I could to a Desart with her be confin'd,  
And envy no Monarch his Raigen.

4  
Alas, I discover too much of my Love,  
And she too well knows her own power !  
She makes me each day a new Martyrdom  
prove,  
And makes me grow jealous each hour :  
But let her each minute torment my poor mind  
I had rather love *Phyllis* both False and  
Unkind,  
Than ever be freed from her Pow'r.

SONG OF THE ZAMBRA DANCE,  
FROM  
THE CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

1  
BENEATH a Myrtle shade  
Which Love for none but happy Lovers  
made,  
I slept, and straight my Love before me  
brought  
*Phyllis* the object of my waking thought ;  
Undres'd she came my flames to meet,  
While Love strow'd flow'rs beneath her  
feet ;  
Flow'rs, which so press'd by her, became  
more sweet.

2  
From the bright Visions Head  
A careless vail of Lawn was loosely spread :  
From her white temples fell her shaded hair,  
Like cloudy sunshine not too brown nor fair :  
Her hands, her lips did love inspire ;  
Her ev'ry grace my heart did fire :  
But most her eyes which languish'd with  
desire.

3  
Ah, Charming fair, said I,  
How long can you my bliss and yours deny ?  
By Nature and by love this lonely shade  
Was for revenge of suffering Lovers made :  
Silence and shades with love agree :  
Both shelter you and favour me ;  
You cannot blush because I cannot see.

4  
No, let me dye, she said,  
Rather than loose the spotless name of  
Maid :  
Faintly methought she spoke, for all the while  
She bid me not believe her, with a smile.  
Then dye, said I, she still deny'd :  
And is it thus, thus, thus she cry'd  
You use a harmless Maid, and so she dy'd !

5  
I wak'd, and straight I knew  
I lov'd so well it made my dream prove true :  
Fancy, the kinder Mistress of the two,  
Fancy had done what *Phyllis* wou'd not do !  
Ah, Cruel Nymph, cease your disdain,  
While I can dream you scorn in vain :  
Asleep or waking you must ease my pain.

## FROM THE SAME, PART II.

1

*He.* How unhappy a Lover am I  
While I sigh for my *Phyllis* in vain ;  
All my Hopes of Delight  
Are another man's Right,  
Who is happy while I am in pain !

2

*She.* Since her Honour allows no Relief,  
But to pity the pains which you  
bear,  
'Tis the best of your Fate,  
(In a hopeless Estate.)  
To give o're and betimes to despair.

3

*He.* I have try'd the false Med'cine in  
vain ;  
For I wish what I hope not to win :  
From without, my desire  
Has no Food to its Fire,  
But it burns and consumes me  
within.

4

*She.* Yet at least 'tis a pleasure to know  
That you are not unhappy alone :  
For the Nymph you adore  
Is as wretched and more,  
And accounts all your suff'rings her  
own.

5

*He.* O ye Gods, let me suffer for both ;  
At the Feet of my *Phyllis* I'll lye :  
I'll resign up my Breath,  
And take Pleasure in Death,  
To be pity'd by her when I dye.

6

*She.* What her Honour deny'd you in  
Life  
In her Death she will give to your  
Love :  
Such a Flame as is true  
After Fate will renew,  
For the Souls to meet closer above.

## FROM MARRIAGE A-LA-MODE.

1

Why should a foolish Marriage Vow  
Which long ago was made,  
Oblige us to each other now  
When Passion is decay'd ?  
We lov'd, and we lov'd, as long as we cou'd,  
Till our Love was lov'd out in us both :  
But our Marriage is dead, when the Pleasure  
is fled :  
'Twas Pleasure first made it an Oath.

2

If I have Pleasures for a Friend,  
And farther Love in store,  
What Wrong has he whose Joys did end,  
And who cou'd give no more ?  
'Tis a madness that he  
Shou'd be jealous of me,  
Or that I shou'd bar him of another :  
For all we can gain is to give our selves pain,  
When neither can hinder the other.

## FROM THE SAME.

1

WHILST *Alexis* lay prest  
In her Arms he lov'd best,  
With his hands round her neck,  
And his head on her breast,  
He found the fierce pleasure too hasty to  
stay,  
And his soul in the tempest just flying away.

2

When *Celia* saw this,  
With a sigh, and a kiss,  
She cry'd, Oh my dear, I am robb'd of my  
bliss ;  
'Tis unkind to your Love, and unfaithfully  
done,  
To leave me behind you, and die all alone.

3

The Youth, though in haste,  
And breathing his last,  
In pity dy'd slowly, while she dy'd more  
fast ;  
Till at length she cry'd, Now, my dear, now  
let us go,  
Now die, my *Alexis*, and I will die too.

4

Thus intranc'd they did lie,  
 Till *Alexis* did try  
 To recover new Breath, that again he might  
 die :  
 Then often they di'd ; but the more they  
 did so,  
 The Nymph dy'd more quick, and the  
 Shepherd more slow.

## FROM THE ASSIGNATION.

LONG betwixt Love and fear *Phyllis* tor-  
 mented  
 Shun'd her own wish yet at last she con-  
 sented :  
 But loath that day shou'd her Blushes  
 discover,  
 Come, gentle Night She said,  
 Come quickly to my aid,  
 And a poor Shamefac'd Maid  
 Hide from her Lover.

Now cold as Ice I am, now hot as Fire,  
 I dare not tell my self my own desire ;  
 But let Day fly away, and let Night haste  
 her : 10  
 Grant ye kind Powers above,  
 Slow Hours to parting Love,  
 But when to Bliss we move,  
 Bid 'em fly faster.

How sweet it is to Love when I discover  
 That Fire which burns my Heart warming  
 my Lover ;  
 'Tis Pity Love so true shou'd be mistaken :  
 But if this Night he be  
 False or unkinde to me, 8  
 Let me dye ere I see 20  
 That I'm forsaken.

## EPITHALAMIUM, FROM AMBOYNA.

THE Day is come, I see it rise,  
 Betwixt the Bride's and Bridegroom's Eyes,  
 That Golden day they wish'd so long  
 Love pick'd it out amidst the throng ;  
 He destin'd to himself this Sun,  
 And took the Reins and drove him on ;  
 In his own Beams he drest him bright,  
 Yet bid him bring a better night.

The day you wish'd arriv'd at last,  
 You wish as much that it were past, 10  
 One Minute more and night will hide  
 The Bridegroom and the blushing Bride.  
 The Virgin now to Bed do's goe :  
 Take care oh Youth, she rise not soc ;  
 She pants and trembles at her doom  
 And fears and wishes thou wou'dst come.

The Bridegroom comes, He comes apace  
 With Love and Fury in his Face ;  
 She shrinks away, He close pursues,  
 And Pray'rs and Threats at once do's use ; 20  
 She softly sighing begs delay,  
 And with her hand, puts his away,  
 Now out aloud for help she cries,  
 And now despairing shuts her Eyes.

## SONG OF THE SEA FIGHT,

## FROM THE SAME.

WHO ever saw a noble sight,  
 That never view'd a brave Sea Fight ?  
 Hang up your bloody Colours in the Air,  
 Up with your Fights and your Nettings  
 prepare,  
 Your Merry Mates chear with a lusty bold  
 spright,  
 Now each Man his brindice and then to the  
 Fight.  
*St. George, St. George, we cry,*  
 The shouting Turks reply.  
 Oh now it begins, and the Gunroom grows hot  
 Plie it with Culverin and with small shot ; 10  
 Heark do's it not Thunder ? no 'tis the Guns  
 roar  
 The Neighbouring Billows are turn'd into  
 Gore.  
 Now each Man must resolve to dye,  
 For here the Coward cannot flye.  
 Drums and Trumpets toll the Knell,  
 And Culverins the Passing Bell  
 Now now they Grapple and now board a Main,  
 Blow up the Hatches, they're off all again :  
 Give 'em a broadside, the Dice run at all,  
 Down comes the Mast and Yard, and tack-  
 lings fall ; 20  
 She grows giddy now like blind fortunes  
 wheel ;  
 She sinks there she sinks she turns up her  
 Keel,  
 Who ever beholds so noble a sight  
 As this so brave, so bloody Sea Fight.

## FROM THE KIND KEEPER.

## SONG FROM THE ITALIAN.

By a dismal Cypress lying,  
*Damon* cry'd, all pale and dying,  
 Kind is Death that ends my pain,  
 But cruel She I lov'd in vain.  
 The Mossy Fountains  
 Murmure my trouble,  
 And hollow Mountains  
 My groans redouble:  
 Every Nymph mourns me,  
 Thus while I languish;  
 She only scorns me.  
 Who caus'd my anguish.  
 No Love returning me, all my hope denying;  
 By a dismal Cypress lying,  
 Like a *Swan*, so sung he dying:  
 Kind is Death that ends my pain,  
 But cruel She I lov'd in vain.

FROM *ŒDIPUS*.

## SONG TO APOLLO.

*Phæbus*, God belov'd by men;  
 At thy dawn, ev'ry Beast is rous'd in his  
 Den;  
 At thy Setting, all the Birds of thy absence  
 complain,  
 And we dye, all dye till the morning comes  
 again,  
*Phæbus*, God belov'd by men!  
 Idol of the Eastern Kings,  
 Awful as the God who flings  
 His Thunder round, and the Lightning  
 wings;  
 God of Songs, and *Orphean* Strings,  
 Who to this mortal bosom brings  
 All harmonious heav'nly Things!  
 Thy drouzie Prophet to revive,  
 Ten thousand thousand forms before him  
 drive;  
 With Chariots and Horses all o' Fire awake  
 him,  
 Convulsions, and Furies, and Prophecies  
 shake him:  
 Let him tell it in Groans, tho' he bend with  
 the load,  
 Tho' he burst with the weight of the terrible  
 God.

KIND KEEPER. 6 Murmure my *in editions*.

FROM *TROILUS AND CRESSIDA*.

CAN Life be a Blessing,  
 Or worth the possessing,  
 Can Life be a blessing if Love were away?  
 Ah no! though our Love all Night keep  
 us waking,  
 And though he torment us with Cares all  
 the Day,  
 Yet he sweetens he sweetens our Pains in  
 the taking,  
 There's an Hour at the last, there's an Hour  
 to repay.

## 2

In ev'ry possessing,  
 The ravishing Blessing,  
 In ev'ry possessing the Fruit of our Pain,  
 Poor Lovers forget long Ages of Anguish,  
 What e're they have suffer'd and done to  
 obtain;  
 'Tis a Pleasure, a Pleasure to sigh and  
 to languish,  
 When we hope, when we hope to be happy  
 again.

## FROM THE SPANISH FRYAR.

## I

FARWELL ungratefull Traytor,  
 Farwell my perjur'd Swain,  
 Let never injur'd Creature  
 Believe a Man again.  
 The Pleasure of Possessing  
 Surpasses all Expressing,  
 But 'tis too short a Blessing,  
 And Love too long a Pain.

## II

'Tis easie to deceive us  
 In Pity of your Pain,  
 But when we love you leave us  
 To rail at you in vain.  
 Before we have descri'd it,  
 There is no Bliss beside it,  
 But she that once has try'd it  
 Will never love again.

## III

The Passion you pretended  
Was only to obtain  
But when the Charm is ended  
The Charmer you disdain.  
Your Love by ours we measure  
Till we have lost our Treasure,  
But dying is a Pleasure,  
When Living is a Pain.

SONG BETWIXT A SHEPHERD AND  
A SHEPHERDESS,

## FROM

## THE DUKE OF GUISE.

*Shepherdess.* Tell me *Thyrsis*, tell your  
Anguish,  
Why you Sigh, and why you Languish ;  
When the Nymph whom you Adore,  
Grants the Blessing of Possessing,  
What can Love and I do more ?

*Shepherd.* Think it's Love beyond all  
Measure,  
Makes me faint away with Pleasure ;  
Strength of Cordial may destroy,  
And the Blessing of possessing  
Kills me with Excess of Joy. 10

*Shepherdess.* *Thyrsis*, how can I believe  
you ?  
But confess and I'll forgive you ;  
Men are false, and so are you ;  
Never Nature fram'd a Creature  
To enjoy, and yet be true.

*Shepherd.* Mine's a Flame beyond expiring,  
Still possessing, still desiring,  
Fit for Love's imperial Crown ;  
Ever shining, and refining,  
Still the more 'tis melted down. 20

*Chorus together.* Mine's a Flame beyond  
expiring,  
Still possessing, still desiring,  
Fit for Love's imperial Crown ;  
Ever shining, and refining,  
Still the more 'tis melted down.

## FROM AMPHITRYON.

## I

*Celia*, that I once was blest  
Is now the Torment of my Brest ,  
Since to curse me, you bereave me  
Of the Pleasures I possess :  
Cruel Creature, to deceive me !  
First to love, and then to leave me.

## II

Had you the Bliss refus'd to grant,  
Then I had never known the want :  
But possessing once the Blessing,  
Is the Cause of my Complaint :  
Once possessing is but tasting ;  
'Tis no Bliss that is not lasting.

## III

*Celia* now is mine no more ;  
But I am hers and must adore :  
Nor to leave her will endeavour ;  
Charms, that captiv'd me before,  
No Unkindness can disserve ;  
Love that's true, is Love for ever.

## FROM THE SAME.

## I

FAIR *Iris* I love and hourly I dye,  
But not for a Lip nor a languishing Eye :  
She's fickle and false, and there I agree ;  
For I am as false and as fickle as she :  
We neither believe what either can say ;  
And, neither believing, we neither betray.

## II

'Tis civil to swear and say Things of course ;  
We mean not the taking for better or worse.  
When present we love, when absent agree ;  
I think not of *Iris*, nor *Iris* of me :  
The Legend of Love no Couple can find  
So easie to part, or so equally join'd.

PASTORAL DIALOGUE FROM THE  
SAME.

## I

*Thyrsis* Fair *Iris* and her Swain  
Were in a shady Bow'r ;  
Where *Thyrsis* long in vain  
Hlad sought the Shepherd's hour .  
At length his Hand advancing upon her  
snowy Breast,  
He said, O kiss me longer,  
And longer yet and longer,  
If you will make me Blest.



## II

*Iris.* An easie yielding Maid  
By trusting is undone ;  
Our Sex is oft betray'd,  
By granting Love too soon.  
If you desire to gain me, your Suff'rings to  
redress ;  
Prepare to love me longer,  
And longer yet, and longer,  
Before you shall possess.

## III

*Thyrsis.* The little Care you show,  
Of all my Sorrows past,  
Makes Death appear too slow,  
And Life too long to last.  
*Fair Iris* kiss me kindly, in pity of my  
Fate ;  
And kindly still, and kindly,  
Before it is too late.

## IV

*Iris.* You fondly Court your Bliss,  
And no Advances make ;  
'Tis not for Maids to kiss,  
But 'tis for Men to take.  
So you may kiss me kindly, and I will  
not rebell ;  
But kindly still, and kindly,  
But Kiss me not and tell.

## V

## A RONDEAU

*Chorus.* Thus at the Height we love and  
live,  
And fear not to be poor :  
We give, and give, and give, and give,  
Till we can give no more :  
But what to day will take away,  
To Morrow will restore.  
Thus at the height we love and live,  
And fear not to be poor.

## FROM KING ARTHUR.

*Man sings*

Oh SIGHT, the Mother of Desires,  
What Charming Objects dost thou yield !  
'Tis sweet, when tedious Night expires,  
To see the Rosie Morning guild  
The Mountain-Tops and paint the Field !

But when *Clorinda* comes in Sight,  
She makes the Summers Day more bright,  
And when she goes away, 'tis Night.

*Chorus.* When fair *Clorinda* comes in  
Sight, &c.

*Woman sings*

'Tis sweet the Blushing Morn to view ; 10  
And Plains adorn'd with Pearly Dew :  
But such cheap Delights to see,  
Heaven and Nature  
Give each Creature ;  
They have Eyes, as well as we.  
This is the Joy, all Joys above,  
To see, to see,  
That only she,  
That only she we love !

*Chorus.* This is the Joy, all Joys above, &c.

*Man sings*

And, if we may discover,  
What Charms both Nymph and Lover,  
'Tis, when the Fair at Mercy lies,  
With Kind and Amorous Anguish,  
To Sigh, to Look, to Languish,  
On each others Eyes !

*Chorus of all Men and Women*

And if we may discover, &c.

## FROM THE SAME.

## I

How happy the Lover,  
How easie his Chain,  
How pleasing his Pain !  
How sweet to discover  
He sighs not in vain.  
For Love ev'ry Creature  
Is form'd by his Nature ;  
No Joys are above  
The Pleasures of Love.

## 2

In vain are our Graces.  
In vain are your Eyes,  
If Love you despise :  
When Age furrows Faces,  
'Tis time to be wise.  
Then use the short Blessing,  
That flies in Possessing :  
No Joys are above  
The Pleasures of Love.

## SONG OF ÆOLUS, FROM THE SAME.

Ye blust'ring Brethren of the Skies,  
Whose Breath has ruffled all the Watry  
Plain,

Retire, and let *Britannia* rise,

In Triumph o'er the Main.

Serene and Calm, and void of Fear,

The Queen of Islands must appear:

Serene and Calm, as when the Spring

The New-Created World began,

And Birds on Boughs did softly sing,

Their peaceful Homage paid to Man,

While *Eurus* did his Blasts forbear

In Favour of the Tender Year.

Retreat, rude Winds, Retreat,

To Hollow Rocks, your Stormy Seat;

There swell your Lungs, and vainly, vainly  
threat.

SONG OF PAN AND NEREIDE, FROM  
THE SAME.

ROUND thy Coasts, Fair Nymph of *Britain*,

For thy Guard our Waters flow:

*Proteus* all his Herds admitting

On thy Greens to Graze below.

Foreign Lands thy Fishes Tasting

Learn from thee Luxurious Fasting.

For Folded Flocks, on Fruitful Plains,

The Shepherds and the Farmers Gains,

Fair *Britain* all the world outvies;

And *Pan*, as in *Arcadia* reigns

Where Pleasure mixt with Profit lyes.

Though *Jason's* Fleece was Fam'd of old,

The *British* Wool is growing Gold;

No Mines can more of Wealth supply:

It keeps the Peasant from the Cold,

And takes for Kings the *Tyrian* Dye.

## FROM THE SAME.

*Comus*. Your Hay it is Mow'd, and your  
Corn is Reap'd;

Your Barns will be full, and your  
Hovels heap'd:

Come, my Boys, come;

Come, my Boys, come;

And merrily Roar out Harvest Home.

*Chorus*. Come, my Boys, come, &c.

1 *Man*. We ha' cheated the Parson, we'll  
cheat him agen,  
For why shou'd a Blockhead ha' One in  
Ten?

One in Ten,

One in Ten,

For why shou'd a Blockhead ha' One in  
Ten?

2 For Prating so long like a Book-learn'd  
Sot,

Till Pudding and Dumplin burn to Pot,

Burn to Pot,

Burn to Pot,

Till Pudding and Dumplin burn to Pot.

*Chorus*. Burn to Pot, &c.

3 We'll toss off our Ale till we canno'  
stand,

And Hoigh for the Honour of old *England*:

Old *England*,

Old *England*,

And Hoigh for the Honour of Old *England*.

*Chorus*. Old *England*, &c.

## SONG OF VENUS, FROM THE SAME.

FAIREST Isle, all Isles Excelling,  
Seat of Pleasures, and of Loves;  
Venus here will chuse her Dwelling,  
And forsake her *Cyprian* Groves.

Cupid, from his Fav'rite Nation,  
Care and Envy will Remove;  
Jealousy that poysons Passion,  
And Despair that dies for Love.

Gentle Murmurs, sweet Complaining,  
Sighs that blow the Fire of Love;  
Soft Repulses, kind Disdaining,  
Shall be all the Pains you prove.

Ev'ry Swain shall pay his Duty,  
Grateful ev'ry Nymph shall prove;  
And as these Excel in Beauty,  
Those shall be Renown'd for Love.

## FROM CLEOMENES

No, no, poor suff'ring Heart, no Change  
endeavour,  
Choose to sustain the smart, rather than  
leave her;  
My ravish'd Eyes behold such Charms  
about her,  
I can dye with her, but not live without  
her  
One tender Sigh of hers to see me Languish,  
Will more than pay the price of my past  
Anguish:  
Beware, O cruel Fair, how you smile on me,  
'Twas a kind look of yours that has undone  
me.

2

Love has in store for me one happy  
Minute,  
And She will end my pain who did begin it,  
Then no day void of Bliss, or Pleasure  
leaving,  
Ages shall slide away without perceiving:  
*Cupid* shall guard the Door the more to  
please us,  
And keep out Time and Death, when they  
would seize us:  
Time and Death shall depart, and say in  
flying,  
Love has found out a way to Live by Dying.

## SONG OF JEALOUSIE,

FROM

## LOVE TRIUMPHANT.

1

WHAT State of Life can be so blest  
As Love, that warms a Lover's Breast?  
Two Souls in one, the same desire  
To grant the Bliss, and to require!  
But if in Heav'n a Hell we find,  
'Tis all from thee,  
O Jealousie!  
Thou Tyrant, Tyrant Jealousie,  
Thou Tyrant of the Mind!

2

All other ills, tho sharp they prove,  
Serve to refine, and perfect Love:  
In absence, or unkind disdain,  
Sweet Hope relieves the Lover's pain:  
But ah, no Cure but Death we find  
To set us free  
From Jealousie:  
O Jealousie!  
Thou Tyrant, Tyrant Jealousie,  
Thou Tyrant of the Mind.

3

False in thy Glass all Objects are,  
Some set too near, and some too far:  
Thou art the Fire of endless Night  
The Fire that burns, and gives no Light.  
All Torments of the Damn'd we find  
In only thee  
O Jealousie!  
Thou Tyrant, Tyrant Jealousie  
Thou Tyrant of the Mind!

## SONG FOR A GIRL, FROM THE SAME.

1

YOUNG I am, and yet unskill'd  
How to make a Lover yield:  
How to keep, or how to gain,  
When to love; and when to feign.

2

Take me, take me, some of you,  
While I yet am Young and True;  
E're I can my Soul disguise;  
Heave my Breasts, and roul my Eyes.

3

Stay not till I learn the way,  
How to Lye, and to Betray:  
He that has me first, is blest,  
For I may deceive the rest.

4

Could I find a blooming Youth,  
Full of Love, and full of Truth,  
Brisk, and of a janty mean  
I shou'd long to be Fifteen.

# TRANSLATIONS.

## [PREFACE TO SYLVAE

OR THE SECOND PART OF POETICAL MISCELLANIES: 1685.]

For this last half Year I have been troubled with the disease (as I may call it) of Translation; the cold Prose fits of it (which are always the most tedious with me) were spent in the History of the League; the hot (which succeeded them) in this Volume of Verse Miscellanies. The truth is, I fancied to myself, a kind of ease in the change of the Paroxysm; never suspecting but the humour wou'd have wasted itself in two or three Pastorals of Theocritus, and as many Odes of Horace. But finding, or at least thinking I found, something that was more pleasing in them than my ordinary productions, I encourag'd myself to renew my old acquaintance with Lucretius and Virgil; and immediately fix'd upon some parts of them, which had most affected me in the reading. These were my natural Impulses for the undertaking. But there was an accidental motive which was full as forcible, and God forgive him who was the occasion of it. It was my Lord Roscommon's Essay on Translated Verse, which made me uneasy till I tried whether or no I was capable of following his Rules, and of reducing the speculation into practice. For many a fair Precept in Poetry is like a seeming Demonstration in the Mathematicks, very specious in the Diagram, but failing in the Mechanick Operation. I think I have generally observ'd his instructions; I am sure my reason is sufficiently convinc'd both of their truth and usefulness; which, in other words, is to confess no less a vanity, than to pretend that I have at least in some places made Examples to his Rules. Yet withall, I must acknowledge, that I have many times exceeded my Commission; for I have both added and omitted, and even sometimes very boldly made such expositions of my Authors, as no Dutch Commentator will forgive me. Perhaps, in such particular passages, I have thought that I discover'd some beauty yet undiscovered by those Pedants, which none but a Poet could have found. Where I have taken away some of their Expressions, and cut them shorter, it may possibly be on this consideration, that what was beautiful in the Greek or Latin, would not appear so shining in the English; and where I have enlarg'd them, I desire the false Critics would not always think that those thoughts are wholly mine, but that either they are secretly in the Poet, or may be fairly deduc'd from him; or at least, if both those considerations should fail, that my own is of a piece with his, and that if he were living, and an Englishman, they 30 are such as he wou'd probably have writt'n.

For, after all, a Translator is to make his Author appear as charming as possibly he can, provided he maintains his Character, and makes him not unlike himself. Translation is a kind of Drawing after the Life, where every one will acknowledge there is a double sort of likeness, a good one and a bad. 'Tis one thing to draw the Out-lines true, the Features like the Proportions exact, the Colouring it self perhaps tolerable, and another thing to make all these graceful, by the posture, the shadowings, and chiefly by the Spirit which animates the whole. I cannot, without some indignation, look on an ill Copy of an excellent Original. Much less can I behold with patience Virgil, Homer, and some others, whose beauties I have been endeavouring all my Life to imitate, so abused, as I may say, to their Faces, by a botching 40 Interpreter. What English Readers, unacquainted with Greek or Latin, will believe me, or any other Man, when we commend those Authors, and confess we derive all that is pardonable in us from their Fountains, if they take those to be the same Poets, whom our Ogleby's have Translated? But I dare assure them, that a good Poet is no more like himself, in a dull Translation, than his Carcass would be to his living Body. There are many, who understand

Greek and Latin, and yet are ignorant of their Mother Tongue. The proprieties and delicacies of the English are known to few : 'tis impossible even for a good Wit to understand and practise them, without the help of a liberal Education, long Reading, and digesting of those few good Authors we have amongst us, the knowledge of Men and Manners, the freedom of habitudes and conversation with the best company of both Sexes ; and, in short, without wearing off the rust which he contracted, while he was laying in a stock of Learning. Thus difficult it is to understand the purity of English, and critically to discern not only good Writers from bad, and a proper stile from a corrupt, but also to distinguish that which is pure in a good Author, from that which is vicious and corrupt in him. And for want of all these requisites, or the  
 10 greatest part of them, most of our ingenious young Men take up some cry'd up English Poet for their Model, adore him, and imitate him, as they think, without knowing wherein he is defective, where he is Boyish and trifling, wherein either his thoughts are improper to his Subjects, or his Expressions unworthy of his Thoughts, or the turn of both is unharmonious.

Thus it appears necessary that a Man shou'd be a nice Critick in his Mother Tongue, before he attempts to Translate a foreign Language. Neither is it sufficient, that he be able to judge of Words and Stile ; but he must be a Master of them too : He must perfectly understand his Authors Tongue, and absolutely command his own : So that, to be a thorow Translator, he must be a thorow Poet. Neither is it enough to give his Authors sence in good English, in Poetical expressions, and in Musical numbers ; For, though all these are exceeding difficult  
 20 to perform, there yet remains a harder task ; and 'tis a secret of which few Translators have sufficiently thought. I have already hinted a word or two concerning it ; that is, the maintaining the Character of an Author, which distinguishes him from all others, and makes him appear that individual Poet, whom you wou'd interpret. For example, not only the thoughts, but the Style and Versification of Virgil and Ovid, are very different : Yet I see, even in our best Poets, who have Translated some parts of them, that they have confounded their several Talents ; and, by endeavouring only at the sweetness and harmony of Numbers, have made them both so much alike, that if I did not know the Originals, I should never be able to Judge by the Copies, which was Virgil, and which was Ovid. It was objected against a late noble Painter, that he drew many graceful Pictures, but few of them were like. And this happen'd to him, because  
 30 he always studied himself, more than those who sat to him. In such Translators I can easily distinguish the hand which performed the Work, but I cannot distinguish their Poet from another. Suppose two Authors are equally sweet, yet there is as great distinction to be made in sweetness, as in that of Sugar, and that of Honey. I can make the difference more plain, by giving you (if it be worth knowing) my own method of proceeding, in my Translations out of four several Poets in this volume—Virgil, Theocritus, Lucretius, and Horace. In each of these, before I undertook them, I consider'd the Genius and distinguishing Character of my Author. I looked on Virgil, as a succinct and grave Majestick writer ; one who weigh'd not only every thought, but every Word and Syllable : who was still aiming to crowd his sence into as narrow a compass as possibly he cou'd ; for which reason he is so very Figurative,  
 40 that he requires (I may almost say) a Grammar apart to construe him. His Verse is every where sounding the very thing in your Ears, whose sence it bears : yet the Numbers are perpetually varied, to increase the delight of the Reader ; so that the same sounds are never repeated twice together. On the contrary, Ovid and Claudian, though they Write in Styles differing from each other, yet have each of them but one sort of Musick in their Verses. All the versification and little variety of Claudian is included within the compass of four or five Lines, and then he begins again in the same tenour ; perpetually closing his sence at the end of a Verse, and that Verse commonly which they call golden, or two Substantives and two Adjectives, with a Verb betwixt them to keep the peace. Ovid with all his sweetness, has as little variety of Numbers and sound as he : He is always, as it were, upon the Hand-gallop, and his Verse  
 50 runs upon Carpet ground. He avoids, like the other, all Synalæpha's, or cutting off one Vowel when it comes before another, in the following word : So that minding only smoothness, he

wants both Variety and Majesty. But to return to Virgil: though he is smooth where smoothness is requir'd, yet he is so far from affecting it, that he seems rather to disdain it; frequently makes use of Synalæpha's, and concludes his sence in the middle of his Verse. He is every where above conceits of Epigrammatick Wit, and gross Hyperboles: He maintains Majesty in the midst of plainness; he shines, but glares not; and is stately without ambition, which is the vice of Lucan. I drew my definition of Poetical Wit from my particular consideration of him: For propriety of thoughts and words are only to be found in him; and, where they are proper, they will be delightful. Pleasure follows of necessity, as the effect does the cause; and therefore is not to be put into the definition. This exact propriety of Virgil I particularly regarded, as a great part of his Character; but must confess to my shame, that I have not been able to Translate any part of him so well, as to make him appear wholly like himself. For where the Original is close, no Version can reach it in the same compass. Hannibal Caro's, in the Italian, is the nearest, the most Poetical, and the most Sonorous of any Translation of the *Aeneids*: yet, though he takes the advantage of blank Verse, he commonly allows two lines for one of Virgil, and does not always hit his sence. Tasso tells us, in his Letters, that Sperone Speroni, a great Italian Wit, who was his Contemporary, observed of Virgil and Tully; that the Latin Orator endeavour'd to imitate the Copiousness of Homer, the Greek poet; and that the Latine Poet made it his business to reach the conciseness of Demosthenes, the Greek Orator. Virgil therefore, being so very sparing of his words, and leaving so much to be imagined by the Reader, can never be translated as he ought, in any modern Tongue. To make him Copious, is to alter his Character; and to Translate him Line for Line is impossible; because the Latin is naturally a more succinct Language than either the Italian, Spanish, French, or even than the English (which, by reason of its Monosyllables, is far the most compendious of them.) Virgil is much the closest of any Roman Poet, and the Latin Hexameter has more Feet than the English Heroick.

Besides all this, an Author has the choice of his own thoughts and words, which a Translator has not; he is confin'd by the sence of the Inventor to those expressions which are the nearest to it: So that Virgil, studying brevity, and having the command of his own Language, could bring those words into a narrow compass, which a Translator cannot render without Circumlocutions. In short, they, who have call'd him the torture of Grammarians, might also have called him the plague of Translators; for he seems to have studied not to be Translated. I own that, endeavouring to turn his Nisus and Euryalus as close as I was able, I have performed that Episode too literally; that, giving more scope to Mezentius and Lausus, that Version, which has more of the Majesty of Virgil, has less of his conciseness; and all that I can promise for myself is only that I have done both better than Ogleby, and perhaps as well as Caro. So that, methinks, I come like a Malefactor, to make a Speech upon the Gallows, and to warn all other Poets, by my sad example, from the Sacrilege of Translating Virgil. Yet, by considering him so carefully as I did before my attempt, I have made some fair resemblance of him; and, had I taken more time, might possibly have succeeded better; but never so well, as to have satisfied myself.

He who excels all other Poets in his own Language, were it possible to do him right, must appear above them in our Tongue; which, as my Lord Roscommon justly observes, approaches nearest to the Roman in its Majesty: Nearest indeed, but with a vast interval betwixt them. There is an inimitable grace in Virgil's words, and in them principally consists that beauty which gives so unexpressible a pleasure to him who best understands their force. This Diction of his, I must once again say, is never to be Copied; and, since it cannot, he will appear but lame in the best Translation. The turns of his Verse, his breakings, his propriety, his numbers, and his gravity, I have as far imitated as the poggery of our Language and the Fastness of my performance wou'd allow. I may seem sometimes to have varied from his sence; but I think the greatest variations may be fairly deduc'd from him; and where I leave his Commentators, it may be I understand him better: At least I Writ without consulting them in many places. But two particular lines in Mezentius and Lausus I cannot so easily excuse; they are indeed remotely allied to Virgil's sence; but they are too like the trifling tenderness of Ovid

and were printed before I had consider'd them enough to alter them : The first of them I have forgotten, and cannot easily retrieve, because the Copy is at the Press : the second is this ;

When Lausus dy'd, I was already slain.

This appears pretty enough at first sight ; but I am convinc'd for many reasons, that the expression is too bold ; that Virgil wou'd not have said it, though Ovid wou'd. The Reader may pardon it, if he please, for the freeness of the confession ; and instead of that, and the former, admit these two Lines, which are more according to the Author :

Nor ask I Life, nor fought with that design ;

As I had us'd my Fortune, use thou thine.

- 10 Having with much ado got clear of Virgil, I have, in the next place, to consider the genius of Lucretius, whom I have translated more happily in those parts of him which I undertook. If he was not of the best age of Roman Poetry, he was at least of that which preceded it ; and he himself refin'd it to that degree of perfection, both in the Language and the thoughts, that he left an easy task to Virgil ; who as he succeeded him in time, so he Copy'd his excellencies : for the method of the Georgicks is plainly deriv'd from him. Lucretius had chosen a Subject naturally crabbed ; he therefore adorn'd it with Poetical descriptions, and Precepts of Morality, in the beginning and ending of his Books. Which you see Virgil has imitated with great success, in those four Books, which in my opinion, are more perfect in their kind than even his Divine *Æneids*. The turn of his Verse he has likewise follow'd, in those places which
- 20 Lucretius has most labour'd, and some of his very lines he has transplanted into his own Works, without much variation. If I am not mistaken, the distinguishing Character of Lucretius (I mean of his Soul and Genius) is a certain kind of noble pride, and positive assertion of his Opinions. He is every where confident of his own reason, and assuming an absolute command, not only over his vulgar Reader, but even his Patron Memmius. For he is always bidding him attend, as if he had the Rod over him, and using a Magisterial authority, while he instructs him. From his time to ours, I know none so like him as our Poet and Philosopher of Malmsbury. This is that perpetual Dictatorship, which is exercis'd by Lucretius ; who, though often in the wrong, yet seems to deal *bonâ fide* with his Reader, and tells him nothing but what he thinks : in which plain sincerity,
- 30 I believe, he differs from our Hobbs, who cou'd not but be convinc'd, or at least doubt of some eternal Truths, which he has oppos'd. But for Lucretius, he seems to disdain all manner of Replies, and is so confident of his cause, that he is beforehand with his Antagonists ; Urging for them whatever he imagin'd they cou'd say, and leaving them, as he supposes, without an objection for the future ; all this too, with so much scorn and indignation, as if he were assur'd of the Triumph, before he entered into the lists. From this sublime and daring Genius of his, it must of necessity come to pass, that his thoughts must be Masculine, full of argumentation, and that sufficiently warm. From the same fiery temper proceeds the loftiness of his Expressions, and the perpetual torrent of his Verse, where the barrenness of his Subject does not too much constrain the quickness of his Fancy. For there is no doubt to be made, but that
- 40 he cou'd have been every where as Poetical, as he is in his Descriptions, and in the Moral part of his Philosophy, if he had not aim'd more to instruct, in his Systeme of Nature, than to delight. But he was bent upon making Memmius a Materialist, and teaching him to defy an invisible power : In short, he was so much an Atheist, that he forgot sometimes to be a Poet. These are the considerations which I had of that Author, before I attempted to translate some parts of him. And accordingly I lay'd by my natural Diffidence and Scepticism for a while, to take up that Dogmatical way of his, which, as I said, is so much his Character, as to make him that individual Poet. As for his Opinions concerning the mortality of the Soul, they are so absurd, that I cannot, if I wou'd, believe them. I think a future state demonstrable even by natural Arguments ; at least, to take away rewards and punishments, is only a pleasing
- 50 prospect to a Man, who resolves beforehand not to live morally. But on the other side, the thought of being nothing after death is a burthen unsupportable to a virtuous Man, even though

a *Heathen*. We naturally aim at happiness, and cannot bear to have it confin'd to the shortness of our present Being, especially when we consider, that virtue is generally unhappy in this World and vice fortunate : so that 'tis hope of Futurity alone that makes this Life tolerable, in expectation of a better. Who wou'd not commit all the excesses, to which he is prompt'd by his natural inclinations, if he may do them with security while he is alive, and be incapable of punishment after he is dead ! if he be cunning and secret enough to avoid the Laws, there is no band of morality to restrain him : for Fame and Reputation are weak ties : many men have not the least sence of them : Powerful men are only aw'd by them, as they conduce to their interest, and that not always, when a passion is predominant : and no Man will be contain'd within the bounds of duty, when he may safely transgress them. These are my thoughts abstractedly, and without entering into the Notions of our Christian Faith, which is the proper business of Divines.

But there are other Arguments in this Poem (which I have turned into English) not belonging to the Mortality of the Soul, which are strong enough to a reasonable Man, to make him less in love with Life, and consequently in less apprehensions of Death. Such as are the natural Satiety proceeding from a perpetual enjoyment of the same things ; the inconveniences of old age, which make him incapable of corporeal pleasures ; the decay of understanding and memory, which render him contemptible, and useless to others. These, and many other reasons, so pathetically urged, so beautifully express'd, so adorn'd with examples, and so admirably rais'd by the Prosopopeia of Nature, who is brought in speaking to her Children, with so much authority and vigour, deserve the pains I have taken with them, which I hope have not been unsuccessful, or unworthy of my Author. At least I must take the liberty to own, that I was pleas'd with my own endeavours, which but rarely happens to me ; and that I am not dissatisfied upon the review of any thing I have done in this Author.

'Tis true, there is something, and that of some moment, to be objected against my Englishing the Nature of Love, from the fourth book of Lucretius ; and I can less easily answer why I Translated it, than why I thus Translated it. The Objection arises from the Obscenity of the Subject ; which is aggravated by the too lively and alluring delicacy of the Verses. In the first place, without the least Formality of an excuse, I own it pleas'd me : and let my enemies make the worst they can of this Confession : I am not yet so secure from that passion, but that I want my Authors Antidotes against it. He has given the truest and most Philosophical account both of the Disease and Remedy, which I ever found in any Author : For which reasons I Translated him. But it will be ask'd why I turned him into this luscious English, (for I will not give it a worse word :) Instead of an answer, I wou'd ask again of my Supercilious Adversaries, whether I am not bound, when I translate an author, to do him all the right I can, and to Translate him to the best advantage ? If, to vince his meaning, which I am satisf'd was honest and instructive, I had either omitted some part of what he said, or taken from the strength of his expression, I certainly had wrong'd him ; and that freeness of thought and words being thus easie'd in my hands, he had no longer been Lucretius. If nothing of this kind be to be read, Physicians must not study nature, Anatomies must not be seen, and somewhat I cou'd say of particular passages in Books, which, to avoid prophaneness, I do not name. But the intention qualifies the act ; and both mine and my Authors were to instruct as well as please. 'Tis most certain that barefac'd Bawdery is the poorest pretence to wit imaginable : If I shou'd say otherwise, I should have two great authorities against me : The one is the Essay on Poetry, which I publicly calu'd before I knew the Author of it, and with the commendation of which my Lord Roscommon so happily begins his Essay on Translated Verse : The other is no less than our admir'd Cowley, who says the same thing in other words : For in his Ode concerning Wit, he writes thus of it :

Much less can that have any place,  
At which a Virgin hides her Face :  
Such dross the fire must purge away ; 'tis just  
The Author blush, there, where the Reader must.



Here indeed Mr. Cowley goes farther than the Essay: for he asserts plainly, that obscenity has no place in Wit: the other only says, 'tis a poor pretence to it, or an ill sort of Wit, which has nothing more to support it than bare-faced Ribaldry; which is both unwarrantable in it self, and fulsome to the Reader. But neither of these will reach my case: For in the first place, I am only the Translatour, not the Inventor; so that the earliest part of the censure falls upon Lucretius, before it reaches me; in the next place, neither he nor I have us'd the grossest words, but the cleanliest Metaphors we cou'd find, to palliate the broadness of the meaning; and, to conclude, have carried the Poetical part no farther, than the philosophical exacted. There is one mistake of mine which I will not lay to the Printer's charge, who has enough to answer for in false pointings: 'tis in the word Viper: I wou'd have the verse run thus,

The Scorpion, Love, must on the wound be bruise'd.

There are a sort of blundering half-witted people, who make a great deal of noise about a Verbal slip; though Horace wou'd instruct them better in true criticism: Non ego paucis Offendor maculis, quas aut incuria fudit, Aut humana parum cavit natura. True judgment in Poetry, like that in Painting, takes a view of the whole together, whether it be good or not; and where the beauties are more than the Faults, concludes for the Poet against the little Judge; 'tis a sign that malice is hard drinken, when 'tis forc'd to lay hold on a Word or Syllable; to arraign a Man is one thing, and to cowl at him is another. In the midst of an ill natur'd Generation of Scriblers, there is always justice enough left in Man's mind to protect good Writers: And they too are oblig'd, both by humanity and interest, to espouse each other's cause against false Criticks, who are the common Enemies. This last consideration puts me in mind of what I owe to the Ingenious and Learned Translatour of Lucretius; I have not here design'd to rob him of any part of that commendation, which he has so justly acquir'd by the whole Author, whose Fragments only fall to my Portion. What I have now perform'd, is no more than I intended above twenty years ago: The ways of our Translation are very different; he follows him more closely than I have done, which became an Interpreter of the whole Poem: I take more liberty, because it best suited with my design, which was to make him as pleasing as I could. He had been too voluminous, had he us'd my method, in so long a work; and I had certainly taken his, had I made it my business to Translate the whole. The preference then is justly his: and I join with Mr. Evelyn in the confession of it, with this additional advantage to him, that his Reputation is already establish'd in this Poet, mine is to make its Fortune in the World. If I have been any where obscure, in following our common Author, or if Lucretius himself is to be condemn'd, I refer my self to his excellent Annotations, which I have often read, and always with some new pleasure.

My Preface begins already to swell upon me, and looks as if I were afraid of my Reader, by so tedious a bespeaking of him: and yet I have Horace and Theocritus upon my Lands; but the Greek Gentleman shall quickly be dispatch'd, because I have more business with the Roman.

That which distinguishes Theocritus from all other Poets, both Greek and Latin, and which raises him even above Virgil in his Eclogues, is the inimitable tenderness of his passions, and the natural expression of them in words so becoming of a Pastoral. A simplicity shires through all he writes: he shows his Art and Learning by disguising both. His Shepherds never rise above their Country Education in their complaints of Love: There is the same difference betwixt him and Virgil, as there is betwixt Tasso's Aminta and the Pastor Fido of Guarini. Virgil's Shepherds are too well read in the Philosophy of Epicurus and of Plato; and Guarini's seem to have been bred in Courts: but Theocritus and Tasso have taken theirs

9-12 There is one... bruise'd] This passage is omitted by some editors, who nevertheless do not make the correction of the text which it enjoins

from Collages and Plains. It was said of Tasso, in relation to his similitudes, *Ma esce del Bosco*: That he never departed from the Woods, that is, all his comparisons were taken from the Country. The same may be said of our Theocritus; he is softer than Ovid, he touches the passions more delicately, and performs all this out of his own Fond, without diving into the Arts and Sciences for a supply. Even his Dorick Dialect has an incomparable sweetness in its Clownishness, like a fair Shepherdess in her Country Russel, talking in a Yorkshire Tone. This was impossible for Virgil to imitate; because the severity of the Roman Language denied him that advantage. Spencer has endeavour'd it in his *Shepherds Calendar*; but neither will it succeed in English; for which reason I forebore to attempt it. For Theocritus writ to Sicilians, who spoke that Dialect; and I direct this part of my Translations to our Ladies, who neither understand nor will take pleasure in such homely expressions. I proceed to Horace.

Take him in parts, and he is chiefly to be consider'd in his three different Talents, as he was a Critick, a Satyrst, and a Writer of Odes. His Morals are uniform, and run through all of them; For let his Dutch Commentatours say what they will, his Philosophy was Epicurean; and he made use of Gods and providence only to serve a turn in Poetry. But since neither his Criticisms (which are the most instructive of any that are written in this Art) nor his Satyrs (which are incomparably beyond Juvenals, if to laugh and rally is to be preferr'd to railing and declaiming), are no part of my present undertaking, I confine my self wholly to his Odes. These are also of several sorts: some of them are Panegyricall, others Moral, 20 the rest Jovial, or (if I may so call them) Bacchanalian. As difficult as he makes it, and as indeed it is, to imitate Pindar, yet in his most elevated flights, and in the sudden changes of his Subject with almost imperceptible connexions, that Theban Poet is his Master. But Horace is of the more bounded Fancy, and confines himself strictly to one sort of Verse, or Stanca, in every Ode. That which will distinguish his Style from all other Poets, is the Elegance of his Words, and the numerousness of his Verse; there is nothing so delicately turn'd in all the Roman Language. There appears in every part of his diction, or, (to speak English) in all his Expressions, a kind of noble and bold Purity. His Words are chosen with as much exactness as Virgils; but there seems to be a greater Spirit in them. There is a secret Happiness attends his Choice, which in Petronius is called *Curiosa Felicitas*, and which I suppose he had from the *Felicitate audere* of Horace himself. But the most distinguishing part of all his Character seems to me to be his Briskness, his Jollity, and his good Humour: and those I have chiefly endeavour'd to Copy; his other Excellencies, I confess, are above my Imitation. One Ode, which infinitely pleas'd me in the reading, I have attempted to translate in Pindarique Verse: 'tis that which is inscrib'd to the present Earl of Rochester, to whom I have particular Obligations, which this small testimony of my gratitude can never pay. 'Tis his Darling in the Latine, and I have taken some pains to make it my Master-Piece in English: for which reason I took this kind of verse, which allows more Latitude than any other. Every one knows it was introduced into our Language, in this age, by the happy Genius of Mr. Cowley. The seeming easiness of it has made it spread; but it has not been considered enough, to be so 40 well cultivated. It languishes in almost every hand but his, and some very few, (whom to keep the rest in countenance) I do not name. He, indeed, has brought it as near Perfection as was possible in so short a time. But if I may be allowed to speak my Mind modestly, and without Injury to his sacred Ashes, somewhat of the Purity of the English, somewhat of more equal Thoughts, somewhat of sweetness in the Numbers, in one Word, somewhat of a finer turn and more Lyrical Verse is yet wanting. As for the Soul of it, which consists in the Warmth and Vigor of Fancy, the masterly Figures, and the copiousness of Imagination, he has excell'd all others in this kind. Yet, if the kind it self be capable of more Perfection, though rather in the Ornamental parts of it, than the Essential, what Rules

1 said of our Theocritus] said, of our Theocritus 1685.

2 Fond] Wantonly altered by most editors into Fund See N E D.

3 attempt it. For] attempt it, for 1685.

of Morality or respect have I broken, in naming the defects, that they may hereafter be amended? Imitation is a nice point, and there are few Poets who deserve to be Models in all they write: Milton's *Paradise Lost* is admirable; but am I therefore bound to maintain, that there are no flats amongst his Elevations, when 'tis evident he creeps along sometimes, for above an Hundred lines together? cannot I admire the height of his Invention, and the strength of his expression, without defending his antiquated words, and the perpetual harshness of their sound? 'Tis as much commendation as a Man can bear, to own him excellent; all beyond it is Idolatry. Since Pindar was the Prince of Lyrick Poets, let me have leave to say, that in imitating him, our numbers shou'd, for the most part, be Lyrick: For variety, or rather  
 10 where the Majesty of thought requires it, they may be stretch'd to the English Heroick of five Feet, and to the French Alexandrine of Six. But the ear must preside, and direct the Judgment to the choice of numbers: Without the nicety of this, the Harmony of Pindarick Verse can never be compleat: the cadency of one line must be a rule to that of the next; and the sound of the former must slide gently into that which follows; without leaping from one extream into another. It must be done like the shadowings of a Picture, which fall by degrees into a darker colour. I shall be glad, if I have so explain'd my self as to be understood; but if I have not, quod nequeo dicere, & sentio tantum, must be my excuse. There remains much more to be said on this subject; but, to avoid envy, I will be silent. What I have said is the general Opinion of the best Judges, and in a manner has been forc'd from me, by seeing  
 20 a noble sort of Poetry so happily restor'd by one Man, and so grossly copied by almost all the rest: A musical eare, and a great genius, if another Mr. Cowley cou'd arise, in another age may bring it to perfection. In the mean time,

— Fungar vice cotis, acutum  
 Reddere quæ ferrum valet, expers ipsa secandi.

I hope it will not be expected from me, that I shou'd say any thing of my fellow undertakers in this Miscellany. Some of them are too nearly related to me, to be commended without suspicion of partiality: Others I am sure need it not; and the rest I have not perus'd.

To conclude, I am sensible that I have written this too hastily and too loosely: I fear I have been tedious, and, which is worse, it comes out from the first draught, and uncorrected. This  
 30 I grant is no excuse; for it may be reasonably urg'd, why did he not write with more leisure, or, if he had it not (which was certainly my case), why did he attempt to write on so nice a subject? The objection is unanswerable; but in part of recompense, let me assure the Reader, that, in hasty productions, he is sure to meet with an Authors present sence, which cooler thoughts would possibly have disguis'd. There is undoubtedly more of spirit though not of judgment, in these uncorrect Essays, and consequently, though my hazard be the greater, yet the Readers pleasure is not the less.

John Dryden.

4 an Hundred] Most edd. give a hundred

24 expers ipsa secandi] Some edd. correct the quotation, printing exsors.

# TRANSLATIONS FROM THEOCRITUS.

## AMARYLLIS;

OR, THE THIRD IDYLLIUM OF THEOCRITUS, PARAPHRAS'D.

To *Amaryllis* Love compels my way,  
My browsing *Goats* upon the Mountains  
stray:

O *Tityrus*, tend them well, and see them fed }  
In Pastures fresh, and to their wat'ringled; }  
And 'ware the Ridgling with his butting }  
head.

Ah, beauteous Nymph, can you forget your  
Love,

The conscious *Grottoes*, and the shady Grove;  
Where stretcht at ease your tender Limbs  
were laid,

Your nameless Beauties nakedly display'd?  
Then I was call'd your darling, your  
desire,

With Kisses such as set my Soul on fire:  
But you are chang'd, yet I am still the  
same;

My heart maintains for both a double Flame;  
Griev'd, but unmov'd, and patient of your  
scorn:

So faithfull I, and you so much forsworn!  
I dye, and Death will finish all my pain;  
Yet e'er I dye, behold me once again:  
Am I so much deform'd, so chang'd of late?  
What partial Judges are our Love and Hate!  
Ten Wildings have I gather'd for my Dear;  
How ruddy like your Lips their streaks  
appear!

Far off you view'd them with a longing Eye  
Upon the topmost branch (the Tree was  
high;)

Yet nimbly up, from bough to bough I  
swerv'd,

And for to Morrow have Ten more reserv'd.  
Look on me Kindly, and some pity shew,  
Or give me leave at least to look on you.  
Some God transform me by his Heavenly  
pow'r

Ev'n to a *Bee* to buzz within your Bow'r,

The winding Ivy-chaplet to invade, 30  
And folded Fern, that your fair Forehead  
shade.

Now to my cost the force of Love I find;  
The heavy hand he bears on humane kind.  
The Milk of *Tygers* was his Infant food,  
Taught from his tender years the tast of  
blood;

His Brother whelps and he ran wild about  
the wood.

Ah nymph, train'd up in his Tyrannick  
Court,

To make the suff'rings of your Slaves your  
sport!

Unheeded Ruine! treacherous delight!  
O polish'd hardness, soften'd to the sight! 40  
Whose radiant Eyes your Ebon Brows adorn,  
Like *Midnight* those, and these like break  
of Morn!

Smile once again, revive me with your  
Charms:

And let me dye contented in your Arms.  
I would not ask to live another Day,  
Might I but sweetly Kiss my Soul away.  
Ah, why am I from empty Joys debarr'd?  
For Kisses are but empty, when Compar'd!  
I rave, and in my raging fit shall tear

The Garland which I wove for you to wear,  
Of Parsley with a wreath of Ivy bound, 51  
And border'd with a Rosie edging round.

What pangs I feel, unpity'd and unheard!  
Since I must dye, why is my Fate deferr'd!  
I strip my Body of my Shepherds Frock:  
Behold that dreadfull downfall of a Rock,  
Where yon old *Fisher* views the Waves from  
high!

'Tis that Convenient leap I mean to try.  
You would be pleas'd to see me plunge to  
shoar,

But better pleas'd if I should rise no more. 60  
I might have read my Fortune long agoe,  
When, seeking my success in Love to know,  
I try'd th' infallible Prophetique way,  
A Poppy leaf upon my palm to lay;

AMARYLLIS. Text from the original edition of  
1692.

5 'ware] w'are 1692.  
butting] The editors absurdly give budding

I struck, and yet no lucky crack did follow,  
Yet I struck hard, and yet the leaf lay hollow.

And, which was worse, if any worse cou'd prove,

The withering leaf foreshew'd your withering Love.

Yet farther (Ah, how far a Lover dares !)

My last recourse I had to Seive and Sheeres ;

And told the Witch *Agreo* my disease, 71

(*Agreo*, that in Harvest us'd to lease ;

But Harvest done, to Chare-work did aspire :  
Meat, drink, and Two-pence was her daily hire ;)

To work she went, her Charms she mutter'd o'er,

And yet the resty Seive wagg'd ne'er the more ;

I wept for Woe, the testy Beldame swore,  
And foaming with her God, foretold my Fate ;

That I was doom'd to Love, and you to Hate.

A milk-white Goat for you I did provide ;

Two milk-white Kids run frisking by her side, 81

For which the Nut-brown Lass, *Eritheis*,

Full often offer'd many a savoury Kiss.

Hers they shall be, since you refuse the price,  
What madman would o'erstand his Market twice !

My right Eye itches, some good-luck is near,

Perhaps my *Amaryllis* may appear :

I'll set up such a Note as she shall hear.)

What Nymph but my melodious Voice would move ?

She must be Flint, if she refuse my Love. 90

*Hippomenes*, who ran with Noble strife

To win his Lady, or to lose his Life,

(What shift some men will make to get a Wife !)

Threw down a Golden Apple in her way ;

For all her haste she could not chuse but stay :

Renown said run ; the glitt'ring Bribe cry'd hold ;

The Man might have been hang'd, but for his Gold.

Yet some suppose 'twas Love (some few indeed.)

That stopt the fatal fury of her Speed :

She saw, she sigh'd ; her nimble Feet refuse 100

Their wonted Speed, and she took pains to lose.

A Prophet some, and some a Poet cry,

(No matter which, so neither of them lye)

From steepy *Oilyrs* top to *Pylus* drove

His herd ; and for his pains enjoy'd his Love :

If such another Wager shou'd be laid,

I'll find the Man, if you can find the Maid.

Why name I Men, When Love extended finds

His pow'r on high, and in Celestial Minds ?

*Venus* the Shepherd's homely habit took.

And manag'd something else besides the Crook ; 111

Nay, when *Adonis* dy'd, was heard to roar,

And never from her heart forgave the Boar.

How blest is fair *Erdymen* with his Moon.

Who sleeps on *Latmos* top from Night to Noon !

What *Jason* from *Meæa*'s Love possess,

You shall not hear, but know 'tis like the rest.

My aking Head can scarce support the pain ;

This cursed Love will surely turn my Brain :  
Feel how it shoots, and yet you take no

Pity, 120

Nay then 'tis time to end my doleful Ditty

A clammy Sweat does o'er my Temples creep ;

My heavy Eyes are urg'd with Iron sleep :

I lay me down to gasp my latest Breath,

The Wolves will get a Breakfast by my Death ;

Yet scarce enough their hunger to supply,  
For Love has made me Carrion e'er I dye.

THE EPITHALAMIUM OF HELEN AND MENELAUS.

FROM THE EIGHTEENTH IDYLLIUM OF THEOCRITUS.

<p>TWELVE <i>Spartan</i> Virgins, noble, young, and fair,          With Violet wreaths adorn'd their flowing hair;          And to the pompous Palace did resort,          Where <i>Menelaus</i> kept his Royal Court.          There hand in hand a comely Quire they led;          To sing a blessing to his Nuptial Bed,          With curious Needles wrought, and painted          Flow'rs bespread.  <i>Jove's</i> beauteous Daughter now his Bride          must be,          And <i>Jove</i> himself was less a God than he:          For this their artful hands instruct the Lute          to sound, 10          Their feet assist their hands, and justly          beat the ground.          This was their Song: Why, happy Bride-          groom, why,          E're yet the Stars are kindl'd in the Skie,          E're twilight shades, or Ev'ning dews are          shed,          Why dost thou steal so soon away to Bed?          Has <i>Somnus</i> brush'd thy Eye-lids with his          Rod,          Or do thy Legs refuse to bear their Load          With flowing bowles of a more generous          God?          If gentle Slumber on thy Temples creep,          (But naughty Man thou dost not mean to          sleep) 20          Betake thee to thy Bed, thou drowzy Drone,          Sleep by thy self, and leave thy Bride alone:          Go, leave her with her Maiden Mates to play          At sports more harmless, till the break of          day:          Give us this Evening: thou hast Morn and          Night,          And all the year before thee, for delight.          O happy Youth! to thee, among the crowd          Of Rival Princes, <i>Cupid</i> sneez'd aloud;          And every lucky <i>Omen</i> sent before, 29          To meet thee landing on the <i>Spartan</i> shore.          Of all our <i>Heroes</i> thou canst boast alone,          That <i>Jove</i>, when e're he Thunders, calls          thee Son.</p>	<p>Betwixt two Sheets thou shalt enjoy her          bare,          With whom no <i>Grecian</i> Virgin can compare          So soft, so sweet, so balmy, and so fair.          A Boy like thee would make a Kingly line:          But oh, a Girl like her must be divine.          Her equals we, in years, but not in face,          Twelve score <i>Virago's</i> of the <i>Spartan</i> Race,          While naked to <i>Eurota's</i> banks we bend,          And there in manly exercise contend, 41          When she appears, are all eclips'd and lost,          And hide the beauties that we made our          boast.          So, when the Night and Winter disappear,          The Purple morning, rising with the year,          Salutes the spring, as her Celestial eyes          Adorn the World, and brighten all the Skies:          So beauteous <i>Helen</i> shines among the rest,          Tall, slender, straight, with all the Graces          blest.          As Pines the Mountams, or as Fields the          Corn, 50          Or as <i>Thessalian</i> Steeds the Race adorn;          So Rosie colour'd <i>Helen</i> is the pride          Of <i>Lacedemon</i>, and of <i>Greece</i> beside.          Like her no Nymph can willing <i>Ozyers</i> bend          In basket-works, which painted streaks          commend:          With <i>Pallas</i> in the Looms she may contend.          But none, ah! none can animate the Lyre,          And the mute strings with Vocal Souls          inspire:          Whether the Learn'd <i>Mimera</i> be her Theam,          Or chaste <i>Diana</i> bathing in the Stream; 60          None can record their Heavenly praise so          well          As <i>Helen</i>, in whose eyes ten thousand  <i>Cupids</i> dwell.          O fair, O Graceful! yet with Maids introll'd,          But whom to morrow's Sun a Matron shall          behold!          Yet e're to morrow's Sun shall show his          head,          The dewy paths of meadows we will tread          For Crowns and Chaplets to adorn thy          head.</p>
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EPITHALAMIUM OF HELEN AND MENELAUS  
 Text from the original of 1685 except as noted.

36 Boy like thee] Boy, like thee, 1685.  
 40 *Eurota's*] *Eurotas'* would be more accurate.

<p>Where all shall weep, and wish for thy return, As bleating Lambs their absent Mother mourn. Our Noblest Maids shall to thy Name bequeath The boughs of <i>Lotos</i>, form'd into a wreath. This Monument, thy Maiden beauties due, High on a Plane tree shall be hung to view: On the smooth rind the Passenger shall see Thy Name engrav'd, and worship <i>Helen's</i> Tree: Balm, from a Silver box distill'd around Shall all bedew the roots, and scent the sacred ground. The balm, 'tis true, can aged Plants prolong, But <i>Helen's</i> name will keep it ever young. Hail Bride, hail Bridegroom, son in Law to <i>Jove</i>! With fruitful joys <i>Lalona</i> bless your Love!</p>	<p>Let <i>Venus</i> furnish you with full desires, Add vigour to your wills, and fuel to your fires! Almighty <i>Jove</i> augment your wealthy store, Give much to you, and to his Grandsons more! From generous Loyns a generous Race will spring, Each Girl, like her, a Queen; each Boy, like you, a King. Now sleep if sleep you can; but while you rest, Sleep close, with fold'd arms, and breast to breast: Rise in the morn; but oh before you rise, go Forget not to perform your morning Sacrifice. We will be with you e're the crowing Cock Salute the light, and struts before his feather'd Flock. <i>Hymen</i>, oh <i>Hymen</i>, to thy Triumphs run, And view the mighty spoils thou hast in Battle won.</p>
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## THE DESPAIRING LOVER,

FROM THE TWENTY-THIRD IDYLLIUM OF THEOCRITUS.

<p>With inauspicious love, a wretched Swain Pursu'd the fairest Nymph of all the Plain; Fairest indeed, but prouder far than fair, She plung'd him hopeless in a deep despair: Her heav'nly form too haughtily she priz'd, His person hated, and his Gifts despis'd; Nor knew the force of <i>Cupid's</i> cruel darts, Nor fear'd his awful power on human hearts; But either from her hopeless Lover fled, Or with disdainful glances shot him dead. 10 No kiss, no look, to cheer the drooping Boy; No word she spoke, she scorn'd ev'n to deny. But, as a hunted Panther casts about Her glaring eyes, and pricks her list'ning ears to scout, So she, to shun his Toys, her cares employ'd, And fiercely in her savage freedom joy'd. Her mouth she with'd, her forehead taught to frown, Her eyes to sparkle fires to Love unknown:</p>	<p>Her sallow Checks her envious mind did show, And every feature spoke aloud the curstness of a Shrew. 20 Yet cou'd not he his obvious Fate escape; His love still drest her in a pleasing shape; And every sullen frown, and bitter scorn, But fann'd the fuel that too fast did burn. Long time, unequal to his mighty pain, He strove to curb it, but he strove in vain: At last his woes broke out, and begg'd relief With tears, the dumb petitioners of grief: With Tears so tender, as adorn'd his Love, And any heart, but only hers, wou'd move. 30 Trembling before her bolted doors he stood, And there pour'd out th' unprofitable flood: Staring his eyes, and haggard was his look; Then, kissing first the threshold, thus he spoke. Ah Nymph more cruel than of humane Race, Thy Tygress heart belies thy Angel Face:</p>
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THE DESPAIRING LOVER. Text from the  
original of 1644.

- Too well thou show'st thy Pedigree from  
Stone :
- Thy Grandames was the first by *Pyrrha*  
thrown :
- Unworthy thou to be so long desir'd ;  
But so my Love, and so my Fate requir'd. 40  
I beg not now (for 'tis in vain) to live ;  
But take this gift, the last that I can give  
This friendly Cord shall soon decide the  
strife
- Betwixt my long'ring Love and loathsome  
life :
- This moment puts an end to all my pain ;  
I shall no more despair, nor thou disdain.  
Farewel, ungrateful and unkind ! I go  
Condemn'd by thee to those sad shades  
below.
- I go th' extreamest remedy to prove,  
To drink Oblivion, and to drench my Love :  
There happily to lose my long desires : 51  
But ah, what draught so deep to quench my  
Fires ?
- Farewell, ye never-opening Gates, ye Stones,  
And Threshold guilty of my Midnight Moans :  
What I have suffer'd here ye know too well ;  
What I shall do the gods and I can tell.  
The Rose is fragrant, but it fades in time :  
The Violet sweet, but quickly past the prime ;  
White Lillies hang their heads, and soon  
decay,
- And whiter Snow in minutes melts away : 60  
Such is your blooming youth, and withering  
so :
- The time will come, it will, when you shall  
know
- The rage of Love ; your haughty heart  
shall burn
- In Flames like mine, and meet a like return.  
Obdurate as you are, oh ! hear at least  
My dying prayers, and grant my last request.  
When first you ope your doors, and, passing  
by,
- The sad ill Omend Object meets your Eye,  
Think it not lost, a moment if you stay ;  
The breathless wretch, so made by you,  
survey : 70
- Some cruel pleasure will from thence arise,  
To view the mighty ravage of your Eyes.  
I wish (but oh ! my wish is vain I fear)  
The kind Oblation of a falling Tear :  
Then loose the knot, and take me from the  
place,
- And spread your Mantle o'er my grisly Face ;
- Upon my livid Lips bestow a kiss  
O envy not the dead, they feel not bliss !  
Nor fear your kisses can restore my breath ;  
E'en you are not more pittiless than death.  
Then for my Corps a homely Grave provide,  
Which Love and me from publick Scorn  
may hide, 82
- Thrice call upon my Name, thrice beat your  
Breast,  
And hayl me thrice to everlasting rest :  
Lastlet my Tomb thissad Inscription bear :  
A wretch whom Love has kill'd lies buried  
here ;
- Oh, Passengers, *Aminas* Eyes beware.  
Thus having said, and furious with his  
Love,  
He heav'd with more than humane force to  
move
- A weighty Stone (the labour of a Team) 90  
And rais'd from thence he reach'd the  
Neighbouring Beam :
- Around its bulk a sliding knot he throws,  
And fitted to his Neck the fatal noose :  
Then spurning backward, took a swing, 'till  
death
- Crept up, and stopp'd the passage of his  
Breath.
- The bounce burst ope the door ; the Scorn-  
ful Fair
- Relentless lookt, and saw him beat his  
quivering feet in Air,  
Nor wept his fate, nor cast a pitying eye,  
Nor took him down, but brusht regardless  
by :
- And, as she pass'd, her chance or fate was  
such, 100
- Her Garments toucht the dead, polluted by  
the touch.
- Next to the dance, thence to the Bath did  
move ;
- The bath was sacred to the God of Love ;  
Whose injur'd Image, with a wrathful Eye,  
Stood threatening from a Pedestal on high :  
Nodding a while, and watchful of his blow,  
He fell ; and falling crusht th' ungrateful  
Nymph below :
- Her gushing Blood the Pavement all  
besmeard ;
- And this her last expiring Voice was heard ;  
Lovers, farewell, revenge has reacht my  
scorn ; 110
- Thus warn'd, be wise, and love for love  
return.



# TRANSLATIONS FROM LUCRETIIUS.

## LUCRETIIUS

### THE BEGINNING OF THE FIRST BOOK.

Delight of Humane kind, and Gods above, Parent of <i>Rome</i> ; Propitious Queen of Love, Whose vital pow'r, Air, Earth, and Sea supplies, And breeds what e'r is born beneath the rowling Skies : For every kind, by thy prolifque might, Springs, and beholds the Regions of the light. Thee, Goddess, thee the clouds and tem- pests fear, And at thy pleasing presence disappear : For thee the Land in fragrant Flow'rs is drest ; For thee the Ocean smiles, and smooths her wavy breast ; And Heav'n it self with more serene and purer light is blest. For when the rising Spring adorns the Mead, And a new Scene of Nature stands display'd, When teeming Budds, and chearful greens appear, And Western gales unlock the lazy year : The joyous Birds thy welcome first express ; Whose native Songs thy genial fire confess ; Then salvage Beasts bound o're their sighted food, Strook with thy darts, and tempt the raging flood. All Nature is thy Gift ; Earth, Air, ) and Sea : Of all that breaths, the various progeny, Stung with delight, is goaded on by thee. O're barren Mountains, o're the flowery Plain, The leafy Forest, and the liquid Main Extends thy uncontroul'd and boundless reign. Through all the living Regions dost thou move, And scatter'st, where thou goest, the kindly seeds of Love :	Since then the race of every living thing Obeys thy pow'r ; since nothing new can spring Without thy warmth, without thy influence bear, Or beautiful, or lovesome can appear ; Be thou my ayd ; My tuneful Song inspire, And kindle with thy own productive fire ; While all thy Province, Nature, I survey, And sing to <i>Memnius</i> an immortal lay Of Heav'n, and Earth, and every where thy wondrous power display : To <i>Memnius</i> , under thy sweet influence born, Whom thou with all thy gifts and graces dost adorn. The rather then assist my Muse and me, Infusing Verses worthy him and thee. Mean time on Land and Sea let barb'rous discord cease, And lull the listning world in universal peace To thee Mankind their soft repose must owe ; For thou alone that blessing canst bestow ; Because the brutal business of the War Is manag'd by thy dreadful Servant's care ; Who oft retires from fighting fields, to prove The pleasing pains of thy eternal Love : And panting on thy breast supinely lies, While with thy heavenly form he feeds his famish'd eyes ; Sucks in with open lips thy balmy breath, By turns restor'd to life, and plung'd in pleasing death. There while thy curling limbs about him move, Involv'd and fetter'd in the links of Love, When wishing all, he nothing can deny, Thy Charms in that auspicious moment try ; With winning eloquence our peace implore, And quiet to the weary World restore.
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THE BEGINNING OF THE SECOND BOOK.

'Tis pleasant, safely to behold from shore  
The rowing Ship, and hear the Tempest  
roar:

'Tis pleasant also to behold from far  
The moving Legions mingled in the War:  
But much more sweet thy lab'ring steps  
to guide

And all the *Magazines* of Learning fortifi'd :  
From thence to look below on humane  
kind.

Bewilder'd in the Maze of Life, and blind:  
To see vain fools ambitiously contend  
For Wit and Pow'r; their last endeavours  
bend

T' outshine each other, waste their time  
and health

*In search of honour, and pursuit of wealth.  
O wretched man ! in what a mist of Life,  
Inclos'd with dangers and with noisie strife,  
He spends his little Span ; And overfeeds  
His cramm'd desires with more than nature  
needs !*

For Nature wisely stints our appetite, 20  
And craves no more than undisturb'd  
delight :

Which minds unmix'd with cares, and fears,  
obtain ;

3 A Soul serene, a body void of pain.

So little this corporeal frame requires ;  
So bounded are our natural desires,  
That wanting all, and setting pain aside,  
With bare privation sense is satisfied.

If Golden Sconces hang not on the Walls,  
To light the costly Suppers and the Balls ;  
If the proud Palace shines not with the  
state 30

Of burnish'd Bowls, and of reflected Plate;  
If well tun'd Harps, nor the more pleasing  
sound

Of Voices, from the vaulted roofs rebound ;  
Yet on the grass, beneath a poplar shade,  
By the cool stream our careless limbs are  
lay'd :

Nor will the raging Feavours fire abate,  
With Golden Canopies and Beds of State :  
But the poor Patient will as soon be sound  
On the hard matrass, or the Mother ground.  
Then since our Bodies are not eas'd the  
more

By Birth, or Pow'r, or Fortunes wealthy  
store.

'Tis plain, these useless toys of every  
kind

As little can relieve the lab'ring mind :  
Unless we could suppose the dreadful sight  
Of marshall'd Legions moving to the fight,  
Cou'd, with their sound and terrible array,  
Expel our fears, and drive the thoughts of  
death away :

But, since the supposition vain appears, so  
Since clinging cares, and trains of inbred  
fears.

Are not with sounds to be affrighted thence,  
But in the midst of Pomp pursue the  
Prince.

Not aw'd by arms, but in the presence  
bold,

Without respect to Purple, or to Gold ;  
Why shou'd not we these pageantries  
despise ;

Whose worth but in our want of reason  
Lies?

For life is all in wandering errors led ;  
And just as Children are surpriz'd with  
dread,

And tremble in the dark, so ripen years 60  
Ev'n in broad daylight are possess'd with  
fears :

And shake at shadows fanciful and vain,  
As those which in the breasts of Children  
reign.

These bugbears of the mind, this inward Hell.

No rayes of outward sunshine can dispel :  
But nature and right reason must display  
Their beames abroad, and bring the dark-  
some soul to day.

THE LATTER PART OF THE THIRD BOOK OF LUCRETIIUS;  
AGAINST THE FEAR OF DEATH.

What has this Bugbear Death to frighten  
Man,  
If Souls can die, as well as Bodies can ?  
For, as before our Birth we felt no Pain,  
When Punique arms infested Land and Main,  
When Heaven and Earth were in confusion  
hur'd,  
For the debated Empire of the World,  
Which aw'd with dreadful expectation lay,  
Sure to be Slaves, uncertain who shou'd  
sway :  
So, when our mortal frame shall be disjoyn'd,  
The lifeless Lump uncoupled from the mind,  
From sense of grief and pain we shall be  
free ; 11  
We shall not feel, because we shall not *Be*.  
Though Earth in Seas, and Seas in Heav'n  
were lost,  
We shou'd not move, we only shou'd be tost.  
Nay, ev'n suppose when we have suffer'd  
Fate,  
The Soul cou'd feel, in her divided state,  
What's that to us ? for we are only we  
While Souls and Bodies in one frame agree.  
Nay, tho' our Atom shou'd revolve by chance,  
And matter leape into the former dance ; 20  
Tho' time our life and motion cou'd restore,  
And make our Bodies what they were before,  
What gain to us wou'd all this bustle bring ?  
The new-made Man wou'd be another thing ;  
When once an interrupting pause is made,  
That individual Being is decay'd.  
We, who are dead and gone, shall bear no  
part  
In all the pleasures, nor shall feel the smart,  
Which to that other Mortal shall accrew,  
Whom, of our Matter Time shall mould  
anev. 30  
For backward if you look, on that long space  
Of Ages past, and view the changing face  
Of Matter, tost and variously combin'd  
In sundry shapes, 'tis easie for the mind  
From thence t' infer, that Seeds of things  
have been  
In the same order as they now are seen :  
Which yet our dark remembrance cannot  
trace,  
Because a pause of Life, a gaping space,

Has come betwixt, where memory lies dead,  
And all the wandring motions from the sense  
are fled. 40  
For whosoe're shall in misfortunes live,  
Must *Be*, when those misfortunes shall arrive ;  
And since the Man who *Is* not, feels not woe,  
(For death exempts him and wards off the  
blow,  
Which we, the living, only feel and bear)  
What is there left for us in Death to fear ?  
When once that pause of life has come  
between,  
'Tis just the same as we had never been.  
And therefore if a Man bemoan his lot,  
That after death his mouldring limbs shall  
rot, 50  
Or flames, or jaws of Beasts devour his Mass,  
Know, he's an unsincere, unthinking Ass.  
A secret Sting remains within his mind,  
The fool is to his own cast offals kind.  
He boasts no sense can after death remain ;  
Yet makes himself a part of life again ;  
As if some other He could feel the pain.  
If, while he live, this Thought molest his  
head,  
What Wolf or Vulture shall devour me dead,  
He wasts his days in idle grief, nor can 60  
Distinguish 'twixt the Body and the Man ;  
But thinks himself can still himself survive :  
And what when dead he feels not, feels alive.  
Then he repines that he was born to die,  
Nor knows in death there is no other He,  
No living He remains his grief to vent,  
And o're his senseless Carcass to lament.  
If after death 'tis painful to be torn  
By Birds and Beasts, then why not so to  
burn,  
Or drench'd in floods of honey to be soak'd,  
Imbalm'd to be at once preserv'd and  
choak'd ; 71  
Or on an airy Mountains top to lie,  
Expos'd to cold and Heav'n's inclemency ;  
Or crowded in a Tomb to be oppress'd  
With Monumental Marble on thy breast ?  
But to be snatch'd from all the household  
joys,  
From thy Chast Wife, and thy dear prattling  
Boys,

Whose little arms about thy Legs are cast,  
 And climbing for a Kiss prevent their  
 Mothers hast,  
 Inspiring secret pleasure thro' thy Breast,  
 All these shall be no more: Thy Friends  
 oppress 81  
 Thy Care and Courage now no more shall  
 free;  
 Ah Wretch! thou cry'st, ah! miserable me,  
 One woful day sweeps children, friends, and  
 wife,  
 And all the brittle blessings of my life!  
 Add one thing more, and all thou say'st is  
 true;  
 Thy want and wish of them is vanish'd too:  
 Which, well consider'd, were a quick relief,  
 To all thy vain imaginary grief.  
 For thou shalt sleep, and never wake again,  
 And, quitting life, shalt quit thy living  
 pain. 91  
 But we, thy friends, shall all those sorrows  
 find,  
 Which in forgetful death thou leav'st  
 behind;  
 No time shall dry our tears, nor drive thee  
 from our mind.  
 The worst that can befall thee, measur'd  
 right,  
 Is a sound slumber, and a long good night.  
 Yet thus the Fools, that would be thought  
 the Wits,  
 Disturb their mirth with melancholy fits:  
 When healths go round, and kindly brimmers  
 flow,  
 'Till the fresh Garlands on their foreheads  
 glow, 100  
 They whine, and cry, Let us make haste  
 to live,  
 Short are the joys that humane Life can give.  
 Eternal Preachers, that corrupt the draught,  
 And pall the God, that never thinks, with  
 thought;  
 Ideots with all that Thought, to whom the  
 worst  
 Of death is want of drink, and endless  
 thirst,  
 Or any fond desire as vain as these.  
 For, e'en in sleep, the body, wrapt in ease,  
 Supinely lies, as in the peaceful grave,  
 And wanting nothing, nothing can it crave.  
 Were that sound sleep eternal, it were  
 death; 111  
 Yet the first Atoms then, the seeds of breath,  
 Are moving near to sense; we do but shake  
 And rouse that sense, and straight we are  
 awake.  
 Then death to us, and deaths anxiety,  
 Is less than nothing, if a less could be.  
 For then our Atoms, which in order lay,  
 Are scatter'd from their heap, and puff'd  
 away,  
 And never can return into their place.  
 When once the pause of Life has left an  
 empty space. 120  
 And last, suppose Great Natures Voice  
 shou'd call  
 To thee, or me, or any of us all,  
 What dost thou mean, ungrateful Wretch,  
 thou vain,  
 Thou mortal thing, thus idly to complain,  
 And sigh and sob, that thou shalt be no  
 more?  
 For if thy Life were pleasant heretofore,  
 If all the bounteous Blessings, I cou'd give,  
 Thou hast enjoy'd, if thou hast known to  
 live,  
 And Pleasure not leak'd through thee like  
 a Seive,  
 Why dost thou not give thanks as at a  
 plenteous feast, 130  
 Cram'd to the throat with life, and rise  
 and take thy rest?  
 But if my blessings thou hast thrown away,  
 If indigested joys pass'd thro', and wou'd  
 not stay,  
 Why dost thou wish for more to squander  
 still?  
 If Life be grown a load, a real ill,  
 And I wou'd all thy cares and labours end,  
 Lay down thy burden fool, and know thy  
 friend.  
 To please thee, I have empti'd all my  
 store,  
 I can invent, and can supply no more;  
 But run the round again, the round I ran  
 before. 140  
 Suppose thou art not broken yet with years,  
 Yet still the self same Scene of things  
 appears,  
 And wou'd be ever, cou'd'st thou ever live;  
 For Life is still but Life, there's nothing  
 new to give.  
 What can we plead against so just a Bill?  
 We stand convicted, and our cause goes ill.  
 But if a wretch, a man oppress by fate,  
 Shou'd beg of Nature to prolong his date,

The laughing Sot, like all unthinking Men,  
 Baths and gets Drunk; then Baths and  
 Drinks again:  
 His Throat half throttled with Corrupted  
 Fleam,  
 And breathing through his Jaws a belching  
 steam: 200  
 Amidst his Cups with fainting shiv'ring  
 seiz'd,  
 His Limbs dis-jointed, and all o're diseas'd,  
 His hand refuses to sustain the bowl:  
 And his Teeth chatter, and his Eye-balls  
 rowl:  
 Till, with his Meat, he vomits out his Soul:  
 Then, Trumpets, Torches, and a tedious Crew  
 Of Hireling Mourners, for his Funeral due.  
 Our Dear departed Brother lies in State,  
 His Heels<sup>1</sup> stretch'd out, and pointing to  
 the Gate:  
 And Slaves, now manumis'd, on their dead  
 Master wait. 210  
 They hoyst him on the Bier, and deal the  
 Dole;  
 And there's an end of a Luxurious Fool.  
 But, what's thy fulsom Parable to me?  
 My Body is from all Diseases free:  
 My temperate Pulse does regularly beat;  
 Feel, and be satisf'd, my Hands and Feet:  
 These are not cold, nor those Opprest with  
 heat.  
 Or lay thy hand upon my Naked Heart,  
 And thou shalt find me hale in ev'ry part.

I grant this true: But, still, the deadly  
 wound 220  
 Is in thy Soul; 'Tis there thou art not sound.<sup>2</sup>  
 Say, when thou seest a heap of tempting  
 Gold,  
 Or a more tempting Harlot do'st behold;  
 Then, when she casts on thee a side-long  
 glance,  
 Then try thy Heart; and tell me if it Dance.  
 Some Course cold Salade is before thee  
 set;  
 Bread, with the Bran perhaps, and broken  
 Meat;  
 Fall on, and try thy Appetite, to eat.  
 These are not Dishes for thy dainty Tooth:  
 What, hast thou got an Ulcer in thy Mouth?  
 Why stand'st thou picking? Is thy Pallat  
 sore? 231  
 That Bete, and Radishes will make thee roar?  
 Such is th' unequal Temper of thy Mind;  
 Thy Passions in extreams, and unconfin'd:  
 Thy Hair so bristles with unmanly Fears,  
 As Fields of Corn, that rise in bearded Ears.  
 And, when thy Cheeks with flushing Fury  
 glow,  
 The rage of boyling Caldrons is more slow;  
 When fed with fuel and with flames below.  
 With foam upon thy Lips, and sparkling  
 Eyes, 240  
 Thousay'st and do'st in such outrageous wise:  
 That mad Orestes,<sup>3</sup> if he saw the show,  
 Wou'd swear thou wert the Madder of the Two.

The End of the Third Satyr.

#### NOTES TO THE THIRD SATYR.

<sup>1</sup> *And Parchment*, &c. The Students us'd to write their Notes on Parchments; the inside, on which they wrote, was white; the other side was hairy, and commonly yellow. *Quintilian* reproves this Custom, and advises rather Table-books, lin'd with Wax, and a Stile, like that we use in our Vellum Table-books, as more easie.

<sup>2</sup> *A Fuming-Pan*, &c. Before eating, it was customary, to cut off some part of the Meat, which was first put into a Pan, or little Dish: then into the Fire; as an Offering to the Household Gods; this they call'd a *Libation*.

<sup>3</sup> *Drawn from the Root*, &c. The *Thuscans* were accounted of most Ancient Nobility. *Horace* observes this in most of his compliments to *Mezenas*, who was deriv'd from the Old Kings of *Tuscany*, now the Dominion of the Great Duke.

<sup>4</sup> *Who Clad in Purple*, &c. The Roman Knights, attir'd in the Robe call'd *Traben*, were

summon'd by the Censor to appear before him, and to salute him in passing by; as their Names were call'd over. They led their Horses in their hand. See more of this in *Pompey's* Life written by *Plutarch*.

<sup>5</sup> *Sicilian Tortures*, &c. Some of the *Sicilian* Kings were so great tyrants, that the Name is become Proverbial. The Brazen Bull is a known Story of *Phalaris*, one of those Tyrants; who when *Perillus*, a famous Artist, had presented him with a Bull of that Metal hollow'd within, which, when the Condemn'd Person was inclos'd in it, wou'd render th' sound of a Bull's roaring, caus'd the Workman to make the first Experiment. *Decutiq; suum iugire iuvenium.*

<sup>6</sup> *The Wretch, who sitting*, &c. He alludes to the Story of *Damocles*, a Flatterer of one of those *Sicilian* Tyrants, namely *Dionysius*. *Damocles* had infinitely extoll'd the Happiness of Kings. *Dionysius*, to convince him of the contrary, invited him to a Feast, and cloath'd him in

<sup>2</sup> *Fuming*] *Fumeing* 1693.

But here on Earth, the guilty have in view  
The mighty Pains to mighty mischiefs  
due ;

Racks, Prisons, Poisons, the *Tarpeian* Rock,  
Stripes, Hangmen, Pitch, and suffocating  
Smoak ;

And last, and most, if these were cast  
behind, 230

Th' avenging horror of a Conscious mind,  
Whose deadly fear anticipates the blow,  
And sees no end of Punishment and woe ;  
But looks for more, at the last gasp of  
breath :

This makes an Hell on Earth, and Life a  
death.

Mean time when thoughts of death disturb  
thy head ;

Consider, *Ancus* great and good is dead ;  
*Ancus* thy better far, was born to die ;  
And thou, dost thou bewail mortality ?

So many Monarchs with their mighty  
State, 240

Who rul'd the World, were over-rul'd by  
fate.

That haughty King, who lorded o're the  
Main,

And whose stupendous Bridge did the wild  
Waves restrain,

(In vain they foam'd, in vain they threatned  
wreck,

While his proud Legions march'd upon their  
back :)

Him death, a greater Monarch, overcame ;  
Nor spar'd his guards the more, for their  
immortal name.

The *Roman* chief, the *Carthaginian* dread, }  
*Scipio*, like the Thunder Bolt of War, is dead, }  
And like a common Slave, by fate in }  
triumph led 250

The Founders of invented Arts are lost ;  
And Wits who made Eternity their boast.  
Where now is *Homer*, who possess the  
Throne ?

Th' immortal Work remains, the mortal  
Author's gone.

*Democritus*, perceiving age invade,  
His Body weakn'd, and his mind decay'd,  
Obey'd the summons with a cheerful face ;  
Made hast to welcom death, and met him  
half the race.

That stroke ev'n *Epicurus* cou'd not bar, }  
Though 'he in Wit surpass'd Mankind, }  
as far 260

As does the midday Sun the midnight Star. }  
And thou, dost thou disdain to yield thy  
breath,

Whose very Life. is little more than  
Death ?

More than one half by Lazy sleep possess ; }  
And when awake, thy Soul but nods at best, }  
Day-Dreams and sickly thoughts revolv- }  
ing in thy breast.

Eternal troubles haunt thy anxious mind,  
Whose cause and cure thou never hop'st to  
find ;

But still uncertain, with thyself at strife,  
Thou wander'st in the *Labyrinth* of  
Life. 270

O! if the foolish race of man, who find  
A weight of cares still pressing on their  
mind,

Cou'd find as well the cause of this  
unrest,

And all this burden lodg'd within the  
breast ;

Sure they wou'd change their course, nor  
live as now,

Uncertain what to wish or what to vow.  
Unease both in Countrey and in Town,

They search a place to lay their burden  
down.

One, restless in his Palace, walks abroad,  
And vainly thinks to leave behind the  
load : 280

But straight returns ; for he's as restless  
there :

And finds there's no relief in open Air.  
Another to his *Villa* wou'd retire,

And spurs as hard as if it were on fire  
No sooner enter'd at his Country door,

But he begins to stretch, and yawn, and }  
snore ;

Or seeks the City which he left before.  
Thus every man o're works his weary Will,

To shun himself, and to shake off his ill : }  
The shaking Fit returns, and hangs upon }  
him still. 290

No prospect of repose, nor hope of ease ;  
The Wretch is ignorant of his disease ;

Which known wou'd all his fruitless trouble  
spare ;

For he wou'd know the World not worth  
his care ;

<sup>254</sup> mortal] By a most absurd error the  
English editors change this into immortal

Then wou'd he search more deeply for the cause;	For still we think an absent blessing best,
And study Nature well, and Natures Laws:	Which cloy, and is no blessing when possest;
For in this moment lies not the debate,	A new arising wish expells it from the Breast. 310
But on our future, fix'd, Eternal State;	The Fear'ish thirst of Life increases still;
That never changing state, which all must keep,	We call for more and more, and never have our fill;
Whom Death has doom'd to everlasting sleep. 320	Yet know not what to-morrow we shall try, What drops of life in the last draught may lie:
Why are we then so fond of mortal Life, Beset with dangers, and maintain'd with strife?	Nor, by the longest life we can attain, One moment from the length of death we gain;
A Life, which all our care can never save;	For all behind belongs to his Eternal reign.
One Fate attends us; and one common Grave.	When once the Fates have cut the mortal Thred,
Besides, we tread but a perpetual round;	The Man as much to all intents is dead,
We ne're strike out, but beat the former ground,	Who dyes to day, and will as long be so. 320
And the same Maukish joyes in the same track are found.	As he who dy'd a thousand years ago.

## FROM LUCRETIUS—BOOK THE FIFTH.

*Tum porro puer, &c.*

Titus like a Saylor by a Tempest hurl'd	They want no Rattles for their froward mood,
A shore, the Babe is shipwreck'd on the World:	Nor Nurse to reconcile them to their food, With broken words; nor Winter blasts they fear,
Naked he lies, and ready to expire;	Nor change their habits with the changing year;
Helpless of all that humane wants require:	Nor, for their safety, Citadels prepare;
Expos'd upon unhospitable Earth,	Nor forge the wicked Instruments of War:
From the first moment of his hapless Birth.	Unlabour'd Earth her bounteous treasure grants,
Straight with forebodeing cries he fills the Room;	And Nature's lavish hand supplies their common wants.
(Too true presages of his future doom.)	
But Flocks, and Herds, and every Savage Beast,	
By more indulgent Nature are increas'd, 10	

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BOOK IV. *It is impossible to reprint this piece.*

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BOOK V. 13 hand} hands 155. *A misprint.*

## TRANSLATIONS FROM HORACE.

### THE THIRD ODE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE;

*Inscrib'd to the Earl of Roscommon, on his Intended Voyage to IRELAND.*

So may th' auspicious Queen of Love,  
And the Twin Stars, (the Seed of *Jove*,)  
And he who rules the raging wind,  
To thee, O sacred Ship, be kind;  
And gentle Breezes fill thy Sails,  
Supplying soft *Etesian* Gales:  
As thou, to whom the Muse commends  
The best of Poets and of Friends,  
Dost thy committed Pledge restore,  
And land him safely on the shore;  
And save the better part of me,  
From perishing with him at Sea.  
Sure he, who first the passage try'd,  
In harden'd Oak his heart did hide,  
And ribs of Iron arm'd his side;  
Or his at least, in hollow wood  
Who tempted first the briny Floud:  
Nor fear'd the winds contending roar,  
Nor billows beating on the Shoar;  
Nor *Hyades* portending Rain;  
Nor all the Tyrants of the Main.  
What form of death cou'd him affright,  
Who unconcern'd, with steadfast sight,  
Cou'd view the Surges mounting steep,  
And monsters rolling in the deep!  
Cou'd thro' the ranks of ruin go,  
With Storms above, and Rocks below!  
In vain did Natures wise command

Divide the Waters from the Land,  
If daring Ships, and Men prophane, 30  
Invade th' inviolable Main;  
Th' eternal Fences overleap,  
And pass at will the boundless deep.  
No toyl, no hardship can restrain  
Ambitious Man, inur'd to pain;  
The more confin'd, the more he tries,  
And at forbidden quarry flies.  
10 Thus bold *Prometheus* did aspire,  
And stole from heav'n the seed of Fire:  
A train of Ills, a ghastly crew, 40  
The Robber's blazing track pursue;  
Fierce Famine, with her Meagre face,  
And Feavours of the fiery Race,  
In swarms th' offending Wretch surround  
All brooding on the blasted ground:  
And limping Death, lash'd on by Fate  
Comes up to shorten half our date.  
20 This made not *Dedalus* beware,  
With borrow'd wings to sail in Air:  
To Hell *Alcides* forc'd his way, 50  
Plung'd thro' the Lake, and snatch'd the  
Prey.  
Nay scarce the Gods, or heav'nly Climes.  
Are safe from our audacious Crimes:  
We reach at *Jove's* Imperial Crown,  
And pull th' unwilling thunder down.

### THE NINTH ODE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE

I  
BEHOLD yon Mountains hoary height,  
Made higher with new Mounts of Snow;  
Again behold the Winters weight  
Oppress the lab'ring Woods below:  
And Streams, with Icy fetters bound,  
Benum'd and cramp'd to solid Ground.

II  
With well-heap'd Logs dissolve the cold,  
And feed the genial hearth with fires;  
Produce the Wine, that makes us bold.  
And sprightly Wit and Love inspires: 10  
For what hereafter shall betide,  
God, if 'tis worth his care, provide.



## III

Let him alone, with what he made,  
To toss and turn the World below ;  
At his command the storms invade ;  
The winds by his Commission blow :  
Till with a Nod he bids 'em cease,  
And then the Calm returns, and all is  
peace.

## IV

To morrow and her works defie,  
Lay hold upon the present hour, 20  
And snatch the pleasures passing by,  
To put them out of Fortunes pow'r :  
Nor love, nor love's delights disdain ;  
Whate're thou get'st to day is gain.

## V

Secure those golden early joys,  
That Youth unsow'd with sorrow bears,  
E're with'ring time the taste destroys.  
With sickness and unweildy years !  
For active sports, for pleasing rest.  
This is the time to be possest ; 35  
The best is but in season best.

## VI

The pointed hour of promis'd Bliss,  
The pleasing whisper in the dark,  
The half unwilling willing kiss,  
The laugh that guides thee to the mark.  
When the kind Nymph wou'd coyly feign,  
And hides but to be found again :  
These, these are joys the Gods for Youth  
ordain.

## THE TWENTY-NINTH ODE OF THE THIRD BOOK OF HORACE;

PARAPHRASED IN PINDARICK VERSE, AND INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HON.

LAURENCE EARL OF ROCHESTER.

## I

DESCENDED of an ancient Line,  
That long the *Tuscan* Scepter sway'd,  
Make haste to meet the generous Wine,  
Whose piercing is for thee delay'd :  
The rosie wreath is ready made ;  
And artful hands prepare  
The fragrant *Syrian* Oyl, that shall perfume  
thy hair.

## II

When the Wine sparkles from a far,  
And the well-natur'd Friend cries. come  
away ;  
Make haste, and leave thy business and  
thy care : 10  
No mortal int'rest can be worth thy stay.

## III

Leave for a while thy costly Country Seat ;  
And, to be Great indeed, forget  
The nauseous pleasures of the Great :  
Make haste and come :

ODES I. ix. 32 pointed] i.e. appointed, which  
editors print.

ODES III. xxix. Text from the original of 1685  
Title. THIRD] All the English editors wrongly  
change this into FIRST

11 be] by 1685. A misprint.

Come, and forsake thy cloying store ;  
Thy Turret that surveys, from high.  
The smoke, and wealth, and noise of Rome ;  
And all the busie pageantry  
That wise men scorn, and fools adore : 20  
Come, give thy Soul a loose, and taste the  
pleasures of the poor.

## IV

Sometimes 'tis grateful to the Rich, to try  
A short vicissitude, and fit of Poverty :  
A savoury Dish, a homely Treat,  
Where all is plain, where all is neat.  
Without the stately spacious Room.  
The *Persian* Carpet, or the *Tyrian* Loom.  
Clear up the cloudy foreheads of the Great.

## V

The Sun is in the Lion mounted high :  
The *Syrian* Star 30  
Barks from afar,  
And with his sultry breath infects the Sky :  
The ground below is parch'd, the heav'ns  
above us fry.  
The Shepherd drives his fainting Flock  
Beneath the covert of a Rock.  
And seeks refreshing Rivulets nigh

The *Sylvans* to their shades retire,  
Those very shades and streams new shades  
and streams require,  
And want a cooling breeze of wind to fan  
the raging fire.

VI

Thou, what befits the new Lord May'r, 40  
And what the City Faction dare,  
And what the *Gallique* arms will do,  
And what the Quiverbearing foe,  
Art anxiously inquisitive to know :  
But God has, wisely, hid from humane sight  
The dark decrees of future fate ;  
And sown their seeds in depth of night ;  
He laughs at all the giddy turns of State ;  
When Mortals search too soon, and fear too  
late.

VII

Enjoy the present smiling hour ; 50  
And put it out of Fortunes pow'r :  
The tide of bus'ness, like the running  
stream,  
Is sometimes high, and sometimes low,  
A quiet ebb, or a tempestuous flow,  
And always in extrem.  
Now with a noiseless gentle course  
It keeps within the middle Bed ;  
Anon it lifts aloft the head,  
And bears down all before it with impetuous  
force :  
And trunks of Trees come rowling  
down, 60  
Sheep and their Folds together drown :  
Both House and Homestead into Seas are  
borne ;  
And Rocks are from their old foundations  
torn,  
And woods, made thin with winds, their  
scatter'd honours mourn.

VIII

Happy the Man, and happy he alone,  
He, who can call to day his own :  
He who, secure within, can say,  
To morrow do thy worst, for I have  
liv'd to-day.

41 Faction] All the English editors wrongly  
give Factions

Be fair, or foul, or rain, or shine,  
The joys I have possess, in spite of  
fate, are mine. 70  
Not Heav'n it self upon the past has  
pow'r ;  
But what has been, has been, and I have  
had my hour.

IX

Fortune, that with malicious joy  
Does Man her slave oppress,  
Proud of her Office to destroy,  
Is seldome pleas'd to bless :  
Still various, and unconstant still,  
But with an inclination to be ill.  
Promotes, degrades, delights in  
strife,  
And makes a Lottery of life. 80  
I can enjoy her while she's kind ;  
But when she dances in the wind,  
And shakes the wings, and will not  
stay,  
I puff the Prostitute away :  
The little or the much she gave, is quietly  
resign'd :  
Content with poverty, my Soul I arm ;  
And Virtue, tho' in rags, will keep me  
warm

X

What is't to me,  
Who never sail in her unfaithful Sea,  
If Storms arise, and Clouds grow  
black ; 90  
If the Mast split, and threaten wreck ?  
Then let the greedy Merchant fear  
For his ill gotten gain ;  
And pray to Gods that will not hear,  
While the debating winds and billows  
bear  
His Wealth into the Main  
For me, secure from Fortunes blows  
(Secure of what I cannot lose.)  
In my small Pinnacle I can sail,  
Contemning all the blustering roar ; 100  
And running with a merry gale,  
With friendly Stars my safety seek  
Within some little winding Creek ;  
And see the storm a shore.

## THE SECOND EPODE OF HORACE.

3

How happy in his low degree,  
 How rich in humble Poverty, is he,  
 Who leads a quiet country life!  
 Discharg'd of business, void of strife,  
 And from the gripeing Scrivener free.  
 (Thus, e're the Seeds of Vice were sown,  
 Liv'd Men in better Ages born,  
 Who Plow'd, with Oxen of their own,  
 Their small paternal field of Corn.)  
 Nor Trumpets summon him to War  
 Nor drums disturb his morning Sleep,  
 Nor knows he Merchants gainful care,  
 Nor fears the dangers of the deep.  
 The clamours of contentious Law,  
 And Court and state, he wisely shuns,  
 Nor brib'd with hopes, nor dar'd with  
 awe,  
 To servile Salutations runs;  
 But either to the clasping Vine  
 Does the supporting Poplar Wed,  
 Or with his pruning hook disjoyn  
 Unbearing Branches from their Head,  
 And grafts more happy in their stead:  
 Or climbing to a hilly steep,  
 He views his Herds in Vales afar,  
 Or Sheers his overburden'd Sheep,  
 Or mead for cooling drink prepares  
 Of Virgin honey in the Jars.  
 Or in the now declining year,  
 When bounteous *Autumn* rears his head,  
 He joyes to pull the ripen'd Pear,  
 And clustrng Grapes with purple spread.  
 The fairest of his fruit he serves,  
*Priapus* thy rewards:  
*Sylvanus* too his part deserves,  
 Whose care the fences guards.  
 Sometimes beneath an ancient Oak,  
 Or on the matted grass he lies:  
 No God of Sleep he need invoke;  
 The stream, that o're the pebbles flies,  
 With gentle slumber crowns his Eyes.  
 The Wind, that Whistles through the  
 sprays,  
 Maintains the consort of the Song;  
 And hidden Birds, with native layes,  
 The golden sleep prolong.

But when the blast of Winter blows,  
 And hoary frost inverts the year,  
 Into the naked Woods he goes,  
 And seeks the tusky Boar to rear,  
 With well mouth'd hounds and pointed  
 Spear.  
 Or spreads his subtil Nets from sight  
 With twinkling glasses to betray  
 The Larkes that in the Meshes light,  
 Or makes the fearful Hare his prey.  
 Amidst his harmless easie joys  
 No anxious care invades his health,  
 Nor Love his peace of mind destroys,  
 Nor wicked avarice of Wealth.  
 But if a chaste and pleasing Wife,  
 To ease the business of his Life,  
 Divides with him his household care,  
 Such as the Sabine *Matrons* were,  
 Such as the swift *Apullans* Bride,  
 Sunburnt and Swarthy tho' she be,  
 Will fire for Winter Nights provide,  
 And without noise will oversee  
 His Children and his Family,  
 And order all things till he come,  
 Sweaty and overlabour'd, home;  
 If she in pens his Flocks will fold,  
 And then produce her Dairy store,  
 With Wine to drive away the cold,  
 And unbought dainties of the poor;  
 Not Oysters of the *Lucrine* Lake  
 My sober appetite wou'd wish,  
 Nor *Turbot*, or the Foreign Fish  
 That rowling Tempests overtake,  
 And hither waft the costly dish.  
 Not *Heathpout*, or the rarer Bird,  
 Which *Phasis*, or *Ionta* yields,  
 More pleasing morsels wou'd afford  
 Than the fat Olives of my fields;  
 Than Shards or Mallows for the pot,  
 That keep the loosen'd Body sound  
 Or than the Lamb, that falls by Lot,  
 To the just Guardian of my ground.  
 Amidst these feasts of happy Swains,  
 The jolly Shepheard smiles to see  
 His flock returning from the Plains;  
 The farmer is as pleas'd as he,  
 To view his Oxen, sweating smock,  
 Bear on their Necks the loosen'd Yoke:

To look upon his menial Crew,  
That sit around his cheerful hearth,  
And bodies spent in toil renew  
With wholesome Food and Country  
Mirth.  
This *Morecraft* said within himself ;

Resolv'd to leave the wicked Town ;  
And live retir'd upon his own ;  
He call'd his Money in :  
But the prevailing love of pelf 100  
Soon split him on the former shelf,  
And put it out again.

## TRANSLATIONS FROM HOMER.

## THE FIRST BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIAS.

## THE ARGUMENT.

CHRYSES, Priest of Apollo, brings Presents to the Grecian Princes, to ransom his Daughter Chryseis, who was Prisoner in the Fleet. Agamemnon, the General, whose Captive and Mistress the young Lady was, refuses to deliver her, threatens the Venerable Old Man, and dismisses him with Contumely.—The Priest craves Vengeance of his God ; who sends a Plague among the Greeks : which occasions Achilles, their Great Champion, to summon a Council of the Chief Officers : He encourages Calchas, the High Priest and Prophet, to tell the Reason, why the Gods were so much incensed against them.—Calchas is fearful of provoking Agamemnon, till Achilles engages to protect him : Then, embolden'd by the Heroe, he accuses the General as the Cause of all, by detaining the Fair Captive, and refusing the Presents offer'd for her Ransom. By this Proceeding, Agamemnon is oblig'd, against his Will, to restore Chryseis, with Gifts, that he might appease the Wrath of Phœbus ; but at the same time, to revenge himself on Achilles, sends to seize his Slave Briseis. Achilles, thus affronted, complains to his Mother Thetis ; and begs her to revenge his Injury, not only on the General, but on all the Army, by giving Victory to the Trojans, till the ungrateful King became sensible of his Injustice. At the same time, he retires from the Camp into his Ships, and withdraws

his aid from his Countrymen. Thetis prefers her Son's Petition to Jupiter, who grants her Sute. Juno suspects her Errand, and quarrels with her Husband, for his Grant ; till Vulcan reconciles his Parents with a Bowl of Nectar, and sends them peaceably to Bed

THE wrath of Peleus Son, O Muse, resound ;  
Whose dire Effects the Grecian Army found :  
And many a Heroe, King, and hardy  
Knight,

Were sent, in early Youth, to Shades of  
Night :

Their Limbs a Prey to Dogs and Vultures  
made ;

So was the Sov'reign Will of Jove obey'd :  
From that ill-omen'd Hour when Strife begun,  
Betwixt Atreides Great, and Thetis God-like  
Son.

What Pow'r provok'd, and for what Cause,  
relate,

Sow'd, in their Breasts, the Seeds of stern  
Debate : 10

Jove's and Latona's Son his Wrath express'd,  
In Vengeance of his violated Priest,  
Against the King of Men ; who swoll with  
Pride.

Refus'd his Presents, and his Pray'rs deny'd.  
For this the God a swift Contagion spread  
Amid the Camp, where Heaps on Heaps lay  
dead.

For Venerable Chryses came to buy,  
With Gold and Gifts of Price, his Daughter's  
Liberty.

Suppliant before the Grecian chiefs he stood ;  
Awful, and arm'd with Ensigns of his God :

THE FIRST BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIAS The text from the original edition of 1700. The text is given with fair accuracy in most editions. In the original there are some obvious misprints and some false stops.

1 *Peleus*] *Peleus*'s 1700.

Bare was his hoary Head ; one holy Hand 21  
Held forth his Laurel Crown, and one his  
Sceptre of Command.

His Suit was common ; but above the rest,  
To both the Brother-Princes thus address'd :

Ye Sons of *Atræus*, and ye *Grecian* Pow'rs,  
So may the Gods who dwell in Heav'nly  
Bow'rs

Succeed your Siege, accord the Vows you  
make,

And give you *Troys* Imperial Town to take ;  
So, by their happy Conduct, may you come  
With Conquest back to your sweet Native

Home ; 30

As you receive the Ransom which I bring,  
(Respecting *Jove*, and the far-shooting  
King,)

And break my Daughters Bonds, at my  
desire ;

And glad with her Return her grieving Sire.  
With Shouts of loud Acclaim the *Greeks*  
decree

To take the Gifts, to set the Damsel free.  
The King of Men alone with Fury burn'd ;  
And haughty, these opprobrious Words  
return'd :

Hence, Holy Dotard, and avoid my Sight,  
E'er Evil intercept thy tardy Flight : 40

Nor dare to tread this interdicted Strand, }  
Lest not that idle Sceptre in thy Hand, }  
Nor thy God's Crown, my vow'd Revenge }  
withstand.

Hence on thy Life : The Captive-Maid is  
mine ;

Whom not for Price or Pray'rs I will resign :  
Mine she shall be, till creeping Age and Time  
Her Bloom have wither'd, and consum'd her  
Prime :

Till then my Royal Bed she shall attend ;  
And having first adorn'd it, late ascend :  
This, for the Night ; by Day, the Web and  
Loom 50

And homely Household-task, shall be her  
Doom,

Far from thy lov'd Embrace, and her sweet  
Native Home.

He said : The helpless Priest reply'd no  
more,

But sped his Steps along the hoarse-resound-  
ing Shore :

Silent he fled ; secure at length he stood,  
Devoutly curs'd his Foes, and thus invok'd  
his God.

O Source of Sacred Light, attend my  
Pray'r,

God with the Silver Bow, and Golden Hair ;—  
Whom *Chrysa*, *Cilla*, *Tenedos* obeys,

And whose broad Eye their happy Soil  
surveys ; 60

If, *Smintheus*, I have pour'd before thy  
Shrine

The Blood of Oxen, Goats, and ruddy Wine,  
And Larded Thighs on loaded Altars laid,

Hear, and my just Revenge propitious aid,  
Pierce the proud *Greeks*, and with thy Shafts  
attest

How much thy pow'r is injured in thy  
Priest.

He pray'd, and *Phæbus* hearing, urg'd his  
Flight,

With fury kindled, from *Olympus* Height ;  
His Quiver o'er his ample Shoulders threw ;

His Bow twang'd, and his Arrows rattl'd as  
they flew. 70

Black as a stormy Night, he rang'd around  
The Tents, and compass'd the devoted  
Ground.

Then with full Force his deadly Bowe he  
bent,

And Feather'd Fates among the Mules and  
Sumpters sent,

Th' Essay of Rage, on faithful Dogs the  
next ;

And last, in Humane Hearts his Arrows  
fix'd.

The God nine Days the *Greeks* at Rovers  
kill'd,

Nine Days the Camp with Fun'ral Fires was  
fill'd ;

The tenth, *Achilles*, by the Queens Com-  
mand,

Who bears Heav'n's awful Sceptre in her  
Hand, 80

A Council summon'd : for the Goddess  
griev'd

Her favour'd Hoast shou'd perish unreliev'd.  
The Kings assembled, soon their Chief  
inclose ;

Then from his Seat the Goddess-born arose,  
And thus undaunted spoke : What now  
remains,

But that once more we tempt the watry  
Plains,

And wandering homeward, seek our Safety  
hence,

In Flight at least if we can find Defence ?

Such Woes at once encompass us about,  
The Plague within the Camp, the Sword  
without.

Consult, O King, the Prophets of th' Event;  
And whence these Ills, and what the Gods  
intent,  
Let them by Dreams explore; for Dreams  
from *Jove* are sent.

What want of offer'd Victims, what Offence  
In Fact committed cou'd the Sun incense,  
To deal his deadly Shafts? What may  
remove

His settled Hate, and reconcile his Love?  
That he may look propitious on our Toils;  
And hungry Graves no more be glutted with  
our Spoils.

Thus to the King of Men the Hero spoke,  
Then *Calchas* the desir'd Occasion took: 101  
*Calchas* the sacred Seer, who had in view  
Things present and the past; and Things  
to come foreknew,

Supream of *Angurs*, who by *Phabus* taught,  
The *Grecian* Pow'rs to *Troy's* Destruction  
brought.

Skill'd in the secret Causes of their Woes,  
The Reverend Priest in graceful Act arose:  
And thus bespoke *Pelides*: Care of *Jove*,  
Favour'd of all th' Immortal Pow'rs above;  
Wou'dst thou the Seeds deep sown of Mis-  
chief know, 110

And why, provok'd *Apollo* bends his bow?  
Plight first thy Faith, inviolably true,  
To save me from those Ills, that may  
ensue.

For I shall tell ungrateful Truths, to those  
Whose boundless Pow'rs of Life and Death  
dispose.

And Sov'reigns, ever jealous of their State,  
Forgive not those whom once they mark for  
Hate;

Ev'n tho' th' Offence they seemingly digest,  
Revenge, like Embers, rak'd within their  
Breast,

Bursts forth in Flames; whose unresisted  
Pow'r 120

Will seize th' unwary Wretch, and soon  
devour.

Such, and no less is he, on whom depends  
The sum of Things; and whom my Tongue  
of force offends.

Secure me then from his foreseen Intent,  
That what his Wrath may doom, thy Valour  
may prevent.

To this the stern *Achilles* made Reply:  
Be bold; and on my plighted Faith rely,  
To speak what *Phabus* has inspir'd thy  
Soul

For common Good; and speak without con-  
troul.

His Godhead I invoke, by him I swear. 130  
That while my Nostrils draw this vital Air,  
None shall presume to violate those Bands;  
Or touch thy Person with unhallow'd  
Hands;

Ev'n not the King of Men that all com-  
mands.

At this, resuming Heart, the Prophet said:  
Nor Hecatombs unslain, nor Vows unpaid,  
On *Greeks*, accurs'd, this dire Contagion  
bring;

Or call for Vengeance from the Bowyer King;  
But he the Tyrant, whom none dares  
resist, 139

Affronts the Godhead in his injur'd Priest:  
He keeps the Damsel Captive in his Chain,  
And Presents are refus'd, and Pray'rs pre-  
ferr'd in vain.

For this th' avenging Pow'r employs his  
Darts;

And empties all his Quiver in our Hearts:  
Thus will persist, relentless in his ire,  
Till the fair Slave be render'd to her Sire:  
And Ransom-free restor'd to his Abode,

With Sacrifice to reconcile the God:  
Then he, perhaps, atton'd by Pray'r, may  
cease

His Vengeance justly vow'd, and give the  
Peace. 150

Thus having said, he sate: Thus an-  
swer'd then

Upstarting from his Throne, the King of  
Men,

His Breast with Fury fill'd, his Eyes with Fire;  
Which rowling round, he shot in Sparkles  
on the Sire:

Augur of Ill, whose Tongue was never found  
Without a Priestly Curse or boding Sound;  
For not one bless'd Event foretold to me  
Pass'd through that Mouth, or pass'd un-  
willingly.

And now thou dost with Lies the Throne  
invade,

By Practice harden'd in thy sland'ring  
Trade. 160

Obtending Heav'n, for what e'er Ills befall ;  
 And sputtring under specious Names thy  
 Gall.  
 Now *Phabus* is provok'd ; his Rites and  
 Laws  
 Are in his Priest profan'd, and I the Cause :  
 Since I detain a Slave, my Sov'reign Prize ;  
 And sacred Gold, your Idol-God, despise.  
 I love her well : And well her Merits claim,  
 To stand preferr'd before my *Grecian* Dame :  
 Not *Clytemnestra's* self in Beauties Bloom  
 More charm'd, or better ply'd the various  
 Loom : 170  
 Mine is the Maid ; and brought in happy  
 Hour  
 With every Household-grace adorn'd, to  
 bless my Nuptial Bow'r.  
 Yet shall she be restor'd ; since publick  
 Good  
 For private Int'rest ought not to be with-  
 stood,  
 To save th' Effusion of my People's Blood.  
 But Right requires, if I resign my own,  
 I shou'd not suffer for your sakes alone ;  
 Alone excluded from the Prize I gain'd,  
 And by your common Suffrage have obtain'd  
 The Slave without a Ransom shall be sent :  
 It rests for you to make th' Equivalent. 181  
 To this the fierce *Thessalian* Prince reply'd :  
 O first in Pow'r, but passing all in Pride,  
 Gripping, and still tenacious of thy Hold,  
 Would'st thou the *Grecian* Chiefs, though  
 largely Sould,  
 Shou'd give the Prizes they had gain'd before,  
 And with their Loss thy Sacrilege restore ?  
 Whate'er by force of Arms the Soldier got,  
 Is each his own, by dividend of Lot :  
 Which to resume, were both unjust, and  
 base ; 190  
 Not to be borne but by a servile Race.  
 But this we can : If *Saturn's* Son bestows  
 The Sack of *Troy*, which he by Promise  
 owes ;  
 Then shall the conquering *Greeks* thy Loss  
 restore,  
 And with large Int'rest make th' advantage  
 more.  
 To this *Atrides* answer'd, Though thy  
 Boast  
 Assumes the foremost Name of all our  
 Host,  
 Pretend not, mighty Man, that what is mine,  
 Controll'd by thee, I tamely shou'd resign.

Shall I release the Prize I gain'd by  
 Right, 200  
 In taken Towns, and many a bloody Fight,  
 While thou detain'st *Briseis* in thy Bands,  
 By priestly glossing on the God's Commands?  
 Resolve on this, (a short Alternative)  
 Quit mine, or, in Exchange, another give ;  
 Else I, assure thy Soul, by Sov'reign Right  
 Will seize thy Captive in thy own Despight.  
 Or from stout *Ajax*, or *Ulysses*, bear  
 What other Prize my Fancy shall prefer :  
 Then softly murmur, or aloud complain, 210  
 Rage as you please, you shall resist in vain.  
 But more of this, in proper Time and Place ;  
 To Things of greater Moment let us pass.  
 A Ship to sail the sacred Seas prepare ;  
 Proud in her Trim ; and put on board the  
 Fair,  
 With Sacrifice and Gifts, and all the Pomp  
 of Pray'r.  
 The Crew well chosen, the Command shall  
 be  
 In *Ajax* ; or if other I decree,  
 In *Creta's* King, or *Ithacus*, or, if I please  
 in Thee :  
 Most fit thy self to see perform'd th' Intent  
 From which my Pris'ner from my Sight is  
 sent ; 221  
 (Thanks to thy pious Care) that *Phabus*  
 may relent.  
 At this, *Achilles* roul'd his furious Eyes,  
 Fix'd on the King askant ; and thus replies :  
 O, Impudent, regardless of thy own,  
 Whose thoughts are center'd on thy self  
 alone,  
 Advanc'd to Sovereign Sway, for better Ends  
 Than thus like abject Slaves to treat thy  
 Friends.  
 What *Greek* is he, that urg'd by thy Command,  
 Against the *Trojan* Troops will lift his  
 Hand ? 230  
 Not I : Nor such inforc'd Respect I owe ;  
 Nor *Pergannus* I hate, nor *Priam* is my Foe.  
 What Wrong from *Troy* remote, cou'd I  
 sustain,  
 To leave my fruitful Soil, and happy Reign.  
 And plough the Surges of the stormy  
 Main ?  
 Thee, frontless Man, we follow'd from afar ;  
 Thy Instruments of Death, and Tools of War.  
 Thine is the Triumph ; ours the Toil alone :  
 We bear thee on our Backs, and mount thee  
 on the Throne.

For thee we fall in Fight ; for thee redress  
Thy baffled Brother ; not the Wrongs of  
*Greece.* 241

And now thou threaten'st with unjust  
Decree,

To punish thy affronting Heav'n, on me.

To seize the Prize which I so dearly bought ;  
By common Suffrage giv'n, confirm'd by  
Lot.

Mean Match to thine : For still above the  
rest,

Thy hook'd rapacious Hands usurp the best.  
Though mine are first in Fight, to force the  
Prey ;

And last sustain the Labours of the Day.

Nor grudge I thee the much the *Grecians*  
give ; 250

Nor murmur take the little I receive.

Yet ev'n this little, thou, who woud'st in-  
gross

The whole, Insatiate, envy'st as thy Loss.

Know, then, for *Phthya* fix'd is my return :

Better at home my ill-paid Pains to mourn,  
Than from an Equal here sustain the publick  
Scorn.

The King, whose Brows with shining  
Gold were bound,

Who saw his Throne with scepter'd Slaves  
encompass'd round,

Thus answer'd stern : Go, at thy Pleasure,  
go :

We need not such a Friend, nor fear we such  
a Foe. 260

There will not want to follow me in Fight :  
*Jove* will assist, and *Jove* assert my Right.

But thou of all the Kings (his Care below)  
Art least at my Command, and most my Foe.

Debates, Dissentions, Uproars are thy Joy ;  
Provok'd without Offence, and practis'd to  
destroy.

Strength is of Brutes ; and not thy Boast  
alone ;

At least 'tis lent from Heav'n ; and not thy  
own.

Fly then, ill-manner'd, to thy Native Land,  
And there, thy Ant-born *Myrmidons* com-  
mand. 270

But mark this Menace ; since I must resign  
My black-ey'd Maid, to please the Pow'r's  
divine :

(A well-rigg'd Vessel in the Port attends,  
Mann'd at my Charge, commanded by my  
Friends)

The Ship shall waft her to her wish'd Abode,  
Full fraught with holy Bribes to the far-  
shooting God.

This thus dispatch'd, I owe my self the Care,  
My Fame and injur'd Honour to repair :

From thy own Tent, proud Man, in thy  
despight, 279

This Hand shall ravish thy pretended Right.  
*Briseis* shall be mine, and thou shalt see,

What odds of awful Pow'r I have on thee :  
That others at thy cost may learn the  
diff'rence of degree.

At this th' Impatient Hero sowlly smil'd.  
His Heart, impetuous in his Bosom boil'd,

And justled by two Tides of equal sway,  
Stood, for a while, suspended in his way.

Betwixt his Reason and his Rage untam'd ;  
One whisper'd soft, and one aloud reclaim'd :

That only counsell'd to the safer side ; 290  
This to the Sword his ready Hand apply'd.

Unpunish'd to support th' Affront was hard :  
Nor easy was th' Attempt to force the  
Guard.

But soon the Thirst of Vengeance fir'd his  
Blood :

Half shone his Faulchion, and half sheath'd  
it stood.

In that nice Moment, *Pallas*, from above,  
Commission'd by th' Imperial Wife of *Jove*,

Descended swift : (the white-arm'd Queen  
was loath

The Fight shou'd follow ; for she favour'd  
both :) 299

Just as in Act he stood, in Clouds inshrin'd,  
Her Hand she fasten'd on his Hair behind ;

Then backward by his yellow Curls she  
drew ;

To him and him alone confess'd in view.  
Tam'd by superiour Force, he turn'd his Eyes

Aghast at first, and stupid with Surprise :  
But by her sparkling Eyes, and ardent Look,

The Virgin-Warrior known, he thus bespoke.  
Com'st thou, Celestial, to behold my  
Wrongs ?

Then view the Vengeance which to Crimes  
belongs.

Thus He. The blue-ey'd Goddess thus  
rejoin'd : 310

I come to calm thy turbulence of Mind,  
If Reason will resume her sovereign Sway,

And, sent by *Juno*, her Commands obey.



Equal she loves you both, and I protect :  
Then give thy Guardian Gods their due  
respect ;

And cease Contention ; be thy Words severe,  
Sharp as he merits : But the Sword forbear.  
An Hour unhop'd already wings her way,  
When he his dire Affront shall dearly pay :  
When the proud King shall sue, with trebble  
Gain, 320

To quit thy Loss, and conquer thy Disdain.  
But thou, secure of my unfailling Word,  
Compose thy swelling Soul ; and sheath the  
Sword.

The Youth thus answer'd mild ; Auspi-  
cious Maid,  
Heaven's will be mine, and your Commands  
obey'd.

The Gods are just, and when subduing Sense,  
We serve their Pow'rs, provide the Recom-  
pence.

He said ; with surly Faith believ'd her  
Word,

And, in the Sheath, reluctant, plung'd the  
Sword.

Her Message done, she mounts the bless'd  
Abodes, 330

And mix'd among the Senate of the Gods.

At her Departure his Disdain return'd :  
The Fire she fan'd, with greater Fury  
burn'd ;

Rumbling within till thus it found a Vent :  
Dastard, and Drunkard, Mean and Insolent :  
Tongue-valiant Hero, Vaunter of thy Night,  
In Threats the foremost, but the lag in  
Fight ;

When did'st thou thrust amid the mingled  
Peace,

Content to bid the War aloof in Peace ?  
Arms are the Trade of each *Plebeian* soul ;  
'Tis Death to fight ; but Kingly to con-  
troll. 341

Lord-like at ease, with arbitrary Pow'r,  
To peel the Chiefs, the People to devour.  
These, Traitor, are thy Talents ; safer far  
Than to contend in Fields, and Toils of War.  
Nor could'st thou thus have dar'd the com-  
mon Hate,

Were not their Souls as abject as their State.  
But, by this Scepter, solemnly I swear,  
(Which never more green Leaf or growing  
Branch shall bear :

Torn from the Tree, and giv'n by *Jove* to  
those 350

Who Laws dispence and mighty Wrongs  
oppose)

That when the *Grecians* want my wonted  
Aid,

No Gift shall bribe it, and no Pray'r per-  
suade.

When *Hector* comes, the Homicide, to wield  
His conquering Arms, with Corps to strow  
the Field,

Then shalt thou mourn thy Pride ; and late  
confess

My Wrong repented, when 'tis past  
Redress.

He said : And with Disdain, in open view,  
Against the Ground his golden Scepter  
threw ;

Then sate : with boiling Rage *Atrides*  
burn'd : 360

And Foam betwixt his gnashing Grinders  
churn'd.

But from his Seat the *Pylion* Prince  
arose,

With Reas'ning mild, their Madness to com-  
pose :

Words, sweet as Honey, from his Mouth  
distill'd ;

Two Centuries already he fulfill'd ;  
And now began the third ; unbroken yet :

Once fam'd for Courage ; still in Council  
great.

What worse, he said, can *Argos* undergo,  
What can more gratify the *Phrygian* Foe,  
Than these distemper'd Heats ? If both the  
Lights 370

Of *Greece* their private Int'rest disunites !  
Believe a Friend, with thrice your Years

increas'd,

And let these youthful Passions be repress'd :  
I flourish'd long before your Birth ; and  
then

Liv'd equal with a Race of braver Men,  
Than these dim Eyes shall e'er behold agen.)

*Ceneus* and *Dryas*, and, excelling them,  
Great *Theseus*, and the Force of greater

*Polypheme*.

With these I went, a Brother of the War,  
Their Dangers to divide ; their Fame to

share. 380

Nor idle stood with unassisting Hands,  
When salvage Beasts, and Men's more sal-  
vage Bands,

Their virtuous Toil subdued: yet those  
I sway'd,  
With pow'rful Speech: I spoke, and they  
obey'd.

If such as those, my Councils cou'd reclaim,  
Think not, young Warriors, your diminish'd  
Name

Shall lose of Lustre, by subjecting Rage  
To the cool Dictates of experienc'd Age.  
Thou, King of Men, stretch not thy sove-  
reign Sway

Beyond the Bounds free Subjects can obey:  
But let *Pelides* in his Prize rejoice, 391  
Atchiev'd in arms, allow'd by publick Voice.  
Nor Thou, brave Champion, with his Pow'r  
contend,

Before whose Throne ev'n Kings their  
lower'd Scepters bend.

The Head of Action He, and Thou the Hand,  
Matchless thy Force; but mightier his  
Command:

Thou first, O king, release the rights of  
Sway;

Pow'r, self-restrain'd, the People best obey.  
Sanctions of Law from Thee derive their  
Source;

Command thy Self, whom no Commands  
can force. 400

The Son of *Thetis* Rampire of our Host,  
Is worth our Care to keep, nor shall my  
Pray'rs be lost.

Thus *Neslor* said, and ceas'd: *Atrides*  
broke

His Silence next; but ponder'd e'er he  
spoke.

Wise are thy Words, and glad I would obey,  
But this proud Man affects Imperial Sway.

Controlling Kings, and trampling on our  
State

His Will is Law; and what he wills is Fate.  
The Gods have giv'n him Strength: But  
whence the Style,

Of lawless Pow'r assum'd, or Licence to  
revile? 410

*Achilles* cut him short; and thus reply'd:  
My Worth allow'd in Words, is in effect  
deny'd.

For who but a Poltron, possess'd with Fear,  
Such haughty Insolence can tamely bear?  
Command thy Slaves: My freeborn Soul  
disdams

A Tyrant's Curb; and restiff breaks the  
Reins.

Take this along; that no Dispute shall rise  
(Though mine the Woman) for my ravish'd  
Prize:

But, she excepted, as unworthy Strife,  
Dare not, I charge thee dare not, on thy  
Life, 420

Touch ought of mine beside, by Lot my due,  
But stand aloof, and think profane to view:  
This Fauchon, else, not hitherto withstood,  
These hostile Fields shall fatten with thy  
Blood.

He said; and rose the first: the Council  
broke;

And all their grave Consults dissolv'd in  
Smoke.

The Royal Youth retir'd, on Vengeance  
bent,

*Patroclus* follow'd silent to his Tent.

Mean time, the King with Gifts a Vessel  
stores;

Supplies the Banks with twenty chosen  
Oars: 430

And next, to reconcile the shooter God,  
Within her hollow Sides the Sacrifice he  
stow'd:

*Chryseis* last was set on board; whose  
Hand

*Ulysses* took, intrusted with Command;  
They plow the liquid Seas; and leave the  
less'ning Land.

*Atrides* then his outward Zeal to boast,  
Bade purify the Sin-polluted Host.

With perfect Hecatombs the God they  
grac'd;

Whose offer'd Entrails in the Main were cast.  
Black Bulls, and bearded Goats on Altars

lie; 440  
And clouds of sav'ry stench involve the  
Sky.

These Pomps the Royal Hypocrite design'd  
For Shew: But harbour'd Vengeance in his  
Mind:

Till holy Malice, longing for a Vent,  
At length, discover'd his conceal'd Intent.

*Talthybius*, and *Eurybates* the just,  
Heralds of Arms, and Ministers of Trust,

He call'd; and thus bespoke: Haste hence  
your way;

And from the Goddess-born demand his  
Prey.

If yielded, bring the Captive: If deny'd,  
The King (so tell him) shall chastise his  
Pride: 451

And with arm'd Multitudes in Person come  
To vindicate his Pow'r, and justify his  
Doom.

This hard Command unwilling they  
obey,  
And o'er the barren Shore pursue their way,  
Where quarter'd in their Camp, the fierce  
*Thessalians* lay.

Their Sov'reign seated on his Chair, they  
find ;

His pensive Cheek upon his Hand reclin'd,  
And anxious Thoughts revolving in his  
Mind.

With gloomy Looks he saw them entring in  
Without Salute : Nor durst they first  
begin, 461

Fearful of rash Offence and Death foreseen.  
He soon the Cause divining, clear'd his Brow ;  
And thus did liberty of Speech allow.

Interpreters of Gods and Men, be bold  
Awful your Character, and uncontroll'd :  
Howe'er displeasing be the News you bring,  
I blame not you, but your Imperious King.  
You come, I know, my Captive to demand ;  
*Patroclus*, give her to the Herald's Hand.

But you, authentick Witnesses I bring, 471  
Before the Gods, and your ungrateful King,  
Of this my Manifest : That never more  
This Hand shall combate on the crooked  
Shore :

No, let the *Grecian* Pow'rs oppress'd in  
Fight,

Unpity'd perish in their Tyrants Sight.  
Blind of the future, and by Rage misled,  
He pulls his Crimes upon his People's Head.  
Forc'd from the Field in Trenches to con-  
tend,

And his Insulted Camp from foes defend. 480  
He said, and soon, obeying his Intent,  
*Patroclus* brought *Briseis* from her Tent ;  
Then to th' intrusted Messengers resign'd :  
She wept, and often cast her Eyes behind ;  
Forc'd from the Man she lov'd : They led  
her thence,

Along the Shore a Pris'ner to their Prince.  
Sole on the barren Sands the suffering  
Chief

Roar'd out for Anguish, and indulg'd his  
Grief ;

Cast on his Kindred Seas a stormy Look,  
And his upbraided Mother thus bespoke. 490

Unhappy Parent of a short-liv'd Son,  
Since *Jove* in Pity by thy Pray'rs was won

To grace my small Remains of Breath with  
Fame,

Why loads he this imbitter'd Life with  
Shame ?

Suff'ring his King of Men to force my Slave,  
Whom well deserv'd in War, the *Grecians*  
gave.

Set by old Ocean's side the Goddess  
heard ;

Then from the sacred Daep her Head she  
rear'd :

Rose like a Morning-mist ; and thus begun  
To soothe the Sorrows of her plaintive Son.  
Why cry's my Care, and why conceals his  
Smart ? 501

Let thy afflicted Parent share her part.

Then sighing from the bottom of his  
Breast,

To the Sea-Goddess thus the Goddess-born  
address'd.

Thou know'st my Pain, which telling but  
recals :

By Force of Arms we raz'd the *Theban*  
Walls ;

The ransack'd City, taken by our Toils,  
We left, and hither brought the golden  
Spoils ;

Equal we shar'd them ; but before the rest,  
The proud Prerogative had seiz'd the best.

*Chryseis* was the greedy Tyrant's Prize, 511  
*Chryseis*, rosy-cheek'd, with charming Eyes.

Her Syre, *Apollo's* Priest, arriv'd to buy  
With proffer'd Gifts of Price, his Daughter's  
Liberty.

Suppliant before the *Grecians* Chiefs hestood,  
Awful, and arm'd with Ensigns of his God :

Bare was his hoary Head, one holy Hand  
Held forth his Lawrel-Crown, and one, his  
Scepter of Command.

His suit was common, but above the rest  
To both the Brother-Princes was address'd.

With Shouts of loud Acclaim the *Greeks*  
agree 521

To take the Gifts, to set the Pris'ner free.

Not so the Tyrant, who with scorn the  
Priest

Receiv'd, and with opprobrious Words dis-  
miss'd.

The good old Man, forlorn of human Aid,  
For Vengeance to his heav'nly Patron  
pray'd :

The Godhead gave a favourable Ear,  
And granted all to him he held so dear ;

- In an ill Hour his piercing Shafts he sped ;  
 And Heaps on Heaps of slaughter'd *Greeks*  
 lay dead, 530  
 While round the Camp he rang'd : At  
 length arose  
 A Seer who well divin'd ; and durst disclose  
 The Source of all our Ills : I took the Word ;  
 And urg'd the sacred Slave to be restor'd,  
 The God appeas'd : The swelling Monarch  
 storm'd :  
 And then the Vengeance vow'd, he since  
 perform'd :  
 The *Greeks* 'tis true, their Ruin to prevent,  
 Have to the Royal Priest his Daughter  
 sent ;  
 But from their haughty King his Heralds  
 came,  
 And seiz'd by his command, my Captive  
 Dame, 540  
 By common Suffrage given ; but, thou, be  
 won,  
 If in thy Pow'r, t' avenge thy injur'd Son :  
 Ascend the Skies ; and supplicating move  
 Thy just Complaint to Cloud-compelling  
*Jove*.  
 If thou by either Word or Deed hast wrought  
 A kind remembrance in his grateful  
 Thought,  
 Urge him by that : For often hast thou said  
 Thy Pow'r was once not useless in his Aid,  
 When He who high above the Highest reigns,  
 Surpris'd by Traytor-Gods, was bound in  
 Chains. 550  
 When *Juno*, *Pallas*, with Ambition fir'd,  
 And his blue Brother of the Seas conspir'd,  
 Thou freed'st the Sovereign from unworthy  
 Bands,  
 Thou brought'st *Briareus* with his hundred  
 Hands,  
 (So call'd in Heav'n, but mortal Men below  
 By his terrestrial Name, *Egeon* know :  
 Twice stronger than his Syre, who sate above  
 Assessor to the Throne of thundering *Jove*.)  
 The Gods, dismay'd at his approach, with-  
 drew,  
 Nor durst their unaccomplish'd Crime pur-  
 sue. 560  
 That Action to his grateful Mind recal :  
 Embrace his Knees, and at his Footstool  
 fall :  
 That now if ever, he will aid our Foes ;  
 Let *Troy's* triumphant Troops the Camp in-  
 close :
- Ours beaten to the Shore, the Siege forsake ;  
 And what their King deserves with him par-  
 take ;  
 That the proud Tyrant at his proper Cost,  
 May learn the Value of the Man he lost.  
 To whom the Mother-Goddess thus  
 reply'd,  
 Sigh'd ere she spoke, and while she spoke  
 she cry'd, 570  
 Ah wretched me ! by Fates averse decreed  
 To bring thee forth with Pain, with care to  
 breed !  
 Did envious Heav'n not otherwise ordain,  
 Safe in thy hollow Ships thou shou'd'st  
 remain ;  
 Nor ever tempt the fatal Field again.  
 But now thy Planet sheds his pois'nous  
 Rays :  
 And short, and full of Sorrow are thy Days.  
 For what remains, to Heav'n I will ascend,  
 And at the Thund'rer's Throne thy Suit com-  
 mend.  
 Till then, secure in Ships, abstain from  
 Fight ; 580  
 Indulge thy Grief in Tears, and vent thy  
 Spight.  
 For yesterday the Court of Heav'n with  
*Jove*  
 Remov'd : 'Tis dead Vacation now above.  
 Twelve Days the Gods their solemn Revels  
 keep,  
 And quaff with blameless *Ethiops* in the  
 Deep.  
 Return'd from thence, to Heav'n my Flight  
 I take,  
 Knock at the brazen Gates, and Providence  
 awake,  
 Embrace his Knees, and suppliant to the  
 Sire,  
 Doubt not I will obtain the grant of thy  
 desire.  
 She said : And parting left him on the  
 place, 590  
 Swoln with Disdain, resenting his Disgrace :  
 Revengeful Thoughts revolving in his Mind,  
 He wept for Anger and for Love he pin'd.  
 Mean time with prosperous Gales, *Ulysses*  
 brought  
 The Slave, and Ship with Sacrifices fraught,  
 To *Chrysa's* Port : Where entring with the  
 Tide,  
 He drop'd his Anchors, and his Oars he  
 ply'd.

Furl'd every Sail, and drawing down the Mast,  
His Vessel moor'd; and made with Haulsers fast.

Descending on the Plain, ashore they bring  
The Hecatomb to please the shooter King.  
The Dame before an Altars holy Fire  
*Ulysses* led; and thus bespoke her Sire.

Reverenc'd be thou, and be thy God ador'd:

The King of Men thy Daughter has restor'd;  
And sent by me with Presents and with Pray'r;

He recommends him to thy pious Care:  
That *Phæbus* at thy Sute his Wrath may cease,

And give the penitent Offenders Peace.

He said, and gave her to her Father's Hands,

Who glad receiv'd her, free from servile Bands.

This done, in Order they with sober Grace,

Their gifts around the well-built Altar place.

Then wash'd, and took the Cakes: while *Chryses* stood

With Hands upheld, and thus invoc'd his God.

God of the Silver Bow, whose Eyes survey

The sacred *Cilla*, thou whose awful Sway,  
*Chrysa* the bless'd, and *Tenedos* obey:

Now hear, as thou before my Pray'r hast heard,

Against the *Grecians*, and their Prince, prefer'd:

Once thou hast honour'd, honour once again  
Thy Priest; nor let his second Vows be vain;

But from th' afflicted Host and humbled Prince

Avert thy Wrath, and cease thy Pestilence.

*Apollo* heard, and, conquering his Disdain,  
Unbent his Bow and *Greece* respir'd again.

Now when the solemn Rites of Pray'r were past,

Their salted Cakes on crackling Flames they cast.

Then, turning back, the Sacrifice they sped:  
The fatted Oxen slew, and fle'd the Dead,

Chopp'd off their nervous Thighs, and next prepar'd

T' involve the lean in Cauls, and mend with Lard.

Sweet-breads and Collops were with Skewers prick'd

About the Sides: imbibing what they deck'd.  
The Priest with holy Hands was seen to fire

The cloven Wood, and pour the ruddy Wine,  
The Youth approach'd the Fire, and as it burn'd

On five sharp Broachers rank'd, the Roast they turn'd;

These Morsels stay'd their stomachs; then the rest

They cut in Legs and Fillets for the Feast;  
Which drawn and serv'd, their Hunger they appease

With sav'ry Meat, and set their Minds at ease.

Now when the rage of Eating was repell'd,  
The Boys with generous Wine the Goblets fill'd.

The first Libations to the Gods they pour:  
And then with Songs indulge the Genial Hour.

Holy Debauch! till Day to Night they bring,  
With Hymns and Pæans to the Bowyer King.

At Sun-set to their Ship they make return,  
And snore secure on Decks, till rosy Morn.

The Skies with dawning Day were purpled o'er;

Awak'd, with lab'ring Oars they leave the Shore:

The Pow'r appear'd, with Winds suffic'd the Sail.

The belling Canvass strutted with the Gale:

The Waves indignant roar with surly Pride,  
And press against the Sides, and beaten off divide.

They cut the foamy way, with Force impell'd  
Superiour, till the *Trojan* Port they held:

Then hauling on the Strand, their Gally moor.

And pitch their Tents along the crooked Shore.

Mean time the Goddess-born in secret pin'd;

Nor visited the Camp, nor in the Council join'd,

But, keeping close, his gnawing Heart he fed  
With Hopes of Vengeance on the Tyrant's  
Head :

And wish'd for bloody Wars and mortal  
Wounds,

And of the *Greeks* oppress'd in Fight, to hear  
the dying Sounds.

Now, when twelve Days compleat had  
run their Race,

The Gods bethought them of the Cares  
belonging to their place.

*Jove* at their Head ascending from the Sea,  
A shoal of puny Pow'rs attend his way. 670

Then *Thetis* not unmindful of her Son  
Emerging from the Deep, to beg her Boon,  
Pursu'd their Track ; and waken'd from  
his Rest,

Before the Sovereign stood a Morning  
Guest.

Him in the Circle but apart, she found :

The rest at awful Distance stood around.

She bow'd, and e'er she durst her Sute  
begin,

One Hand embrac'd his Knees, one prop'd  
his Chin.

Then thus. If I, Celestial Sire, in nought  
Have serv'd thy Will, or gratify'd thy  
Thought, 680

One glimpse of Glory to my Issue give ;

Grac'd for the little time he has to live.

Dishonour'd by the King of Men he stands :

His rightful Prize is ravish'd from his Hands.

But thou, O Father, in my Son's Defence,

Assume thy Pow'r, assert thy Providence.

Let *Troy* prevail, till *Greece* th' Affront has  
paid

With doubled Honours ; and redeem'd his  
Aid.

She ceas'd, but the consid'ring God was  
mute : 689

Till she, resolv'd to win, renew'd her Sute :

Nor loos'd her Hold, but forc'd him to  
reply,

Or grant me my Petition, or deny :

*Jove* cannot fear : then tell me to my Face

That I, of all the Gods am least in Grace.

This I can bear : The Cloud-compeller  
mourn'd,

And sighing first, this Answer he return'd :  
Know'st thou what Clamors will disturb

my Reign,

What my stun'd Ears from *Juno* must sus-  
tain ?

In Council she gives Licence to her Tongue,  
Loquacious, Brawling, ever in the wrong.

And now she will my partial Pow'r up-  
braid, 701

If alienate from *Greece*, I give the *Trojans* Aid.

But thou depart, and shun her jealous  
Sight,

The Care be mine, to do *Pelides* right.

Go then, and on the Faith of *Jove* rely,

When nodding to thy Sute, he bows the Sky.

This ratifies th' irrevocable Doom :

The Sign ordain'd, that what I will shall  
come :

The Stamp of Heav'n, and Seal of Fate : He  
said,

And shook the sacred Honours of his Head.  
With Terror trembled Heav'n's subsiding

Hill : 711

And from his shaken Curls Ambrosial Dews  
distil.

The Goddess goes exulting from his Sight,

And seeks the Seas profound ; and leaves  
the Realms of Light.

He moves into his Hall : The Pow'rs  
resort,

Each from his House to fill the Sovraign's  
Court.

Nor waiting Summons, nor expecting stood ;

But met with Reverence, and receiv'd the  
God.

He mounts the Throne ; and *Juno* took her  
place :

But sullen Discontent sate lowring on her  
Face. 720

With jealous Eyes, at distance she had  
seen,

Whisp'ring with *Jove* the Silver-footed  
Queen ;

Then, impotent of Tongue (her Silence  
broke)

Thus turbulent in rattling Tone she spoke :

Author of Ills, and close Contriver *Jove*,  
Which of thy Dames, what Prostitute of

Love,  
Has held thy Ear so long, and begg'd so hard

For some old Service done, some new Re-  
ward ?

Apart you talk'd, for that's your special  
Care, 729

The Consort never must the Council share.

One gracious Word is for a Wife too much :

Such is a Marriage-Vow, and *Jove's* own  
Faith is such.

Then thus the Sire of Gods, and Men  
below :

What I have hidden, hope not thou to  
know.

Ev'n Goddesses are Women : And no Wife  
Has Pow'r to regulate her Husband's Life :  
Counsel she may ; and I will give thy Ear  
The Knowledge first, of what is fit to hear.  
What I transact with others, or alone,  
Beware to learn ; nor press too near the  
Throne. 740

To whom the Goddess with the charming  
Eyes :

What hast thou said, O Tyrant of the Skies !  
When did I search the Secrets of thy  
Reign,

Though priviledg'd to know, but priviledg'd  
in vain ?

But well thou dost, to hide from common  
Sight

Thy close Intrigues, too bad to bear the  
Light.

Nor doubt I, but the Silver-footed Dame,  
Tripping from Sea, on such an Errand came  
To grace her Issue, at the *Grecians* Cost,  
And for one peevish Man destroy an Host.

To whom the Thund'rer made this stern  
Reply ; 751

My Household Curse, my lawful Plague,  
the Spy

Of *Jove's* Designs, his other squinting Eye ;  
Why this vain prying, and for what avail ?

*Jove* will be Master still, and *Juno* fail.  
Shou'd thy suspicious Thoughts divine

aright,

Thou but becom'st more odious to my  
Sight,

For this Attempt : uneasy Life to me

Still watch'd, and importun'd, but worse for  
thee.

Curb that impetuous Tongue, before too  
late 760

The Gods behold, and tremble at thy  
Fate ;

Pitying, but daring not, in thy Defence,  
To lift a Hand against Omnipotence.

This heard, the Imperious Queen sate  
mute with Fear :

Nor further durst incense the gloomy  
Thunderer.

Silence was in the Court at this Rebuke :  
Nor cou'd the Gods abash'd, sustain their  
Sov'reigns Look.

The Limping Smith observ'd the sadden'd  
Feast,

And hopping here and there (himself a Jest)-  
Put in his Word, that neither might  
offend ; 770

To *Jove* obsequious, yet his Mother's Friend.  
What End in Heav'n will be of civil War,  
If Gods of Pleasure will for Mortals jar ?  
Such Discord but disturbs our Jovial Feast ;  
One Grain of Bad embitters all the best.

Mother, tho' wise your self, my Counsel  
weigh ;

'Tis much unsafe my Sire to disobey  
Not only you provoke him to your Cost,  
But Mirth is marr'd, and the good Chear is  
lost.

Tempt not his heavy Hand ; for he has  
Pow'r 780

To throw you Headlong, from his Heav'nly  
Tow'r.

But one submissive Word, which you let fall,  
Will make him in good Humour with us All.

He said no more but crown'd a Bowl,  
unbid :

The laughing Nectar overlook'd the Lid :  
Then put it to her Hand ; and thus pursued :

This cursed Quarrel be no more renew'd.

Be, as becomes a Wife, obedient still ;  
Though griev'd, yet subject to her Hus-  
band's Will.

I would not see you beaten ; yet afraid 790  
Of *Jove's* superiour Force, I dare not aid.

Too well I know him, since that hapless  
Hour

When I, and all the Gods employ'd our  
Pow'r

To break your Bonds : Me by the Heel he  
drew ;

And o'er Heav'n's Battlements with Fury  
threw.

All Day I fell ; My flight at Morn begun,  
And ended not but with the setting Sun.

Pitch'd on my Head, at length the *Lemnian*-  
Ground

Receiv'd my batter'd Skull, the *Sinthians*  
heal'd my Wound.

At *Vulcan's* homely Mirth his Mother  
smil'd, 800

And smiling took the Cup the Clown had  
filled.

The Reconciler Bowl went round the Board,  
Which empty'd, the rude Skinker still  
restor'd.

Louds Fits of Laughter seiz'd the Guests, to  
see  
The limping God so deſt at his new Miniſtry.  
The Feaſt continued till declining Light :  
They drank, they laugh'd, they lov'd, and  
then 'twas Night.  
Nor wanted tuneful Harp, nor vocal Quire ;  
The Muſes ſung ; *Apollo* touch'd the Lyre.

Drunken at laſt, and drowſy they depart,  
Each to his Houſe ; Adorn'd with labour'd  
Art 811  
Of the lame Architect : The thund'ring God  
Ev'n he withdrew to reſt, and had his Load.  
His ſwimming Head to needful Sleep  
apply'd ;  
And *Juno* lay unheeded by his Side.

## THE | LAST PARTING | OF | HECTOR | AND ANDROMACHE.

FROM | THE SIXTH BOOK | OF *Homer's ILIADS*

## THE ARGUMENT.

*Hector, returning from the Field of Battle, to viſit Helen his Siſter-in-Law, and his Brother Paris, who had fought unſucceſsfully hand to hand with Menelaus, from thence goes to his own Palace to ſee his wife Andromache, and his Infant Son Aſtynax. The deſcription of that Interview is the ſubject of this tranſlation.*

Thus having ſaid, brave *Hector* went to ſee  
His Virtuous Wife, the fair *Andromache*.  
He found her not at home ; for ſhe was  
gone

(Attended by her Maid and Infant Son,) }  
To climb the ſteepſy Tow'r of *Ilion* :  
From whence with heavy Heart ſhe might  
ſurvey

The bloody buſineſs of the Dreadful day.  
Her mournful Eyes ſhe caſt around the  
Plain,

And ſought the Lord of her Deſires in vain.

But he, who thought his peopled Palace  
bare, 10

When ſhe, his only Comfort, was not there,  
Stood in the Gate, and aſk'd of ev'ry one,  
Which way ſhe took, and whither ſhe was  
gone :

If to the Court, or, with his Mother's Train,  
In long Proceſſion to *Minerva's* Fane ?  
The Servants answer'd, neither to the Court  
Where *Priam's* Sons and Daughters did  
reſort,

HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE. Text from the  
original of 1603.

*I do not follow the uſe of italics in this piece,  
but, as it ſeems to be Dryden's, it is here re-  
tained.*

Nor to the Temple was ſhe gone, to move ;  
With Prayers the blew-ey'd Progeny of *Jove*  
But, more ſollicitous for him alone, 20  
Than all their ſafety, to the Tow'r was gone,  
There to ſurvey the Labours of the Field,  
Where the *Greeks* conquer, and the *Trojans*  
yield.

Swiftly ſhe paſſ'd, with Fear and Fury wild ;  
The Nurse went lagging after with the Child.

Thus heard, the Noble *Hector* made no ſtay ;  
Th' admiring Throng divid'd, to give him way :  
He paſſ'd through every Street, by which  
he came,

And at the Gate he met the mournful Dame.  
His Wife beheld him, and with eager  
pace, 30

Flew to his Arms, to meet a dear Embrace :  
His Wife, who brought in Dow'r *Cilicia's*  
Crown,

And in her ſelf a greater Dow'r alone :  
*Acton's* Heyr, who on the Woody Plain  
Of *Hippoplacus* did in *Thebe* reign.

Breathleſs ſhe flew, with Joy and Paſſion wild ;  
The Nurse came lagging after with her Child.

The Royal Babe upon her Breast was laid ;  
Who, like the Morning Star, his beams  
display'd.

*Scamandrius* was his Name which *Hector*  
gave, 40

From that fair Flood which *Ilion's* Wall did  
lave :

But him *Aſtynax* the *Trojans* call,  
From his great Father who defends the Wall.

34 *Aſtyn*! *Saintsbury* prints *Acton* and  
by miſtake attributes it to error to Dryden.

35 *Hippoplacus*! The form is bad, but even that  
which is given by the editors, *Hippoplacus*, is not  
correct in this place

37 her] Some editors wrongly give the



*Hector* beheld him with a silent Smile :  
His tender Wife stood weeping by, the  
while :

Prest in her own, his Warlike hand she  
took,

Then sigh'd, and thus Prophetically spoke.

Thy dauntless Heart (which I foresee too  
late,)

Too daring Man, will urge thee to thy Fate :  
Nor dost thou pity, with a Parent's mind,  
This helpless Orphan whom thou leav'st  
behind ;

Nor me, th' unhappy Partner of thy Bed ;  
Who must in Triumph by the *Greeks* be led :  
They seek thy Life ; and, in unequal Fight,  
With many will oppress thy single Might :  
Better it were for miserable me  
To die, before the Fate which I foresee.

For ah what comfort can the World be-  
queath

To *Hector's* Widow, after *Hector's* death ?

Eternal Sorrow and perpetual Tears 60  
Began my Youth, and will conclude my  
Years :

I have no Parents, Friends, nor Brothers  
left ;

By stern *Achilles* all of Life bereft.  
Then when the Walls of *Thebes* he o're-  
threw,

His fatal Hand my Royal Father slew ;  
He slew *Action*, but despoil'd him not ;  
Nor in his hate the Funeral Rites forgot ;  
Arm'd as he was he sent him whole below,  
And reverenc'd thus the Manes of his Foe :  
A Tomb he rais'd ; the Mountain Nymphs  
around

Enclos'd with planted Elms the Holy Ground.

My sev'n brave *Brothers* in one fatal Day  
To Death's dark Mansions took the mourn-  
ful way ;

Slain by the same *Achilles*, while they keep  
The bellowing Oxen and the bleating Sheep.  
My Mother, who the Royal Scepter sway'd,  
Was Captive to the cruel Victor made,  
And hither led ; but hence redeem'd with  
Gold,

Her Native Country did again behold,  
And but beheld : for soon *Diana's* Dart 80  
In an unhappy Chace transfix'd her Heart.

61 o'rethrew] The editors, not noticing that  
*Thebes* is here made dissyllabic to distinguish it  
from the Boeotian town, wrongly give overthrew

But thou, my *Hector*, art thy self alone  
My Parents, Brothers, and my Lord in one  
O kill not all my Kindred o're again,  
Nor tempt the Dangers of the dusty Plain ; }  
But in this Tow'r, for our Defence, remain. }  
Thy Wife and Son are in thy Ruin lost :  
This is a Husband's and a Father's Post.

The *Scæan* Gate commands the Plains }  
below ; 89 }

Here marshal all thy Souldiers as they go ;  
And hence, with other Hands, repel the Foe. }  
By yon wild Fig-tree lies their chief ascent,  
And thither all their Pow'rs are daily bent ;  
The two *Ajaces* have I often seen,  
And the wrong'd Husband of the *Spartan*  
Queen :

With him his greater Brother ; and with  
these

Fierce *Diomede* and bold *Meriones* :  
Uncertain if by *Augury*, or chance,  
But by this easie rise they all advance ;  
Guard well that Pass, secure of all beside.  
To whom the Noble *Hector* thus reply'd. 101

That and the rest are in my daily care ;  
But, shou'd I shun the Dangers of the War,  
With scorn the *Trojans* wou'd reward my  
Pains,  
And their proud Ladies with their sweeping  
Trains.

The *Grecian* Swords and Lances I can bear  
But loss of Honour is my only Fear.  
Shall *Hector*, born to War, his Birth-right  
yield,

Belie his Courage, and forsake the Field ?  
Early in rugged Arms I took delight : 110  
And still have been the foremost in the  
Fight :

With dangers dearly have I bought Renown,  
And am the Champion of my Father's  
Crown.

And yet my mind forebodes, with sure  
presage,

That *Troy* shall perish by the *Grecian* Rage.  
The fatal Day draws on, when I must  
fall ;

And Universal Ruine cover all.  
Not *Troy* it self, tho' built by Hands Divine,  
Nor *Priam*, nor his People, nor his Line,  
My Mother, nor my *Brothers* of Renown, 120  
Whose Valour yet defends th' unhappy  
Town,

Not these, nor all their Fates which I foresee,  
Are half of that concern I have for thee.

I see, I see thee, in that fatal Hour,  
 Subjected to the Victor's cruel Pow'r ;  
 Led hence a Slave to some insulting Sword,  
 Forlorn and trembling at a Foreign Lord ;  
 A spectacle in *Argos*, at the Loom,  
 Gracing with *Trojan* Fights a *Grecian* Room ;  
 Or from deep Wells, the living Stream to  
 take. 120

And on thy weary Shoulders bring it back.  
While, groaning under this laborious Life,  
They insolently call thee *Hector's* Wife ;  
Upbraid thy *Bondage* with thy Husband's  
name :

And from my Glory propagate thy Shame.  
This when they say, thy Sorrows will en-  
crease

With anxious thoughts of former Happiness;  
That he is dead who cou'd thy wrongs redress.

But I, oppress'd with Iron Sleep before,  
Shall hear thy unavailing Cries no more. 140  
He said.

'Then, holding forth his *Arms*, he took his  
*Boy*,  
 (The Pledge of Love, and other hope of  
*Troy* :

The fearful Infant turn'd his Head away,  
And on his Nurse's Neck reclining lay,  
His unknown Father shunning with affright,  
And looking back on so uncouth a sight ;  
Daunted to see a Face with Steel o're-spread,  
And his high Plume, that nodded o're his  
Head.

His Sire and Mother smil'd with silent  
Joy :

And *Hector* hasten'd to relieve his *Boy*;  
Dismiss'd his burnish'd Helm, that shone  
afar.

(The Pride of Warriours, and the Pomp of War :)

Th' *Illustrious Babe*, thus reconcil'd, he  
took :

Hugg'd in his Arms, and kiss'd, and thus he  
spoke.

Parent of Gods and Men, propitious *Jove*,  
And you bright Synod of the Pow'rs above ;  
On this my Son your Gracious Gifts bestow ;  
Grant him to live, and great in Arms to  
grow. 159

To reign in *Troy*, to Govern with Renown,  
To shield the People, and assert the Crown:  
That, when hereafter he from Warshall come,  
And bring his *Trojans* Peace and Triumph  
home.

Some aged Man, who lives this act to see,  
And who in former times remember'd me,  
May say the Son in Fortitude and Fame  
Out-goes the Mark ; and drowns his Father's  
Name :

That at these words his Mother may rejoice,  
And add her Suffrage to the publick Voice

Thus having said, 170  
He first with suppliant Hands the Gods  
ador'd:

Then to the Mother's Arms the Child  
restor'd:

With Tears and Smiles she took her Son  
and press'd

Th' Illustrious Infant to her fragrant *Breast*.  
He, wiping her fair Eyes, indulg'd her Grief,  
And eas'd her Sorrows with this last Relic.

My Wife and Mistress, drive thy fears  
away.

Nor give so bad an Omen to the Day :  
Think not it lies in any *Grecian's* Pow'r,  
To take my Life before the fatal Hour. 180  
When that arrives, nor good nor bad can fly  
Th' irrevocable Doom of Destiny.

Return, and, to divert thy thoughts at home.

There task thy Maids, and exercise the Loom.

Employ'd in Works that Womankind  
become.

The Toils of War, and Feats of Chivalry  
Belong to Men, and most of all to me.

At this, for new Replies he did not stay.  
But lac'd his Crested Helm, and strode

away. 189  
His lovely Consort to her House return'd.

And looking often back in silence mourn'd :  
Home when she came, her secret Wee she

And fills the Palace with her loud Laments :

These loud Laments her echoing Murders  
restore.

# [THE DEDICATION TO EXAMEN POETICUM, 1693.]

TO THE  
RIGHT HONOURABLE  
MY  
LORD RADCLIFFE.

*My Lord,*

These Miscellany Poems, are by many Titles yours. The first they claim from your acceptance of my Promise to present them to you; before some of them were yet in being. The rest are deriv'd from your own Merit, the exactness of your Judgment in Poetry, and the candour of your Nature; easie to forgive some trivial faults, when they come accompanied with countervailing Beauties. But after all, though these are your equitable claims to a Dedication from other Poets, yet I must acknowledge a Bribe in the case, which is your particular liking of my Verses. 'Tis a vanity common to all Writers, to over-value their own Productions; and 'tis better for me to own this failing in my self, than the World to do it for me. For what other Reason have I spent my Life in so unprofitable a Study? Why am I grown Old, in seeking so barren a Reward as Fame! The same Parts and Application, which have made me a Poet, might have rais'd me to any Honours of the Gown, which are often given to Men of as little Learning and less Honesty than my self. No Government has ever been, or ever can be, wherein Time-servers and Blockheads will not be uppermost. The Persons are only chang'd, but the same jugglings in State, the same Hypocrisy in Religion, the same Self-Interest, and Mis-mannagement, will remain for ever. Blood and Money will be lavish'd in all Ages, only for the Preferment of new Faces, with old Consciences. There is too often a Jaundise in the Eyes of Great Men; they see not those whom they raise in the same Colours with other Men. All whom they affect, look Golden to them; when the Gilding is only in their own distemper'd Sight. These Considerations have given me a kind of Contempt for those who have risen by unworthy ways. I am not asham'd to be Little, when I see them so Infamously Great. Neither, do I know, why the Name of Poet should be Dishonourable to me, if I am truly one, as I hope I am; for I will never do any thing, that shall dishonour it. The Notions of Morality are known to all Men; None can pretend Ignorance of those Idea's which are In-born in Mankind: and if I see one thing, and practise the contrary, I must be Disingenuous, not to acknowledge a clear Truth, and Base, to Act against the light of my own Conscience. For the Reputation of my Honesty, no Man can question it, who has any of his own: For that of my Poetry, it shall either stand by its own Merit; or fall for want of it. Ill Writers are usually the sharpest Censors; For they (as the best Poet, and the best Patron said), When in the full perfection of decay, turn Vinegar, and come again in Play. Thus the corruption of a Poet is the Generation of a Critick: I mean of a Critick in the general acceptation of this Age; for formerly they were quite another Species of Men. They were Defenders of Poets, and Commentators on their Works: to Illustrate obscure Beauties; to place some passages in a better light; to redeem others from malicious Interpretations: to help out an Author's Modesty, who is not ostentatious of his Wit; and, in short, to shield him from the Ill-

DEDICATION TO EXAMEN POETICUM, 1693.  
26 Consideration have] Considerations, have 1693.

11 accompanied with] accompanied, with 1693. ..  
37 Poet is] Poet, is 1693.

# KEY TO BOTH PARTS OF ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEI

(From Vol. II. of MISCELLANY POEMS, edition of 1716.)

<i>Abeshdin</i> . .	Lord Chancellor.	<i>Ishban</i> . .	Sir R. Clayton.
<i>Abdael</i> . .	Duke of Albemarle.	<i>Israel</i> . .	England.
<i>Absalom</i> . .	Duke of Monmouth.	<i>Issachar</i> . .	T. Thin, Esq.
<i>Achitophel</i> . .	Lord Shaftesbury.	<i>Jebusites</i> .	Papists.
<i>Adriel</i> . .	Earl of Mulgrave.	<i>Jerusalem</i> .	London.
<i>Agag</i> . .	Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey.	<i>Jonas</i> . .	Sir W. Jones.
<i>Amiel</i> . .	Mr. Seymour, Speaker.	<i>Jotham</i> . .	Marquis of Halifax.
<i>Anri</i> . .	Lord Chancellor Finch.	<i>Jothran</i> . .	Lord Dartmouth.
<i>Annabel</i> . .	Duchess of Monmouth.	<i>Judas</i> . .	Ferguson.
<i>Arod</i> . .	Sir W. Waller.	<i>Mephisheth</i>	Pordage.
<i>Asaph</i> . .	Mr. Dryden.	<i>Michal</i> . .	Queen Katharine.
<i>Balaam</i> . .	Earl of Huntingdon.	<i>Nadab</i> . .	Lord Howard of Escrick.
<i>Balak</i> . .	Burnet.	<i>Og</i> . .	Shadwell.
<i>Barzillai</i> . .	Duke of Ormond.	<i>Othniel</i> . .	Duke of Grafton.
<i>Bathsheba</i> . .	Duchess of Portsmouth.	<i>Pharaoh</i> . .	French King.
<i>Benaiiah</i> . .	General Sackville.	<i>Phaleg</i> . .	Forbes.
<i>Ben Jochanan</i>	Johnson.	<i>Rabshakeh</i> .	Sir Thomas Player.
<i>Bezaiel</i> . .	Duke of Beaufort.	<i>Sagan of Jeru-</i>	} Bishop of London.
<i>Caleb</i> . .	Lord Grey.	<i>salem</i> . .	
<i>Corah</i> . .	Dr. Oates.	<i>Sanhedrim</i> .	Parliament.
<i>David</i> . .	King Charles II.	<i>Saul</i> . .	Oliver.
<i>Doeg</i> . .	Settle.	<i>Sheva</i> . .	Sir R. L'Estrange.
<i>Egypt</i> . .	France.	<i>Shimei</i> . .	Sheriff Bethel.
<i>Eliab</i> . .	Earl of Arlington.	<i>Solymean Row</i>	London Rebels.
<i>Ethnic Plot</i> .	Popish Plot.	<i>Tyre</i> . .	Holland.
<i>Hebrew Priests</i>	{ Church of England Minis- ters.	<i>Uzza</i> . .	J. H.
<i>Hebron</i> . .		<i>Western Dome</i>	Dolben.
<i>Helon</i> . .	Scotland.	<i>Zadoch</i> . .	Archbishop Sancroft.
<i>Helon</i> . .	Lord Feversham.	<i>Zaken</i> . .	Parliament-man.
<i>Hushai</i> . .	Earl of Rochester, Hyde.	<i>Ziloah</i> . .	Sir J. Moor.
<i>Iskbosheth</i> .	Richard Cromwell.	<i>Zimri</i> . .	Duke of Buckingham.

Masters. We Trayl our Plays under them, but, (as at the Funerals of a *Turkish* Emperour) our Ensigns are furl'd or dragg'd upon the ground, in Honour to the Dead; so we may lawfully advance our own, afterwards, to show that we succeed: If less in Dignity, yet on the same Foot and Title, which we think too we can maintain against the Insolence of our own Janizaries. If I am the Man, as I have Reason to believe, who am seemingly Court'd, and secretly Undermin'd: I think I shall be able to defend my self, when I am openly Attacqu'd. And to shew besides, that the *Greek* Writers only gave us the Rudiments of a Stage which they never finish'd: that many of the Tragedies in the former Age amongst us, were without Comparison beyond those of *Sophocles* 10 and *Euripides*. But at present, I have neither the leisure nor the means for such an Undertaking. 'Tis ill going to Law for an Estate, with him who is in possession of it, and enjoys the present Profits, to feed his Cause. But the *quantum mutatus* may be remembered in due time. In the mean while, I leave the World to judge, who gave the Provocation.

This, my Lord, is, I confess, a long digression, from *Miscellany Poems* to *Modern Tragedies*: But I have the ordinary excuse of an Injur'd Man, who will be telling his Tale unseasonably to his Betters. Though at the same time, I am certain you are so good a Friend, as to take a Concern in all things which belong to one who so truly Honours you. And besides, being yourself a Critick of the Genuine sort, who have Read the best Authours in their 20 own Languages, who perfectly distinguish of their several Merits, and in general prefer them to the Moderns, yet, I know, you judge for the *English* Tragedies, against the *Greek* and *Latin*, as well as against the *French*, *Italian* and *Spanish*, of these latter Ages. Indeed there is a vast difference betwixt arguing like *Peraul*, in behalf of the *French* Poets, against *Homer* and *Virgil*, and betwixt giving the *English* Poets their undoubted due of excell'g *Æschylus*, *Euripides*, and *Sophocles*. For if we, or our greater Fathers, have not yet brought the *Drama* to an absolute Perfection, yet at least we have carried it much farther than those Ancient *Greeks*; who, beginning from a *Chorus*, cou'd never totally exclude it, as we have done; who find it an unprofitable incumbrance, without any necessity of Entertaining it amongst us; and without the possibility of establishing it here, unless 30 it were supported by a Publick Charge. Neither can we accept of those Lay Bishops, as some call them, who, under pretence of reforming the Stage, wou'd intrude themselves upon us, as our Superiours, being indeed incompetent Judges of what is Manners, what Religion, and least of all, what is Poetry and Good Sense. I can tell them in behalf of all my Fellows, that when they come to Exercise a Jurisdiction over us, they shall have the Stage to themselves, as they have the Lawrel. As little can I grant, that the *French* Dramatick Writers excel the *English*: Our authours as far surpass them in Genius, as our Souldiers Excel theirs in Courage: 'tis true, in Conduct they surpass us either way: Yet that proceeds not so much from their greater Knowledge, as from the difference of Tasts in the two Nations. They content themselves wth a thin Design, without Episodes, and 40 manag'd by few Persons. Our Audience will not be pleas'd, but with variety of Accidents, an Underplot, and many Actours. They follow the Ancients too servilely, in the Mechanick Rules, and we assume too much License to our selves, in keeping them only in view, at too great a distance. But if our Audience had their Tasts, our Poets could more easily comply with them, than the *French* Writers cou'd come up to the Sublimity of our Thoughts, or to the difficult variety of our Designs. However it be, I dare establish it for a Rule of Practice on the Stage, that we are bound to please those whom we pretend to Entertain; and that at any price, Religion and Good Manners only excepted. And I care not much, if I give this handle to our bad Illiterate Poetasters, for the defence of their *SCRIPTIONS*, as they call them. There is a sort of Merit in delighting the Spectatours; which is a

8 finish'd that] finish'd That 1693.

†8 Tasts in the two Nations] Some editors wrongly give Taste 1693.

23 difference betwixt] difference, betwixt 1693.

48 handle to] handle, to

Name more proper for them, than that of Auditours. Or else *Horace* is in the wrong, when he commends *Lucilius* for it. But these common places I mean to treat at greater leisure. In the mean time, submitting that little I have said, to your Lordship's Approbation, or your Censure, and chusing rather to Entertain you this way, as you are a judge of writing, than to oppress your Modesty with other Commendations; which, though they are your due, yet wou'd not be equally receiv'd; in this Satirical, and Censorious Age. That which cannot without Injury be deny'd to you, is the easiness of your Conversation, far from Affectation or Pride: not denying even to Enemies their just Praises. And thus, if I wou'd dwell on any Theme of this Nature, is no vulgar Commendation to your Lordship. Without Flattery, my Lord, you have 101 it in your Nature, to be a Patron and Encourager of Good Poets, but your Fortune has not yet put into your hands the opportunity of expressing it. What you will be hereafter, may be more than guessed, by what you are at present. You maintain the Character of a Nobleman, without that Haughtiness which generally attends too many of the Nobility, and when you converse with Gentlemen, you forget not that you have been of their Order. You are Married to the Daughter of a King, who, amongst her other high Perfections, has deriv'd from him a Charming Behaviour, a winning Goodness, and a Majestick Person. The Muses and the Graces are the Ornaments of your Family. While the Muse sings, the Grace accompanies her Voice: even the Servants of the Muses have sometimes had the Happiness to hear her; and to receive their Inspirations 20 from her.

I will not give my self the liberty of going farther; for 'tis so sweet to wander in a pleasing way, that I shou'd never arrive at my Journeys end. To keep my self from being belated in my Letter, and tiring your Attention, I must return to the place where I was setting out. I humbly Dedicate to your Lordship, my own Labours in this Miscellany: At the same time, not arrogating to myself the Privilege of Inscribing to you the Works of others who are join'd with me in this undertaking, over which I can pretend no right. Your lady and You have done me the favour to hear me Read my Translations of *Ovid*: And you both seem'd not to be displeas'd with them. Whether it be the partiality of an Old Man to his Youngest Child, I know not: But they appear to me the best of all my 30 Endeavours in this kind. Perhaps this Poet is more easie to be Translated than some others, whom I have lately attempted: Perhaps too, he was more according to my Genius. He is certainly more palatable to the Reader, than any of the *Roman* Wits, though some of them are more lofty, some more Instructive, and others more Correct. He had Learning enough to make him equal in the best. But as his Verse came easily, he wanted the toyl of Application to amend it. He is often luxuriant both in his Fancy and Expressions, and as it has lately been observ'd, not always Natural. If Wit be pleasantry, he has it to excess; but if it be propriety, *Lucretius*, *Horace*, and, above all, *Virgil* are his Superiours. I have said so much of him already, in my Preface to his Heroical Epistles, that there remains little to be added in this place: for my own part, I have endeavoured to Copy his Character 40 what I cou'd in this Translation, even, perhaps, farther than I shou'd have done, to his very faults. Mr. *Chapman*, in his Translation of *Homer*, professes to have done it somewhat paraphrastically, and that on set purpose; his Opinion being, that a good Poet is to be Translated in that manner. I remember not the Reason which he gives for it: But I suppose it is, for fear of omitting any of his Excellencies: sure I am, that if it be a Fault, 'tis much more pardonable than that of those, who run into the other extrem of a literal and close Translation, where the Poet is confin'd so streightly to his Author's Words, that he wants elbow-room to express his Elegancies. He leaves him obscure; he leaves him Prose, where he found him Verse. And no better than thus has *Ovid* been served by the so much admir'd *Sandys*. This is at least the Idea which I have remaining 50 of his Translation; for I never Read him since I was a Boy. They who take him upon

Content, from the Praises which their Father gave him, may inform their Judgment by Reading him again, and see (if they understand the Original) what is become of *Orid's* Poetry, in his Version; whether it be not all, or the greatest part of it, evanorated: but this proceeded from the wrong Judgment of the Age in which he Liv'd. They neither knew good Verse nor lov'd it! they were Scholars, 'tis true, but they were Pedants. And for a just Reward of their Pedantick pains, all their Translations want to be Translated, into *English*.

If I flatter not my self, or if my Friends have not Flatter'd me, I have given my Author's Sense, for the most part truly: for to mistake sometimes is incident to all Men: And not to follow the *Dutch* Commentatours always, may be forgiven to a Man who thinks them in the general, heavy gross-witted Fellows, fit only to gloss on their own dull Poets. But I leave a farther Satire on their Wit, till I have a better opportunity to shew how much I Love and Honour them. I have likewise attempted to restore *Orid* to his Native sweetness, easiness, and smoothness; and to give my Poetry a kind of Cadence, and, as we call it, a run of Verse, as like the Original, as the *English* can come up to the *Latin*. As he seldom uses any *Synalephas*, so I have endeavour'd to avoid them, as often as I cou'd: I have likewise given him his own turns, both on the Words, and on the Thought; which I cannot say are inimitable, because I have Copied them; and so may others, if they use the same diligence: But certainly they are wonderfully Gracelul in this Poet. Since  
 20 I have Nam'd the *Synalepha*, which is the cutting off one Vowel, immediately before another, I will give an Example of it from *Chapman's Homer*, which lies before me; for the benefit of those who understand not the *Latin* Proceeds. 'Tis in the first Line of the Argument to the First *Iliad*.

*Apollo's Priest to th' Argive Fleet both Urris, &c.*

There we see he makes it not the *Argive*, but th' *Argive*, to shun the shock of the two Vowels, immediately following each other: but in his Second Argument, in the same Page, he gives a bad example of the quite contrary kind:

*Alpha the Pray'r of Chryses sings:  
 The Army's Plague, the Strife of Kings.*

30 In these words *the Armies*, the ending with a Vowel, and *Armies* beginning with another Vowel, without cutting off the first, which by it had been th' *Armies*, there remains a most horrible ill-sounding gap betwixt those Words. I cannot say that I have every where observ'd the Rule of the *Synalepha* in my Translation; but whenever I have not, 'tis a fault in sound: The *French* and *Italians* have made it an inviolable Precept in their versification; therein following the severe example of the *Latin* Poets. Our Countrymen have not yet Reform'd their Poetry so far; but content them selves with following the Licentious practice of the *Greeks*; who, though they sometimes use *Synalephas*, yet make no difficulty very often, to sound one Vowel upon another; as *Homer* does in the very first line of *Alpha*. Μηνυ αὐτῇ Θεῷ, Πηληϊάδεω Ἀχιλῆϊ. 'Tis true, indeed, that in  
 40 the second line in these words μνητ' Ἀχαιοῖς, and αὐτῇ ἑσθρῇ, the *Synalepha* in revenge is twice observed. But it becomes us, for the sake of *Euphony*, rather *Musas celere se curare*, with the *Romans*, than to give into the looseness of the *Grecians*.

I have tir'd my self, and have been summon'd by the Press to send away this Dedication, otherwise I had expos'd some other faults, which are daily committed by our *English* Poets; which, with care and observation, might be amended. For, after all, our Language is both Copious, Significant, and Majestical, and might be reduc'd into a more harmonious sound. But, for want of Publick Encouragement, in this *Iron Age*, we are so far from

making any progress in the improvement of our Tongue, that in few years, we shall Speak and Write as Barbarously as our Neighbours.

Notwithstanding my haste, I cannot forbear to tell your Lordship, that there are two fragments of *Homer* Translated in this *Miscellany*; one by Mr *Congreve* (whom I cannot mention without the Honour which is due to his Excellent Parts, and that entire Affection which I bear him;) and the other by my self. Both the Subjects are pathetic, and I am sure my Friend has added to the Tenderness which he found in the Original, and, without Flattery, surpass'd his Author. Yet I must needs say this in reference to *Homer*, that he is much more capable of exciting the Manly Passions than those of Grief and Pity. To cause Admiration, is indeed the proper and adequate design of an Epick Poem: and in that he has excell'd even *Virgil*. Yet, without presuming to Arraign our Master, I may venture to affirm, that he is somewhat too Talkative, and more than somewhat too digressive. This is so manifest, that it cannot be deny'd, in that little parcel which I have Translated, perhaps too literally: There *Andromache* in the midst of her Concernment, and Fright for *Hector*, runs off her Biass, to tell him a Story of her Pedigree, and of the lamentable Death of her Father, her Mother, and her seven Brothers. The Devil was in *Hector* if he knew not all this matter, as well as she who told it him; for she had been his Bed-fellow for many Years together: and if he knew it, then it must be confess'd, that *Homer* in this long digression, has rather given us his own Character, than that of the Fair Lady whom he Paints. His Dear Friends the Commentators, who never fail him at a pinch, will needs excuse him, by making the present Sorrow of *Andromache*, to occasion the remembrance of all the past: But others think that she had enough to do with that Grief which now oppress'd her, without running for assistance to her Family. *Virgil*, I am confident, wou'd have omitted such a work of supererogation. But *Virgil* had the Gift of expressing much in little, and sometimes in silence: For though he yielded much to *Homer* in Invention, he more Excell'd him in his Admirable Judgment. He drew the Passion of *Dido* for *Eneas*, in the most lively and most natural Colours imaginable. *Homer* was ambitious enough of moving pity; for he has attempted twice on the same subject of *Hector's* death: first, when *Priam* and *Hecuba* beheld his Corps, which was drag'd after the chariot of *Achilles*; and then in the Lamentation which was made over him, when his Body was redeem'd by *Priam*; and the same Persons again bewail his death, with a Chorus of others to help the cry. But if this last excite Compassion in you, as I doubt not but it will, you are more oblig'd to the Translator than the Poet. For *Homer*, as I observ'd before, can move rage better than he can pity: He stirs up the irascible appetite, as our Philosophers call it; he provokes to Murther, and the destruction of God's Images; he forms and equips those ungodly Man-killers, whom we Poets, when we flatter them, call Heroes; a race of Men who can never enjoy quiet in themselves, 'till they have taken it from all the World. This is *Homer's* Commendation, and such as it is, the Lovers of Peace, or at least of more moderate Heroism, will never Envy him. But let *Homer* and *Virgil* contend for the Prize of Honour, betwixt themselves, I am satisfied they will never have a third Concurrent. I wish Mr. *Congreve* had the leisure to Translate him, and the World the good Nature and Justice to Encourage him in that Noble Design, of which he is more capable than any Man I know. The Earl of *Mulgrave* and Mr. *Waller*, two the best Judges of our Age, have assured me, that they cou'd never read over the Translation of *Chapman*, without incredible Pleasure and extreme Transport. This Admiration of theirs must needs proceed from the Author himself: For the Translator has thrown him down as low, as harsh Numbers, improper *English*, and a monstrous length of Verse cou'd carry him. What then wou'd he appear in the Harmonious Version of one of the best Writers, Living in a much better Age than was the last? I mean for versification, and the Art of Numbers: for in the *Drania* we have not arriv'd to the pitch of *Shakespear* and *Ben Johnson*. But here, my Lord, I am



forc'd to break off abruptly, without endeavouring at a Compliment in the close. This *Miscellany* is, without dispute, one of the best of the kind, which has hitherto been extant in our Tongue. At least, as Sir Samuel Tuke has said before me, a Modest Man may praise what is not his own. My Fellows have no need of any Protection, but I humbly recommend my part of it, as much as it deserves, to your Patronage and Acceptance, and all the rest of your Forgiveness.

I am,  
My Lord,  
Your Lordship's most  
Obedient Servant, \*

JOHN DRYDEN.

## THE FIRST BOOK

or

## Ovid's Metamorphoses.

OF Bodies chang'd to various Forms I sing:  
Ye Gods, from whom these Miracles did  
spring,  
Inspire my Numbers with Celestial heat;  
Till I my long laborious Work compleat;  
And add perpetual Tenour to my Rhimes,  
Deduc'd from Nature's Birth, to *Cæsar's*  
Times.

Before the Seas, and this Terrestrial Ball,  
And Heav'n's high Canopy, that covers all,  
One was the Face of Nature, if a Face;  
Rather a rude and indigested Mass: 10  
A lifeless Lump, unfashion'd, and unfram'd;  
Of jarring Seeds; and justly Chaos nam'd.  
No Sun was lighted up the World to view:  
No Moon did yet her blunted Horns renew:  
Nor yet was Earth suspended in the Skye;  
Nor, pois'd, did on her own Foundations lye:  
Nor Seas about the Shoars their Arms had  
thrown;  
But Earth and Air and Water were in one.  
Thus Air was void of Light, and Earth  
unstable,  
And Waters dark Abyss unnavigable. 20  
No certain Form on any was imprest;  
All were confus'd, and each disturb'd the  
rest.  
For hot and cold were in one Body fixt,  
And soft with hard, and light with heavy  
mixt.

But God, or Nature, while they thus con-  
tend,

To these intestine Discords put an end.  
Then Earth from Air, and Seas from Earth  
were driv'n,  
And grosser Air sunk from Æthereal  
Heav'n.

Thus disemboil'd, they take their proper  
place;  
The next of Kin contiguously embrace: 30  
And Foes are sunder'd by a larger space.  
The force of Fire ascended first on high,  
And took its dwelling in the vaulted Skie:  
Then Air succeeds, in lightness next to  
Fire:

Whose Atoms from unactive Earth retire.  
Earth sinks beneath, and draws a numerous  
throng  
Of pondrous, thick, unweildy Seeds along.  
About her Coasts, unruly Waters rear,  
And, rising on a Ridge, insult the Shoar.  
Thus when the God, what ever God was he,  
Had form'd the whole, and made the parts  
agree, 41

That no unequal portions might be found,  
He moulded Earth into a spacious round:  
Then with a Breath, he gave the Winds to  
blow;  
And bad the congregated Waters flow.  
He adds the running Springs, and standing  
Lakes;  
And bounding Banks for winding Rivers  
makes.

Some part, in Earth are swallow'd up, the  
most

In ample Oceans, disimbogu'd, are lost.

He shades the Woods, the Vallies he re-  
strains

With Rocky Mountains, and extends the  
Plains.

And as five Zones th' Æthereal Regions  
bind,

*Five Correspondent, are to Earth assign'd :*

The Sun, with Rays directly darting down,

Fires all beneath, and fries the middle Zone :

The two beneath the distant Poles complain  
Of endless Winter, and perpetual Rain.

Betwixt th' extreams, two happier Climates  
hold

The Temper that partakes of Hot and Cold.

The Fields of liquid Air, inclosing all, 60

Surround the Compass of this Earthly Ball :

The lighter parts lie next the Fires above ;

The grosser near the watry Surface move :

Thick Clouds are spread, and Storms  
engender there,

And Thunders Voice, which wretched  
Mortals fear,

And Winds that on their Wings cold Winter  
bear.

Nor were those blustering Brethren left at  
large,

On Seas and Shoars their fury to dis-  
charge :

Bound as they are, and circumscrib'd in  
place,

They rend the World, resistless, where they  
pass ;

And mighty Marks of Mischief leave behind ; 70

Such is the Rage of their tempestuous kind.

First *Eurus* to the rising Morn is sent,

(The Regions of the balmy Continent ;) •

And *Eastern* Realms, where early *Persians*  
run,

To greet the blest appearance of the Sun.

*Westward*, the wanton *Zephyr* wings his  
Flight ;

Pleas'd with the Remnants of departing  
light :

Fierce *Boreas* with his Off-spring issues  
forth,

T' invade the frozen Waggon of the North.

While frowning *Auster* seeks the Southern  
Sphere, 81

And rots with endless Rain, th' unwholesom  
year.

High o're the Clouds, and empty Realms  
of wind,

The God a clearer space for Heav'n design'd,  
Where Fields of Light, and Liquid Æther

flow,

Purg'd from the pondrous dregs of Earth  
below.

Scarce had the Pow'r distinguish'd these,  
when streight

The Stars, no longer overlaid with weight,  
Evert their Heads from underneath the

Mass,

And upward shoot, and kindle as they pass  
And with diffusive Light, adorn their

Heav'nly place. 91

Then, every void of Nature to supply,  
With Forms of Gods he fills the vacant Skie :

New Herds of Beasts he sends the Plains to  
share ;

New Colonies of Birds, to people Air ,  
And to their Oozy Beds the finny Fish repair

A Creature of a more Exalted Kind  
Was wanting yet, and then was Man

design'd :

Conscious of Thought, of more capacious  
Breast,

For Empire form'd, and fit to rule the rest :  
Whether with particles of Heav'nly Fire 101

The God of Nature did his Soul Inspire ;  
Or Earth, but new divided from the Skie,

And, pliant, still, retain'd th' Æthereal  
Energy :

Which Wise *Prometheus* temper'd into paste,  
And mixt with living Streams, the Godlike

Image cast.

Thus, while the mute Creation downward  
bend

Their Sight, and to their Earthy Mother tend,  
Man looks aloft ; and with erected Eyes

Beholds his own Hereditary Skies. 110

From such rude Principles our Form began,  
And Earth was Metamorphos'd into Man.

### *The Golden Age.*

The Golden Age was first, when Man  
yet New,

No Rule but uncorrupted Reason knew ;  
And, with a Native bent, did Good pursue.

Un-forc'd by Punishment, un-aw'd by fear,  
His words were simple, and his Soul sincere :

Needless was written Law, where none  
oppress;

The Law of Man was written in his Breast;  
No suppliant Crowds before the Judge  
appear'd: 120

No Court Erected yet, nor Cause was hear'd;  
But all was safe, for Conscience was their  
Guard.

The Mountain Trees in distant prospect  
please,

E're yet the Pine descended to the Seas;  
E're Sails were spread, new Oceans to  
explore;

And happy Mortals, unconcern'd for more,  
Confin'd their Wishes to their Native  
Shoar.

No Walls were yet; nor Fence, nor Moat  
nor Mound;

Nor Drum was heard, nor Trumpets angry  
Sound:

Nor Swords were forg'd; but, void of Care  
and Crime, 130

The soft Creation slept away their time.

The teeming Earth, yet guiltless of the  
Plough,

And unprovok'd, did fruitful Stores allow:  
Content with Food, which Nature freely bred,  
On Wildings, and on Strawberries they fed;  
Cornels and Bramble-berries gave the rest,  
And falling Acorns furnisht out a Feast.

The Flow'rs un-sown, in Fields and Meadows  
reign'd,

And Western Winds immortal Spring main-  
tain'd.

In following Years, the bearded Corn ensu'd  
From Earth unask'd, nor was that Earth  
renew'd. 141

From Veins of Vallies, Milk and Nectar broke;  
And Honey sweating through the pores of  
Oak.

### *The Silver Age.*

But when Good Saturne, banish'd from  
above,  
Was driv'n to Hell, the World was under  
Jove.

Succeeding times a Silver Age behold,  
Excelling Brass, but more excell'd by Gold.  
Then Summer, Autumn, Winter did appear;  
And Spring was but a Season of the Year.

128 *No capitals in original.*

The Sun his Annual course obliquely  
made, 150

Good days contracted, and enlarg'd the bad.  
Then Air with sultry Heats began to glow,  
The Wings of Winds were clogg'd with Ice  
and Snow;

And shivering Mortals, into Houses driven,  
Sought shelter from th' inclemency of Heav'n.  
Those Houses, then, were Cayes, or homely  
Sheds,

With twining Oziers fenc'd; and Moss their  
Beds.

Then Ploughs, for Seed, the fruitful Furrows  
broke,

And Oxen labour'd first beneath the Yoke.

### *The Brazen Age.*

To this next came in course the Brazen  
Age: 160

A Warlike Offspring prompt to Bloody Rage,  
Not Impious yet ———

### *The Iron Age.*

—— Hard Steel succeeded then;  
And stubborn as the Mettal, were the Men.  
Truth, Modesty, and Shame, the World  
forsook:

Fraud, Avarice, and Force, their places took.  
Then Sails were spread, to every Wind that  
blew;

Raw were the Sailors, and the Depths were  
new:

Trees rudely hollow'd, did the Waves sus-  
tain;

E're Ships in Triumph plough'd the watry  
Plain. 170

Then Land-marks limited to each his right:  
For all before was common, as the light.

Nor was the Ground alone requir'd to bear  
Her annual Income to the crooked share;

But greedy Mortals, rummaging her Store,  
Digg'd from her Entrails first the precious  
Oar;

Which next to Hell the prudent Gods had  
laid;

And that alluring ill to sight displaid.

Thus curs'd Steel, and more accurs'd Gold,  
Gave Mischief Birth, and made that Mis-  
chief bold: 180

180 *No capitals in original.*

And double death did wretched Man invade,  
By Steel assaulted, and by Gold betray'd.  
Now, (brandish'd Weapons glitt'ring in their

Hands)

Mankind is broken loose from moral Bands ;  
No Rights of Hospitality remain :  
The Guest by him who harbour'd him, is  
slain :

The Son in Law pursues the Father's life ;  
The Wife her \*Husband murders, he the  
Wife.

The Step-dame Poyson for the Son prepares,  
The Son inquires into his Father's years. 190  
Faith flies, and Piety in Exile mourns,  
And Justice, here oppress, to Heav'n  
returns.

### *The Gyants War.*

Nor were the Gods themselves more safe  
above ;

Against beleagu'r'd Heav'n, the Gyants  
move.

Hills piled on Hills, on Mountains, Moun-  
tains lie,

To make their mad approaches to the Skie.  
Till *Jove*, no longer patient, took his time  
T' avenge with Thunder their audacious  
Crime :

Red Light'ning play'd along the Firmament,  
And their demolish't Works to pieces rent.  
Sing'd with the Flames, and with the Bolts  
transfixt, 201

With Native Earth their Blood the Monsters  
mixt ;

The Blood, indu'd with animating Heat,  
Did in th' impregnate Earth, new Sons  
beget :

They, like the Seed from which they sprung,  
accurst,

Against the Gods Immortal Hatred nurst :  
An Impious, Arrogant, and Cruel Brood ;  
Expressing their Original from Blood  
Which when the King of Gods beheld from  
high

(Withal revolving in his Memory, 210  
What he himself had found on Earth of late,  
*Lycaon's* Guilt, and his Inhuman Treate)  
He sigh'd ; nor longer with his Pity strove ;  
But kindled to a Wrath becoming *Jove* ;

Then, call'd a General Council of the Gods ;  
Who Summon'd, Issue from their Blest  
Abodes,

And fill th' Assembly, with a shining Train.  
A way there is, in Heavens expanded Plain,  
Which when the Skies are clear, is seen  
below,

And Mortals, by the Name of Milky, know.  
The Ground-work is of Stars ; through  
which the Road 221

Lyes open to the Thunderer's Abode.

The Gods of greater Nations dwell around,  
And on the Right and Left the Palace  
bound ;

The Commons where they can, the Nobler  
sort,

With Winding-doors wide open, front the  
Court.

This Place, as far as Earth with Heav'n may  
vie,

I dare to call the *Loovre* of the Skie.

When all were plac'd, in Seats distinctly  
known,

And he, their Father, had assum'd the  
Throne, 230

Upon his Iv'ry Sceptre first he leant,  
Then shook his Head, that shook the  
Firmament :

Air, Earth, and Seas, obey'd th' Almighty  
nod ;

And with a gen'ral fear, confess'd the God  
At length, with Indignation, thus he broke  
His awful Silence, and the Pow'rs bespoke.

I was not more concern'd in that Debate  
Of Empire, when our Universal State

Was put to hazard, and the Giant Race 239  
Our Captive Skies were ready to imbrace :

For tho' the Foe was fierce, the Seeds of all  
Rebellion, sprung from one Original ;

Now wheresoever ambient waters glide,  
All are corrupt, and all must be destroy'd.

Let me this Holy Protestation make,  
By Hell, and Hell's inviolable Lake,

I try'd whatever in the God-Head lay ;  
But gangreen'd Members must be lopt

away,  
Before the Nobler Parts are tainted to

decay.

There dwells below, a race of Demi-Gods,  
Of Nymphs in Waters, and of Fawns in  
Woods ; 251

Who, tho not worthy yet, in Heav'n to live,  
Let 'em, at least, enjoy that Earth we give.

204 impregnant] The editors wrongly gave  
impregnate

*Prince and a Foreigner, but from a Christian King, their Native Sovereign, who expects a Return in Specie from them; that the Kindness which He has graciously shown them, may be retaliated on those of his own persuasion.*

*As for the Poem in general, I will only thus far satisfy the Reader: that it was neither impos'd on me nor so much as the Subject given me by any man. It was written during the last Winter and the beginning of this Spring; though with long interruptions of ill health and other hindrances. About a Fortnight before I had finish'd it, His Majesties Declaration for Liberty of Conscience came abroad: which if I had so soon expected, I might have spar'd myself the labour of writing many things which are contained in the third part of it. But I was always in some hope that the Church of England might have been persuaded to have 10 taken off the Penal Lawes and the Test, which was one Design of the Poem, when I propos'd to myself the writing of it.*

*'Tis evident that some part of it was only occasional, and not first intended. I mean that defence of my self, to which every honest man is bound, when he is injuriously attack'd in Print: and I refer my Self to the judgment of those who have read the Answer to the Defence of the late Kings Papers, and that of the Dutchess (in which last I was concern'd) how charitably I have been represented there. I am now inform'd both of the Author and Supervisors of his Pamphlet, and will reply, when I think he can affront me: for I am of Socrate's Opinion, that all Creatures cannot. In the mean time let him consider whether he deserv'd not a more severe reprehension then I gave him formerly; for using so little respect to the Memory 20 of those whom he pretended to answer: and at his leisure look out for some Original Treatise of Humility, written by any Protestant in English, (I believe I may say in any other Tongue :) for the magnified Piece of Duncomb on that subject, which either he must mean, or none, and with which another of his Fellows has upbraided me, was Translated from the Spanish of Rodriguez: though with the omission of the 17<sup>th</sup>, the 24<sup>th</sup>, the 25<sup>th</sup>, and the last Chapter, which will be found in comparing of the Books.*

*He would have insinuated to the world, that Her late Highness died not a Roman Catholick; he declares himself to be now satisfied to the contrary; in which he has given up the Cause: for matter of Fact was the Principal Debate betwixt us. In the mean time, he would dispute the Motives of her Change; how preposterously, let all men judge, when he seem'd to deny 30 the Subject of the Controversy, the Change itself. And because I would not take up this ridiculous Challenge, he tells the World I cannot argue: but he may as well infer that a Catholick cannot fast because he will not take up the cudgels against Mrs. James to confute the Protestant Religion.*

*I have but one word more to say concerning the Poem as such, and abstracting from the Matters, either Religious or Civil, which are handled in it. The first Part, consisting most in general Characters and Narration, I have endeavour'd to raise, and give it the Majestic Turn of Heroic Poesie. The second being Matter of Dispute, and chiefly concerning Church Authority, I was oblig'd to make as plain and perspicuous as possibly I cou'd: yet not wholly neglecting the Numbers, though I had not frequent occasions for the Magnificence of Verse. The third, 40 which has more of the Nature of Domestick Conversation, is, or ought to be more free and familiar than the two former.*

*There are in it two Episodes or Fables, which are interwoven with the main Design; so that they are properly parts of it, though they are also distinct Stories of themselves. In both of these I have made use of the Common Places of Satyr, whether true or false, which are urg'd by the Members of the one Church against the other. At which I hope no reader of either party will be scandalis'd, because they are not of my invention: but as old, to my knowledge, as the Times of Boccace and Chawcer on the one side, and as those of the Reformation on the other.*

They ask, when those were lost of humane  
Birth,  
What he wou'd do with all this waste of  
Earth :

If his dispeopl'd World he would resign  
To Beasts, a mute, and more ignoble Line ;  
Neglected Altars must no longer smoke,  
If none were left to worship and invoke.  
To whom the Father of the Gods reply'd :

Lay that unnecessary fear aside :  
Mine be the care, new People to provide.  
I will from wondrous Principles ordain  
A Race unlike the first, and try my skill  
again.

Already had he toss'd the flaming Brand,  
And roll'd the Thunder in his spatious  
hand ;

Preparing to discharge on Seas and Land :  
But stopp'd, for fear thus violently driv'n,  
The Sparks should catch his Axle-tree of  
Heav'n.

Remembring, in the Fates, a time when  
Fire

Shou'd to the Battlements of Heav'n aspire,  
And all his blazing Worlds above shou'd  
burn,

And all th' inferiour Globe to Cinders turn.  
His dire Artill'ry thus dismist, he bent  
His thoughts to some securer Punishment :  
Concludes to pour a Watry Deluge down ;  
And what he durst not burn, resolves to  
drown.

The Northern breath, that freezes Floods,  
he binds ;

With all the race of Cloud-dispelling Winds  
The South he loos'd, who Night and Horror  
brings ;

And Foggs are shaken from his flaggy Wings.  
From his divided Beard, two Streams he  
pours ;

His head and rhumy eyes distil in showers.  
With Rain his Robe and heavy Mantle  
flow :

And lazy mists are lowring on his brow.  
Still as he swept along, with his clench't fist,  
He squeez'd the Clouds ; th' imprison'd  
Clouds resist :

The Skies, from Pole to Pole, with peals  
resound :

And show'rs enlarg'd come pouring on the  
ground.

Then, clad in Colours of a various dye,  
*Junonian Iris* breeds a new supply

To feed the Clouds : Impetuous Rain de-  
scends ;

The bearded Corn beneath the Burden bends :  
Defrauded Clowns deplore their perish'd  
grain ;

And the long labours of the Year are vain.  
Nor from his Patrimonial Heav'n alone  
Is *Jove* content to pour his Vengeance down :  
Aid from his Brother of the Seas he craves,  
To help him with Auxiliary Waves.

The watry Tyrant calls his Brooks and  
Floods,  
Who rowl from mossie Caves (their moist  
abodes ;)

And with perpetual Urns his Palace fill . 380  
To whom in brief, he thus imparts his Will.  
Small exhortation needs ; your Pow'rs  
employ :

And this bad World, so *Jove* requires,  
destroy.

Let loose the Reins to all your watry Store :  
Bear down the Damms, and open every door.  
The Floods, by Nature Enemies to Land,  
And proudly swelling with their new Com-  
mand,

Remove the living Stones, that stopt their  
way,

And gushing from their Source, augment  
the Sea

Then, with his Mace, their Monarch struck  
the Ground :

With inward trembling, Earth receiv'd the  
Wound ;

And rising streams a ready passage found.  
Th' expanded Waters gather on the Plain,  
They flote the Fields, and over-top the Grain ;

Then rushing onwards, with a sweepy sway,  
Bear Flocks, and Fclds, and lab'ring Hinds  
away.

Nor safe their Dwellings were ; for, sap'd  
by Floods,

Their Houses fell upon their Household Gods.  
The solid Piles, too strongly built to fall,  
High o're their Heads, behold a watry  
Wall :

Now Seas and Earth were in confusion lost ;  
A World of Waters, and without a Coast.

One climbs a Cliff ; one in his Boat is  
born,

And Ploughs above, where late he sow'd his  
Corn.

Others o're Chimney tops and Turrets row,  
And drop their Anchors on the Meads below :

Or downward driv'n, they bruise the tender  
 Vine,  
 Or tost aloft, are knock't against a Pine.  
 And where of late the Kids had cropt the  
 Grass,  
 The Monsters of the deep now take their  
 place 410  
 Insulting Nereids on the Cities ride,  
 And wond'ring Dolphins o're the Palace  
 glide.  
 On leaves and masts of mighty Oaks they  
 brouze.  
 And their broad Finns entangle in the  
 Boughs.  
 The frighted Wolf now swims amongst the  
 Sheep;  
 The yellow Lyon wanders in the deep:  
 His rapid force no longer helps the  
 Boar:  
 The Stag swims faster, than he ran before.  
 The Fowls, long beating on their Wings in  
 vain,  
 Despair of Land, and drop into the Main.  
 Now Hills and Vales no more distinction  
 know, 421  
 And levell'd Nature lies oppress'd below.  
 The most of Mortals perish in the Flood:  
 The small remainder dies for want of  
 Food.  
 A Mountain of stupendous height there  
 stands  
 Betwixt th' *Athenian* and *Boeotian* Lands,  
 The bound of fruitful Fields, while Fields  
 they were,  
 But then a Field of Waters did appear:  
*Parnassus* is its name; whose forky rise  
 Mounts through the Clouds, and mates the  
 lofty Skies. 430  
 High on the Summit of this dubious Cliff,  
*Deucalion* wafting, moor'd his little Skiff.  
 He with his Wife were only left behind  
 Of perish'd Man; they two were Humane  
 Kind.  
 The Mountain Nymphs and *Themis* they  
 adore,  
 And from her Oracles relief implore.  
 The most upright of Mortal Men was he;  
 The most sincere and holy Woman, she,  
 When *Jupiter*, surveying Earth from  
 high,  
 Beheld it in a Lake of Water lie, 440  
 That, where so many Millions lately liv'd,  
 But two, the best of either Sex, surviv'd,

He loos'd the Northern Wind; fierce *Boreas*  
 flies  
 To puff away the Clouds, and purge the  
 Skies:  
 Serenely, while he blows, the Vapours, driven,  
 Discover Heav'n to Earth, and Earth to  
 Heaven.  
 The Billows fall, while *Neptune* lays his Mace  
 On the rough Sea, and smooths its furrow'd  
 face,  
 Already *Triton*, at his call appears  
 Above the Waves; a *Tyrian* Robe he  
 wears; 450  
 And in his Hand a crooked Trumpet bears.)  
 The Sovereign bids him peaceful Sounds  
 inspire,  
 And give the Waves the signal to retire.  
 His writen Shell he takes; whose narrow  
 vent  
 Grows by degrees into a large extent;  
 Then gives it breath; the blast, with  
 doubling sound,  
 Runs the wide Circuit of the World around.  
 The Sun first heard it, in his early East,  
 And met the rattling *Eccho's* in the West.  
 The Waters, listning to the Trumpets  
 roar, 460  
 Obey the Summons, and forsake the Shoar.  
 A thin Circumference of Land appears;  
 And Earth, but not at once, her visage rears,  
 And peeps upon the Seas from upper  
 Grounds:  
 The Streams, but just contain'd within their  
 bounds.  
 By slow degrees into their Channels crawl  
 And Earth increases as the Waters fall.  
 In longer time the tops of Trees appear,  
 Which Mud on their dishonour'd Branches  
 bear.  
 At length the World was all restor'd to  
 view. 470  
 But desolate, and of a sickly hue:  
 Nature beheld her self, and stood aghast,  
 A dismal Desart, and a silent Waste.  
 Which when *Deucalion*, with a piteous  
 Look,  
 Beheld, he wept, and thus to *Pyrrha* spoke:  
 Olt Wife, oh Sister, oh oh all thy kind  
 The best and only Creature left behind,  
 By Kindred, Love, and now by Dangers  
 joyn'd;

Of Multitudes, who breath'd the common  
Air,  
We two remain ; a Species in a pair ; 480  
The rest the Seas have swallow'd ; nor have  
we  
Ev'n of this wretched life a certainty.  
The Clouds are still above ; and, while  
I speak,  
A second Deluge o're our Heads may break  
Shou'd I be snatch'd from hence, and thou  
remain,  
Without relief, or Partner of thy pain,  
How cou'd'st thou such a wretched Life  
sustain ?  
Shou'd I be left, and thou be lost, the Sea,  
That bury'd her I lov'd, shou'd bury me.  
Oh cou'd our Father his old Arts inspire, 490  
And make me Heir of his informing Fire,  
That so I might abolish'd Man retrieve,  
And perisht People in new Souls might live.  
But Heav'n is pleas'd, nor ought we to com-  
plain,  
That we, th' Examples of Mankind remain  
He said : the careful couple joyn their  
Tears,  
And then invoke the Gods, with pious  
Prayers.  
Thus, in Devotion having cas'd their grief,  
From Sacred Oracles they seek relief :  
And to *Cephus* Brook their way pursue :  
The Stream was troubl'd, but the Foord  
they knew. 501  
With living Waters in the Fountain bred,  
They sprinkle first, their Garments, and  
their Head,  
Then took the way which to the Temple  
led.  
The Roofs were all defil'd with Moss and  
Mire,  
The Desert Altars void of Solemn Fire  
Before the Gradual, prostrate they ador'd,  
The Pavement kiss'd, and thus the Saint  
implor'd.  
O Righteous *Themis*, if the Pow'rs above  
By Pray'rs are bent to pity, and to love ; 510  
If humane Miseries can move their mind ;  
If yet they can forgive, and yet be kind ;  
Tell how we may restore, by second birth,  
Mankind, and People desolated Earth.  
Then thus the gracious Goddess, nodding,  
said ;  
Depart, and with your Vestments veil your  
head :

And stooping lowly down, with loosn'd  
Zones,  
Throw each behind your backs, your mighty  
Mother's bones.  
Amaz'd the pair ; and mute with wonder,  
stand,  
Till *Pyrrha* first refus'd the dire command.  
Forbid it Heav'n, said she, that I shou'd  
tear 521  
Those Holy Reliques from the Sepulchre :  
They ponder'd the mysterious Words again,  
For some new sence ; and long they sought  
in vain.  
At length *Deucalion* clear'd his cloudy  
brow,  
And said ; The dark *Zingma* will allow  
A meaning, which, if well I understand,  
From Sacrilege will free the Gods Com-  
mand :  
This Earth our mighty Mother is, the Stones  
In her capacious Body, are her Bones. 530  
These we must cast behind : with hope  
and fear,  
The Woman did the new solution hear :  
The Man diffides in his own Augury,  
And doubts the Gods ; yet both resolve to  
try.  
Descending from the Mount, they first  
unbind  
Their Vests, and veil'd, they cast the Stones  
behind :  
The Stones (a Miracle to Mortal View,  
But long Tradition makes it pass for true)  
Did first the Rigour of their Kind expell,  
And suppl'd into softness as they fell ; 540  
Then swell'd, and swelling, by degrees grew  
warm ;  
And took the Rudiments of Humane Form ;  
Imperfect shapes : in Marble such are seen,  
When the rude Chizel does the Man  
begin ;  
While yet the roughness of the Stone  
remains,  
Without the rising Muscles, and the Veins.  
The sappy parts, and next resembling  
juice,  
Were turn'd to Moisture, for the Bodies use :  
Supplying humours, blood, and nourish-  
ment :  
The rest, (too solid to receive a bent) 550  
Converts to bones ; and what was once  
a vein,  
Its former Name and Nature did retain.



By help of Pow'r Divine, in little space,  
What the Man threw, assum'd a Manly  
face ;

And what the Wife, renew'd the Female  
Race.

Hence we derive our Nature, born to bear  
Laborious life ; and harden'd into care.

The rest of Animals, from teeming Earth  
Produc'd, in various Forms receiv'd their  
birth.

The native moisture, in its close retreat, 560  
Digested by the Sun's Æthereal heat,  
As in a kindly Womb, began to breed :  
Then swell'd and quicken'd by the vital  
seed.

And some in less, and some in longer space,  
Were ripen'd into form, and took a several  
face.

Thus when the Nile from Pharian Fields is  
fled,

And seeks, with Ebbing Tides, his ancient  
Bed,

The fat Manure with Heav'nly Fire is  
warm'd ;

And crusted Creatures, as in Wombs are  
form'd :

These, when they turn the Glebe, the  
Peasants find : 570

Some rude, and yet unfinish'd in their Kind ;  
Short of their Limbs, a lame imperfect Birth ;  
One half alive ; and one of lifeless Earth.

For heat and moisture, when in Bodies  
joyn'd,

The temper that results from either Kind,  
Conception makes ; and fighting, t'ill they  
mix,

Their mingl'd Atoms in each other fix.

Thus Nature's hand the Genial Bed prepares  
With Friendly Discord, and with fruitful  
Wars.

From hence the surface of the Ground  
with Mud 580

And Slime besmear'd (the fæces of the  
Flood),

Receiv'd the Rays of Heav'n ; and sucking  
in

The Seeds of Heat, new Creatures did begin ;  
Some were of sev'ral sorts produc'd before ;  
But of new Monsters, Earth created more.

Unwillingly, but yet she brought to light  
Thee, Python too, the wondring World to  
fright,

And the new Nations, with so dire a Sight.)

So monstrous was his Bulk, so large a space  
Did his vast Body, and long Train em-  
brace : 590

Whom Phæbus basking on a Bank espy'd,  
E're now the God his Arrows had not try'd,  
But on the trembling Deer, or Mountain Goat ;  
At this new Quarry he prepares to shoot.  
Though every Shaft took place, he spent  
the Store

Of his full Quiver ; and 'twas long before  
Th' expiring Serpent wallow'd in his Gore.)  
Then, to preserve the Fame of such a deed,  
For Python slain, he Pythian Games decreed,  
Where Noble Youths for Mastership shou'd  
strive, 600

To Quoit, to Run, and Steeds and Chariots  
drive.

The Prize was Fame : In witness of Renown,  
An Oaken Garland did the Victor crown.

The Lawrel was not yet for Triumphs born,  
But every Green, alike by Phæbus worn,  
Did with promiscuous Grace, his flowing  
Locks adorn.

### *The Transformation of Daphne into a Lawrel.*

The first and fairest of his Loves was she,  
Whom not blind Fortune, but the dire decree  
Of angry Cupid forc'd him to desire :

Daphne her name, and Peneus was her Sire,  
Swell'd with the Pride, that new Success  
attends, 610

He sees the Stripling, while his Bow he  
bends,

And thus insults him : Thou lascivious Boy,  
Are Arms like these, for Children to employ ?  
Know, such achievements are my proper  
claim :

Due to my vigour and unerring aim :  
Resistless are my Shafts, and Python late,  
In such a feather'd Death, has found his fate.  
Take up thy Torch, (and lay my Weapons  
by :) 620

With that the feeble Souls of Lovers fry.  
To whom the Son of Peneus thus reply'd :  
Phæbus, thy Shafts are sure on all beside ;  
But mine on Phæbus, mine the Fame shall be  
Of all thy Conquests, when I conquer thee.

He said, and soaring swiftly wing'd his  
flight;  
Nor stopt but on *Parnassus* airy height.  
Two different Shafts he from his Quiver  
draws;  
One to repel Desire, and one to cause.  
One Shaft is pointed with refulgent Gold,  
To bribe the Love, and make the Lover  
bold: 630  
One blunt, and tipped with Lead, whose base  
Alloy  
Provokes disdain, and drives desire away.  
The blunted bolt against the Nymph he  
drest:  
But with the sharp, transfixt *Apollo's*  
Breast.  
Th' enamour'd Deity pursues the Chace;  
The scornful Damsel shuns his loath'd  
Embrace;  
In hunting Beasts of Prey her Youth em-  
ploys;  
And *Phæbe* Rivals in her rural Joys.  
With naked Neck she goes, and Shoulders  
bare,  
And with a Fillet binds her flowing Hair. 640  
By many Sutors sought, she mocks their  
pains,  
And still her vow'd Virginity maintains.  
Impatient of a Yoke, the name of Bride  
She shuns, and hates the Joys she never  
try'd.  
On Wilds and Woods she fixes her desire:  
Nor knows what Youth and kindly Love  
inspire.  
Her Father chides her oft: Thou ow'st, says  
he,  
A Husband to thy self, a Son to me.  
She, like a Crime, abhors the Nuptial Bed:  
She glows with blushes, and she hangs her  
head. 650  
Then, casting round his Neck her tender  
Arms,  
Sooths him with blandishments, and filial  
Charms:  
Give me, my Lord, she said, to live and die  
A spotless Maid, without the Marriage tyte.  
'Tis but a small request; I beg no more  
Than what *Diana's* Father gave before.  
The good old Sire was soft'n'd to consent;  
But said her Wish wou'd prove her Punish-  
ment:

For so much Youth, and so much Beauty  
joyn'd,  
Oppos'd the State, which her desires de-  
sign'd. 660  
The God of light, aspiring to her Bed,  
Hopes what he seeks, with flattering Fancies  
fed:  
And is, by his own Oracles mis-led.  
And as in empty Fields, the Stubble burns,  
Or nightly Travellers, when day returns,  
Their useless Torches on dry Hedges throw,  
That catch the Flames, and kindle all the  
row;  
So burns the God, consuming in desire,  
And feeding in his Breast a fruitless Fire:  
Her well-turn'd Neck he view'd (her Neck  
was bare) 670  
And on her Shoulders her dishevel'd Hair:  
Oh were it comb'd, said he, with what a  
grace  
Wou'd every waving Curl become her Face!  
He view'd her eyes, like Heavenly Lamps  
that shone;  
He view'd her Lips, too sweet to view  
alone,  
Her taper Fingers, and her panting Breast;  
He praises all he sees, and for the rest,  
Believes the Beauties yet unseen are best:  
Swift as the Wind, the Damsel fled away,  
Nor did for these alluring Speeches stay: 680  
Stay, Nymph, he cry'd, I follow not a Foe:  
Thus from the Lyon trips the trembling  
Doe:  
Thus from the Wolf the fright'n'd Lamb  
removes,  
And, from pursuing Faulcons, fearful  
Doves;  
Thou shunn'st a God, and shunn'st a God  
that loves.  
Ah lest some thorn shou'd pierce thy tender  
foot,  
Or thou shou'd'st fall in flying my pursuit!  
To sharp uneven ways thy steps decline;  
Abate thy speed, and I will bate of mine.  
Yet think from whom thou dost so rashly  
fly; 690  
Nor basely born, nor Shepherd's Swain  
am I.  
Perhaps thou know'st not my Superior  
State;  
And from that ignorance proceeds thy hate.  
Me *Claras*, *Delphos*, *Tenedos* obey,  
These Hands the *Patarean* Scepter sway.

The King of Gods begot me : What shall be,  
Or is, or ever was, in Fate, I see.

Mine is th' invention of the charming Lyre ;  
Sweet notes, and Heav'nly numbers I inspire.

Sure is my Bow, unerring is my Dart ; 700  
But ah more deadly his, who pierc'd my Heart.

Med'cine is mine, what Herbs and Simples  
grow

In Fields and Forrests, all their Pow'rs I  
know ;

And am the great Physician call'd, below.

Alas that Fields and Forrests can afford  
No Remedies to heal their Love-sick Lord !  
To cure the pains of Love, no Plant avails ;  
And his own Physick the Physician fails.

She heard not half ; so furiously she flies,  
And on her Ear th' imperfect accent dies.

Fear gave her Wings ; and as she fled, the  
wind 711

Increasing spread her flowing Hair behind ;  
And left her Legs and Thighs expos'd to  
view ;

Which made the God more eager to pursue.

The God was young, and was too hotly  
bent

To lose his time in empty Compliment :  
But led by Love, and fir'd with such a sight,  
Impetuously pursu'd his near delight.

As when th' impatient Greyhound slipt  
from far,

Bounds o're the Glebe, to course the fearful  
Hare, 720

She in her speed does all her safety lay ;

And he with double speed pursues the Prey ;

O're-runs her at the sitting turn, and licks

His Chaps in vain, and blows upon the Flix,

She escapes, and for the neighb'ring Covert  
strives,

And gaining shelter, doubts if yet she lives :

If little things with great we may compare,

Such was the God, and such the flying Fair :

She urg'd by fear, her feet did swiftly  
move,

But he more swiftly, who was urg'd by  
Love. 730

He gathers ground upon her in the chace :

Now breaths upon her Hair, with rarer  
pace ;

And just is fast'ning on the wish'd Embrace.)

The Nymph grew pale, and in a mortal  
fright,

Spent with the Labour of so long a Flight ;

And now despairing, cast a mournful look,

Upon the Streams of her Paternal Brook :

Oh help, she cry'd, in this extreamest  
need,

If Water Gods are Deities indeed :

Gape, Earth and this unhappy Wretch  
intomb : 740

Or change my form whence all my sorrows  
come.

Scarce had she finish'd, when her Feet she  
found

Benumm'd with cold, and fasten'd to the  
Ground :

A filmy rind about her Body grows,

Her Hair to Leaves, her Arms extend to  
Boughs :

The Nymph is all into a Lawrel gone,  
The smoothness of her Skin remains alone.

Yet *Phabus* loves her still, and, casting  
round

Her Bole, his Arms, some little warmth he  
found. 749

The Tree still panted in the unfinish'd part,

Not wholly vegetive, and heav'd her Heart.

He fix'd his Lips upon the trembling Rind ;

It swerv'd aside, and his Embrace declin'd.

To whom the God : Because thou canst not  
be

My Mistress, I espouse thee for my Tree :

Be thou the prize of Honour and Renown ;

The deathless Poet, and the Poem crown.

Thou shalt the *Roman* Festivals adorn,

And, after Poets, be by Victors worn.

Thou shalt returning *Cesar's* Triumph  
grace ; 760

When Pumps shall in a long Procession pass :

'Wreath'd on the Posts before his Palace  
wait ;

And be the sacred Guardian of the Gate :

Secure from Thunder, and unharm'd by  
*Jove,*

Unfading as th' immortal Pow'rs above :

And as the Locks of *Phabus* are unshorn,

So shall perpetual green thy Boughs adorn.

The grateful Tree was pleas'd with what he  
sed,

And shook the shady Honours of her Head.

*The Transformation of Io into  
a Heifer.*

An ancient Forrest in *Thessalia* grows ;  
Which *Tempe's* pleasing Valley does in-  
close :

Through this the rapid *Peneus* takes his  
course ;

From *Pindus* royling with impetuous force :  
Mists from the Rivers mighty fall arise ;  
And deadly damps inclose the cloudy Skies :  
Perpetual Fogs are hanging o're the Wood ;  
And sounds of Waters deaf the Neighbour-  
hood.

Deep, in a Rocky Cave, he makes abode :  
(A Mansion proper for a mourning God )  
Here he gives Audience ; issuing out  
Decrees

To Rivers, his dependant Deities.  
On this occasion hither they resort,  
To pay their homage, and to make their  
Court.

All doubtful, whether to congratulate  
His Daughter's Honour, or lament her Fate.  
*Spercheus*, crown'd with Poplar, first  
appears ;

Then old *Apidanus* came crown'd with  
years :

*Enipeus* turbulent, *Amphrisos* tame ;  
And *Eas*, last with lagging Waters, came.  
Then, of his Kindred Brooks a numerous  
throng

Condole his Loss, and bring their Urns along.  
Not one was wanting of the watry Train,  
That fill'd his Flood, or mingl'd with the  
Main :

But *Inachus*, who, in his Cave, alone,  
Wept not another's losses, but his own.  
For his dear *Io*, whether stray'd, or dead,  
To him uncertain, doubtful Tears he shed.

He sought her through the World, but  
sought in vain ;

And, no where finding, rather fear'd her  
slain.

Her, just returning from her Father's  
Brook,

*Jove* had beheld, with a desiring look ;  
And, Oh fair Daughter of the Flood, he  
sed,

Worthy alone of *Jove's* Imperial Bed,

771 pleasing! The editors give pleasant

Happy, whoever shall those Charms possess ;  
The King of Gods, nor is thy Lover less,  
Invites thee to yon cooler Shades ; to shun  
The scorching Rays of the Meridian Sun.  
Nor shalt thou tempt the dangers of the  
Grove

Alone, without a Guide ; thy Guide is *Jove*  
No puny Pow'r, but he whose high Com-  
mand

Is unconfin'd, who rules the Seas and Land ;  
And tempers Thunder in his awful hand.  
Oh fly not ; (for she fled from his Embrace,)  
O'er *Lerna's* Pastures he pursu'd the Chace,  
Along the Shades of the *Lyraean* Plain ;  
At length the God, who never asks in vain,  
Involv'd with Vapours, imitating Night,  
Both Air and Earth ; and then suppress'd  
her flight,

And mingling force with Love, enjoy'd the  
full delight.

Mean time the jealous *Juno*, from on high,  
Survey'd the fruitful Fields of *Arcady* ;  
And wonder'd that the mist shou'd over-run  
The face of Day-light, and obscure the Sun.  
No Nat'l cause she found, from Brooks, or  
Bogs,

Or marshy Lowlands, to produce the Fogs :  
Then round the Skies she sought for *Jupiter* ;  
Her faithless Husband ; but no *Jove* was  
there.

Suspecting now the worst, Or I, she said,  
Am much mistaken, or am much betray'd.  
With fury she precipitates her flight,  
Dispels the shadows of dissembled Night,

And to the day restores his native light.  
Th' Almighty Leacher, careful to prevent  
The consequence, foreseeing her descent  
Transforms his Mistress in a trice ; and now

In *Io's* place appears a lovely Cow.

So slick her skin, so faultless was her  
make,

Ev'n *Juno* did unwilling pleasure take  
To see so fair a Rival of her Love ;

And what she was, and whence, enquir'd of  
*Jove* :

813-15 The editors go astray here. It is clear  
from Ovid that the edition of 1693 is right except  
for a printer's comma after Pastures and a semi-  
colon for a comma after Chace. The editors  
have been misled into a series of false stops and  
wrong connexions which destroy the sense of the  
passage.

815 *Lyraean*] The editors correct to *Lyraean*  
818 Or] or 1693.

Of what fair Herd, and from what Pedigree ?  
The God, half caught, was forc'd upon a lye ;  
And said she sprung from Earth ; she took  
the word,

And begg'd the beauteous Heyfar of her  
Lord.

What should he do ? 'twas equal shame to  
*Jove*

Or to relinquish, or betray his Love :  
Yet to refuse so slight a Gift, wou'd be  
But more t' increase his Consort's Jealousie :  
Thus fear, and love, by turns his heart  
assail'd ;

And stronger love had sure at length pre-  
vail'd, 850

But some faint hope remain'd, his jealous  
Queen

Had not the Mistress through the Heyfar  
seen.

The cautious Goddess, of her Gift possest,  
Yet harbour'd anxious thoughts within her  
breast ;

As she who knew the falshood of her *Jove*,  
And justly fear'd some new relapse of Love  
Which to prevent, and to secure her care,  
To trusty *Argus* she commits the Fair.

The head of *Argus* (as with Stars the  
Skies)

Was compass'd round, and wore an hundred  
eyes. 860

But two by turns their Lids in Slumber  
steep ;

The rest on duty still their station keep ;  
Nor cou'd the total Constellation sleep.

Thus, ever present, to his eyes and mind,  
His Charge was still before him, tho' behind.

In Fields he suffer'd her to feed by Day,  
But when the setting Sun to Night gave way,

The Captive Cow he summon'd with a call,  
And drove her back, and ty'd her to the

Stall.

On Leaves of Trees and bitter Herbs she fed,  
Heav'n was her Canopy, bare Earth her  
Bed ; 871

So hardly lodg'd : and to digest her Food,  
She drank from troubl'd Streams, defil'd  
with Mud.

Her woeful Story fain she wou'd have told,  
With Hands upheld, but had no Hands to  
hold.

Her Head to her ungentle Keeper bow'd,  
She strove to speak ; she spoke not, but she  
low'd ;

Affrighted with the Noise, she look'd around,  
And seem'd t' inquire the Author of the  
sound.

Once on the Banks where often she had  
play'd, 880

(Her Father's Banks) she came, and there  
survey'd

Her alter'd Visage, and her branching Lead ;  
And, starting, from her self she wou'd have  
fled.

Her fellow Nymphs, familiar to her eyes,  
Beheld, but knew her not in this disguise.

Ev'n *Inachus* himself was ignorant ;  
And in his Daughter did his Daughter want.

She follow'd where her Fellows went, as she  
Were still a Partner of the Company :

They stroke her Neck ; the gentle Heyfar  
stands, 890

And her Neck offers to their stroking Hands.  
Her Father gave her Grass ; the Grass she

took ;  
And lick'd his Palms, and cast a piteous  
look ;

And in the language of her eyes, she spoke.  
She wou'd have told her name, and ask'd  
relief,

But wanting words, in tears she tells her  
grief.

Which, with her foot she makes him under-  
stand ;

And prints the name of *Io* in the Sand.

Ah wretched me ! her mournful Father  
cry'd ;

She, with a sigh, to wretched me reply'd :  
About her Milk-white neck his arms he

threw ; 901

And wept, and then these tender words  
ensue.

And art thou she, whom I have sought  
around

The World, and have at length so sadly  
found ?

So found is worse than lost : with mutual  
words

Thou answer'st not, no voice thy tongue  
affords :

But sighs are deeply drawn from out thy  
breast ;

And speech deny'd, by lowing is express'd.  
Unknowing I, prepar'd thy Bridal Bed ;

With empty Hopes of happy Issue fed. 910

But now the Husband of a Herd must be  
Thy Mate, and bell-wing Sons thy Progeny.

Oh, were I mortal, Death might bring relief !  
But now my God-head but extends my  
grief ;

Prolongs my Woes, of which no end I see,  
And makes me curse my Immortality.

More had he said, but fearful of her stay,  
The Starry Guardian drove his Charge away,  
To some fresh Pasture ; on a hilly height  
He sate himself, and kept her still in sight.

*The Eyes of Argus transform'd into  
a Peacock's Train.*

Now Jove no longer cou'd her sufferings  
bear : 921

But call'd in haste his airy Messenger,  
The son of Maya, with severe decree  
To kill the Keeper, and to set her free.  
With all his Harness soon the God was sped ;  
His flying Hat was fastned on his Head ;  
Wings on his Heels were hung, and in his  
Hand

He holds the Virtue of the Snaky Wand.

The liquid Air his moving Pinions wound,  
And, in the moment, shoot him on the  
ground. 930

Before he came in sight, the crafty God  
His Wings dismiss'd, but still retain'd his  
Rod :

That Sleep-procuring Wand wise *Hermes*  
took,  
But made it seem to sight, a Shepherd's  
Hook.

With this he did a Herd of Goats controul ;  
Which by the way he met, and slyly stole.

Clad like a Country Swain, he Pip'd, and  
Sung ;

And playing drove his jolly Troop along. •

With pleasure, *Argus* the Musician heeds ;  
But wonders much at those new vocal  
Reeds. 940

And, Whosoe'er thou art, my Friend, said  
he,

Up hither drive thy Goats, and play by me :  
This Hill has browz for them, and shade for  
thee.

The God, who was with ease induc'd to  
climb,

Began Discourse to pass away the time ;  
And still, betwixt, his Tuneful Pipe he plyes ;  
And watch'd his Hour, to close the Keeper's  
Eyes.

With much ado, he partly kept awake ;  
Not suffering all his Eyes repose to take :

And ask'd the Stranger, who did Reeds  
invent, 950

And whence began so rare an Instrument ?

*The Transformation of Syrinx  
into Reeds.*

Then *Hermes* thus ; A Nymph of late  
there was,

Whose Heav'nly form her Fellows did  
surpass.

The Pride and Joy of Fair *Arcadia's* plains ;  
Below'd by Deities, Ador'd by Swains :

*Syrinx* her Name, by *Sylvans* oft pursu'd,  
As oft she did the Lustful Gods delude :

The Rural, and the Woodland Pow'rs dis-  
dain'd ;

With *Cynthia* Hunted, and her Rites main-  
tain'd ;

Like *Phæbe* clad, even *Phæbe's* self she  
seems, 960

So Tall, so Streight, such well-proportion'd  
Limbs :

The nicest Eye did no distinction know,  
But that the Goddess bore a Golden Bow :

Distinguish'd thus, the sight she cheated  
too.

Descending from *Lycaus*, *Pan* admires  
The Matchless Nymph, and burns with new  
Desires.

A Crown of Pine upon his Head he wore ;  
And thus began her pity to implore.

But e're he thus began, she took her flight  
So swift, she was already out of sight. 970

Nor staid to hear the Courtship of the God ;  
But bent her course to *Ladon's* gentle  
Flood :

There by the River stopt, and, tyr'd before,  
Relief from water Nymphs her Pray'rs  
implore.

Now while the Lustful God, with speedy  
pace,

Just thought to strain her in a strict Em-  
brace,

He fills his Arms with Reeds, new rising  
on the place

And while he sighs his ill-success to find,  
The tender Canes were shaken by the wind ;

952 A] = 1603.

And breath'd a mournful Air, unheard before ; 980

That much surprizing *Pan*, yet pleas'd him more.

Admiring this new Musick, Thou, he sed,  
Who can'st not be the Partner of my Bed,  
At least shalt be the Consort of my Mind ;  
And often, often, to my Lips be joyn'd.

He form'd the Reeds, proportion'd as they are :

Unequal in their length, and wax'd with Care,

They still retain the Name of his Ungrateful Fair.

While *Hermes* pip'd, and sung, and told his tale,

The Keeper's winking Eyes began to fail, 990  
And drowsie slumber on the lids to creep ;

Till all the Watchman was, at length, asleep.  
Then soon the God his Voice and Song

suppress ;

And with his pow'rful Rod confirm'd his rest:  
Without delay his crooked Faulchion drew,  
And at one fatal stroak the Keeper slew.

Down from the Rock, fell the dissever'd head,

Opening its Eyes in Death, and falling bled ;  
And mark'd the passage with a crimson trail :

Thus *Argus* lies in pieces, cold and pale ;  
And all his hundred Eyes, with all their light, 1001

Are clos'd at once in one perpetual night.  
These *Juno* takes, that they no more may fail,

And spreads them in her Peacock's gaudy tail.

Impatient to revenge her injur'd Bed,  
She wreaks her Anger on her Rival's head ;

With furies frights her from her Native Home,  
And drives her gadding, round the World

to roam : 1008

Nor ceas'd her madness and her flight, before  
She touch'd the limits of the *Pharian* Shore.

At length, arriving on the Banks of *Nile*,  
Weary'd with length of ways, and worn

with toil,

She laid her down : and, leaning on her Knees,

Invok'd the Cause of all her Miseries :  
And cast her languishing regards above,

For help from Heav'n, and her ungrateful *Jove*.

She sigh'd, she wept, she low'd ; 'twas all she cou'd ;

And with Unkindness seem'd to tax the God.  
Last, with an humble Pray'r, she begg'd

Repose,

Or Death at least to finish all her Woes. 1020  
*Jove* heard her Vows, and with a flatt'ring

look,

In her behalf, to jealous *Juno* spoke.

He cast his Arms about her Neck, and sed :  
Dame, rest secure ; no more thy Nuptial Bed

This Nymph shall violate ; by *Styx* I swear,  
And every Oath that binds the Thunderer.

The Goddess was appeas'd : and at the word  
Was *Io* to her former shape restor'd.

The rugged Hair began to fall away ;

The Sweetness of her Eyes did only stay,  
Tho' not so large ; her crooked Horns

decrease ; 1031

The wideness of her Jaws and Nostrils cease :  
Her Hoofs to Hands return, in little space :

The five long taper Fingers take their place ;  
And nothing of the *Heylar* now is seen,

Beside the native whiteness of the Skin.

Erected on her Feet she walks again,

And Two the duty of the Four sustain.

She tries her Tongue, her silence softly breaks,

And fears her former lowings when she speaks : 1040

A Goddess now through all th' *Egyptian* State ;

And serv'd by Priests, who in white Linnen wait.

Her son was *Epaphus*, at length believ'd  
The Son of *Jove*, and as a God receiv'd :

With Sacrifice ador'd, and publick Pray'rs,  
He common Temples with his Mother shares.

Equal in years, and Rival in Renown

With *Epaphus*, the youthful *Phaeton*,

Like Honour claims, and boasts his Sire the Sun.

His haughty Looks, and his assuming Air  
The Son of *Isis* cou'd no longer bear : 1051

Thou tak'st thy Mother's Word too far,  
said he,

And hast usurp'd thy boasted Pedigree.

Go base Pretender to a borrow'd Name.

Thus tax'd, he blush'd with anger, and with shame ;

But shame repress'd his Rage : the daunted  
Youth

Soon seeks his Mother, and inquires the  
truth :

Mother, said he, this Infamy was thrown  
By *Epaphus* on you, and me your Son. 1059  
He spoke in publick, told it to my face ;  
Nor durst I vindicate the dire disgrace :  
Ev'n I, the bold, the sensible of wrong,  
Restrain'd by Shame, was forc'd to hold my  
Tongue.

To hear an open Slander is a Curse :  
But not to find an Answer, is a worse.  
If I am Heav'n-begot, assert your Son  
By some sure Sign ; and make my Father  
known,

To right my Honour, and redeem your own.)  
He said, and saying cast his arms about  
Her Neck, and begg'd her to resolve the  
Doubt. 1070

'Tis hard to judge if *Climentè* were mov'd  
More by his Pray'r, whom she so dearly  
lov'd,

Or more with fury fir'd, to find her  
Name

Traduc'd, and made the sport of common  
Fame.

She stretch'd her Arms to Heav'n, and fix'd  
her Eyes

On that fair Planet, that adorns the Skies ;  
Now by those Beams, said she, whose holy  
Fires

Consume my Breast, and kindle my desires ;  
By him who sees us both, and hears our  
sight,

By him the publick Minister of light, 1080  
I swear that *Sun* begot thee : if I lye,

Let him his chearful Influence deny :

Let him no more this perjur'd Creature see ;  
And shune on all the World, but only me :

If still you doubt your Mother's Innocence,  
His Eastern Mansion is not far from hence ;

With little pains you to his *Levé* go,  
And from himself your Parentage may know.

With joy th' ambitious Youth his Mother  
heard, 1089

And eager, for the Journey soon prepar'd.  
He longs the World beneath him to survey ;

To guide the Chariot ; and to give the day ;  
From *Mæroe's* burning Sands he bends his  
course,

Nor less in *India* feels his Father's force ;  
His Travel urging, till he came in sight,

And saw the Palace by the Purple light.

## MELEAGER AND ATALANTA,

OUT OF THE EIGHTH BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

### CONNEXION TO THE FORMER STORY.

*Ovid, having told how Theseus had freed Athens from the Tribute of Children, (which was impos'd on them by Minos, King of Creta) by killing the Minotaur, here makes a Digression to the Story of Meleager and Atalanta, which is one of the most unartificial Connexions in all the Metamorphoses : For he only says, that Theseus obtain'd such Honour from that Combate, that all Greece had recourse to him in their Necessities ; and, amongst others, Calydon, though the Heroe of that Country, Prince Meleager, was then living.*

MELEAGER AND ATALANTA The text from the original edition of 1700 except for the variants noted There are several mistakes in the editions The form 'clottered' is undoubtedly Dryden's.

FROM him, the *Caledonians* sought Relief ;  
Tho' valiant *Meleager* was their Chief.  
The Cause, a Boar, who ravag'd far and  
near :

Of *Cynthia's* Wrath th' avenging Minister.  
For *Oeneus* with Autumnal Plenty bless'd,

By Gifts to Heav'n his Gratitude express'd :  
Cull'd Sheafs, to *Ceres* ; to *Lycus*, Wine ; }  
To *Pan*, and *Pales*, offer'd Sheep and Kine ; }

And Fat of Olives, to *Minerva's* shrine. 9  
Beginning from the Rural Gods, his Hand

Was lib'ral to the Pow'rs of high Command :  
Each Deity in ev'ry kind was bless'd,

Till at *Diana's* Fane th' invidious Honour  
ceas'd.

In 288 it would seem that the original text is wrongly printed Warton gives 'Brother's Ghosts,' which is absurd



Wrath touches ev'n the Gods; the Queen  
 of Night  
 Fir'd with Disdain, and jealous of her  
 Right,  
 Unhonour'd though I am, at least, said she,  
 Not unreveng'd that impious Act shall be.  
 Swift as the Word, she sped the Boar away,  
 With Charge on those devoted Fields to  
 prey. 19  
 No larger Bulls th' *Egyptian* Pastures feed,  
 And none so large *Sicilian* Meadows breed:  
 His Eye-balls glare with Fire, suffus'd with  
 Blood;  
 His Neck shoots up a thick-set thorny Wood;  
 His bristled Back a Trench impal'd appears,  
 And stands erected, like a Field of Spears.  
 Froth fills his Chaps, he sends a grunting  
 Sound,  
 And part he churns, and part befoams the  
 Ground.  
 For Tusks with *Indian* Elephants he strove,  
 And *Jove's* own Thunder from his Mouth  
 he drove.  
 He burns the Leaves; the scorching Blast  
 invades 30  
 The tender Corn, and shrivels up the Blades:  
 Or suff'ring not their yellow Beards to  
 rear,  
 He tramples down the Spikes, and intercepts  
 the Year.  
 In vain the Barns expect their promis'd  
 Load,  
 Nor Barns at home, nor Reeks are heap'd  
 abroad:  
 In vain the Hinds the Threshing-Floor pre-  
 pare,  
 And exercise their Flails in empty Air.  
 With Olives ever-green the Ground is  
 strow'd,  
 And Grapes ungather'd shed their gen'rous  
 Blood.  
 Amid the Fold he rages, nor the Sheep 40  
 Their Shepherds, nor the Grooms their Bulls  
 can keep.  
 From Fields to Walls the frightened Rabble  
 run,  
 Nor think themselves secure within the  
 Town:  
 Till *Meleagros*, and his chosen Crew,  
 Contemn the Danger, and the Praise pursue.  
 Fair *Leda's* Twins (in time to Stars decreed)  
 One fought on Foot, one curb'd the fiery  
 Steed.

Then issued forth fam'd *Jason* after These,  
 Who mann'd the foremost Ship that sail'd,  
 the Seas;  
 Then *Theseus*, join'd with bold *Perithous*,  
 came. 50  
 A single Concord in a double Name:  
 The *Theslian* Sons, *Idas* who swiftly ran,  
 And *Ceneus*, once a Woman, now a Man.  
*Lyneus*, with Eagles Eyes, and Lions Heart  
*Leucippus*, with his never-erring Dart;  
*Acastus*, *Phileus*, *Phanix*, *Telamon*,  
*Echion*, *Lelex*, and *Eurythion*,  
 Achilles Father, and great *Phocus* Son;  
*Dryas* the Fierce, and *Hippasus* the Strong;  
 With twice old *Iolas*, and *Nestor* then but  
 young, 60  
*Laertes* active, and *Aeneas* bold;  
*Mopsus* the Sage, who future Things fore-  
 told;  
 And t'other Scer, yet by his Wife \* unsold.  
 A thousand others of im- *Amphiaraus*.  
 mortal Fame;  
 Among the rest, fair *Atalanta* came,  
 Grace of the Woods: A Diamond Buckle  
 bound  
 Her Vest behind, that else had flow'd upon  
 the Ground,  
 And shew'd her buskin'd Legs; her Head  
 was bare,  
 But for her Native Ornament of Hair;  
 Which in a simple Knot was ty'd above, 70  
 Sweet Negligence! unheeded Bait of Love!  
 Her sounding Quiver on her shoulder ty'd.  
 One Hand a Dart, and one a Bow supply'd.  
 Such was her Face, as in a Nymph display'd  
 A fair fierce Boy, or in a Boy betray'd  
 The blushing Beauties of a modest Maid.  
 The *Caledonian* Chief at once the Dame  
 Beseeld, at once his Heart receiv'd the  
 Flame,  
 With Heav'n's averse. O happy Youth, he  
 cry'd; 79  
 For whom thy Fates reserve so fair a Bride!  
 He sigh'd, and had no leisure more to say;  
 His Honour call'd his Eyes another way,  
 And forced him to pursue the now neglected  
 Prey.  
 There stood a Forest on a Mountains  
 Brow,  
 Which over-look'd the shaded Plains below.  
 No sounding Ax presum'd those Trees to  
 bite;  
 Coeval with the World, a venerable Sight.

The *Heroes* there arriv'd; some spread  
 around  
 The Toils; some search the Footsteps on  
 the Ground;  
 Some from the Chains the faithful Dogs  
 unbound. 90  
 Of Action eager, and intent in Thought,  
 The Chiefs their honourable Danger sought:  
 A Valley stood below; the common Drain  
 Of Waters from, above, and falling Rain:  
 The Bottom was a moist and marshy Ground,  
 Whose Edges were with bending Oziers  
 crown'd;  
 The knotty Bulrush next in Order stood,  
 And all within of Reeds a trembling Wood.  
 From hence the Boar was row's'd, and  
 sprung amain  
 Like Lightning sudden, on the Warriour-  
 Train; 100  
 Beats down the Trees before him, shakes the  
 Ground,  
 The Forest echoes to the crackling Sound;  
 Shout the fierce Youth, and Clamours ring  
 around.  
 All stood with their protended Spears pre-  
 par'd,  
 With broad Steel Heads the brandish'd  
 Weapons glar'd.  
 The Beast impetuous with his Tusks aside  
 Deals glancing Wounds; the fearful Dogs  
 divide:  
 All spend their Mouth aloof, but none abide.  
*Echion* threw the first, but miss'd his Mark,  
 And stuck his Boar-spear on a Maples  
 Bark. 110  
 Then *Jason*: and his Javelin seem'd to take,  
 But fail'd with over-force, and whiz'd above  
 his Back.  
*Mopsus* was next; but, e'er he threw,  
 address'd  
 To *Phæbus*, thus: O Patron, help thy Priest:  
 If I adore, and ever have ador'd  
 Thy Pow'r Divine, thy present Aid afford;  
 That I may reach the Beast. The God  
 allow'd  
 His Pray'r, and smiling, gave him what he  
 cou'd:  
 He reach'd the Savage, but no Blood he drew,  
*Dian* unarm'd the Javelin as it flew. 120

91 in] *The editors wrongly give on*  
 108 aloof] *The editors, disregarding the sense,*  
*wrongly give aloft*

This chaf'd the Boar, his Nostrils Flames  
 expire,  
 And his red Eye-balls roll with living Fire.  
 Whirl'd from a Sling, or from an Engine  
 thrown,  
 Amidst the Foes, so flies a mighty Stone,  
 As flew the Beast: The Left Wing put to  
 flight,  
 The Chiefs o'erborn, he rushes on the Right.  
*Eupalamos* and *Pelagon* he laid  
 In Dust, and next to Death, but for their  
 Fellows Aid.  
*Enesimus* far'd worse, prepar'd to fly,  
 The fatal Fang drove deep within his Thigh,  
 And cut the Nerves: The Nerves no more  
 sustain 131  
 The Bulk; the Bulk unprop'd, falls head-  
 long on the Plain.  
*Nestor* had fail'd the Fall of *Troy* to see,  
 But leaning on his Lance, he vaulted on  
 a Tree;  
 Then gath'ring up his Feet, look'd down with  
 Fear,  
 And thought his monstrous Foe was still too  
 near.  
 Against a Stump his Tusk the Monster  
 grinds,  
 And in the sharpen'd Edge new Vigour  
 finds;  
 Then, trusting to his Arms, young *Othrys*  
 found,  
 And ranch'd his Hips with one continu'd  
 Wound. 140  
 Now *Leda's* Twins, the future Stars, appear;  
 White were their Habits, white their Horses  
 were,  
 Conspicuous both, and both in act to throw,  
 Their trembling Lances brandish'd at the  
 Foe:  
 Nor had they miss'd; but he to Thickets  
 fled,  
 Conceal'd from aiming Spears, not pervious  
 to the Steed.  
 But *Telamon* rush'd in, and happ'd to  
 meet  
 A rising Root, that held his fastned Feet;  
 So down he fell; whom, sprawling on the  
 Ground,  
 His Brother from the Wooden Gyves un-  
 bound. 150

129 *Enesimus*] *Onesimus* 1700 *Perhaps a*  
*misprint.*

Mean time the Virgin-Huntress was not  
slow

T' expel the Shaft from her contracted Bow :  
Beneath his Ear the fastned Arrow stood,  
And from the Wound appear'd the trickling  
Blood.

She blush'd for Joy : But *Meleagros* rais'd  
His voice with loud Applause, and the fair  
Archer prais'd.

He was the first to see, and first to show  
His Friends the Marks of the successful  
Blow.

Nor shall thy Valour want the Praises due,  
He said ; a virtuous Envy seiz'd the Crew.  
They shout ; the Shouting animates their  
Hearts,

And all at once employ their thronging  
Darts :

But out of Order thrown, in Air they joyn ;  
And Multitude makes frustrate the Design.  
With both his Hands the proud *Ancæus*  
takes,

And flourishes his double-biting Ax :  
Then forward to his Fate, he took a Stride  
Before the rest, and to his Fellows cry'd,  
Give place, and mark the diff'rence, if you  
can,

Between a Woman-Warriour, and a Man ;  
The Boar is doom'd ; nor though *Diana*  
lend

Her Aid, *Diana* can her Beast defend.  
Thus boasted he ; then stretch'd, on Tiptoe  
stood,

Secure to make his empty Promise good.  
But the more wary Beast prevents the Blow,  
And upward rips the Groin of his audacious  
Foe.

*Ancæus* falls ; his Bowels from the Wound  
Rush out, and clotted Blood distains the  
Ground.

*Perithous*, no small Portion of the War,  
Press'd on him, and shook his Lance ; To whom  
from far

Thus *Theseus* cry'd : O stay, my better Part,  
My more than Mistress ; of my Heart, the  
Heart.

The Strong may fight aloof : *Ancæus* try'd  
His Force too near, and by presuming dy'd :  
He said, and while he spake his Javelin  
threw,

Hissing in Air th' unerring Weapon flew ;

But on an Arm of Oak, that stood betwixt  
The Marks-man and the Mark, his Lance he  
fixt.

Once more bold *Jason* threw, but fail'd  
to wound

The Boar, and slew an undeserving Hound ;  
And through the Dog the Dart was nail'd  
to Ground.

Two Spears from *Meleager's* Hand were  
sent,

With equal Force, but various in th' Event :  
The first was fix'd in Earth, the second  
stood

On the Boars bristled Back, and deeply  
drank his Blood.

Now while the tortur'd Salvage turns  
around,

And flings about his Foam, impatient of the  
Wound,

The Wounds great Author close at Hand  
provokes

His Rage, and plyes him with redoubled  
Strokes ;

Wheels as he wheels ; and with his pointed  
Dart

Explores the nearest Passage to his Heart.  
Quick, and more quick he spins in giddy  
Gires,

Then falls, and in much Foam his Soul  
expires.

This Act with Shouts Heav'n high the  
friendly Band

Applaud, and strain in theirs the Victour  
Hand.

Then all approach the Slain with vast  
Surprize,

Admire on what a Breadth of Earth he lies :  
And scarce secure, reach out their Spears  
afar,

And blood their Points, to prove their  
Partnership of War.

But he, the conqu'ring Chief, his Foot  
impress'd

On the strong Neck of that destructive  
Beast ;

And gazing on the Nymph with ardent  
Eyes,

Accept, said he, fair *Nonacrine*, my Prize,  
And, though inferiour, suffer me to join  
My Labours, and my Part of Praise, with  
thine :

178 clotted] *The editors wrongly give clotted*

205 Victour] *The editors wrongly give victor's*

At this presents her with the Tusky Head  
And Chune, with rising Bristles roughly  
• spread.

Glad, she receiv'd the Gift: and seem'd  
to take

With double Pleasure, for the Giver's sake.  
The rest were seiz'd with sullen Discontent,  
And a deaf Murmur through the Squadron  
went: 221

All envy'd; but the *Thesryan* Brethren  
show'd

The least Respect, and thus they vent their  
Spleen aloud:

Lay down those honour'd Spoils, nor think  
to share,

Weak Woman as thou art, the Prize of War:  
Ours is the Title, thine a foreign Claim,  
Since *Meleagros* from our Lineage came.

Trust not thy Beauty; but restore the  
Prize,

Which he, besotted on that Face and  
Eyes,

Would rend from us: At this, inflam'd with  
Spite, 230

From her they snatch the Gift, from him the  
Givers Right.

But soon th' impatient Prince his Fau-  
cion drew,

And cry'd, Ye Robbers of another's Due,  
Now learn the Diff'rence, at your proper  
Cost,

Betwixt true Valour, and an empty Boast.  
At this advanc'd, and, sudden as the Word  
In proud *Plexippus* Bosom plung'd the  
Sword:

*Toveus* amaz'd, and with Amazement slow,  
Or to revenge, or ward the coming Blow,  
Stood doubting; and, while doubting thus  
he stood, 240

Receiv'd the Steel bath'd in his Brother's  
Blood.

Pleas'd with the first, unknown the second  
News;

*Althea*, to the Temples, pays their Dues  
For her Son's Conquest; when at length  
appear

Her griesly Brethren stretch'd upon the  
Bier:

Pale at the sudden Sign, she chang'd her  
Cheer,

And with her Cheer her Robes; but hearing  
tell

The Cause, the Manner, and by whom they  
fell,

'Twas Grief no more, or Grief and Rage were  
One 249

Within her Soul; at last 'twas Rage alone;  
Which burning upwards in succession dries  
The Tears that stood consid'ring in her Eyes.

There lay a Log unlighted on the Hearth:  
When she was lab'ring in the Throws of  
Birth

For th' unborn Chief, the Fatal Sisters came,  
And rais'd it up, and toss'd it on the Flame:  
Then on the Rock a scanty Measure place  
Of Vital Flax, and turn'd the Wheel apace;  
And turning sung, To this red Brand and  
thee,

O new-born Babe, we give an equal Destiny:  
So vanish'd out of View. The frighted  
Dame 261

Sprung hasty from her Bed, and quench'd  
the Flame:

The Log in secret lock'd, she kept with Care,  
And that, while thus preserv'd, preserv'd  
her Heir.

This Brand she now produc'd; and first she  
strows

The Hearth with Heaps of Chips, and after  
blows,

Thrice heav'd her Hand, and heav'd, she  
thrice repress'd:

The Sister and the Mother long contest  
Two doubtful Titles in one tender Breast,  
And now her Eyes and Cheeks with Fury  
glow, 270

Now pale her Cheeks, her Eyes with Pity flow;  
Now lowering Looks presage approaching  
Storms,

And now prevailing Love her Face reforms:  
Resolv'd, she doubts again; the Tears she  
dry'd

With burning Rage, are by new Tears sup-  
ply'd;

And as a Ship, which Winds and Waves  
assail,

Now with the Current drives, now with the  
Gale,

Both opposite, and neither long prevail:

253. [Hearth] *The English editors thoughtlessly  
and wrongly give earth*

275. [burning] *The English editors wantonly  
give blushing*

237. *Plexippus*] *Ploxippus* 1700 Probably a  
misprint.

She feels a double Force, by Turns obeys  
Th' imperious Tempest, and th' impetuous  
Seas: 280

So fares *Althæa's* Mind; she first relents  
With Pity, of that Pity then repents:  
Sister and Mother long the Scales divide,  
But the Beam nodded on the Sisters side.  
Sometimes she softly sigh'd, then roar'd

aloud;  
But Sighs were stifled in the Cries of  
Blood.

The pious, impious Wretch at length  
decreed,  
To please her Brother's Ghost, her Son  
shou'd bleed;

And when the Fun'ral Flames began to  
rise,

Receive, she said, a Sisters Sacrifice: 290  
A Mothers Bowels burn: High in her  
Hand

Thus while she spoke, she held the fatal  
Brand;

Then thrice before the kindled Pyle she  
bow'd,

And the three Furies thrice invok'd aloud:  
Come, come, revenging Sisters, come and  
view

A Sister paying her dead Brothers due:  
A Crime I punish, and a Crime commit;  
But Blood for Blood, and Death for Death  
is fit:

Great Crimes must be with greater Crimes  
repaid,

And second Funerals on the former laid. 300  
Let the whole Houshold in one Ruine fall,

And may *Diana's* Curse o'ertake us all.  
Shall Fate to happy *Oeneus* still allow

One Son, while *Theslius* stands depriv'd of  
two?

Better three lost, than one unpunish'd go.)  
Take then, dear Ghosts, (while yet admitted  
new

In Hell you wait my Duty) take your  
Due:

A costly Off'ring on your Tomb is laid,  
When with my Blood the Price of yours is  
paid.

Ah! Whither am I hurried? Ah!  
forgive, 310

Ye Shades, and let your Sisters Issue live:

A Mother cannot give him Death; though  
he

Deserves it, he deserves it not from me: ;

Then shall th' unpunish'd Wretch insult  
the Slain,

Triumphant live, nor only live, but reign?

While you, thin Shades, the Sport of Winds,  
are toss'd

O'er dreery Plains, or tread the burning  
Coast.

I cannot, cannot bear; 'tis past, 'tis done;  
Perish this impious, this detested Son:

Perish his Sire, and perish I withal; 320  
And let the Houses Heir, and the hop'd  
Kingdom fall.

Where is the Mother fled, her pious  
Love,

And where the Pains with which ten Months  
I strove!

Ah! hadst thou dy'd, my Son, in Infant-  
years,

Thy little Horse had been bedew'd with  
Tears.

Thou liv'st by me; to me thy Breath  
resign;

Mine is the Merit, the Demerit thine.

Thy Life by double Title I require;  
Once giv'n at Birth, and once preserv'd  
from Fire:

One Murder pay, or add one Murder more,  
And me to them who fell by thee restore. 331

I wou'd, but cannot: My Son's Image  
stands

Before my Sight; and now their angry  
Hands

My Brothers hold, and Vengeance these  
exact,

This pleads Compassion, and repents the  
Fact.

'He pleads in vain, and I pronounce his  
Doom:

My Brothers, though unjustly, shall o'er-  
come.

But having paid their injur'd Ghosts their  
Due,

My Son requires my Death, and mine shall  
his pursue.

At this, for the last time she lifts her  
Hand, 340

Averts her Eyes, and, half unwilling, drops  
the Brand.

281 she first] Most editors wrongly give first  
she

317 tread] Some editors absurdly give dread

The Brand, amid the flaming Fewel thrown,  
Or drew, or seem'd to draw, a dying Groan :  
The Fires themselves but faintly lick'd their  
Prey,

Then loath'd their impious Food, and wou'd  
have shrunk away.

Just then the *Heroe* cast a doleful Cry,  
And in those absent Flames began to fry.  
The blind Contagion rag'd within his  
Veins ;

But he with manly Patience bore his  
Pains :

He fear'd not Fate, but only griev'd to die  
Without an honest Wound, and by a Death  
so dry. 351

Happy *Ancæus*, thrice aloud he cry'd,  
With what becoming Fate in Arms he dy'd !  
Then call'd his Brothers, Sisters, Sire,  
around.

And her to whom his Nuptial Vows were  
bound ;

Perhaps his Mother ; a long Sigh he drew,  
And his Voice failing, took his last Adieu :  
For as the Flames augment, and as they  
stay

At their full Height, then languish to decay,  
They rise, and sink by Fits ; at last they  
soar 360

In one bright Blaze, and then descend no  
more :

Just so his inward Heats at height, impair,  
Till the last burning Breath shoots out the  
Soul in Air.

Now lofty *Calidon* in Ruines lies ;  
All Ages, all Degrees unsluice their Eyes ;  
And Heaven & Earth resound with Mur-  
murs, Groans, & Cries. }

Matrons and Maidens beat their Breasts,  
and tear

Their Habits, and root up their scatter'd  
Hair.

The wretched Father, Father now no more,  
With Sorrow sunk, lies prostrate on the  
Floor, 370

Deforms his hoary Locks with Dust obscene,  
And curses Age, and loaths a Life pro-  
long'd with Pain.

By Steel her stubborn Soul his Mother  
freed,  
And punish'd on her self her impious  
Deed.

Had I a hundred Tongues, a Wit so large  
As cou'd their hundred Offices discharge ;  
Had *Phæbus* all his *Helicon* bestow'd,  
In all the Streams inspiring all the God ;  
Those Tongues, that Wit, those Streams,  
that God, in vain

Wou'd offer to describe his Sisters pain : 380  
They beat their Breasts with many a bruiz-  
ing Blow,

Till they turn'd livid, and corrupt the Snow.  
The Corps they cherish, while the Corps  
remains,

And exercise and rub with fruitless Pains ;  
And when to Fun'ral Flames 'tis born  
away,

They kiss the Bed on which the Body lay :  
And when those Fun'ral Flames no longer  
burn,

(The Dust compos'd within a pious Urn)  
Ev'n in that Urn their Brother they  
confess,

And hug it in their Arms, and to their  
Bosoms press. 390

His Tomb is rais'd ; then, stretch'd along  
the Ground,

Those living Monuments his Tomb sur-  
round :

Ev'n to his Name, inscrib'd, their Tears  
they pay,

Till Tears and Kisses wear his Name away.  
But *Cynthia* now had all her Fury spent,

Not with less Ruine than a Race, content :  
Excepting *Gorge*, perish'd all the Seed,

And \* Her whom Heav'n for *Dejanira*.  
*Hercules* decreed.

Satiate at last, no longer she pursu'd  
The weeping Sisters ; but with Wings en-  
du'd, 400

And Horny Beaks, and sent to flit in Air ;  
Who yearly round the Tomb in Feather'd  
Flocks repair.

382 turn'd] Some editors give turn

## BAUCIS | AND | PHILEMON.

OUI OF THE EIGHTH BOOK OF | OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

*The Author, pursuing the Deeds of Theseus, relates how He, with his friend Perithous, were invited by Achelous, the River-God, to stay with him, till his Waters were abated. Achelous entertains them with a Relation of his own Lore to Perimele, who was chang'd into an Island by Neptune, at his Request. Perithous, being an Atheist, derides the Legend, and denies the Power of the Gods to work that Miracle. Lelex, another Companion of Theseus, to confirm the Story of Achelous, relates another Metamorphosis of Baucis and Philemon into Trees; of which he was partly an Eye-witness.*

TITUS *Achelous* ends: His Audience hear  
With admiration, and admiring fear  
The Pow'rs of Heav'n; except *Ixion's* Son,  
Who laugh'd at all the Gods, believ'd in  
none:

He shook his impious Head, and thus replies,  
These Legends are no more than pious Lies:  
You attribute too much to Heavenly Sway,  
To think they give us Forms, and take away.

The rest, of better Minds, their Sense  
declar'd

Against this Doctrine, and with Horror  
heard.

Then *Lelex* rose, an old experienc'd Man,  
And thus with sober Gravity began:  
Heav'n's Pow'rs Infinite: Earth, Air, and Sea,  
The Manufacture Mass, the making Pow'r  
obey:

By Proof to clear your Doubt; In *Phrygian*  
Ground

Two neighb'ring Trees, with Walls encom-  
pass'd round,

Stand on a mod'rate Rise, with wonder  
shown,

One a hard Oak, a softer Linden one:  
I saw the Place and them, by *Pittheus* sent  
To *Phrygian* Realms, my Grandsire's  
Government.

Not far from thence is seen a Lake, the Haunt  
Of Coots, and of the fishing Cormorant:

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON. The text from the  
original edition of 1700 In 160 'Crotches' is cer-  
tainly Dryden's form.

Here *Jove* with *Hermes* came; but in  
Disguise

Of mortal Men conceal'd their Deities;  
One laid aside his Thunder, one his Rod;  
And many toilsom Steps together trod;  
For Harbour at a thousand Doors they  
knock'd,

Not one of all the thousand but was lock'd  
At last an hospitable House they found,  
A homely Shed; the Roof, not far from  
Ground,

Was thatch'd with Reeds and Straw }  
together bound. 30

There *Baucis* and *Philemon* liv'd, and there  
Had liv'd long marry'd and a happy Pair:  
Now old in Love, though little was their  
Store,

Inur'd to Want, their Poverty they bore,  
Nor aim'd at Wealth, professing to be poor.  
For Master or for Servant here to call,  
Was all alike, where only Two were All.

Command was none, where equal Love was  
paid,

Or rather both commanded, both obey'd. 40  
From lofty Roofs the Gods repuls'd before,  
Now stooping, enter'd through the little  
Door:

The Man (their hearty Welcome first  
express'd)

A common Settle drew for either Guest,  
Inviting each his weary Limbs to rest.

But e'er they sat, officious *Baucis* lays  
Two Cushions stuff'd with Straw, the Seat  
to raise;

Coarse, but the best she had; then takes  
the Load

Of Ashes from the Hearth, and spreads abroad  
The living Coals, and lest they should expire,  
With Leaves and Barks she feeds her Infant-  
fire: 51

It smoaks; and then with trembling Breath  
she blows,

Till in a cheerful Blaze the Flames arose.  
With Brush-wood and with Chips she  
strengthens these,

And adds at last the Boughs of rotten Trees.

35 takes] *Mss* editors thoughtlessly and  
wrongly give take

The Fire thus form'd, she sets the Kettle on,  
(Like burnish'd Gold the little Seether shone)  
Next took the Coleworts which her Husband got

From his own Ground (a small well-water'd Spot ;)

She stripp'd the Stalks of all their Leaves ;  
the best 60

She cull'd, and then with handy-care she dress'd.

High o'er the Hearth a Chine of Bacon hung ;  
Good old *Philemon* seiz'd it with a Prong,  
And from the rooty Rafter drew it down,  
Then cut a Slice, but scarce enough for one ;  
Yet a large Portion of a little Store,  
Which for their Sakes alone he wish'd were more.

This in the Pot he plung'd without delay,  
To tame the Flesh, and drain the Salt away.  
The Time between, before the Fire they sat, 70

And shorten'd the Delay by pleasing Chat.  
A Beam there was, on which a Beechen Pail

Hung by the Handle, on a driven Nail :  
This fill'd with Water, gently warm'd, they set

Before their Guests ; in this they bath'd their Feet,  
And after with clean Towels dry'd their Sweat :

This done, the Host produc'd the genial Bed,  
Sallow the Feet, the Borders, and the Sted,  
Which with no costly Coverlet they spread ;  
But course old Garments, yet such Robes as these 80

They laid alone, at Feasts, on Holydays.  
The good old Huswife tucking up her Gown,  
The Table sets ; th' invited Gods lie down.  
The Trivet-Table of a Foot was lame,  
A Blot which prudent *Baucis* overcame,  
Who thrusts beneath the limping Leg, a Sherd,

So was the mended Board exactly rear'd :  
Then rubb'd it o'er with newly-gather'd Mint,  
A wholesom Herb, that breath'd a grateful Scent.

*Pallas* began the Feast, where first were seen 90

The party-colour'd Olive, Black and Green :

78 Feet] *The English editors absurdly give foot*

86 thrusts] *The English editors give thrust*

Autumnal Cornels next in order serv'd,  
In Lees of Wine well pickl'd, and preserv'd :  
A Garden-Sallad was the third Supply,  
Of Endive, Radishes, and Succory :

Then Curds and Cream, the Flow'r of Country-Fare,  
And new-laid Eggs, which *Baucis* busie Care

Turn'd by a gentle Fire, and roasted rear  
All these in Earthen Ware were serv'd to Board ;

And next in place, an Earthen Pitcher, stor'd 100

With Liquor of the best the Cottage cou'd afford.

This was the Tables Ornament and Pride,  
With Figures wrought Like Pages at his Side

Stood Beechen Bowls ; and these were shining clean,

Vernish'd with Wax without, and lin'd within.  
By this the boiling Kettle had prepar'd,  
And to the Table sent the smoaking Lard ;  
On which with eager Appetite they dine,  
A sav'ry Bit, that serv'd to relish Wine :

The Wine it self was suiting to the rest, 110  
Still working in the Must, and lately press'd.  
The Second Course succeeds like that before,  
Plums, Apples, Nuts, and of their Wintry Store,

Dry Figs, and Grapes, and wrinkl'd Dates were set

In Canisters, t' enlarge the little Treat  
All these a Milk-white Honey-comb surround,  
Which in the midst the Country Banquet crown'd :

But the kind Hosts their Entertainment grace

With hearty Welcom, and an open Face :  
In all they did, you might discern with ease,  
A willing Mind, and a Desire to please. 121

Mean time the Beechen Bowls went round, and still,

Though often empty'd, were observ'd to fill ;  
Fill'd without Hands, and of their own accord

Ran without Feet, and danc'd about the Board.

Devotion seiz'd the Pair, to see the Feast  
With Wine, and of no common Grape, increas'd ;

98 rear] *The editors change to rare*



And up they held their Hands, and fell to  
Pray'r,

Excusing, as they cou'd, their Country Fare.

One Goose they had, ('twas all they cou'd  
allow) 130

A wakeful Cent'ry, and on Duty now,  
Whom to the Gods for Sacrifice they vow:  
Her, with malicious Zeal, the Couple view'd;  
She ran for Life, and limping they pursu'd:  
Full well the Fowl perceiv'd their bad  
intent,

And wou'd not make her Masters Compli-  
ment;

But persecuted, to the Pow'rs she flies,  
And close between the Legs of *Jove* she lies.  
He with a gracious Ear the Suppliant heard,  
And sav'd her Life; then what he was  
declar'd, 140

And own'd the God. The Neighbourhood,  
said he,

Shall justly perish for Impiety:  
You stand alone exempted; but obey  
With speed, and follow where we lead the  
way:

Leave these accurs'd; and to the Mountains  
Height

Ascend; nor once look backward in your  
Flight.

They haste, and what their tardy Feet  
deny'd,

The trusty Staff (their better Leg) supply'd.  
An Arrows Flight they wanted to the Top,  
And there secure, but spent with Travel,  
stop; 150

Then turn their now no more forbidden  
Eyes;

Lost in a Lake the floated Level lies:  
A Watry Desert covers all the Plains,  
Their Cot alone, as in an Isle, remains:  
Wondring with weeping eyes, while they  
deplore

Their Neighbours Fate, and Country now no  
more,

Their little Shed, scarce large enough for Two,  
Seems, from the Ground increas'd, in Height  
and Bulk to grow.

A stately Temple shoots within the Skies:  
The Crotches of their Cot in Columns  
rise: 160

155 weeping] *The editors absurdly give peep-*  
*ing*

160 Crotches] *The editors give crotchets*

The Pavement polish'd Marble they behold  
The Gates with Sculpture grac'd, the Spire  
and Tiles of Gold.

Then thus the Sire of Gods, with Lool  
serene,

Speak thy Desire, thou only Just of Men;  
And thou, O Woman, only worthy found  
To be with such a Man in Marriage bound.

A while they whisper; then, to *Jove*  
address'd,

*Philemon* thus prefers their joint Request:  
We crave to serve before your sacred Shrine,  
And offer at your Altars Rites Divine: 170  
And since not any Action of our Life  
Has been polluted with Domestick Strife,  
We beg one Hour of Death; that neither she  
With Widows Tears may live to bury me,  
Nor weeping I, with wither'd Arms may bear  
My breathless *Baucis* to the Sepulcher.

The Godheads sign their Suit. They run  
their Race

In the same Tenor all th' appointed Space;  
Then, when their Hour was come, while they  
relate

These past Adventures at the Temple-gate,  
Old *Baucis* is by old *Philemon* seen 181

Sprouting with sudden Leaves of spritely  
Green:

Old *Baucis* look'd where old *Philemon* stood,  
And saw his lengthen'd Arms a sprouting  
Wood:

New Roots their fasten'd Feet begin to bind,  
Their Bodies stiffen in a rising Rind:

Then e'er the Bark above their Shoulders  
grew,

They give and take at once their last Adieu;  
At once, Farewell, O faithful Spouse, they  
said;

At once th' incroaching Rinds their closing  
Lips invade. 190

Ev'n yet, an ancient *Tyanzan* shows  
A spreading Oak, that near a Linden grows:  
The Neighbourhood confirm the Prodigie,  
Grave Men, not vain of Tongue, or like to  
lie.

I saw my self the Garlands on their Boughs,  
And Tablets hung for Gifts of granted Vows:  
And off'ring fresher up, with pious Pray'r,  
The Good, said I, are God's peculiar Care,  
And such as honour Heav'n, shall heav'nly  
Honour share.

161 Look] *The editors wrongly give Looks*

## THE FABLE OF IPHIS AND IANTHE,

FROM THE NINTH BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

THE Fame of this, perhaps, through *Crete*  
 had flown ;  
 But *Crete* had newer Wonders of her own,  
 In *Iphis* chang'd ; For near the *Gnosian*  
 Bounds,  
 (As loud Report the Miracle resounds)  
 At *Phastus* dwelt a man of honest blood,  
 But meanly born, and not so rich as good ;  
 Esteem'd and lov'd by all the Neighbour-  
 hood :  
 Who to his Wife, before the time assign'd  
 For Child-Birth came, thus bluntly spoke  
 his mind :  
 If Heav'n, said *Lygdus*, will vouchsafe to  
 hear, 10  
 I have but two Petitions to prefer,  
 Short Pains for thee, for me a Son and  
 Heir.  
 Girls cost as many throws in bringing forth ;  
 Beside, when born, the Tits are little worth :  
 Weak puling Things, unable to sustain  
 Their Share of Labour, and their Bread to  
 gain.  
 If, therefore, thou a Creature shalt produce,  
 Of so great Charges, and so little Use,  
 (Bear Witness, Heav'n, with what reluct-  
 ancy)  
 Her hapless Innocence I doom to dye. 20  
 He said, and tears the common grief display,  
 Of him who bade, and her who must obey.  
 Yet *Telethusa* still persists, to find  
 Fit Arguments to move a Father's mind ;  
 T' extend his Wishes to a larger scope,  
 And in one Vessel not confine his hope. 3  
*Lygdus* continues hard : her time drew near,  
 And she her heavy load cou'd scarcely bear ;  
 When slumb'ring, in the latter shades of  
 Night,  
 Before th' approaches of returning light 30  
 She saw, or thought she saw, before her Bed,  
 A glorious Train, and *Isis* at their head :  
 Her Moony Horns were on her Forehead  
 plac'd,  
 And yellow Sheaves her shining Temples  
 grac'd :

IPHIS AND IANTHE. Text from the original of  
 1693.

A Mitre for a Crown, she wore on high ;  
 The Dog and dappl'd Bull were waiting by ;  
*Osyris*, sought along the Banks of Nile ;  
 The silent God ; the Sacred Crocodile ;  
 And, last, a long Procession moving on,  
 With Timbrels, that assist the lab'ring Moon.  
 Her slumbers seem'd dispell'd, and, broad  
 awake, 41  
 She heard a Voice that thus distinctly spake.  
 My Votary, thy Babe from Death defend,  
 Nor fear to save what're the Gods will send.  
 Delude with Art thy Husband's dire Decree ;  
 When danger calls, repose thy trust on me ;  
 And know thou hast not serv'd a thankless  
 Deity.  
 This Promise made ; with Night the  
 Goddess fled :  
 With Joy the Woman wakes, and leaves her  
 Bed :  
 Devoutly lifts her spotless hands on high ; 50  
 And prays the Pow'rs their Gift to ratifie.  
 Now grinding pains proceed to bearing  
 throws,  
 Till its own weight the burden did disclose.  
 'Twas of the beauteous Kind ; and brought  
 to light  
 With secresie, to shun the Father's sight.  
 Th' indulgent Mother did her Care employ ;  
 And pass'd it on her Husband for a Boy.  
 The Nurse was conscious of the Fact alone ;  
 The Father paid his Vows, as for a Son ;  
 And call'd him *Iphis*, by a common Name,  
 Which either Sex with equal right may  
 claim. 61  
*Iphis* his Grandsire was : the Wife was  
 pleas'd,  
 Of half the fraud by Fortune's favour eas'd :  
 The doubtful Name was us'd without deceit  
 And Truth was cover'd with a pious Cheat.  
 The Habit shew'd a Boy, the beauteous Face  
 With manly fierceness mingled Female grace.  
 Now thirteen years of Age were swiftly  
 run,  
 When the fond Father thought the time  
 drew on  
 Of settling in the World his only Son. 70  
*Ianthe* was his choice ; so wondrous fair,  
 Her Form alone with *Iphis* cou'd compare :

A Neighbour's Daughter of his own Degree,  
And not more blest with Fortunes Goods  
than he.

They soon espous'd: for they with ease  
were join'd,

Who were before Contracted in the Mind.  
Their Age the same, their Inclinations too;  
And bred together, in one School they grew.  
Thus, fatally dispos'd to mutual fires,  
They felt, before they knew, the same  
desires. 80

Equal their flame, unequal was their care:  
One lov'd with Hope, one languish'd in  
Despair.

The Maid accus'd the ling'ring days alone:  
For whom she thought a man, she thought  
her own.

But *Iphis* bends beneath a greater grief:  
As fiercely burns, but hopes for no relief.  
Ev'n her Despair adds fuel to her fire;  
A Maid with madness does a Maid desire.  
And, scarce refraining tears, alas! said she,  
What issue of my love remains for me! 90  
How wild a Passion works within my  
Breast,

With what prodigious Flames am I possest!  
Cou'd I the Care of Providence deserve,  
Heav'n must destroy me, if it wou'd pre-  
serve.

And that's my Fate, or sure it wou'd have  
sent

Some usual Evil for my punishment:  
Not this unkindly Curse; to rage and burn,  
Where Nature shews no prospect of return  
Nor Cows for Cows consume with fruitless  
fire:

Nor Mares, when hot, their fellow Mares  
desire: 100

The Father of the Fold supplies his Ewes;  
The Stag through secret Woods his Hind  
pursues;

And Birds for Mates the Males of their own  
Species chuse.

Her Females Nature guards from Female  
flame;

And joins two Sexes to preserve the Game:  
Wou'd I were nothing, or not what I am!

*Crete* fam'd for Monsters wanted of her  
Store,

Till my new Love produc'd one Monster  
more.

The Daughter of the Sun a Bull desir'd,  
And yet ev'n then a Male a Female fir'd: 110

Her Passion was extravagantly new:  
But mine is much the madder of the two,  
To things impossible she was not bent,  
But found the Means to compass her Intent.  
To cheat his Eyes, she took a different shape;  
Yet still she gain'd a Lover, and a leap.  
Shou'd all the Wit of all the World conspire,  
Shou'd *Dædalus* assist my wild desire,  
What Art can make me able to enjoy,  
Or what can change *Ianthe* to a Boy? 120  
Extinguish then thy passion, hopeless Maid,  
And recollect thy Reason for thy aid.

Know what thou art, and love as Maidens  
ought;  
And drive these Golden Wishes from thy  
thought.

Thou canst not hope thy fond desires to  
gain;

Where Hope is wanting, Wishes are in vain.  
And yet no Guards against our Joys con-  
spire;

No jealous Husband hinders our desire:  
My Parents are propitious to my Wish  
And she her self consenting to the bliss. 130  
All things concur to prosper our Design:

All things to prosper any Love but mine.  
And yet I never can enjoy the Fair:  
'Tis past the Pow'r of Heav'n to grant my  
Pray'r.

Heav'n has been kind, as far as Heav'n can  
be;

Our Parents with our own desires agree,  
But Nature, stronger than the Gods above,  
Refuses her assistance to my love.

She sets the Bar, that causes all my pain:  
One Gift refus'd makes all their Bounty vain, 140

And now the happy day is just at hand, 141  
To bind our Hearts in *Hymen's* Holy Band:  
Our Hearts, but not our Bodies: thus,  
accurs'd,

In midst of water I complain of thirst.  
Why com'st thou, *Juno*, to these barren  
Rites,

To bless a Bed, defrauded of delights?  
And why shou'd *Hymen* lift his Torch on  
high,

To see two Brides in cold Embraces lye?  
Thou love-sick *Iphis* her vain Passion  
mourns:

With equal Ardour fair *Ianthe* burns: 150  
Invoking *Hymen's* Name, and *Juno's* Pow'r,  
To speed the work, and haste the happy  
hour.

She hopes, while *Telethusa* fears the Day;  
And strives to interpose some new Delay:  
Now feigns a sickness, now is in a fright  
For this bad Omen, or that boding sight.  
But having done what's she cou'd devise,  
And empty'd all her Magazine of lies,  
The time approach'd; the next ensuing day  
The Fatal Secret must to light betray. 160  
Then *Telethusa* had recourse to Pray'r,  
She and her Daughter with dishevell'd hair:  
Trembling with fear, great *Isis* they ador'd;  
Embrac'd her Altar, and her aid implor'd.

Fair Queen, who dost on fruitful *Egypt*  
smile,  
Who sway'st the Sceptre of the *Pharian* Isle,  
And sev'n-fold falls of disembodying Nile;  
Relieve, in this our last distress, she said,  
A suppliant Mother, and a mournful Maid.  
Thou, Goddess, thou wert present to my  
sight; 170

Reveal'd I saw thee, by thy own fair Light:  
I saw thee in my Dream, as now I see  
With all thy marks of awful Majesty:  
The Glorious Train, that compass'd thee  
around;

And heard the hollow Timbrels holy sound.  
Thy Words I noted, which I still retain;  
Let not thy Sacred Oracles be vain.  
That *Iphis* lives, that I my self am free  
From shame, and punishment, I owe to thee.  
On thy Protection all our hopes depend: 180  
Thy Counsel sav'd us, let thy Pow'r defend.

Her Tears pursu'd her Words, and while  
she spoke,  
The Goddess nodded, and her Altar shook:

The Temple doors, as with a blast of wind,  
Were heard to clap; the Lunar Horns, that  
bind

The brows of *Isis*, cast a blaze around;  
The trembling *Tumbrel* made a murmur'ing  
sound.

Some hopes these happy Omens did  
impart;

Forth went the Mother with a beating Heart:  
Not much in Fear, nor fully satisf'd; 190  
But *Iphis* follow'd with a larger stride:  
The whiteness of her Skin forsook her Face;  
Her looks emboldn'd, with an awful Grace:  
Her Features and her Strength together grew,  
And her long Hair to curling Locks with-  
drew.

Hersparkling Eyes with Manly Vigour shone;  
Big was her Voice, Audacious was her Tone.  
The latent Parts, at length reveal'd, began  
To shoot, and spread, and burnish into Man.  
The Maid becomes a Youth; no more  
delay 200

Your Vows, but look, and confidently pay.  
Their Gifts, the Parents to the Temple bear:  
The Votive Tables this Inscription wear:

*Iphis*, the Man, has to the Goddess paid  
The Vows, that *Iphis* offer'd, when a Maid.

Now when the Star of Day had shewn his  
face,

*Venus* and *Juno* with their Presence grace  
The Nuptial Rites, and *Hymen* from above  
Descended to compleat their happy Love:  
The Gods of Marriage lend their mutual  
aid; 210

And the warm Youth enjoys the lovely Maid.

## PYGMALION | AND THE | STATUE,

OUT OF THE TENTH BOOK OF | OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

The Propætidæ, for their impudent Behaviour, being turn'd into Stone by *Venus*,  
*Pygmalion*, Prince of *Cyprus*, detested all  
Women for their Sake, and resolv'd never to  
marry: He falls in love with a Statue of his  
own making, which is chang'd into a Maid,  
whom he marries. One of his Descendants is  
*Cinyras*, the Father of *Myrrha*; the Daughter  
incestuously loves her own Father; for which  
she is changed into the Tree which bears  
her Name. These two Stories immediately  
follow each other, and are admirably well  
connected.

*Pygmalion* loathing their lascivious Life,  
Abhor'd all Womankind, but most a Wife:  
So single chose to live, and shunn'd to wed,  
Well pleas'd to want a Consort of his Bed.  
Yet fearing Idleness, the Nurse of Ill,  
In Sculpture exercis'd his happy Skill;

PYGMALION AND THE STATUE Text from the  
original edition of 1700

Argument. 10 the Tree] The editors give a  
Tree

And carv'd in Iv'ry such a Maid, so fair,  
As Nature could not with his Art compare,  
Were she to work ; but in her own Defence,  
Must take her Pattern here, and copy hence.  
Pleas'd with his Idol, he commends, ad-  
mires, 11

Adores ; and last, the Thing ador'd, desires.  
A very Virgin in her Face was seen,  
And had she mov'd, a living Maid had been :  
One wou'd have thought she could have  
stirr'd ; but strove

With Modesty, and was asham'd to move.  
Art hid with Art, so well perform'd the  
Cheat,

It caught the Carver with his own Deceit :  
He knows 'tis Madness, yet he must adore,  
And still the more he knows it, loves the  
more : 20

The Flesh, or what so seems, he touches oft,  
Which feels so smooth, that he believes it  
soft.

Fir'd with this Thought, at once he strain'd  
the Breast,

And on the Lips a burning Kiss impress'd.  
'Tis true, the harden'd Breast resists the  
Gripe,

And the cold Lips return a Kiss unripe :  
But when, retiring back, he look'd agen,  
To think it Iv'ry, was a thought too mean :  
So wou'd believe she kiss'd, and courting  
more,

Again embrac'd her naked Body o'er ; 30  
And straining hard the Statue, was afraid  
His Hands had made a Dint, and hurt his  
Maid :

Explor'd her, Limb by Limb, and fear'd to  
find

So rude a Gripe had left a livid Mark  
behind :

With Flatt'ry now he seeks her Mind to  
move,

And now with Gifts, (the pow'rful Bribes of  
Love :) 40

He furnishes her Closet first ; and fills  
The crowded Shelves with Rarities of Shells ;  
Adds Orient Pearls, which from the Conchs  
he drew,

And all the sparkling Stones of various  
Hue : 40

And Parrots, imitating Humane Tongue,  
And Singing-birds in Silver Cages hung ;

And ev'ry fragrant Flow'r, and od'rous  
Green,  
Were sorted well, with Lumps of Amber  
laid between :

Rich, fashionable Robes her person Deck :  
Pendants her Ears, and Pearls adorn her  
Neck :

Her taper'd Fingers too with Rings are  
grac'd,

And an embroider'd Zonē surrounds her  
slender Waste.

Thus like a Queen array'd, so richly dress'd,  
Beauteous she shew'd, but naked shew'd the  
best. 50

Then, from the Floor, he rais'd a Royal  
Bed,

With Cov'rings of Sydonian Purple spread :  
The Solemn Rites perform'd, her calls her  
Bride,

With Blandishments invites her to his Side,  
And as she were with Vital Sense possess'd,  
Her Head did on a plummy Pillow rest.

The Feast of Venus came, a Solemn Day,  
To which the Cypriots due Devotion pay ;  
With gilded Horns the Milk-white Heifers  
led,

Slaughter'd before the sacred Altars, bled :  
Pygmalion off'ring, first approach'd the  
Shrine, 60

And then with Pray'rs implor'd the Pow'rs  
Divine :

Almighty Gods, if all we Mortals want,  
If all we can require, be yours to grant ;  
Make this fair Statue mine, he would have  
said,

But chang'd his Words for shame ; and  
only pray'd,

Give me the Likeness of my Iv'ry Maid.

The Golden Goddess, present at the  
Pray'r,

Well knew he meant th' inanimated Fair,  
And gave the Sign of granting his Desire ; 70  
For thrice in cheerful Flames ascends the  
Fire.

The Youth, returning to his Mistress, lies,  
And, impudent in Hope, with ardent Eyes,  
And beating Breast, by the dear Statue lies.

He kisses her white Lips, renews the Bliss,  
And looks and thinks they redder at the  
Kiss :

He thought them warm before : Nor longer  
stays,

But next his Hand on her hard Bosom lays :

Hard as it was, beginning to relent,  
 It seem'd, the Breast beneath his Fingers  
 bent ;  
 He felt again, his Fingers made a Print,  
 'Twas Flesh, but Flesh so firm, it rose  
 against the Dint :  
 The pleasing Task he fails not to renew ;  
 Soft, and more soft at ev'ry Touch it grew ;  
 Like pliant Wax, when chafing Hands  
 reduce  
 The former Mass to Form, and frame for Use  
 He would believe, but yet is still in pain,  
 And tries his Argument of Sense again,  
 Presses the Pulse, and feels the leaping  
 Vein.  
 Convinc'd, o'erjoy'd, his studied Thanks and  
 Praise,  
 To her who made the Miracle, he pays :

Then Lips to Lips he join'd ; now freed from  
 Fear,  
 He found the Savour of the Kiss sincere :  
 At this the waken'd Image op'd her  
 Eyes,  
 And view'd at once the Light and Lover,  
 with surprize.  
 The Goddess present at the Match she  
 made,  
 So bless'd the Bed, such Fruitfulness con-  
 vey'd,  
 That e'er ten Moons had sharpen'd either  
 Horn,  
 To crown their Bliss, a lovely Boy was  
 born ;  
 Paphos his Name, who, grown to Manhood,  
 wall'd  
 The City Paphos, from the Founder call'd.

CINYRAS | AND | MYRRHA,

OUT OF THE TENTH BOOK OF | OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

*There needs no connection of this Story  
 with the Former : for the Beginning of This  
 immediately follows the End of the Last :  
 The Reader is only to take notice, that Orpheus,  
 who relates both, was by Birth a Thracian ;  
 and his Country far distant from Cyprus,  
 where Myrrha was born, and from Arabia,  
 whither she fled. You will see the Reason of  
 this Note, soon after the first Lines of this  
 Fable.*

NOR him alone produc'd the fruitful Queen ;  
 But Cinyras, who like his Sire had been  
 A happy Prince, had he not been a Sire.  
 Daughters and Fathers from my Song retire ;  
 I sing of Horrour ; and could I prevail,  
 You shou'd not hear, or not believe my Tale.  
 Yet if the Pleasure of my Song be such,  
 That you will hear, and credit me too much,  
 Attentive listen to the last Event,  
 And with the Sin believe the Punishment :  
 Since Nature cou'd behold so dire a Crime, 11  
 I gratulate at least my Native Clime,  
 That such a Land, which such a Monster  
 bore,  
 So far is distant from our Thracian Shore.

Let Araby extol her happy Coast,  
 Her Cinamon and sweet Anomum boast,  
 Her fragrant Flow'rs, her Trees with  
 precious Tears,  
 Her second Harvests, and her double  
 Years ;  
 How can the Land be call'd so bless'd that  
 Myrrha bears ?  
 Not all her od'rous Tears can cleanse her  
 Crime,  
 Her Plant alone deforms the happy Clime :  
 Cupid denies to have inflam'd thy Heart,  
 Disowns thy Love, and vindicates his Dart  
 Some Fury gave thee those infernal Pains,  
 And shot her venom'd Vipers in thy Veins  
 To hate thy Sire, had mented a Curse ;  
 But such an impious Love deserv'd a worse.  
 The Neighb'ring Monarchs, by thy Beauty led,  
 Contend in Crowds, ambitious of thy Bed :  
 The World is at thy Choice, except but  
 one,  
 Except but him thou canst not chuse alone.  
 She knew it too, the miserable Maid,  
 E'er impious Love her better Thoughts  
 betray'd,  
 And thus within her secret Soul she said :

PYGMALION AND THE STATUE 86 for] *The  
 English editors wrongly give to*

CINYRAS AND MYRRHA Text from the  
 original edition of 1700.

Ah *Myrrha* ! whither wou'd thy Wishes  
tend ?

Ye Gods, ye sacred Laws, my Soul defend  
From such a Crime, as all Mankind detest,  
And never lodg'd before in Humane Breast !  
But is it Sin ? Or makes my Mind alone  
Th' imagin'd Sin ? For Nature makes it  
none. 40

What Tyrant then these envious Laws began,  
Made not for any other Beast, but Man !  
The Father-Bull his Daughter may bestride,  
The Horse may make his Mother-Mare  
a Bride ;

What Priety forbids the lusty Ram,  
Or more salacious Goat, to rut their Dam ?  
The Hen is free to wed her Chick she bore,  
And make a Husband, whom she hatch'd  
before.

All Creatures else are of a happier Kind,  
Whom nor ill-natur'd Laws from Pleasure  
bind, 50  
Nor Thoughts of Sin disturb their Peace  
of Mind.

But Man, a Slave of his own making lives :  
The Fool denies himself what Nature gives :  
Too busie Senates, with an over-care  
To make us better than our Kind can bear,  
Have dash'd a Spice of Envy in the Laws,  
And straining up too high, have spoil'd the  
Cause.

Yet some wise Nations break their cruel  
Chains,  
And own no Laws, but those which Love  
ordains :

Where happy Daughters with their Sires are  
join'd, 60

And Piety is doubly paid in Kind.  
O that I had been born in such a Clime,  
Not here, where 'tis the Country makes the  
Crime !

But whither wou'd my impious Fancy  
stray ?

Hence Hopes, and ye forbidden Thoughts  
away !

His Worth deserves to kindle my Desires,  
But with the Love, that Daughters bear to  
Sires.

Then had not *Cinyras* my Father been,  
What hinder'd *Myrrha's* Hopes to be his  
Queen ?

But the Perverseness of my Fate is such, 70  
That he's not mine, because he's mine too  
much :

Our Kindred-Blood debars a better Tie :  
He might be nearer, were he not so nigh.  
Eyes and their Objects never must unite,  
Some Distance is requir'd to help the Sight :  
Fain wou'd I travel to some Foreign Shore,  
Never to see my Native Country more,  
So might I to my self my self restore ;  
So might my Mind these impious Thoughts  
remove,

And ceasing to behold, might cease to  
love. 80

But stay I must, to feed my famish'd Sight,  
To talk, to kiss ; and more, if more I might :  
More, impious Maid ! What more canst  
thou design,

To make a monstrous Mixture in thy Line,  
And break all Statutes Humane and Divine ?  
Canst thou be call'd (to save thy wretched  
Life)

Thy Mother's Rival, and thy Father's Wife ?  
Confound so many sacred Names in one,  
Thy Brother's Mother, Sister to thy Son !  
And fear'st thou not to see th' Infernal  
Bands, 90

Their Heads with Snakes, with Torches  
arm'd their Hands,  
Full at thy Face th' avenging Brands to bear.  
And shake the Serpents from their hissing  
Hair ?

But thou in time th' increasing Ill controul,  
Nor first debauch the Body by the Soul :  
Secure the sacred Quiet of thy Mind,  
And keep the Sanctions Nature has design'd.  
Suppose I shou'd attempt, th' Attempt were  
vain ;

No Thoughts like mine his sinless Soul pro-  
fane :

Observant of the Right ; and O, that he 100  
Cou'd cure my Madness, or be mad like me !

Thus she : But *Cinyras*, who daily sees  
A Crowd of Noble Suitors at his Knees,  
Among so many, knew not whom to chuse.  
Irresolute to grant, or to refuse.

But having told their Names, enquir'd of her,  
Who pleas'd her best, and whom she would  
prefer ?

The blushing Maid stood silent with Sur-  
prise,

And on her Father fix'd her ardent Eyes.  
And looking sigh'd ; and as she sigh'd,  
began 110

Round Tears to shed, that scalded as they  
ran.

The tender Sire, who saw her blush, and cry,  
 Ascrib'd it all to Maiden-modesty ;  
 And dry'd the falling Drops, and yet more  
 kind,  
 He strok'd her Cheeks, and holy Kisses  
 join'd :  
 She felt a secret Venom fire her Blood,  
 And found more Pleasure than a Daughter  
 shou'd ;  
 And, ask'd again, what Lover of the Crew  
 She lik'd the best ; she answer'd, One like  
 you. \* 119  
 Mistaking what she meant, her pious Will  
 He prais'd, and bad her so continue still :  
 The Word of Pious heard, she blush'd with  
 shame  
 Of secret Guilt, and cou'd not bear the  
 Name.  
 'Twas now the mid of Night, when  
 Slumbers close  
 Our Eyes, and sooth our Cares with soft  
 Repose ;  
 But no Repose cou'd wretched *Myrrha* find,  
 Her Body rousing, as she ould her Mind :  
 Mad with Desire, she ruminates her Sin,  
 And wishes all her Wishes o'er again :  
 Now she despairs, and now resolves to try ;  
 Wou'd not, and wou'd again, she knows not  
 why ; 131  
 Stops and returns, makes and retracts the  
 Vow ;  
 Fain wou'd begin, but understands not how :  
 As when a Pine is hew'd upon the Plains,  
 And the last mortal Stroke alone remains,  
 Lab'ring in Pangs of Death, and threatning  
 all,  
 This way, and that she nods, consid'ring  
 where to fall :  
 So *Myrrha's* Mind, impell'd on either Side,  
 Takes ev'ry Bent, but cannot long abide :  
 Irresolute on which she shou'd relye, 140  
 At last unfix'd in all, is only fix'd to die ;  
 On that sad Thought she rests ; resolv'd on  
 Death,  
 She rises, and prepares to choak her Breath :  
 Then while about the Beam her Zone she  
 ties,  
 Dear *Cinyras*, farewell, she softly cries ;  
 For thee I die, and only wish to be  
 Not hated, when thou know'st I die for thee :  
 Pardon the Crime, in pity to the Cause :  
 This said, about her Neck the Noose she  
 draws.

The Nurse, who lay without, her faithful  
 Guard, 150  
 Though not the Words, the Murmurs over-  
 heard,  
 And Sighs, and hollow Sounds : Surpriz'd  
 with Fright,  
 She starts, and leaves her Bed, and springs  
 a Light ;  
 Unlocks the Door, and entering out of  
 Breath,  
 The Dying saw, and Instruments of Death ;  
 She shrieks, she cuts the Zone, with trem-  
 bling haste,  
 And in her Arms her fainting Charge em-  
 brac'd :  
 Next, (for she now had leisure for her  
 Tears)  
 She weeping ask'd, in these her blooming  
 Years, 159  
 What unforeseen Misfortune caus'd her Care,  
 To loath her Life, and languish in Despair !  
 The Maid, with down-cast Eyes, and mute  
 with Grief,  
 For Death unfinish'd, and ill-tim'd Relief,  
 Stood sullen to her Suit : The Beldame  
 press'd  
 The more to know, and bar'd her wither'd  
 Breast ;  
 Adjur'd her, by the kindly Food she drew  
 From those dry Founts, her secret Ill to  
 shew.  
 Sad *Myrrha* sigh'd, and turn'd her Eyes aside :  
 The Nurse still urg'd, and wou'd not be  
 deny'd :  
 Nor only promis'd Secresie ; but pray'd 170  
 She might have leave to give her offer'd Aid  
 Good-will, she said, my want of Strength  
 supplies,  
 And Diligence shall give, what Age denies :  
 If strong Desires thy Mind to Fury move,  
 With Charms and Med'cines I can cure thy  
 Love :  
 If Envious eyes their hurtful Rays have cast,  
 More pow'rful Verse shall free thee from  
 the Blast :  
 If Heav'd offended sends thee this Disease,  
 Offended Heav'n with Pray'rs we can  
 appease.  
 What then remains, that can these Cares  
 procure ? 180  
 Thy House is flourishing, thy Fortune sure :  
 Thy careful Mother yet in Health survives,  
 And, to thy Comfort, thy kind Father lives



The Virgin started at her Father's Name,  
And sigh'd profoundly, conscious of the  
Shame :

Nor yet the Nurse her impious Love divin'd ;  
But yet surmis'd, that Love disturb'd her  
Mind :

Thus thinking, she pursu'd her Point, and  
laid

And lull'd within her Lap the mourning  
Maid ;

Then softly sooth'd her thus, I guess your  
Grief : 190

You love, my Child ; your Love shall find  
Relief.

My long-experienc'd Age shall be your  
Guide ;

Rely on that, and lay Distrust aside :  
No Breath of Air shall on the Secret blow,  
Nor shall (what most you fear) your Father  
know.

Struck once again, as with a Thunder-clap,  
The guilty Virgin bounded from her Lap,  
And threw her Body prostrate on the Bed,  
And, to conceal her Blushes, hid her Head :  
There silent lay, and warn'd her with her  
Hand 200

To go : But she receiv'd not the Command ;  
Remaining still importunate to know :

Then *Myrrha* thus ; Or ask no more, or go :  
I prethee go, or staying spare my Shame ;  
What thou wou'dst hear, is impious ev'n to  
name.

At this, on high the Beldame holds her  
Hands,

And trembling, both with Age and Terror,  
stands ;

Adjures, and falling at her Feet intreats,  
Sooths her with Blandishments, and frights  
with Threats,

To tell the Crime intended, or disclose 210  
What Part of it she knew, if she no farther  
knows :

And last, if conscious to her Counsel made,  
Confirms anew the Promise of her Aid.

Now *Myrrha* rais'd her Head ; but soon  
oppress'd

With Shame, reclin'd it on her Nurses  
Breast ;

Bath'd it with Tears, and strove to have  
confess'd :

Twice she began, and stopp'd ; again she  
try'd ;

The falt'ring Tongue its Office still deny'd :

At last her Veil before her Face she spread,  
And drew a long preluding Sigh, and said,  
O happy mother, in thy Marriage-bed ! 22f

Then groan'd and ceas'd ; the good Old  
Woman shook,

Stiff were her Eyes, and ghastly was her  
Look :

Her hoary Hair upright with Horror stood  
Made (to her Grief) more knowing than she  
wou'd :

Much she reproach'd and many Things she  
said,

To cure the Madness of th' unhappy Maid :  
In vain : For *Myrrha* stood convict of Ill ;  
Her Reason vanquish'd, but unchang'd her  
Will :

Perverse of Mind, unable to reply, 230  
She stood resolv'd or to possess, or die.

At length the Fondness of a Nurse prevail'd  
Against her better Sense, and Virtue fail'd :  
Enjoy, my Child, since such is thy Desire,  
Thy Love, she said ; she durst not say, thy  
Sire.

Live, though unhappy, live on any Terms :  
Then with a second Oath her Faith confirms.

The Solemn Feast of *Ceres* now was near,  
When long white Linen Stoles the Matrons  
wear ;

Rank'd in Procession walk the pious Train,  
Off'ring First-fruits, and Spikes of yellow  
Grain : 241

For nine long Nights the Nuptial-bed they  
shun,

And, sanctifying Harvest, lie alone.  
Mix'd with the Crowd, the Queen forsook  
her Lord,

And *Ceres* Pow'r with secret Rites ador'd :  
The Royal Couch now vacant for a time,

The crafty Crone, officious in her Crime,  
The curst Occasion took : The King she  
found

Easie with Wine, and deep in Pleasures  
drown'd,

Prepar'd for Love : The Beldame blew the  
Flame, 250

Confess'd the Passion, but conceal'd the  
Name.

Her Form she prais'd ; the Monarch ask'd  
her Years,

And she reply'd, The same thy *Myrrha* bears.

249 Pleasures] Some editors wrongly give  
Pleasure

- Wine and commended Beauty fir'd his  
Thought ;  
Impatient, he commands her to be brought.  
Pleas'd with her Charge perform'd, she hies  
her home,  
And gratulates the Nymph, the Task was  
overcome.  
*Myrrha* was joy'd the welcom News to hear ;  
But clogg'd with Guilt, the Joy was un-  
sincere :  
So various, so discordant is the Mind, 260  
That in our Will, a diff'rent Will we find.  
Ill she presag'd, and yet pursu'd her Lust ;  
For guilty Pleasures give a double Gust.  
'Twas Depth of Night: *Arctophylax* had  
driv'n  
His lazy Wain half round the Northern  
Heav'n,  
When *Myrrha* hasten'd to the Crime desir'd ;  
The Moon beheld her first, and first retir'd :  
The Stars amaz'd, ran backward from the  
Sight,  
And (shrunk within their Sockets) lost their  
Light.  
*Icarus* first withdraws his holy Flame : 270  
The Virgin Sign, in Heav'n the second  
Name,  
Slides down the Belt, and from her Station  
flies,  
And Night with Sable Clouds involves the  
Skies.  
Bold *Myrrha* still pursues her black Intent :  
Shestumbld thrice (an Omen of th'Event) ;  
Thrice shriek'd the Fun'ral Owl, yet on she  
went,  
Secure of Shame, because secure of Sight ;  
Ev'n bashful Sins are impudent by Night.  
Link'd Hand in Hand, th' Accomplice and  
the Dame,  
Their Way exploring, to the Chamber  
came : 280  
The Door was ope, they blindly grope their  
Way,  
Where dark in Bed th' expecting Monarch  
lay :  
Thus far her Courage held, but here for-  
sakes ;  
Her faint Knees knock at ev'ry Step she  
makes.  
The nearer to her Crime, the more within  
She feels Remorse, and Horrour of her Sin ;
- Repents too late her criminal Desire,  
And wishes, that unknown she cou'd retire.  
Her, ingring thus, the Nurse (who fear'd  
Delay  
The fatal Secret might at length betray) 290  
Pull'd forward, to compleat the Work  
begun,  
And said to *Cinyras*, Receive thy own :  
Thus saying, she deliver'd Kind to Kind,  
Accurs'd, and their devoted Bodies join'd.  
The Sire, unknowing of the Crime, admits  
His Bowels, and profanes the hallow'd  
Sheets.  
He found she trembl'd, but believ'd she  
strove,  
With Maiden-Modesty, against her Love,  
And sought with flatt'ring Words vain  
Fancies to remove.  
Perhaps he said, My Daughter, cease thy  
Fears, 300  
(Because the Title suited with her Years ;)  
And, Father, she might whisper him agen,  
That Names might not be wanting to the  
Sin.  
Full of her Sire, she left th' incestuous Bed,  
And carry'd in her Womb the Crime she  
bred :  
Another, and another Night she came ;  
For frequent Sin had left no Sense of Shame :  
Till *Cinyras* desir'd to see her Face,  
Whose Body he had held in close Embrace,  
And brought a Taper ; the Revealer,  
Light, 310  
Expos'd both Crime, and Criminal to Sight :  
Grief, Rage, Amazement, cou'd no Speech  
afford,  
But from the Sheath he drew th' avenging  
Sword ;  
The Guilty fled : The Benefit of Night,  
That favour'd first the Sin, secur'd the  
Flight.  
Long wandering through the spacious Fields,  
she bent  
Her Voyage to th' *Arabian* Continent ;  
Then pass'd the Region which *Panchaea*  
join'd,  
And flying, left the Palmy Plains behind.  
Nine times the Moon had mew'd her Horns ;  
at length 320  
With Travel weary, unsuppl'd with  
Strength,  
And with the Burden of her Womb oppress'd,  
*Sabaean* Fields afford her needful Rest :

There, loathing Life, and yet of Death  
 afraid,  
 In Anguish of her Spirit, thus she pray'd.  
 Ye Pow'rs, if any so propitious are  
 T' accept my Penitence, and hear my  
 Pray'r,  
 Your Judgments, I confess, are justly sent ;  
 Great Sins deserve as great a Punishment :  
 Yet since my Life the Living will pro-  
 fane, 330  
 And since my Death the happy Dead will  
 stain,  
 A middle State your Mercy may bestow,  
 Betwixt the Realms above, and those below :  
 Some other Form to wretched *Myrrha*  
 give,  
 Nor let her wholly die, nor wholly live.  
 The Pray'rs of Penitents are never vain ;  
 At least, she did her last Request obtain ;  
 For while she spoke, the Ground began to  
 rise,  
 And gather'd round her Feet, her Leggs,  
 and Thighs ;  
 Her Toes in Roots descend, and spreading  
 wide, 340  
 A firm Foundation for the Trunk provide :  
 Her solid Bones convert to solid Wood,  
 To Pith her Marrow, and to Sap her  
 Blood :  
 Her Arms are Boughs, her Fingers change  
 their Kind,  
 Her tender Skin is harden'd into Rind.  
 And now the rising Tree her Womb invests,  
 Now, shooting upwards still, invades her  
 Breasts,  
 And shades the Neck ; when, weary with  
 Delay,  
 She sunk her Head within, and met it half  
 the Way.  
 And though with outward Shape she lost  
 her Sense, 350  
 With bitter Tears she wept her last Offence ;  
 And still she weeps, nor sheds her Tears in  
 vain ;  
 For still the precious Drops her Name  
 retain.  
 Meantime the mis-begotten Infant grows,  
 And, ripe for Birth, distends with deadly  
 Throws

The swelling Rind, with unavailing Strife,  
 To leave the wooden Womb, and pushes  
 into Life.  
 The Mother-Tree, as if oppress'd with  
 Pain,  
 Writhes here and there, to break the Bark,  
 in vain ;  
 And, like a Lab'ring Woman, wou'd have  
 pray'd, 360  
 But wants a Voice to call *Lucina's* Aid :  
 The bending Bole sends out a hollow Sound,  
 And trickling Tears fall thicker 'on the  
 Ground.  
 The mild *Lucina* came uncall'd, and stood  
 Beside the struggling Boughs, and heard  
 the groaning Wood :  
 Then reach'd her Midwife-Hand, to speed the  
 Throws,  
 And spoke the pow'rful Spells that Babes to  
 Birth disclose.  
 The Bark divides, the living Load to free,  
 And safe delivers the Convulsive Tree.  
 The ready Nymphs receive the crying Child,  
 And wash him in the Tears the Parent-  
 Plant distill'd. 371  
 They swath'd him with their Scarfs ; beneath  
 him spread  
 The Ground with Herbs ; with Roses  
 rais'd his Head.  
 The lovely Babe was born with ev'ry Grace :  
 Ev'n Envy must have prais'd so fair a Face :  
 Such was his Form, as Painters when they  
 show  
 Their utmost Art, on naked Loves bestow :  
 And that their Arms no Diff'rence might  
 betray,  
 Give him a Bow, or his from *Cupid* take  
 away. 379  
 Time glides along, with undiscover'd haste,  
 The Future but a Length behind the past :  
 So swift are Years : The Babe, whom just  
 before  
 His Grandsire got, and whom his Sister bore ;  
 The Drop, the Thing which late the Tree  
 inclos'd,  
 And late the yawning Bark to Life expos'd ;  
 A Babe, a Boy, a beauteous Youth appears ;  
 And lovelier than himself at riper Years.  
 Now to the Queen of Love he gave Desires,  
 And, with her Pains, reveng'd his Mother's  
 Fires.

## CEYX | AND | ALCYONE,

OUT OF THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

CONNEXION OF THIS FABLE WITH  
THE FORMER.

*Ceyx, the Son of Lucifer, (the Morning Star) and King of Trachin in Thessaly, was married to Alcyone, Daughter to Æolus, God of the Winds. Both the Husband and the Wife lov'd each other with an entire Affection. Dædalion, the Elder Brother of Ceyx (whom he succeeded) having been turn'd into a Falcon by Apollo, and Chione, Dædalion's Daughter, slain by Diana, Ceyx prepares a Ship to sail to Claros, there to consult the Oracle of Apollo, and (as Ovid seems to intimate) to enquire how the Anger of the Gods might be atton'd.*

THESE Prodigious affect the pious Prince,  
But more perplex'd with those that happen'd  
since,

He purposes to seek the *Clarian God*,  
Avoiding *Delphos*, his more fam'd Abode ;  
Since *Phlegyan* Robbers made unsafe the  
Road.

Yet cou'd not he from her he lov'd so well,  
The fatal Voyage, he resolv'd, conceal :  
But when she saw her Lord prepar'd to part,  
A deadly Cold ran shiv'ring to her Heart :  
Her faded Cheeks are chang'd to Boven Hue,  
And in her Eyes the Tears are ever new : 11  
She thrice assay'd to Speak ; her Accents  
hung,  
And faltring dy'd unfinish'd on her Tongue,  
Or vanish'd into Sighs : With long delay  
Her Voice return'd ; and found the wonted  
way.

Tell me, my Lord, she said, what Fault  
unknown

Thy once belov'd *Alcyone* has done ?  
Whether, ah whether is thy Kindness gone !  
Can *Ceyx* then sustain to leave his Wife,  
And unconcern'd forsake the Sweets of Life ?  
What can thy Mind to this long Journey  
move, 21  
Or need'st thou absence to renew thy Love ?

CEYX AND ALCYONE Text from the original  
edition of 1700

Yet, if thou go'st by Land, tho' Grief possess  
My Soul ev'n then, my Fears will be the less.  
But ah ! be warn'd to shun the Watry Way,  
The Face is frightful of the stormy Sea.  
For late I saw a-drift disjointed Planks,  
And empty Tombs erected on the Banks.  
Nor let false Hopes to trust betray thy Mind,  
Because my Sire in Caves constrains the Wind,  
Can with a Breath their clam'rous Rage  
appease,

They fear his Whistle, and forsake the Seas ;  
Not so, for, once indulg'd, they sweep the  
Main,

Deaf to the Call, or, hearing hear in vain ;  
But bent on Mischief bear the Waves before,  
And not content with Seas insult the Shoar,  
When Ocean, Air, and Earth, at once  
ingage,

And rooted Forrests fly before their Rage :  
At once the clashing Clouds to Battle move,  
And Lightnings run across the Fields above :  
I know them well, and mark'd their rude  
Comport, 41

While yet a Child, within my Father's Court :  
In times of Tempest they command alone,  
And he but sits precarious on the Throne :  
The more I know, the more my Fears  
augment,

And Fears are oft prophetick of th' Event.  
But if not Fears, or Reasons will prevail,  
If Fate has fix'd thee obstinate to sail,  
Go not without thy Wife, but let me hear  
My part of Danger with an equal share, 50  
And present, what I suffer only fear :  
Then o'er the bounding Billows shall we fly,  
Secure to live together, or to die.

These Reasons mov'd her starlike Hus-  
band's Heart,

But still he held his Purpose to depart :  
For as he lov'd her equal to his Life,  
He wou'd not to the Seas expose his Wife ;  
Nor cou'd be wrought his Voyage to refrain,  
But sought by Arguments to sooth her Pain ;

18 Whether . . . whether] *The editors print*  
Whether .. whether

51 what I suffer only fear] *Some editors alter*  
to suffer what I only fear *improving the sense.*

Nor these avail'd ; at length he lights on  
one, 60

With which, so difficult a Cause he won :  
My Love, so short an absence cease to fear,  
For, by my Father's holy Flame, I swear,  
Before two Moons their Orb with Light  
adorn,  
If Heav'n allow me Life, I will return.

This Promise of so short a stay prevails :  
He soon equips the Ship, supplies the Sails,  
And gives the Word to launch ; she trem-  
bling views

This pomp of Death, and parting Tears  
renews :

Last, with a Kiss, she took a long farewell, 70  
Sigh'd, with a sad Presage, and swooning  
fell.

While *Ceyx* seeks Delays, the lusty Crew,  
Rais'd on their Banks, their Oars in order  
drew  
To their broad Breasts, the Ship with fury  
flew.

The Queen recover'd rears her humid  
Eyes,

And first her Husband on the Poop espies  
Shaking his Hand at distance on the Main ;  
She took the Sign ; and shook her Hand  
again.

Still as the Ground recedes, contracts her  
View

With sharpen'd Sight, till she no longer  
knew 80

The much-lov'd Face ; that Comfort lost  
supplies

With less, and with the Galley feeds her  
Eyes ;

The Galley born from view by rising Gales,  
She follow'd with her Sight the flying Sails :  
When ev'n the flying Sails were seen no  
more,

Forsaken of all Sight, she left the Shoar.

Then on her Bridal-Bed her Body  
throws,

And sought in Sleep her weary'd Eyes to  
close.

Her Husband's Pillow, and the Widow'd  
part

Which once he press'd, renew'd the former  
Smart. 90

And now a Breeze from Shoar began to  
blow,

The Sailors ship their Oars, and cease \*to  
row ;

Then hoist their Yards a-trip, and all their  
Sails

Let fall, to court the Wind, and catch the  
Gales :

By this the Vessel half her Course had run,  
And as much rested till the rising Sun ;  
Both Shores were lost to Sight, when at the  
close

Of Day, a stiffer Gale at East arose :  
The Sea grew White, the rowling Waves  
from far 99

Like Heralds first denounce the Watry War.  
This seen, the Master soon began to cry,  
Strike, strike the Top-sail ; let the Main-  
sheet fly,

And furl your Sails : The Winds repel the  
sound

And in the Speaker's Mouth the Speech is  
drown'd.

Yet of their own accord, as Danger taught,  
Each in his way, officiously they wrought ;  
Some stow their Oars, or stop the leaky  
Sides,

Another bolder yet the Yard bestrides,  
And folds the Sails ; a fourth with Labour,  
laves

Th' intruding Seas, and Waves ejects on  
Waves. 110

In this Confusion while their Work they  
ply,

The Winds augment the Winter of the Sky,  
And wage intestine Wars ; the suffering Seas  
Are toss'd, and mingled as their Tyrants  
please.

The Master wou'd command, but in despair  
Of Safety, stands amaz'd with stupid Care,  
Nor what to bid, or what forbid he knows,  
Th' ungovern'd Tempest to such Fury grows:

Vain is his Force, and vainer is his Skill ;  
With such a Concourse comes the Flood of  
Ill : 120

The Cries of Men are mix'd with rattling  
Shrowds ;

Seas dash on Seas, and Clouds encounter  
Clouds :

At once from East to West, from Pole to  
Pole,

The forky Lightnings flash, the roaring  
Thunders roul.

79 contracts] *The English editors wrongly  
give retract and Saintsbury even annotates the  
false reading.*

Now Waves on Waves ascending scale  
the Skies,

And in the Fires above, the Water fries :  
When yellow Sands are sifted from below,  
The glitt'ring Billows give a golden Show :  
And when the fouler bottom spews the  
Black, 129

The *Stygian* Dye the tainted Waters take :  
Then frothy White appear the flatted Seas,  
And change their Colour, changing their  
Disease.

Like various Fits the *Trachin* Vessel finds,  
And now sublime, she rides upon the Winds ;  
As from a lofty Summit looks from high,  
And from the Clouds beholds the neather  
Sky ;

Now from the depth of Hell they lift their  
Sight,

And at a distance see superiour Light :  
The lashing Billows make a loud report,  
And beat her Sides, as batt'ring Rams,  
a Fort : 140

Or as a Lyon, bounding in his way,  
With Force augmented bears against his  
Prey,

Sidelong to seize ; or unappal'd with Fear  
Springs on the Toils, and rushes on the Spear :  
So Seas impell'd by Winds with added Pow'r  
Assault the Sides, and o'er the Hatches tow'r.

The Planks (their pitchy Cov'ring wash'd  
away)

Now yield ; and now a yawning Breach  
display :

The roaring Waters with a hostile Tide  
Rush through the Ruins of her gaping Side.

Mean time in Sheets of Rain the Sky  
descends, 151

And Ocean swell'd with Waters upwards  
tends,

One rising, falling one, the Heav'ns, and Sea  
Meet at their Confines, in the middle Way :  
The Sails are drunk with Show'rs, and drop  
with Rain,

Sweet Waters mingle with the briny Main.  
No Star appears to lend his friendly Light :  
Darkness and Tempest make a double Night.

But flashing Fires disclose the Deep by  
turns,

And while the Light'nings blaze, the Water  
burns. 160

Now all the Waves their scatter'd Force  
unite,

And as a Soldier, foremost in the Fight,  
Makes way for others : And an Host alone,  
Still presses on, and urging gains the Town ;  
So while th' invading Billows come a-brest,  
The Hero tenth advanc'd before the rest,  
Sweeps all before him with impetuous Sway,  
And from the Walls descends upon the Prey ;  
Part following enter, part remain without,  
With Envy hear their Fellows conqu'ring  
Shout, 170

And mount on others Backs, in Hope to  
share

The City, thus become the Seat of War.

An universal Cry resounds aloud,  
The Sailors run in Heaps, a helpless Crowd ;  
Art fails, and Courage falls, no Succour near ;  
As many Waves, as many Deaths appear.

One weeps, and yet despairs of late Relief ;  
One cannot weep, his Fears congeal his  
Grief,

But stupid, with dry Eyes expects his Fate.  
One with loud Shrieks laments his lost  
Estate, 180

And calls those happywhom their Funerals  
wait.

This Wretch with Pray'rs and Vows the  
Gods implores,

And ev'n the Sky's he cannot see, adores.  
That other on his Friends his Thoughts  
bestows,

His careful Father, and his faithful Spouse.  
The covetous Worlding in his anxious Mind  
Thinks only on the Wealth he left behind.

All *Ceyx* his *Alcyone* employs,  
For her he grieves, yet in her absence joys :  
His Wife he wishes, and wou'd still be  
near, 190

Not her with him. but wishes him with  
her :

Now with last Looks he seeks his Native  
Shoar,

Which Fate has destin'd him to see no more :  
He sought, but in the dark tempestuous  
Night

He knew not whither to direct his Sight.  
So whirl the Seas, such Darkness blinds the  
Sky,

That the black Night receives a deeper Dye.  
The giddy Ship ran round ; the Tempest  
tore

Her Mast, and over-board the Rudder bore

147 Cov'ring] *The English editors give cover-  
ings*

One Billow mounts : and with a scornful  
Brow 200

Proud of her Conquest gain'd insults the  
Waves below ;

Nor lighter falls, than if some Gyant tore  
*Pindus* and *Athos*, with the Freight they  
bore,

And toss'd on Seas : press'd with the pon-  
derous Blow

Down sinks the Ship within th' Abyss below

Down with the Vessel sink into the Main

The many, never more to rise again.

Some few on scatter'd Planks with fruitless

Care

Lay hold, and swim, but while they swim,  
despair. 209

Ev'n he who late a Scepter did command

Now grasps a floating Fragment in his Hand,

And while he struggles on the stormy Main,

Invokes his Father, and his Wife's, in vain :

But yet his Consort is his greater Care ;

*Alcyone* he names amidst his Pray'r,

Names as a Charm against the Waves, and

Wind ;

Most in his Mouth, and ever in his Mind :

Tir'd with his Toyl, all hopes of Safety past,

From Pray'rs to Wishes he descends at last :

That his dead Body, wafted to the Sands,

Might have its Burial from her Friendly

Hands. 221

As oft as he can catch a gulp of Air,

And peep above the Seas, he names the Fair ;

And ev'n when plung'd beneath, on her he  
raves,

Murm'ring *Alcyone* below the Waves :

At last a falling Billow stops his Breath,

Breaks o'er his Head, and whelms him under-

neath.

Bright *Lucifer* unlike himself appears

That Night, his heav'nly Form obscur'd

with Tears,

And since he was forbid to leave the Skies,

He muffled with a Cloud his mournful

Eyes. 231

Mean time *Alcyone* (his Fate unknown)

Computes how many Nights he had been

gone,

Observes the waning Moon with hqurly

View,

Numbers her Age, and wishes for a new ;

Against the promis'd Time provides with  
care,

And hastens in the Woof the Robes he was  
to wear :

And for her Self employs another Loom,

New-dress'd to meet her Lord returning

home.

Flatt'ring her Heart with Joys that never

were to come : 240

She fum'd the Temples with an odorous

Flame,

And b't before the sacred Altars came,

To pray for him, who was an empty Name.

All Pow'rs implor'd, but far above the rest

To *Juno* she her pious Vows address'd,

Her much-lov'd Lord from Perils to protect

And safe o'er Seas his Voyage to direct :

Then pray'd that she might still possess his

Heart,

And no pretending Rival share a part :

This last Petition heard of all her Pray'r, 250

The rest dispers'd by Winds were lost in Air.

But she, the Goddess of the Nuptial-Bed,

Tir'd with her vain Devotions for the Dead,

Resolv'd the tainted Hand should be

repell'd.

Which Incense offer'd, and her Altar held :

Then *Iris* thus bespoke : Thou faithful Maid,

By whom thy Queen's Commands are well

convey'd,

Haste to the House of Sleep, and bid the God

Who rules the Night by Visions with a Nod,

Prepare a Dream, in Figure and in Form 260

Resembling him who perish'd in the Storm :

This form before *Alcyone* present,

To make her certain of the sad Event.

Indu'd with Robes of various Hew she

flies,

And flying draws an Arch, (a segment of the

Skies ;)

Then leaves her bending Bow, and from the

Steeep

Descends to search the silent House of

Sleep.

Near the *Cynnerians*, in his dark Abode

Deep in a Cavern, dwells the drowzy God :

Whose gloomy Mansion nor the rising

Sun 270

Nor setting, visits, nor the lightsome Noon :

But lazy Vapors round the Region fly,

Perpetual Twilight, and a doubtful Sky :

213 Wife's] *Though the reference is clearly to  
Æolus the English editors give Wife*

257 thy] *The English editors wrongly give the*

No crowing Cock does there his Wings  
display,  
Nor with his horny Bill provoke the Day :  
Nor watchful Dogs, nor the more wakeful  
Geese,

Disturb with nightly Noise the sacred Peace :  
Nor Beast of Nature, nor the Tame are nigh,  
Nor Trees with Tempests rock'd, nor human  
Cry ;

But safe Reposè without an Air of Breath  
Dwells here, and a dumb Quiet next to  
Death. 281

An Arm of *Lethe* with a gentle Flow  
Arising upwards from the Rock below,  
The Palace moats, and o'er the Pebbles  
creeps,

And with soft Murmurs calls the coming  
Sleeps ;

Around its Entry nodding Poppies grow,  
And all cool Simples that sweet Rest bestow ;  
Night from the Plants their sleepy Virtue  
drains,

And passing, sheds it on the silent Plains :  
No Door there was th' unguarded House  
to keep, 290

On creaking Hinges turn'd, to break his  
Sleep.

But in the gloomy Court was rais'd a Bed,  
Stuff'd with black Plumes, and on an Ebon-  
sted :

Black was the Cov'ring too, where lay the  
God

And slept supine, his Limbs display'd  
abroad :

About his Head fantastick Visions fly,  
Which various Images of Things supply,  
And mock their Forms, the Leaves on Trees  
not more,

Nor bearded Ears in Fields, nor Sands upon  
the Shore.

The Virgin entring bright indulg'd the  
Day 300

To the brown Cave, and brush'd the Dreams  
away :

The God disturb'd with this new Glare of  
Light

Cast sudden on his Face, unseal'd his Sight,  
And rais'd his tardy Head, which sunk agen,  
And sinking on his Bosom knock'd his Chin :  
At length shook off himself ; and ask'd the

Dame,  
(And asking yawn'd) for what intent she  
came ?

To whom the Goddess thus : O sacred  
Rest,  
Sweet pleasing Sleep, of all the Pow'rs the  
best !

O Peace of Mind, repaire of Decay, 310  
Whose Balms renew the Limbs to Labours  
of the Day,  
Care shuns thy soft approach, and sullen  
flies away !

Adorn a Dream, expressing human Form,  
The Shape of him who suffer'd in the  
Storm,

And send it fitting to the *Trachin* Court,  
The Wreck of wretched *Ceyx* to report :  
Before his Queen bid the pale Spectre  
stand,

Who begs a vain Relief at *Juno's* Hand.  
She said, and scarce awake her Eyes cou'd  
keep,

Unable to support the Fumes of Sleep : 320  
But fled returning by the way she went,  
And swerv'd along her Bow with swift  
ascent.

The God uneasy till he slept again  
Resolv'd at once to rid himself of Pain ;  
And tho' against his Custom, call'd aloud,  
Exciting *Morpheus* from the sleepy Crowd :  
*Morpheus* of all his numerous Train ex-  
press'd

The Shape of Man, and imitated best ;  
The Walk, the Words, the Gesture cou'd  
supply,

The Habit mimic, and the Mien bely : 330  
Plays well, but all his Action is confin'd ;  
Extending not beyond our human kind.

Another Birds, and Beasts, and Dragons  
apes,

And dreadful Images, and Monster shapes :  
This Demon, *Icelos*, in Heav'ns high Hall  
The Gods have nam'd ; but men *Phobeler*  
call :

A third is *Phantassus*, whose Actions roul  
On meaner Thoughts, and Things devoid  
of Soul ;

Earth, Fruits and Flow'rs, he represents in  
Dreams,

And solid Rocks unmov'd, and running  
• Streams : 340

These three to Kings, and Chiefs their Scenes  
display,

The rest before th' ignoble Commons play :  
Of these the chosen *Morpheus* is dispatch'd,  
Which done, the lazy Monarch overwatch'd,



Down from his propping Elbow drops his Head,  
 Dissolv'd in Sleep, and shrinks within his Bed.  
 Darkling the Demon glides for Flight prepar'd,  
 So soft that scarce his fanning Wings are heard.  
 To *Trachin*, swift as Thought, the sitting Shade 349  
 Through Air his momentary Journey made:  
 Then lays aside the steerage of his Wings,  
 Forsakes his proper Form, assumes the King's;  
 And pale as Death despoil'd of his Array }  
 Into the Queen's Apartment takes his way,  
 And stands before the Bed at dawn of Day: }  
 Unmov'd his Eyes, and wet his Beard }  
 appears ;  
 And shedding vain, but seeming real Tears ;  
 The briny Water dropping from his Hairs ; }  
 Then staring on her, with a ghastly Look  
 And hollow Voice, he thus the Queen be-  
 spoke. 360  
 Know'st thou not me ? Not yet unhappy  
 Wife ?  
 Or are my Features perish'd with my Life ?  
 Look once again, and for thy Husband lost,  
 Lo all that's left of him, thy Husband's  
 Ghost !  
 Thy Vows for my return were all in vain ; }  
 The stormy South o'ertook us in the Main ;  
 And never shalt thou see thy living Lord }  
 again.  
 Bear witness Heav'n I call'd on thee in  
 Death,  
 And while I call'd, a Billow stop'd my  
 Breath :  
 Think not that flying Fame reports my  
 Fate ; 370  
 I present, I appear, and my own Wreck  
 relate.  
 Rise wretched Widow, rise, nor undeplor'd }  
 Permit my Ghost to pass the *Stygian* Ford : }  
 But rise, prepar'd, in Black, to mourn thy  
 perish'd Lord.  
 Thus said the Player-God ; and adding  
 Art  
 Of Voice and Gesture, so perform'd his part,

She thought (so like her Love the Shade  
 appears)  
 That *Ceyx* spake the Words, and *Ceyx* shed  
 the Tears.  
 She groan'd, her inward Soul with Grief  
 oppress,  
 She sigh'd, she wept ; and sleeping beat her  
 Breast : 380  
 Then stretch'd her Arms, t' embrace his  
 Body bare,  
 Her clasping Arms inclose but empty Air :  
 At this not yet awake, she cry'd, O stay,  
 One is our Fate, and common is our way !  
 So dreadful was the Dream, so loud she  
 spoke,  
 That starting sudden up, the Slumber broke:  
 Then cast her Eyes around in hope to view  
 Her vanish'd Lord, and find the Vision true :  
 For now the Maids, who waited her Com-  
 mands,  
 Ran in with lighted Tapers in their Hands.  
 Tir'd with the Search, not finding what she  
 seeks, 391  
 With cruel Blows she pounds her blubber'd  
 Cheeks ;  
 Then from her beaten Breast the Linnen tare,  
 And cut the golden Caull that bound her  
 Hair.  
 Her Nurse demands the Cause ; with louder  
 Cries  
 She prosecutes her Grievs, and thus replies.  
 No more *Alcyon* ; she suffer'd Death  
 With her lov'd Lord, when *Ceyx* lost his  
 Breath :  
 No Flatt'ry, no false Comfort, give me none,  
 My Shipwreck'd *Ceyx* is for ever gone ; 400  
 I saw, I saw him manifest in view,  
 His Voice, his Figure, and his Gestures knew:  
 His Lustre lost, and ev'ry living Grace,  
 Yet I retain'd the Features of his Face ;  
 Though with pale Cheeks, wet Beard, and  
 dropping Hair,  
 None but my *Ceyx* cou'd appear so fair :  
 I would have strain'd him with a strict  
 Embrace,  
 But through my arms he slip'd, and vanish'd  
 from the Place :  
 There, ev'n just there, he stood ; and as she  
 spoke  
 Where last the Spectre was, she cast her  
 Look : 410

347 Darkling] *Darkling* 1700. The printer took it for a demon's name.

367 living] The editors wrongly give loving

395 Cause ; with] Cause with 1700.

Fain wou'd she hope, and gaz'd upon the  
Ground

If any printed Footsteps might be found.

Then sigh'd and said: This I too well  
foreknew,

And my prophetick Fear presag'd too true:  
'Twas what I beg'd, when with a bleeding  
Heart

I took my leave, and suffer'd Thee to part,  
Or I to go along, or Thou to stay,  
Never, ah never to divide our way!

Happier for me, that all our Hours assign'd  
Together we had liv'd; e'en not in Death  
disjoin'd! 420

So had my Ceyx still been living here,  
Or with my Ceyx I had perish'd there:  
Now I die absent, in the vast profound;  
And Me without my Self the Seas have  
drown'd:

The Storms were not so cruel; should I  
strive

To lengthen Life, and such a Grief survive;  
But neither will I strive, nor wretched  
Thee

In Death forsake, but keep thee Company.  
If not one common Sepulcher contains  
Our Bodies, or one Urn, our last Remains,  
Yet Ceyx and Alcyone shall join, 431  
Their Names remember'd in one common  
Line.

No farther Voice her mighty Grief affords,  
For Sighs come rushing in betwixt her  
Words,

And stop'd her Tongue; but what her  
Tongue deny'd,

Soft Tears, and Groans, and dumb Com-  
plaints supply'd.

'Twas Morning; to the Port she takes her  
way,

And stands upon the Margin of the Sea:  
That Place, that very Spot of Ground she  
sought,

Or thither by her Destiny was brought; 440  
Where last he stood: And while she sadly  
said

'Twas here he left me, lingering here delay'd  
His parting Kiss; and there his Anchors  
weigh'd.

Thus speaking, while her Thoughts past  
Actions trace,

And call to mind admonish'd by the Place,  
Sharp at her utmost Ken she cast her Eyes,  
And somewhat floating from afar descries;

It seem'd a Corps adrift, to distant Sight,  
But at a distance who could judge aright?  
It wafted nearer yet, and then she knew 450  
That what before she but surmis'd, was  
true:

A Corps it was, but whose it was, unknown,  
Yet mov'd, howe'er, she made the Case her  
own:

Took the bad Omen of a shipwreck'd Man,  
As for a Stranger wept, and thus began.

Poor Wretch, on stormy Seas to lose thy  
Life,

Unhappy thou, but more thy widdow'd  
Wife!

At this she paus'd; for now the flowing Tide  
Had brought the Body nearer to the side:  
The more she looks, the more her Fears  
increase 460

At nearer Sight; and she's her self the less:  
Now driv'n ashore, and at her Feet it lies,  
She knows too much, in knowing whom she  
sees:

Her Husband's Corps; at this she loudly  
shrieks,

'Tis he, 'tis he, she cries, and tears her  
Cheeks,

Her Hair, her Vest, and stooping to the  
Sands

About his Neck she cast her trembling  
Hands.

And is it thus, O dearer than my Life,  
Thus, thus return'st Thou to thy longing  
Wife!

She said, and to the neighb'ring Mole she  
strode, 470

(Rais'd there to break th' Incursions of the  
Flood;)

Headlong from hence to plunge her self she  
springs,

But shoots along supported on her Wings,  
A Bird new-made about the Banks she plies,  
Not far from Shore; and short Excursions  
tries;

Nor seeks in Air her humble Flight to raise,  
Content to skim the Surface of the Seas:

Her Bill, tho' slender, sends a creaking  
Noise,

And imitates a lamentable Voice:

Now lighting where the bloodless Body  
lies, 480

She with a Funeral Note renews her Cries.

At all her stretch her little Wings she spread,  
 And with her feather'd Arms embrac'd the  
 Dead :  
 Then flick'ring to his palid Lips, she strove  
 To print a Kiss, the last essay of Love :  
 Whether the vital Touch reviv'd the Dead,  
 Or that the moving Waters rais'd his Head  
 To meet the Kiss, the Vulgar doubt alone ;  
 For sure a present Miracle was shown.  
 The Gods their Shapes to Winter-Birds  
 translate, 490  
 But both obnoxious to their former Fate.

Their conjugal Affection still is ty'd,  
 And still the mournful Race is multiply'd ;  
 They bill, they tread ; *Alcyon* com-  
 press'd  
 Sev'n days sits brooding on her floating  
 Nest :  
 A wintry Queen : Her Sire at length is  
 kind,  
 Calms ev'ry Storm, and hushes ev'ry Wind :  
 Prepares his Empire for his Daughter's Ease,  
 And for his hatching Nephews smooths the  
 Seas.

## ÆSACUS TRANSFORMED INTO A CORMORANT.

FROM THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

THESE some old Man sees wanton in the  
 Air,  
 And praises the unhappy constant Pair.  
 Then to his Friend the long-neck'd Cormo-  
 rant shews,  
 The former Tale reviving others Woes :  
 That sable Bird, he cries, which cuts the  
 Flood  
 With slender Legs, was once of Royal  
 Blood ;  
 His Ancestors from mighty *Tros* proceed,  
 The brave *Laomedon*, and *Ganymede*,  
 (Whose Beauty tempted *Jove* to steal the  
 Boy)  
 And *Priam*, hapless Prince ! who fell with  
*Troy*. 10  
 Himself was *Hector's* Brother, and (had  
 Fate  
 But giv'n this hopeful Youth a longer Date)  
 Perhaps had rival'd warlike *Hector's* Worth,  
 Tho' on the Mother's side of meaner Birth ;  
 Fair *Alyxothoe*, a Country Maid,  
 Bare *Æsacus* by stealth in *Ida's* Shade.  
 He fled the noisy Town, and pompous  
 Court,  
 Lov'd the lone Hills, and simple rural  
 Sport,  
 And seldom to the City would resort.  
 Yet he no rustick Clownishness profest, 20  
 Nor was soft Love a Stranger to his Breast :

The Youth had long the Nymph *Hesperie*  
 woo'd,  
 Oft thro' the Thicket or the Mead pursu'd :  
 Her haply on her Father's Bank he spy'd,  
 While fearless she her silver Tresses dry'd ;  
 Away she fled : Not Stags with half such  
 Speed,  
 Before the prowling Wolf, scud o'er the  
 Mead ;  
 Not Ducks, when they the safer Flood  
 forsake,  
 Pursu'd by Hawks, so swift regain the Lake.  
 As fast he follow'd in the hot Career ; 30  
 Desire the Lover wing'd, the Virgin Fear.  
 A Snake unseen now pierc'd her heedless  
 Foot :  
 Quick thro' the Veins the venom'd Juices  
 shoot :  
 She fell, and 'scaped by Death his fierce  
 Pursuit.  
 Her lifeless Body, frightened, he embrac'd,  
 And cry'd, Not this I dreaded, but thy  
 Haste :  
 O had my Love been less, or less thy Fear !  
 The Victory thus bought is far too dear.  
 Accurs'd Snake ! Yet I more curs'd than  
 he !  
 He gave the Wound ; the Cause was giv'n  
 by me. 40  
 Yet none shall say, that unreveng'd you  
 dy'd.  
 He spoke ; then climb'd a Cliff's o'er-  
 hanging Side  
 And, resolute, leap'd on the foaming Tide.

ÆSACUS. Text from Garth's edition, 1717.  
 15 *Alyxothoe* The editors mostly change to  
*Alexithoe*. *Sainsbury* gives *Alexithoe*, a form  
 impossible in hexameters.

Telkys receiv'd him gently on the Wave ;  
The Death he sought deny'd, and Feathers gave.

Debarr'd the surest Remedy of Grief,  
And forc'd to live, he curst th' unash'd Relief.

Then on his airy Pinions upward flies, }  
And at a second Fall successful tries ; 49 }  
The downy Plume a quick Descent denies.

Enrag'd, he often dives beneath the Wave,  
And there in vain expects to find a Grave.

His ceaseless Sorrow for th' unhappy Maid  
Meager'd his Look, and on his Spirits prey'd.

Still near the sounding Deep he lives : his  
Name

From frequent Diving and Emerging came.

## THE | TWELFTH BOOK | OF THE | METAMORPHOSES,

WHOLLY TRANSLATED.

### Connection to the end of the Eleventh Book.

*Æsacus, the Son of Priam, loving a Country-Life, forsakes the Court : Living obscurely, he falls in Love with a Nymph ; who, flying from him, was kill'd by a Serpent ; for Grief of this, he would have drown'd himself ; but, by the pity of the Gods, is turned into a Cormorant. Priam, not hearing of Æsacus, believes him to be dead, and raises a Tomb to preserve his Memory. By this Transition, which is one of the finest in all Ovid, the Poet naturally falls into the Story of the Trojan War, which is summ'd up, in the present Book, but so very briefly, in many Places, that Ovid seems more short than Virgil, contrary to his usual Style. Yet the House of Fame, which is here describ'd, is one of the most beautiful Pieces in the whole Metamorphoses. The Fight of Achilles and Cygnus, and the Fray betwixt the Lapythæ and Centaurs, yield to no other part of this Poet : And particularly the Loves and Death of Cyllarus and Hylonome, the Male and Female Centaur, are wonderfully moving*

Priam, to whom the Story was unknown,  
As dead, deplor'd his Metamorphos'd  
Son :

OID'S METAMORPHOSES XII The text is from the original of 1700, except as noted The original was carelessly printed The current texts have some ugly errors, as in 524 where Ovid's words are *Nec te pugnantem tua, Cyllare, forma redemit*, and in 826 The original has many false stops

A Cenotaph his Name and Title kept,  
And Hector round the Tomb, with all his  
Brothers wept.

This pious Office Paris did not share ;  
Absent alone ; and Author of the War,  
Which, for the Spartan Queen, the Grecians  
drew

T' avenge the Rape, and Asia to subdue.

A thousand Ships were man'd, to sail the  
Sea :

Nor had their just Resentments found delay,  
Had not the Winds and Waves oppos'd  
their way. 11

At Aulis, with United Pow'rs they meet,  
But there, Cross-winds or Calms detain'd  
the Fleet.

Now, while they raise an Altar on the  
Shore,

And Jove with solemn Sacrifice adore ;  
A boding Sign the Priests and People see :

A Snake of size immense, ascends a Tree,  
And in the leafy Summit, spy'd a Neast,  
Which, o'er her Callow young, a Sparrow  
press'd

Eight were the Birds unsledg'd ; their  
Mother flew ; 20

And hover'd round her Care ; but still in  
view :

Till the fierce Reptile first devour'd the  
Brood ;

Then siez'd the flutt'ring Dam, and drunk  
her Blood.

This dire Ostent, the fearful People view :  
Calchas alone, by Phæbus taught, foreknew  
What Heav'n decreed : and with a smiling  
Glance.

Thus gratulates to Greece her happy Chance.

O *Argives*, we shall Conquer ; *Troy* is ours,  
But long Delays shall first afflict our  
Pow'rs :

Nine Years of Labour, the nine Birds portend ;

The Tenth shall in the Town's Destruction end.

The Serpent, who his Maw obscene had fill'd,

The Branches in his curl'd Embraces held :  
But as in Spires he stood, he turn'd to Stone :

The stony Snake retain'd the Figure still his own.

Yet not for this the Wind-bound Navy weigh'd,

Slack were their Sails ; and *Neptune* disobey'd.

Some thought him loath the Town shou'd be destroy'd,

Whose Building had his Hands divine employ'd :

Not so the Seer ; who knew, and known foreshow'd,

The Virgin *Phæbe* with a Virgin's Blood  
Must first be reconcil'd ; the common Cause

Prevail'd ; and Pity yielding to the Laws,  
Fair *Iphigenia* the devoted Maid

Was, by the weeping Priests, in Linnen-Robes array'd ;

All mourn her Fate ; but no Relief appear'd :

The Royal Victim bound, the Knife already rear'd :

When that offended Pow'r, who caus'd their Woe,

Relenting ceas'd her Wrath ; and stop'd the coming Blow.

A Mist before the Ministers she cast ;

And, in the Virgin's room, a Hind she plac'd.  
Th' Oblation slain, and *Phæbe* reconcil'd,

The Storm was hush'd, and dimpled Ocean smil'd :

A favourable Gale arose from Shore,  
Which to the Port desir'd the *Grecian*

Gallies bore.  
Full in the midst of this Created Space,  
Betwixt Heav'n, Earth, and Skies, there

stands a Place,  
Confining on all three ; with triple Bound ;

Whence all Things, though remote, are view'd around ;

And thither bring their Undulating Sound.]

The Palace of loud Fame ; her Seat of Pow'r ;

Plac'd on the Summit of a lofty Tow'r ;

A thousand winding Entries long and wide,  
Receive of fresh Reports a flowing Tide.

A thousand Crannies in the Walls are made ;  
Nor Gate nor Bars exclude the busy Trade.

'Tis built of Brass the better to diffuse  
The spreading Sounds, and multiply the News :

Where *Eccho*'s in repeated *Eccho*'s play :  
A Mæst for ever full ; and open Night and Day.

Nor Silence is within, nor Voice express,  
But a deaf Noise of Sounds that never cease ;

Confus'd, and Chiding, like the hollow Roar  
Of Tides, receding from th' insulted Shore :

Or like the broken Thunder, heard from far,  
When *Jove* to distance drives the rowling War.

The Courts are fill'd with a tumultuous Din  
Of Crowds, or issuing forth, or entering in :

A thorough fare of News : Where some devise

Things never heard ; some mingle Truth  
with Lies :

The troubled Air with empty Sounds they beat ;

Intent to hear ; and eager to repeat.  
Error sits brooding there ; with added Train

Of vain Credulity ; and Joys as vain :  
Suspicion, with Sedition join'd, are near ;

And Rumors rais'd, and Murmurs mix'd,  
and Panique Fear.

Fame sits aloft ; and sees the subject Ground,  
And Seas about, and Skies above ; enquiring

all around.  
The Goddess gives th' Alarm ; and soon

is known

The *Grecian* Fleet, descending on the Town.  
Fix'd on Defence the *Trojans* are not slow

To guard their Shore from an expected Foe,  
They meet in Fight : By *Hector*'s fatal

Hand  
*Protesilaus* falls ; and bites the Strand :

Which with expence of Blood the *Grecians* won ;

And prov'd the Strength unknown of *Priam*'s Son.

And to their Cost the *Trojan* Leaders felt  
The *Grecian* Heroes ; and what Deaths

they dealt.

From these first Onsets, the *Sigæan* Shore  
Was strew'd with Carcasses; and stain'd  
with Gore: 100

*Neptunian* *Cygnus* Troops of *Greeks* had  
slain;

*Achilles* in his Carr had scow'r'd the Plain:  
And clear'd the *Trojan* Ranks: Where e'er  
he fought,

*Cygnus*, or *Hector*, through the Fields he  
sought:

*Cygnus* he found; on him his Force  
essay'd:

For *Hector* was to the tenth Year delay'd.

His white man'd Steeds, that bow'd  
beneath the Yoke

He chear'd to Courage, with a gentle  
Stroke;

Then urg'd his fiery Chariot on the Foe:

And rising, shook his Lance, in act to  
throw. 110

But first, he cry'd, O Youth, be proud to  
bear

Thy Death, enobled, by *Pelides* Spear.

The Lance pursu'd the Voice without delay;

Nor did the whizzing Weapon miss the way:

But pierc'd his Cuirass, with such Fury  
sent;

And sign'd his Bosom with a Purple Dint.

At this the Seed of *Neptune*; Goddess-born,  
For Ornament, not Use, these Arms are  
worn;

This Helm, and heavy Buckler, I can spare,  
As only Decorations of the War: 120

So *Mars* is arm'd for Glory, not for Need.

'Tis somewhat more from *Neptune* to  
proceed,

Than from a Daughter of the Sea to spring:

Thy Sire is Mortal; mine is Ocean's King.

Secure of Death, I shou'd condemn thy Daet,

Tho' naked, and impassible depart:

He said, and threw: The trembling  
Weapon pass'd

Through nine Bull-hides, each under other  
plac'd,

On his broad Shield, and stuck within the  
last.

*Achilles* wrench'd it out; and sent again 130

The hostile Gift: The hostile Gift was vain.

He try'd a third, a tough well-chosen Spear;

Th' inviolable Body stood sincere;

Though *Cygnus* then did no Defence pro-  
vide,

But scornful offer'd his unshielded Side.

Not otherwise th' impatient Hero far'd,

Than as a Bull, incompass'd with a Guard

Amid the *Circus* roars: Provok'd from far

By sight of Scarlet, and a sanguine War:

They quit their Ground; his bended Horns  
elude; 140

In vain pursuing, and in vain pursu'd.

Before to farther Fight he wou'd advance,

He stood considermg, and survey'd his  
Lance.

Doubts if he welded not a Wooden Spear

Without a Point: He look'd, the Point was  
there.

This is my Hand, and this my Lance, he  
se'd,

By which so many thousand Foes are dead.

O whether is their usual Virtue fled!

I had it once; and the *Lyrnessian* Wall,

And *Tenedos* confess'd it in their Fall. 150

Thy Streams, *Cacus*, rowl'd a Crimson-

Flood;

And *Thebes* ran Red with her own Natives  
Blood.

Twice *Telephus* employ'd this piercing  
Steel,

To wound him first, and afterward to heal.

The Vigour of this Arm was never vain;

And that my wonted Prowess I retain,

Witness these Heaps of Slaughter on the  
Plain.

He said; and, doubtful of his former  
Deeds,

To some new trial of his Force proceeds

He chose *Menates* from among the rest; 160

At him he lanch'd his Spear; and pierc'd his  
Breast:

On the hard Earth, the *Lycian* knock'd his  
Head,

And lay supine; and forth the Spirit fled.

Then thus the Hero: Neither can I  
blame,

The Hand, or Javelin; both are still the  
same.

The same I will employ against this Foe;

And wish but with the same Success to  
throw.

So spoke the Chief; and while he spoke he  
threw;

The Weapon with unerring Fury flew,

At his left Shoulder aim'd: Nor Entrance  
found; 170

But back, as from a Rock, with swift  
rebound

Harmless return'd: A bloody Mark appear'd,  
Which with false Joy the flatter'd Hero  
cheer'd.

Wound there was none; the Blood that  
was in view,

The Lance before from slain *Menates* drew

Headlong he leaps from off his lofty Car,  
And in close Fight on foot renews the War.

Raging with high Disdain, repeats his  
Blows;

Nor Shield nor Armour can their Force  
oppose;

Huge Cantlets of his Buckler strew the  
Ground, 180

And no Defence in his bor'd Arms is found.  
But on his Flesh, no Wound or Blood is  
seen;

The Sword it self is blunted on the Skin.

This vain Attempt the Chief no longer  
bears;

But round his hollow Temples and his Ears  
His Buckler beats: The Son of *Neptune*,  
stun'd

With these repeated Buffets, quits his  
Ground;

A sickly Sweat succeeds; and Shades of  
Night:

Inverted Nature swims before his Sight:

Th' insulting Victor presses on the more, 190  
And treads the Steps the vanquish'd trod  
before,

Nor Rest, nor Respite gives: A Stone there  
lay

Behind his trembling Foe; and stop'd his  
way.

*Achilles* took th' Advantage which he found,  
O'er-turn'd, and push'd him backward on  
the Ground.

His Buckler held him under, while he press'd  
With both his Knees above, his panting  
Breast;

Unlac'd his Helm: About his Chin the Twist  
He ty'd; and soon the strangled Soul  
dismiss'd.

With eager haste he went to strip the  
Dead 200

The vanish'd Body from his Arms was  
fled.

His Sea-God Sire t' immortalize his Fame,  
Had turn'd it to the Bird that bears his  
Name.

A Truce succeeds the Labours of this Day,  
And Arms suspended with a long delay.

While *Trojan* Walls are kept with Watch  
and Ward;

The *Greeks* before their Trenches mount the  
Guard;

The Feast approach'd; when to the blue-  
Ey'd Maid

His Vows for *Cygnus* slain the Victor paid,  
And a white Heyser, on her Altar laid. 210

The reeking Entrails on the Fire they  
threw;

And to the Gods the grateful Odour flew:  
Heav'n had its part in Sacrifice: The rest  
Was broil'd and roasted for the future  
Feast.

The chief invited Guests were set around;  
And Hunger first asswag'd, the Bowls were  
crown'd,

Which in deep Draughts their Cares and  
Labours drown'd.

The mellow Harp did not their Ears employ:  
And mute was all the Warlike Symphony:  
Discourse, the Food of Souls, was their  
Delight, 220

And pleasing Chat prolong'd the Summers-  
night.

The Subject, Deeds of Arms: and Valour  
shown

Or on the *Trojan* side, or on their own.

Of Dangers undertaken, Fame achiev'd;

They talk'd by turns; the Talk by turns  
reliev'd.

What Things but these, cou'd fierce *Achilles*  
tell,

Or what cou'd fierce *Achilles* hear so well?  
The last great Act perform'd, of *Cygnus*  
slain.

Did most the Martial Audience entertain:

Wondring to find a Body, free by Fate 230  
From Steel; and which could ev'n that  
Steel rebate:

Amaz'd, their Admiration they renew:

And scarce *Pelides* cou'd believe it true.

Then *Nester* thus; What once this Age  
has known,

In fifted *Cygnus*, and in him alone,

These Eyes have seen in *Caneus* long before,  
Whose body not a thousand Swords cou'd  
bore.

*Caneus*, in Courage, and in Strength ex-  
cell'd;

And still his *Othrys* with his Fame is fill'd:

But what did most his Martial Deeds  
adorn, 240  
(Though since he chang'd his Sex) a Woman  
born.

A Novelty so strange, and full of Fate,  
His list'ning Audience ask'd him to relate.  
*Achilles* thus commends their common Sute;  
O Father, first for Prudence in repute,  
Tell, with that Eloquence, so much thy own,  
What thou hast heard, or what of *Cæneus*  
known:

What was he, whence his change of Sex  
began,  
What Trophies, join'd in Wars with thee,  
he won?

Who conquer'd him, and in what fatal  
Strife 250  
The Youth without a Wound, cou'd lose his  
Life?

*Neleides* then; Though tardy Age, and  
Time  
Have shrunk my Sinews, and decay'd my  
Prime:

Though much I have forgotten of my Store,  
Yet not exhausted, I remember more.  
Of all that Arms atchiev'd, or Peace de-  
sign'd,

That Action still is fresher in my Mind  
Than ought beside. If Reverend Age can  
give

To Faith a Sanction, in my third I live.

'Twas in my second Cent'ry, I survey'd 260  
Young *Cænis*, then a fair *Thessalian* Maid:  
*Cænis* the bright was born to high Com-  
mand;

A Princess; and a Native of thy Land,  
Divine *Achilles*: every Tongue proclaim'd  
Her Beauty; and her Eyes all Hearts in-  
flam'd.

*Peleus*, thy sire, perhaps had sought her  
Bed,

Among the rest; but he had either led  
Thy Mother then, or was by Promise ty'd;  
But she to him, and all alike her Love  
deny'd.

It was her Fortune once, to take her way 270  
Along the sandy Margin of the Sea:

The Pow'r of Ocean view'd her as she pass'd,  
And lov'd as soon as seen, by Force  
embrac'd.

So Fame reports. Her Virgin-Treasure  
seiz'd,

And his new Joys, the Ravisher so pleas'd,

That thus, transported, to the Nymph he  
cry'd;

Ask what thou wilt, no Pray'r shall be  
deny'd.

This also Fame relates: The haughty Fair,  
Who not the Rape, ev'n of a God cou'd  
bear,

This Answer, proud, return'd: To mighty  
Wrongs 280

A mighty Recompense, of right, belongs.  
Give me no more to suffer such a Shame;  
But change the Woman, for a better Name;  
One Gift for all: She said; and while she  
spoke,

A stern, majestick, manly Tone she took.  
A Man she was: And as the Godhead  
swore,

To *Cæneus* turn'd, who *Cænis* was before.

To this the Lover adds without request:  
No force of Steel shou'd violate his Breast.  
Glad of the Gift, the new-made Warrior  
goes; 290

And Arms among the *Greeks*; and longs for  
equal Foes.

Now brave *Perithous*, bold *Ixion's* Son,  
The Love of fair *Hippodame* had won.  
The Cloud-begotten Race, half Men, half  
Beast,

Invited, came to grace the Nuptial Feast:  
In a cool Cave's recess the Treat was made,  
Whose entrance Trees with spreading  
Boughs o'ershad.

They sate: And summon'd by the Bride-  
groom, came,

To mix with those the *Lapythæan* Name:  
Nor wanted I: The Roofs with Joy  
resound: 300

And *Hymen*, *Io Hymen*, rung around,  
Rais'd Altars shone with holy Fires; the  
Bride,

Lovely her self (and lovely by her side  
A Bevy of bright Nymphs, with sober Grace,)  
Came glitt'ring like a Star, and took her  
Place.

Her heav'nly Form beheld, all wish'd her  
Joy;

And little wanted, but in vain, their Wishes  
all employ.

For One, most Brutal of the Brutal Brood,  
Or whether Wine or Beauty fir'd his Blood.  
Or both at once; beheld with lustful Eyes  
The Bride; at once resolv'd to make his  
Prize. 311



Down went the Board ; and fastening on her Hair,  
 He seiz'd with sudden Force the frighted Fair.  
 'Twas *Eurytus* began : His bestial Kind  
 His Crime pursu'd ; and each as pleas'd his Mind,  
 Or her, whom Chance presented, took : The Feast  
 An Image of a taken Town express'd.  
 The Cave resounds with Female Shrieks ; we rise,  
 Mad with Revenge, to make a swift Reprise  
 And *Theseus* first ; What Frenzy has possess'd 320  
*O Eurytus*, he cry'd, thy brutal Breast,  
 To wrong *Perithous*, and not him alone,  
 But, while I live, two Friends conjoin'd in one ?  
 To justify his Threat, he thrusts aside  
 The Crowd of Centaurs ; and redeems the Bride :  
 The Monster nought replied : For Words were vain ;  
 And Deeds cou'd only Deeds unjust maintain :  
 But answers with his Hand ; and forward press'd,  
 With Blows redoubled, on his Face and Breast.  
 An ample Goblet stood, of antick Mold, 330  
 And rough with Figures of the rising Gold ;  
 The Hero snatch'd it up, and toss'd in Air,  
 Full at the Front of the foul Ravisher :  
 He falls ; and falling vomits forth a Flood  
 Of Wine, and Foam and Brains, and mingled Blood.  
 Half roaring, and half neighing through the Hall,  
 Arms, Arms, the double-form'd with Fury call ;  
 To wreak their Brother's Death : A Medley-Flight  
 Of Bowls and Jars, at first supply the Fight,  
 Once Instruments of Feasts, but now of Fate ; 340  
 Wine animates their Rage, and arms their Hate.  
 Bold *Amycus*, from the robb'd Vestry brings  
 The Chalice of Heav'n ; and holy Things

Of precious Weight : A Sconce, that hung on high,  
 With Tapers fill'd, to light the Sacrists, Torn from the Cord, with his unhallow'd Hand  
 He threw amid the *Lapythæan* Band.  
 On *Celadon* the Ruin fell, and left  
 His Face of Feature and of Form bereft :  
 So, when some brawny Sacrificer knocks,  
 Before an altar led, an offer'd Oxe, 351  
 His Eye-balls rooted out are thrown to ground :  
 His Nose dismantled in his Mouth is found,  
 His Jaws, Cheeks, Front, one undistinguish'd Wound.  
 This, *Belates*, th' Avenger, cou'd not brook ;  
 But, by the Foot a Maple-board he took ;  
 And hurl'd at *Amycus* ; his Chin it bent  
 Against his Chest, and down the Centaur sent ;  
 Whom sputtring bloody Teeth, the second Blow  
 Of his drawn Sword dispatch'd to Shades below. 360  
*Grineus* was near ; and cast a furious Look  
 On the side Altar, cens'd with sacred Smoke.  
 And bright with flaming Fires : The Gods, he cry'd,  
 Have with their holy Trade, our Hands supply'd :  
 Why use we not their Gifts ? Then from the Floor  
 An Altar-Stone he heav'd, with all the Load it bore :  
 Altar and Altars freight together flew,  
 Where thickest throng'd the *Lapythæan* Crew :  
 And *Broteas*, and at once, *Oryus* slew :  
*Oryus* mother, *Mycæle*, was known 370  
 Down from her Sphere to draw the lab'ring Moon.  
*Eradius* cry'd, Unpunish'd shall not go  
 This Fact, if Arms are found against the Foe.  
 He look'd about, where on a Pine were spread  
 The votive Horns of a Stags branching Head :

360 *Broteas*, and at once,] Some editors wrongly give at once *Broteas* and

At *Grineus* these he throws ; so just they fly,  
That the sharp Antlers stuck in either Eye :  
Breathless and Blind he fell ; with Blood  
besmear'd ;

His Eye-balls beaten out hung dangling on  
his Beard.

Fierce *Rhæus*, from the Hearth a burning  
Brand

Selects, and whirling waves ; till, from his  
Hand

The Fire took Flame ; then dash'd it from  
the right,

On fair *Charaxus* Temples near the Sight :  
The whistling Pest came on ; and pierc'd  
the Bone,

And caught the yellow Hair, that shrievel'd  
while it shone :

Caught, like dry Stubble fir'd ; or like Seer-  
wood ;

Yet from the Wound ensu'd no Purple  
Flood ;

But look'd a bubbling Mass of frying Blood.  
His blazing Locks sent forth a crackling  
Sound ;

And hiss'd, like red hot Iron within the  
Smithy drown'd.

The wounded Warrior shook his flaming  
Hair,

Then (what a Team of Horse cou'd hardly  
rear)

He heaves the Threshold-Stone ; but cou'd  
not throw ;

The Weight it self forbad the threaten'd  
Blow ;

Which dropping from his lifted Arms, came  
down,

Full on *Cometes* Head ; and crush'd his  
Crown.

Nor *Rhæus* then retain'd his Joy ; but se'd,  
So by their Fellows may our Foes be sped,  
Then, with redoubled Strokes he plies his  
Head :

The burning Lever not deludes his Pains,  
But drives the batter'd Skull within the  
Brains.

Thus flush'd, the Conqueror, with force  
renew'd,

*Evagrus*, *Dryas*, *Corythus*, pursu'd.  
First *Corythus*, with downy Cheeks, he slew ;  
Whose Fall when fierce *Evagrus* had in view,  
He cry'd, What Palm is from a beardless  
Prey ?

*Rhæus* prevents what more he had to say ;

And drove within his Mouth the fiery Death,  
Which enter'd hissing in, and choak'd his  
Breath.

At *Dryas* next he flew ; But weary Chance  
No longer wou'd the same Success advance.

But while he whirl'd in fiery Circles round  
The Brand, a sharpen'd Stake strong

*Dryas* found ;  
And in the Shoulder's Joint inflicts the  
Wound.

The Weapon struck ; which roaring out  
with Pain

He drew ; nor longer durst the Fight main-  
tain,

But turn'd his Back, for fear ; and fled  
amain.

With him fled *Orneus*, with like Dread  
possess'd ;

*Thaumas*, and *Medon*, wounded in the  
Breast ;

And *Mermeros* in the late Race renown'd,  
Now lumping ran, and tardy with his  
Wound.

*Pholus* and *Melanæus* from Fight withdrew,  
And *Abas* maim'd, who Boars encountering  
slew :

And *Augur Astylos*, whose Art in vain  
From Fight dissuaded the four-footed  
Train,

Now beat the Hoof with *Nessus* on the  
Plain ;

But to his Fellow cry'd, Be safely slow,  
Thy Death deferr'd is due to great *Alcides*  
Bow.

Mean time strong *Dryas* urg'd his Chance  
so well,

That *Lycidas*, *Areos*, *Imbrens* fell ;  
All, one by one, and fighting Face to Face :

*Crenæus* fled, to fall with more Disgrace :  
For, fearful, while he look'd behind, he bore  
Betwixt his Nose and Front, the Blow  
before.

Amid the Noise and Tumult of the Fray,  
Snoring, and drunk with Wine, *Aphidas* lay.  
Ev'n then the Bowl within his Hand he  
kept :

And on a Bear's rough Hide securely slept.  
Him *Phorbas* with his flying Dart, transfix'd ;  
Take thy next Draught with Stygian Waters  
mix'd,

And sleep thy fill, th' insulting Victor cry'd ;  
Surpris'd with Death unfehl, the Centaur  
dy'd :

The ruddy Vomit, as he breath'd his Soul,  
Repass'd his Throat ; and fill'd his empty  
Bowl.

I saw *Pelæus* Arms employ'd around  
A well-grown Oak, to root it from the  
Ground.

This way, and that, he wrench'd the fibrous  
Bands,

The Trunk was like a Sappling in his Hands,  
And still obey'd the Bent : While thus he  
stood,

*Perithous* Dart drove on ; and nail'd him to  
the Wood. 450

*Lycus*, and *Chromis* fell by him oppress'd :

*Helops* and *Diety*s added to the rest

A nobler Palm : *Helops* through either Ear  
Transfix'd, receiv'd the penetrating Spear.

This *Diety*s saw ; and seiz'd with suddain  
Fright

Leapt headlong from the Hill of steepy  
height ;

And crush'd an Ash beneath, that cou'd not  
bear his weight.

The shatter'd Tree receives his Fall ; and  
strikes

Within his full-blown Paunch, the sharpen'd  
Spikes.

Strong *Aphareus* had heav'd a mighty Stone,  
The Fragment of a Rock ; and wou'd have  
thrown ; 461

But *Theseus* with a Club of harden'd Oak,  
The Cubit-bone of the bold Centaur broke ;  
And left him maim'd ; nor seconded the  
Stroke.

Then leapt on tall *Blamor's* Back : (Who bore  
No mortal Burden but his own, before)

Press'd with his Knees his Sides ; the  
double Man,

His Speed with Spurs increas'd, unwilling  
ran.

One Hand the Hero fasten'd on his Locks ;  
His other ply'd him with repeated Strokes.

The Club rung round his Ears, and batter'd  
Brows ; 471

He falls ; and lashing up his Heels, his  
Rider throws.

The same *Herculean* Arms *Nedymnus*  
wound ;

And lay by him *Lycotas* on the Ground ;

And *Hippasus*, whose Beard his Breast  
invades ;

And *Ripheus*, haunter of the Woodland  
Shades ;

And *Tereus*, us'd with Mountain Bears to  
strive ;

And from their Dens to draw th' indignant  
Beasts alive.

*Demoleon* cou'd not bear this hateful  
Sight, 479

Or the long Fortune of th' *Athenian* Knight :  
But pull'd with all his Force, to disengage

From Earth a Pine, the Product of an Age :  
The Root stuck fast : The broken Trunk he  
sent

At *Theseus* : *Theseus* frustrates his Intent,  
And leaps aside, by *Pallas* warn'd, the Blow

To shun : (for so he said ; and we believ'd  
it so.)

Yet not in vain th' enormous Weight was  
cast ;

Which *Crantor's* Body sunder'd at the Waist,  
Thy Father's Squire, *Achilles*, and his  
Care ;

Whom conquer'd in the *Dolopetan* War, 490  
Their King, his present Ruin to prevent,

A Pledge of Peace implor'd, to *Peleus* sent.  
Thy Sire, with grieving Eyes, beheld his  
Fate ;

And cry'd, Not long, lov'd *Crantor*, shalt  
thou wait

Thy vow'd Revenge. At once he said, and  
threw

His Ashen-Spear ; which quiver'd as it flew ;  
With all his Force and all his Soul apply'd ;

The sharp Point enter'd in the Centaur's  
Side :

Both Hands, to wrench it out, the Monster  
join'd ;

And wrench'd it out ; but left the Steel  
behind. 500

Stuck in his Lungs it stood : Inrag'd he  
rears

His Hoofs, and down to Ground thy Father  
bears.

Thus trampled under foot, his Shield defends  
His Head ; his other Hand the Lance  
protends.

Ev'n while he lay extended on the Dust,  
He sped the Centaur, with one single  
Thrust.

Two more his Lance before transfix'd from  
far ;

And two his Sword had slain in closer War.

504 protends] Some editors wrongly give  
protends

to these was added *Dorylas*: Who spread  
A Bull's two goring Horns around his  
Head. 510

With these he push'd; in Blood already  
dy'd:

Him, fearless, I approach'd; and thus  
defy'd:

Now, Monster, now, by Proof it shall  
appear,

Whether thy Horns are sharper or my Spear.  
At this, I threw: For want of other Ward,

He lifted up his Hand, his Front to guard.  
His Hand it pass'd: And fix'd it to his

Brow:  
Loud Shouts of ours attend the lucky Blow.

Him *Peleus* finish'd, with a second Wound,  
Which through the Navel pierc'd: He reel'd

around; 520  
And drag'd his dangling Bowels on the

Ground;  
Trode what he drag'd; and what he trod he

crush'd:  
And to his Mother-Earth, with empty Belly

rush'd.  
Nor cou'd thy Form, O *Cyllarus*, fore-

slow  
Thy Fate; (if Form to Monsters Men

allow:)  
Just bloom'd thy Beard, thy Beard of golden

Hew:  
Thy Locks in golden Waves, about thy

Shoulders flew.  
Sprightly thy Look: Thy Shapes in ev'ry

part  
So clean; as might instruct the Sculptor's

Art:  
As far as Man extended: Where began 530

The Beast, the Beast was equal to the Man.  
Add but a Horses Head and Neck; and he,

O *Castor*, was a Courser worthy thee.  
So was his Back proportion'd for the Seat;

So rose his brawny Chest; so swiftly mov'd  
his Feet.

Coal-black his Colour; but like Jet it shone;  
His Legs and flowing Tail were White alone.

Belov'd by many Maidens of his Kind,  
But fair *Hylonome* possess'd his Mind;

*Hylonome*, for Features, and for Face 540  
Excelling all the Nymphs of double Race:

Nor less her Blandishments, than Beauty  
move;

At once both loving, and confessing Love.  
For him she dress'd: For him with female

care  
She comb'd, and set in Curls, her auborn

Hair.  
Of Roses, Violets, and Lillies mix'd

And Sprigs of flowing Rosemary betwixt  
She form'd the Chaplet, that adorn'd her

Front:  
In Waters of the *Pagasaan* Fount,

And in the Streams that from the Fountain  
play, 550

She wash'd her Face; and bath'd her twice  
a Day.

The Scarf of Furs, that hung below her Side,  
Was Ermin, or the Panther's spotted Pride;

Spoils of no common Beast: With equal  
Flame

They lov'd: Their Sylvan Pleasures were the  
same:

All Day they hunted; And when Day expir'd,  
Together to some shady Cave retir'd:

Invited to the nuptials, both repair:  
And Side by Side, they both ingage in War.

Uncertain from what Hand, a flying Dart  
At *Cyllarus* was sent; which pierc'd his

Heart. 561  
The Javelin drawn from out the mortal

Wound,  
He faints with staggering Steps; and seeks

the Ground:  
The Fair within her Arms receiv'd his Fall,

And strove his wandring Spirits to recal:  
And while her Hand the streaming Blood

oppos'd,  
Join'd Face to Face, his Lips with hers

she clos'd  
Stiffled with Kisses, a sweet Death he dies;

She fills the Fields with undistinguish'd Cries:  
At least her Words were in her Clamour

drown'd; 570  
For my stunn'd Ears receiv'd no vocal Sound.

In madness of her Grief, she seiz'd the Dart  
New-drawn, and reeking from her Lover's

Heart;  
To her bare Bosom the sharp Point apply'd;

And wounded fell; and falling by his Side,  
Embrac'd him in her Arms; and thus

embracing, dy'd.

524 foreshow] *The English editors absurdly*  
give foreshow

526 Beard, thy] Beard. Thy 1700.

555 Sylvan] Sylvan 1700.

Ev'n still, methinks, I see *Phaocomes* :  
Strange was his Habit ; and as odd his  
Dress.

Six Lion's Hides, with Thongs together  
fast,

His upper part defended to his Waist ; 580  
And where Man ended, the continued Vest,  
Spread on his Back, the Houss and Trappings  
of a Beast

A Stump too heavy for a Team to draw,  
(It seems a Fable, tho' the Fact I saw ;)  
He threw at *Pholon* ; the descending Blow  
Divides the Skull, and cleaves his Head in  
two.

The Brains, from Nose and Mouth, and  
either Ear

Came issuing out, as through a Colendar  
The curdled Milk ; or from the Press the  
Whey

Driv'n down by Weights above, is drain'd  
away. 590

But him, while stooping down to spoil the  
Slain,

Pierc'd through the Paunch, I tumbled on  
the Plain.

Then *Chithonyus* and *Teleboas* I slew :  
A Fork the former arm'd ; a Dart his Fellow  
threw.

The Javelin wounded me ; (behold the Skar,)  
Then was my time to seek the *Trojan*  
War ;

Then I was *Hector's* Match in open Field ;  
But he was then unborn ; at least a Child ;  
Now, I am nothing. I forbear to tell

By *Periphantas* how *Pyretus* fell ; 600  
The Centaur by the Knight : Nor will I stay  
On *Amphyx*, or what Deaths he dealt that  
Day :

What Honour with a pointless Lance he  
won,

Stuck in the front of a four-footed Man ;  
What fame young *Macareus* obtain'd in  
Fight :

Or dwell on *Nessus*, now return'd from  
Flight ;

How Prophet *Mopsus* not alone devin'd,  
Whose Valour equall'd his foreseeing Mind.

Already *Cæneus*, with his conquering  
Hand,

Had slaughter'd five the boldest of their  
Band ; 610

*Pyrachus*, *Helymus*, *Antimachus*,  
*Bronnus* the Brave, and stronger *Stiphelus* ;

Their Names I number'd, and remember well,  
No Trace remaining, by what Wounds they  
fell.

*Latreus*, the bulkiest of the double Race,  
Whom the spoil'd Arms of slain *Halesus* grace,  
In Years retaining still his Youthful Might,  
Though his black Hairs were interspers'd  
with White,

Betwixt th' imbattled Ranks began to  
prance,

Proud of his Helm, and *Macedonian* Lance ;  
And rode the Ring around ; that either  
Hoast 621

Might hear him, while he made this empty  
Boast.

And from a Strumpet shall we suffer  
Shame,

For *Canis* still, not *Cæneus* is thy Name :  
And still the Native Softness of thy Kind  
Prevails ; and leaves the Woman in thy  
Mind ?

Remember what thou wert ; what price was  
paid

To change thy Sex : to make thee not a  
Maid ;

And but a Man in shew : go, Card and Spin ;  
And leave the Business of the War to Men.

While thus the Boaster exercis'd his  
Pride, 631

The fatal Spear of *Cæneus* reach'd his Side :  
Just in the mixture of the Kinds it ran ;

Betwixt the neather Beast, and upper Man :  
The Monster mad with Rage, and stung with  
Smart,

His Lance directed at the Hero's Heart :  
It strook : But bounded from his harden'd  
Breast,

Like Hail from Tiles, which the safe House  
invest.

Nor seem'd the Stroke with more effect to  
come,

Than a small Pebble falling on a Drum. 640  
He next his Fauchion try'd, in closer Fight ;  
But the keen Fauchion had no Pow'r to bite.

He thrust ; the blunted Point return'd  
again :

Since downright Blows, he cry'd, and  
Thrusts are vain,

I'll prove his Side : In strong Embraces held  
He prov'd his Side ; his Side the Sword  
repell'd :

634 Beast] Breast 1700.

His hollow Belly eccho'd to the Stroke,  
Untouch'd his Body, as a solid Rock;  
Amid' at his Neck at last, the Blade in  
Shivers broke.

Th' Impassive Knight stood Idle, to  
deride 650

His Rage, and offer'd off his naked Side.  
At length, Now Monster, in thy turn, he  
cry'd,

Try, thou the Strength of *Cæneus*: At the  
Word

He thrust; and in his Shoulder plung'd the  
Sword.

Then with'd his Hand; and as he drove it  
down,

Deep in his Breast, made many Wounds in  
one.

The Centaurs saw inrag'd, th' unhop'd  
Success;

And rushing on, in Crowds, together press;  
At him, and him alone, their Darts they  
threw:

Repuls'd they from his fated Body flew. 660  
Amaz'd they stood; till *Monychus* began,

O Shame, a Nation conquer'd by a Man!  
A Woman-Man; yet more a Man is He,

Than all our Race; and what He was, are  
We.

Now, what avail our Nerves? The united  
Force,

Of two the strongest Creatures, Man and  
Horse,

Nor Goddess-born. nor of *Ivion's* Seed  
We seem; (a Lover built for *Juno's* Bed;)

Master'd by this half Man. Whole Moun-  
tains throw 669

With Woods at once, and bury him below.  
This only way remains Nor need we doubt

To choak the Soul within; though not, to  
force it out.

Heap Weights, instead of Wounds: He  
chanc'd to see

Where Southern Storms had rooted up  
a Tree;

This, raised from Earth, against the Foe  
he threw;

Th' Example shewn, his Fellow-Brutes  
pursue

With Forest-loads the Warrior they in-  
vade;

*Othrys* and *Pelion* soon were void of Shade;  
And spreading Groves were naked Moun-  
tains made.

Press'd with the Burden, *Cæneus* pants for  
Breath; 680

And on his Shoulders bears the Wooden  
Death.

To heave th' intolerable Weight he tries;  
At length it rose above his Mouth and Eyes:

Yet still he heaves: And struggling with  
Despair,

Shakes all aside; and gains a gulp of Air:  
A short Relief, which but prolongs his Pain;

He faints by Fits; and then resumes again:  
At last, the Burden only nods above,

As when an Earthquake stirs th' *Idæan*  
Grove. 689

Doubtful his Death: He suffocated seem'd  
To most; but otherwise our *Mopsus* deem'd

Who said he saw a yellow Bird arise  
From out the Pile, and cleave the liquid

Skies:  
I saw it too, with golden feathers bright,

Nor e're before beheld so strange a Sight.  
Whom *Mopsus* viewing, as it soar'd around

Our Troop, and heard the Pinions rattling  
Sound,

All hail, he cry'd, thy Countries Grace and  
Love;

Once first of Men below; now first of Birds  
above.

Its Author to the Story gave Belief: 700  
For us, our Courage was increas'd by Grief:

Asham'd to see a single Man, pursu'd  
With Odds, to sink beneath a Multitude:

We push'd the Foe; and forc'd to shameful  
Flight,

Part fell; and part escap'd by favour of the  
Night.

This Tale, by *Nestor* told, did much dis-  
please

*Teipolemus*, the Seed of *Hercules*:  
For, often he had heard his Father say,

That he himself was present at the Fray;  
And more than shar'd the Glories of the

Day. 710  
Old Chronicle, he said, among the rest,

You might have nam'd *Alcides* at the least:  
Is he not worth your Praise? The *Pylian*

Prince  
Sigh'd ere he spoke; then made this proud  
Defence.

My former Woes, in long Oblivion drown'd  
I would have lost; but you renew the Wound:

704 Flight] Some editors absurdly give Fight

Better to pass him o'er, than to relate  
The Cause I have your mighty Sire to hate.  
His Fame has fill'd the World, and reach'd  
the Sky ;

(Which, Oh, I wish, with Truth, I cou'd  
deny !) 720

We praise not *Hector* ; though his name, we  
know,

Is great in Arms ; 'tis hard to praise a Foe.  
He, your Great Father, levell'd to the  
Ground

*Messenia's* Towers : Nor better Fortune  
found

*Elis*, and *Pylus* ; that a neighb'ring State  
And this my own : Both guiltless of their  
Fate.

To pass the rest, twelve wanting one, he  
slew,

My Brethren, who their Birth from *Neleus*  
drew.

All Youths of early Promise, had they liv'd ;  
By him they perish'd : I alone surviv'd. 730

The rest were easy Conquest : But the Fate  
Of *Peridymenos* is wondrous to relate.

To him our common Grandsire of the Main  
Had giv'n to change his Form, and chang'd,  
resume again.

Vary'd at Pleasure, every Shape he try'd ;  
And in all Beasts *Alcides* still defy'd :

Vanquish'd on Earth, at length he soar'd  
above :

Chang'd to the Bird, that bears the Bolt of  
*Jove*.

The new-dissembled Eagle, now endu'd  
With Beak and Pounces, *Hercules* pursu'd,

And cuff'd his manly Cheeks, and tore his  
Face ; 741

Then, safe retir'd, and tour'd in empty space,  
*Alcides* bore not long his flying Foe :

But bending his inevitable Bow,  
Reach'd him in Air, suspended as he stood :

And in his Pinion fix'd the feather'd Wood.  
Light was the Wound ; but in the Sinew

hung

The Point : and his disabled Wing unstrung.  
He wheel'd in Air, and stretch'd his Vans in

vain ; 749

His Vans no longer cou'd his Flight sustain :  
For while one gather'd Wind, one unsuppl'y'd

Hung drooping down : nor pois'd his other  
Side.

He fell : The Shaft that slightly was im-  
press'd,

Now from his heavy Fall with weight in-  
creas'd,

Drove through his Neck, aslant : he spurns  
the Ground,

And the Soul issues through the Weazon's  
Wound.

Now, brave Commander of the *Rhodian*  
Seas,

What Praise is due from me to *Hercules* ?  
Silence is all the Vengeance I decree

For my slain Brothers ; but 'tis Peace with  
thee. 760

Thus with a flowing Tongue old *Nestor*  
spoke :

Then, to full Bowls each other they provoke :  
At length, with Weariness, and Wine

oppress'd

They rise from Table : and withdraw to  
rest.

The Sire of *Cygnus*, Monarch of the Main, }  
Mean time, laments his Son, in Battle slain : {

And vows the Victor's Death ; nor vows }  
in vain.

For nine long Years the smother'd Pain he  
bore ;

(*Achilles* was not ripe for Fate, before :)  
Then when he saw the promis'd Hour was

near, 770

He thus bespoke the God, that guides the  
Year.

Immortal Offspring of my Brother *Jove* ;  
My brightest Nephew, and whom best I love,

Whose Hands were join'd with mine, to  
raise the Wall

Of tottering *Troy*, now nodding to her fall :  
Dost thou not mourn our Pow'r employ'd in

vain ;

And the Defenders of our City slain ?  
To press the rest, cou'd noble *Hector* lie

Unpit'y'd, drag'd around his Native *Troy* ?  
And yet the Murd'rer lives : Himself by far 780

A greater Plague, than all the wastful War :  
He lives : the proud *Pelides* lives to boast

Our Town destroy'd, our common Labour  
lost !

O, cou'd I meet him ! But I wish too late  
To prove my Trident is not in his Fate !

But let him try (for that's allow'd) thy Dart,  
And pierce his only penetrable Part.

*Apollo* bows to the superiour Throne  
And to his Uncle's Anger, adds his own.

<p>Then in a Cloud involv'd, he takes his Flight, 790 Where <i>Greeks</i> and <i>Trojans</i> mix'd in mortal Fight ; And found out <i>Paris</i>, lurking where he stood, And stain'd his Arrows with <i>Plebeian</i> Blood ; <i>Phæbus</i> to him alone the God confess'd, Then to the recreant Knight he thus address'd Dost thou not blush, to spend thy Shafts in vain On a degenerate, and ignoble Train ? If Fame, or better Vengeance be thy Care, There aim: And with one Arrow, end the war. He said; and shew'd from far the blazing Shield 800 And Sword, which but <i>Achilles</i> none cou'd wield ; And how he mov'd a God, and mow'd the standing Field. The Deity himself directs aright Th' invenom'd Shaft ; and 'wings the fatal Flight. Thus fell the foremost of the <i>Grecian</i> Name ; And He, the base Adult' rer, boasts the Fame. A Spectacle to glad the <i>Trojan</i> Train ; And please old <i>Priam</i>, after <i>Hector</i> slain. If by a Female Hand he had foreseen He was to die, his Wish had rather been The Lance and double Axe of the fair Warriour Queen. 811</p>	<p>And now, the Terror of the <i>Trojan</i> Field, The <i>Grecian</i> Honour, Ornament, and Shield, High on a Pile th' Unconquer'd Chief is plac'd : The God that arm'd him first, consum'd at last. Of all the Mighty Man, the small Remains A little Urn, and scarcely fill'd, contains. Yet great in <i>Homer</i>, still <i>Achilles</i> lives ; And equal to himself, himself survives. His Buckler owns its former Lord ; and brings 820 New cause of Strife betwixt contending Kings ; Who Worthiest after him, his Sword to wield, Or wear his Armour, or sustain his Shield. Ev'n <i>Diomedé</i> sat mute, with down-cast Eyes ; Conscious of wanted Worth to win the Prize : Nor <i>Menelas</i> presum'd these Arms to claim, Nor He the King of Men, a greater Name. Two Rivals only rose : <i>Lærtès</i> Son, And the vast Bulk of <i>Ajax Telamon</i> : The King, who cherish'd each, with equal Love, 830 And from himself all Envy wou'd remove, Left both to be determin'd by the Laws ; And to the <i>Grecian</i> Chiefs transferr'd the Cause.</p>
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THE | SPEECHES | OF | AJAX | AND | ULYSSES :

FROM | OVID'S METAMORPHOSES,

BOOK XIII

<p>THE Chiefs were set ; the Soldiers crown'd the Field : To these the Master of the sevenfold Shield Upstart'd fierce : And kindled with Disdain Eager to speak, unable to contain His boiling Rage, he rowl'd his Eyes around OVID'S METAMORPHOSES XII 826 <i>Menelas</i>] <i>The editors, regardless of scansion, wrongly</i> <i>give Menelaus</i> THE SPEECHES OF AJAX AND ULYSSES Text from the original edition of 1700 In l. 157 Dryden's spelling of 'Slight' for 'Sleight' has pro- duced in Warion's, Hooper's, and other editions the absurd reading 'Flight'. The original has several false stops.</p>	<p>The Shore, and <i>Grecian</i> Gallies hall'd a-ground. Then stretching out his Hands, O <i>Jove</i>, he cry'd, Must then our Cause before the Fleet be try'd ? And dares <i>Ulysses</i> for the Prize contend, In sight of what he durst not once defend ? 10 But Basely fled that memorable Day, When I from <i>Hector's</i> Hands redeem'd the flaming Prey. So much 'tis safer at the noisy Bar With Words to flourish than inage in War.</p>
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By different Methods we maintain our  
Right,

Nor am I made to Talk, nor he to Fight.

In bloody Fields I labour to be great ;

His Arms are a smooth Tongue, and soft  
deceit :

• Nor need I speak my Deeds, for those you  
see ;

The Sun and Day are Witnesses for me, 20

Let him who fights unseen relate his own.

And vouch the silent Stars, and conscious  
Moon ;

Great is the Prize demanded, I confess,

But such an abject Rival makes it less ;

That Gift, those Honours, he but hop'd to  
gain

Can leave no room for *Ajax* to be vain :

Losing he wins, because his Name will be

Enobled by Defeat, who durst contend with  
me.

Were my known Valour question'd, yet my  
Blood

Without that Plea wou'd make my Title  
good : 30

My Sire was *Telamon* whose Arms, employ'd

With *Hercules*, these *Trojan* Walls destroy'd ;

And who before, with *Jason*, sent from  
*Greece*,

In the first Ship brought home the Golden  
Fleece ;

Great *Telamon* from *Æacus* derives

His birth (th' Inquisitor of guilty Lives

In Shades below where *Sisyphus* whose Son

This Thief is thought rous'd up the restless  
heavy Stone.)

Just *Æacus* the King of Gods above

Begot : Thus *Ajax* is the third from *Jove*. 40

Nor shou'd I seek advantage from my  
Line,

Unless (*Achilles*) it were mix'd with thine :

As next of Kin *Achilles* Arms I claim ;

This Fellow wou'd ingraft a Foreign Name

Upon our Stock, and the *Sisyphian* Seed

By Fraud and Theft asserts his Father's  
Breed :

Then must I lose these Arms, because I came

To fight uncall'd, a voluntary Name,

Nor shun'd the Cause, but offer'd you my  
Aid,

While he long lurking was to War betray'd ?

Forc'd to the Field he came, but in the  
Reer ; 51

nd feign'd Distraction to conceal his Fear :

Till one more cunning caught him in the  
Snare ;

(Ill for himself) and drag'd him into War.

Now let a Hero's Arms a Coward vest,

And he who shun'd all Honours, gain the best :

And let me stand excluded from my Right

Rob'd of my Kinsman's Arms, who first  
appear'd in Fight.

Better for us at home had he remain'd

Had it been true, the Madness which he  
feign'd, 60

Or so believ'd ; the less had been our Shame,

The less his counsell'd Crime which brands  
the *Grecian* Name ;

Nor *Philoctetes* had been left inclos'd

In a bare Isle to Wants and Pains expos'd,

Where to the Rocks, with solitary Groans

His Suff'rings and our Baseness he bemoans :

And wishes (so may Heav'n his Wish  
fulfill)

The due Reward to him who caus'd his Ill.

Now he, with us to *Troy's* Destruction  
sworn

Our Brother of the War, by whom are  
borne 70

*Alcides* Arrows, pent in narrow Bounds

With Cold and Hunger pinch'd, and pain'd  
with Wounds.

To find him Food and Cloathing must  
employ

Against the Birds the Shafts due to the Fate  
of *Troy*.

Yet still he lives, and lives from Treason  
free,

Because he left *Ulysses* Company :

Poor *Palamede* might wish, so void of Aid,

Rather to have been left, than so to Death  
betray'd.

The Coward bore the Man immortal Spight,

Who sham'd him out of Madness into Fight :

Nor daring otherwise to vent his Hate 81

Accus'd him first of Treason to the State,

And then for Proof produc'd the golder  
Store,

Himself had hidden in his Tent before :

Thus of two Champions he depriv'd our  
Hoast,

By Exile one, and one by Treason lost.

Thus fights *Ulysses*, thus his Fame extends,

A formidable Man, but to his Friends

Great, for what Greatness is in Words and  
Sound :

Ev'n faithful *Nestor* less in both is found : 90

But that he might without a Rival reign,  
He left this faithful *Nestor* on the Plain;  
Forsook his Friend ev'n at his utmost Need,  
Who tir'd, and tardy with his wounded  
Steed

Cry'd out for Aid, and call'd him by his  
Name;

But Cowardice has neither Ears nor Shame:  
Thus fled the good old Man, bereft of Aid,  
And for as much as day in him, betray'd:

That this is not a Fable forg'd by me,  
Like one of his, an *Ulyssean* Lie, 100  
I vouch ev'n *Dionede*, who tho' his Friend  
Cannot that Act excuse, much less defend:  
He call'd him back aloud, and tax'd his  
Fear;

And sure enough he heard, but durst not  
hear.

The Gods with equal Eyes on Mortals  
look,

He justly was forsaken, who forsook:  
Wanted that Succour he refus'd to lend,  
Found ev'ry Fellow such another Friend:  
No wonder, if he roar'd that all might hear,  
His Elocution was increas'd by Fear: 110  
I heard, I ran, I found him out of Breath,  
Pale, trembling, and half dead, with Fear of  
Death.

Though he had judg'd himself by his own  
Laws,

And stood condemn'd, I help'd the common  
Cause:

With my broad Buckler hid him from the  
Foe;

(Ev'n the Shield trembled as he lay below,)  
And from impending Fate the Coward freed:  
Good Heav'n forgive me for so bad a Deed!  
If still he will persist, and urge the Strife,  
First let him give me back his forfeit  
Life: 120

Let him return to that opprobrious Field:  
Again creep under my protecting Shield:  
Let him be wounded, let the Foe be near,  
And let his quiv'ring Heart confess his Fear;  
There put him in the very Jaws of Fate;  
And let him plead his Cause in that Estate.  
And yet, when snatch'd from Death, when  
from below

My lifted Shield I loos'd, and let him go:  
Good Heav'n's, how light he rose, with what  
a bound

He sprung from Earth, forgetful of his  
Wound; 130

How fresh, how eager then his Feet to ply,  
Who had not Strength to stand, had Speed  
to fly!

*Hector* came on, and brought the Gods  
along;

Fear seiz'd alike the Feeble and the Strong:  
Each Greek was an *Ulysses*; such a Dread  
Th' approach, and e'en the sound of *Hector*  
bred:

Uim, flesh'd with Slaughter, and with  
Conquest crown'd,

I met, and over-turn'd him to the Ground.  
When after, matchless as he deem'd, in  
Might,

He challeng'd all our Host to single Fight;  
All Eyes were fix'd on me: The Lots were  
thrown; 141

But for your Champion I was wish'd alone:  
Your Vows were heard, we Fought and  
neither yield;

Yet I return'd unvanquish'd from the  
Field.

With *Jove* to friend th' insulting *Trojan*  
came,

And menac'd us with Force, our Fleet with  
Flame:

Was it the Strength of this Tongue-valiant  
Lord,

In that black Hour, that sav'd you from the  
Sword?

Or was my Breast expos'd alone, to brave  
A thousand Swords, a thousand Ships to  
save? 150

The hopes of your return! And can you  
yield,

For a sav'd Fleet, less than a single Shield?  
Think it no Boast, O *Grecians*, if I deem

These Arms want *Ajax*, more than *Ajax*  
them;

Or, I with them an equal Honour share;  
They honour'd to be worn, and I to wear.

Will he compare my Courage with his Slight?  
As well he may compare the Day with Night.

Night is indeed the Province of his Reign:  
Yet all his dark Exploits no more contain

Than a Spy taken, and a Sleeper slain; 161  
A Priest made Pris'ner, *Pallas* made a Prey

But none of all these Actions done by  
Day:

Nor ought of these was done, and *Diomed*  
away.

If on such petty Merits you confer  
so vast a Prize, let each his Portion share;

Make a just Dividend : and if not all,  
 The greater part to *Diomed* will fall.  
 But why for *Ithacus* such Arms as those,  
 Who naked and by Night invades his Foes ?  
 The glitt'ring Helm by Moonlight will  
 proclaim 171  
 The latent Robber, and prevent his Game :  
 Nor could he hold his tott'ring Head up-  
 right  
 Beneath that Motion, or sustain the Weight ;  
 Nor that right Arm cou'd toss the beamy  
 Lance ;  
 Much less the left that ampler Shield  
 advance ;  
 Pond'rous with precious Weight, and rough  
 with Cost  
 Of the round World in rising Gold emboss'd.  
 That Orb would ill become his Hand to wield,  
 And look as for the Gold he stole the Shield ;  
 Which shou'd your Error on the Wretch  
 bestow, 181  
 It would not frighten, but allure the Foe :  
 Why asks he, what avails him not in Fight,  
 And wou'd but cumber and retard his Flight,  
 In which his only Excellence is plac'd ?  
 You give him Death, that intercept his  
 last.  
 Add, that his own is yet a Maiden-Shield,  
 Nor the least Dint has suffer'd in the Field,  
 Guiltless of Fight : Mine batter'd, hew'd,  
 and bor'd,  
 Worn out of Service, must forsake his Lord.  
 What farther need of Words our Right to  
 scan ? 191  
 My Arguments are Deeds, let Action speak  
 the Man.  
 Since from a Champion's Arms the Strife  
 arose,  
 So cast the glorious Prize amid the Foes ;  
 Then send us to redeem both Arms and  
 Shield,  
 And let him wear who wins 'em in the Field.  
 He said : A Murmur from the Multitude,  
 Or somewhat like a stifled Shout, ensu'd :  
 Till from his Seat arose *Laertes* Son,  
 Look'd down awhile, and paus'd e'er he  
 begun ; 200  
 Then to th' expecting Audience rais'd his  
 Look,  
 And not without prepar'd Attention spoke :  
 Soft was his Tone, and sober was his Face ;  
 Action his Words, and Words his Action  
 grace.

If Heav'n, my Lords, had heard our  
 common Pray'r,  
 These Arms had caus'd no Quarrel for an  
 Heir ;  
 Still great *Achilles* had his own possess'd,  
 And we with great *Achilles* had been bless'd.  
 But since hard Fate, and Heav'n's severe  
 Decree,  
 Have ravish'd him away from you and me,  
 (At this he sigh'd, and wip'd his Eyes, and  
 drew, 211  
 Or seem'd to draw some Drops of kindly  
 Dew)  
 Who better can succeed *Achilles* lost,  
 Than he who gave *Achilles* to your Hoast ?  
 This only I request, that neither He  
 May gain, by being what he seems to be,  
 A stupid Thing, nor I may lose the Prize,  
 By having Sense, which Heav'n to him  
 denies :  
 Since, great or small, the Talent I enjoy'd  
 Was ever in the common Cause employ'd :  
 Nor let my Wit, and wonted Eloquence 221  
 Which often has been us'd in your Defence  
 And in my own, this only time be brought  
 To bear against my self, and deem'd a  
 Fault.  
 Make not a Crime, where Nature made it  
 none ;  
 For ev'ry Man may freely use his own.  
 The Deeds of long descended Ancestors  
 Are but by grace of Imputation ours,  
 Theirs in effect : but since he draws his  
 Line  
 From *Jove*, and seems to plead a Right  
 Divine, 236  
 From *Jove*, like him, I claim my Pedigree,  
 And am descended in the same degree :  
 My sire *Laertes* was *Arcesius* Heir,  
*Arcesius* was the Son of *Jupiter* :  
 No Paricide, no banish'd Man, is known  
 In all my Line : Let him excuse his own.  
*Hermes* ennobles too my Mother's Side,  
 By both my Parents to the Gods ally'd ;  
 But not because that on the Female Part  
 My Blood is better, dare I claim Desert, 241  
 Or that my Sire from Paricide is free,  
 But judge by Merit betwixt Him and Me :  
 The Prize be to the best ; provided yet,  
 That *Ajax* for awhile his Km forget,  
 And, his great Sire, and greater Uncle  
 Name,  
 To fortify by them his feeble Claim :

Be Kindred and Relation laid aside,  
And Honours Cause by Laws of Honour  
try'd;

For if he plead Proximity of Blood; 249  
That empty Title is with Ease withstood.  
*Peleus*, the Hero's Sire, more nigh than he,  
And *Pyrrhus*, his undoubted Progeny,  
Inherit first these Trophies of the Field;  
To *Seyros*, or to *Phthya*, send the Shield:  
And *Tencer* has an Uncle's Right; yet he  
Waves his Pretensions, nor contends with  
me.

Then since the Cause on pure Desert is  
plac'd,

Whence shall I take my Rise, what reckon  
last?

I not presume on ev'ry Act to dwell,  
But take these few, in order as they fell. 260

*Thetis*, who knew the Fates, apply'd her  
Care,

To keep *Achilles* in Disguise from War;  
And till the threat'ning Influence were past,  
A Woman's Habit on the Hero cast:

All Eyes were couzen'd by the borrow'd  
Vest,

And *Ajax* (never wiser than the rest)  
Found no *Pelides* there: At length I came  
With proffer'd Wares to this pretended  
Dame;

She not discover'd by her Mien or Voice, 269  
Betray'd her Manhood by her manly Choice;  
And while on Female ToysherFellows look,  
Grasp'd in her Warlike Hand, a Javelin  
shook;

Whom, by this Act reveal'd, I thus bespoke:  
O Goddess-born! resist not Heav'n's Decree,  
The Fall of *Ilium* is reserv'd for thee;  
Then seiz'd him, and, produc'd in open  
Light,

Sent blushing to the Field the fatal Knight.  
Mine then are all his Actions of the War:  
Great *Telephus* was conquer'd by my Spear,  
And after cur'd: To me the *Thebans* owe,  
*Lesbos* and *Tenedos*, their Overthrow; 280  
*Syros* and *Cylla*! Not on all to dwell,  
By me *Lyrnesus*, and strong *Chrysa* fell:  
And since I sent the Man who *Hector*  
slew,

To me the noble *Hector's* Death is due:  
Those Arms I put into his living Hand,  
Those Arms, *Pelides* dead, I now demand.

When *Greece* was injur'd in the *Spartan*  
Prince,

And met at *Aulis* to revenge th' Offence,  
'Twas a dead Calm, or adverse Blasts that  
reign'd,

And in the Port the Wind-bound Fleet  
detai'n'd: 290

Bad Signs were seen, and Oracles severe  
Were daily thunder'd in our General's Ear:  
That by his Daughter's Blood we must  
appease

*Diana's* kindled Wrath, and free the Seas.  
Affection, lat'rest, Fame, his Heart  
assail'd;

But soon the Father o'er the King prevail'd:  
Bold, on himself he took the pious Crime,  
As angry with the Gods, as they with him.  
No Subject cou'd sustain their Sov'rain's  
Look, 300

Till this hard Enterprize I undertook:  
I only durst th' Imperial Pow'r controul,  
And undermin'd the Parent in his Soul;  
Forc'd him t' exert the King for common  
Good,

And pay our Ransom with his Daughters  
Blood.

Never was Cause more difficult to plead,  
Than where the Judge against himself  
decreed:

Yet this I won by Dint of Argument;  
The Wrongs his injur'd Brother underwent, }  
And his own office sham'd him to consent. }  
'Twas harder yet to move the Mother's  
Mind, 311

And to this heavy Task was I design'd:  
Reasons against her Love I knew were vain:  
I circumvented whom I could not gain:  
Had *Ajar* been employ'd, our slacken'd  
Sails

Had still at *Aulis* waited happy Gales.  
Arriv'd at *Troy*, your Choice was fix'd on  
me,

A fearless Envoy, fit for a bold Embassy:  
Secure, I enter'd through the hostile Court,  
Glitt'ring with Steel, and crowded with  
Resort: 320

There, in the midst of Arms, I plead our  
Cause,

Urge the foul Rape, and violated Laws;  
Accuse the Foes, as Authors of the Strife,  
Reproach the Ravisher, demand the Wife -  
*Priam*, *Antenor*, and the wiser few,  
I mov'd; but *Paris* and his lawless Crew

Scarce held their Hands, and lifted Swords :  
 But stood  
 In Act to quench their Impious thirst of  
 Blood :  
 This *Menelaus* knows ; expos'd to share  
 With me the rough Preludium of the  
 War. 330  
 Endless it were to tell what I have done,  
 In Arms, or Council, since the Siege begun :  
 The first Encounters pass'd, the Foe  
 repell'd,  
 They skulk'd within the Town, we kept the  
 Field.  
 War seem'd asleep for nine long Years, at  
 length,  
 Both Sides resolv'd to push, we try'd our  
 Strength.  
 Now what did *Ajax* while our Arms took  
 Breath,  
 Vers'd only in the gross mechanick Trade of  
 Death ?  
 If you require my Deeds, with ambush'd  
 Arms  
 I trap'd the Foe, or tir'd with false Alarms ;  
 Secur'd the Ships, drew Lines along the  
 Plain, 341  
 The Fainting chear'd, chastis'd the Rebel-  
 train,  
 Provided Forage, our spent Arms renew'd ;  
 Employ'd at home, or sent abroad. the  
 common Cause pursu'd.  
 The King, deluded in a Dream by *Jove*,  
 Despair'd to take the Town, and order'd to  
 remove.  
 What Subject durst arraign the Pow'r  
 supreme,  
 Producing *Jove* to justify his Dream ?  
*Ajax* might wish the Soldiers to retain  
 From shameful Flight, but Wishes were in  
 vain : 350  
 As wanting of effect had been his Words,  
 Such as of course his thundering Tongue  
 affords.  
 But did this Boaster threaten, did he pray,  
 Or by his own Example urge their stay ?  
 None, none of these, but ran himself away.  
 I saw him run, and was asham'd to see :  
 Who ply'd his Feet so fast to get aboard as  
 He ?  
 Then speeding through the Place, I made  
 a stand,  
 And loudly cry'd, O base degen'rate Band,  
 To leave a Town already in your Hand ! 360

After so long expence of Blood, for Fame,  
 To bring home nothing but perpetual  
 Shams !  
 These Words, or what I have forgotten  
 since,  
 (For Grief inspir'd me then with Eloquence)  
 Reduc'd their Minds, they leave the crowded  
 Port,  
 And to their late forsaken Camp resort ;  
 Dismay'd the Council met : This Man was  
 there,  
 But waste, and not recover'd of his Fear.  
*Thersites* tad'd the King, and loudly rail'd.  
 But his wide opening Mouth with Blows  
 I seal'd. 370  
 Then, rising, I excite their Souls to Fame,  
 And kindle sleeping Virtue into Flame.  
 From thence, whatever he perform'd in  
 Fight  
 Is justly mine, who drew him back from  
 Flight.  
 Which of the *Grecian* Chiefs consorts with  
 Thee ?  
 But *Diomedes* desires my Company,  
 And still communicates his Praise with me.  
 As guided by a God, secure he goes,  
 Arm'd with my Fellowship amid the Foes :  
 And sure no little Merit I may boast, 380  
 Whom such a Man selects from such an  
 Host :  
 Unforc'd by Lots I went without Afright,  
 To dare with him the Dangers of the  
 Night :  
 On the same Errand sent, we met the Spy  
 Of *Hector*, double tongu'd, and us'd to lie ;  
 Him I dispatch'd, but not till undermin'd  
 I drew him first to tell what treacherous  
*Troy* design'd :  
 My Task perform'd, with Praise I had retir'd.  
 But not content with this, to greater Praise  
 aspir'd :  
 Invaded *Rhasus*, and his *Thracian* Crew.  
 And him, and his, in their own Strength.  
 I slew : 391  
 Return'd a Victor, all my Vows compleat.  
 With the King's Chariot, in his Royal Seat :  
 Refuse me now his Arms, whose fiery  
 Steeds  
 Were promis'd to the Spy for his Nocturnal  
 Deeds :  
 And let dull *Ajax* bear away my Night.  
 When all his Days out-balance this one  
 Night.

Nor fought I darkling still: The Sun  
 beheld  
 With slaughter'd *Lycians* when I strew'd the  
 Field:  
 You saw, and counted as I pass'd along, 400  
*Alastor, Cronyus, Ceranos* the Strong,  
*Alcander, Prytanis, and Halius,*  
*Noemon, Charopes, and Ennomus,*  
*Choon, Chersidamas;* and five beside  
 Men of obscure Descent, but Courage try'd:  
 All these this Hand laid breathless on the  
 Ground;  
 Nor want I Proofs of many a manly Wound:  
 All honest, all before: Believe not me;  
 Words may deceive, but credit what you see.  
 At this he bar'd his Breast, and show'd  
 his Scars, 410  
 As of a furrow'd Field, well plough'd with  
 Wars;  
 Nor is this Part unexercis'd, said he;  
 That Gyant-bulk of his from Wounds is  
 free:  
 Safe in his Shield he fears no Foe to try,  
 And better manages his Blood than I:  
 But this avails me not; our Boaster strove  
 Not with our Foes alone, but partial *Jove*,  
 To save the Fleet: This I confess is true,  
 (Nor will I take from any Man his Due:)  
 But thus assuming all, he robs from you 420  
 Some part of Honour to your share will  
 fall,  
 He did the best indeed, but did not all.  
*Patroclus* in *Achilles* Arms, and thought  
 The Chief he seem'd, with equal Ardour  
 fought;  
 Preserv'd the Fleet, repell'd the raging Fire,  
 And forc'd the fearful *Trojans* to retire.  
 But *Ajax* boasts, that he was only thought  
 A Match for *Hector*, who the Combat sought:  
 Sure he forgets the King, the Chiefs, and  
 Me;  
 All were as eager for the Fight as He: 430  
 He but the ninth, and, not by publick  
 Voice,  
 Or ours preferr'd, was only Fortunes Choice:  
 They fought, nor can our Hero boast the  
 Event,  
 For *Hector* from the Field unwounded went  
 Why am I forc'd to name that fatal Day,  
 That snatch'd the Prop and Pride of *Greece*  
 away?

I saw *Pelides* sink, with pious Grief,  
 And ran in vain, alas, to his Relief;  
 For the brave Soul was fled: Full of my  
 Friend,  
 I rush'd amid the War, his Relicks to  
 defend. 440  
 Nor ceas'd my Toil till I redeem'd the Prey,  
 And loaded with *Achilles*, march'd away:  
 Those Arms, which on these Shoulders then  
 I bore,  
 'Tis just you to these Shoulders should  
 restore.  
 You see I want not Nerves, who cou'd sus-  
 tain  
 The pond'rous Ruins of so great a Man:  
 Or if in others equal Force you find,  
 None is endu'd with a more grateful Mind.  
 Did *Thetis* then, ambitious in her Care,  
 These Arms thus labour'd for her Son  
 prepare; 450  
 That *Ajax* after him the heav'nly gift  
 should wear?  
 For that dull Soul to stare, with stupid  
 Eyes,  
 On the learn'd unintelligible Prize!  
 What are to him the Sculptures of the  
 Shield,  
 Heav'n's Planets, Earth, and Oceans  
 watry Field?  
 The *Pleiads*, *Hyads*; less, and greater Bear,  
 Undipp'd in Seas; *Orion's* angry Star;  
 Two diff'ring Cities, grav'd on either Hand?  
 Would he wear Arms he cannot understand?  
 Beside, what wise Objections he prepares  
 Against my late Accession to the Wars? 461  
 Does not the Fool perceive his Argument  
 Is with more force against *Achilles* bent?  
 For, if Dissembling be so great a Crime,  
 The Fault is common, and the same in him:  
 And if he takes both of long delay,  
 My Guilt is less, who sooner came away.  
 His pious Mother anxious for his Life,  
 Detam'd her Son, and me, my pious Wife.  
 To them the Blossoms of our Youth were  
 due: 470  
 Our riper Manhood we reserv'd for you.  
 But grant me guilty, 'tis not much my care,  
 When with so great a Man my Guilt I share:  
 My Wit to War the matchless Hero brought,  
 But by this Fool I never had been caught.  
 Nor need I wonder, that on me he threw  
 Such foul Aspersions, when he spares not  
 you:

If *Palamede* unjustly fell by me,  
Your Honour suffer'd in th' unjust Decree :  
I but accus'd, you doom'd : And yet he  
dy'd, 480  
Convinc'd of Treason, and was fairly try'd :  
You heard not he was false ; your Eyes  
beheld

The Traitor manifest ; the Bribe reveal'd.

That *Philoctetes* is on *Lemnos* left,  
Wounded, forlorn, of human Aid bereft,  
Is not my Crime, or not my Crime alone ;  
Defend your Justice, for the Fact's your  
own :

'Tis true, th' Advice was mine: that staying  
there

He might his weary Limbs with rest  
repair,

From a long Voyage free, and from a longer  
War. 490

He took the Counsel, and he lives at least ;  
Th' Event declares I counsell'd for the best :  
Though Faith is all in Ministers of State ;  
For who can promise to be fortunate ?

Now since his Arrows are the Fate of *Troy*,  
Do not my Wit, or weak Address, employ ;  
Send *Ajax* there, with his persuasive Sense  
To mollify the Man, and draw him thence :  
But *Xanthus* shall run backward ; *Ida* stand  
A leafless Mountain ; and the *Grecian*  
Band 500

Shall fight for *Troy* ; if when my Counsels  
fail,

The Wit of heavy *Ajax* can prevail.

Hard *Philoctetes*, exercise thy Spleen,  
Against thy Fellows, and the King of Men ;  
Curse my devoted Head, above the rest,  
And wish in Arms to meet me Breast to  
Breast :

Yet I the dang'rous Task will undertake  
And either die my self, or bring thee back.

Nor doubt the same Success, as when  
before

The *Phrygian* Prophet to these Tents I bore,  
Surpris'd by Night, and forc'd him to  
declare 511

In what was plac'd the fortune of the War ;  
Heav'ns dark Decrees, and Answers to  
display.

And how to take the Town, and where the  
Secret lay :

Yet this I compass'd, and from *Troy* con-  
vey'd

The fatal Image of their Guardian-Maid ;

That Work was mine ; for *Pallas*, though our  
Friend,

Yet while she was in *Troy*, did *Troy* defend.  
Now what has *Ajax* done, or what design'd,

A noisy Nothing, and an empty Wind ? 520  
If he be what he promises in Show,

Why was I sent, and why fear'd he to go  
Our boasting Champion thought the Task  
not light

To pass the Guards, commit himself to  
Night ;

Not only through a hostile Town to pass,  
But scale, with steep Ascent, the sacred  
Place ;

With wand'ring Steps to search the Cittadel,  
And from the Priests their Patroness to  
steal :

Then through surrounding Foes to force my  
way,

And bear in Triumph home the heav'nly  
Prey ; 530

Which had I not, *Ajax* in vain had held,  
Before that monst'rous Bulk, his sev'nfold  
Shield

That Night to conquer *Troy* I might be said  
When *Troy* was liable to Conquest made.

Why point'st thou to my Partner of the  
War ?

*Tyides* had indeed a worthy share  
In all my Toil, and Praise ; but when thy  
Might

Our Ships protected, didst thou singly fight ?  
All join'd, and thou of many wert but one ;  
I ask'd no Friend, nor had, but him  
alone ; 540

Who, had he not been well assur'd, that Art  
And Conduct were of War the better part,  
And more avail'd than Strength, my valiant  
Friend

Had urg'd a better Right, than *Ajax* can  
pretend :

As good at least *Euripylus* may claim,  
And the more moderate *Ajax* of the Name ;  
The *Cretan* King, and his brave Charioteer,  
And *Menelaus* bold with Sword and Spear ;  
All these had been my Rivals in the Shield,  
And yet all these to my Pretensions yield  
Thy boist'rous Hands are then of Use,  
when I 551

With this directing Head those Hands apply.  
Brawn without Brain is thine : My prudent  
Care

Foresees, provides, administers the War :

Thy Province is to Fight ; but when shall he  
The time to Fight, the King consults with  
me :

No dram of Judgment with thy force is  
join'd ;

Thy Body is of Profit, and my Mind.

By how much more the Ship her Safety  
owes

To him who steers, than him that only  
rows, 560

By how much more the Captain's merits  
Praise

Than he who Fights, and Fighting but  
obeys ;

By so much greater is my Worth than  
thine,

Who canst but execute what I design.

What gain'st thou brutal Man, if I confess

Thy Strength superiour, when thy Wit is  
less ?

Mind is the Man : I claim my whole  
Desert

From the Mind's Vigour, and th' immortal  
part.

But you, O *Grecian* Chiefs, reward my  
Care,

Be grateful to your Watchman of the  
War : 570

For all my Labours in so long a space,

Sure I may plead a Title to your Grace :

Enter the Town ; I then unbarr'd the  
Gates,

When I remov'd their tutelary Fates.

By all our common hopes, if hopes they be

Which I have now reduc'd to Certainty,

By falling *Troy*, by yonder tott'ring Towers,

And by their taken Gods, which now are  
ours ;

Or if there yet a farther Task remains,

To be perform'd by Prudence or by  
Pains ; 580

If yet some desperate Action rests behind,

That asks high Conduct, and a dauntless  
Mind :

If ought be wanting to the *Trojan* Doom,

Which none but I can manage and o'er-  
come,

Award those Arms I ask, by your Decree :  
Or give to this what you refuse to me.

He ceas'd. And ceasing with Respect he  
bow'd,

And with his Hand at once the fatal Statue  
show'd

Heav'n, Air and Ocean rung, with loud  
Applause,

And by the general Vote he gain'd his  
Cause. 590

Thus Conduct won the Prize, when Courage  
fail'd,

And Eloquence o'er brutal Force prevail'd.

### *The Death of Ajax.*

He who cou'd often, and alone withstand  
The Foe, the Fire, and *Jove's* own partial

Hand,

Now cannot his unmaster'd Grief sustain,  
But yields to Rage, to Madness, and Disdain ;

Then snatching out his Fauchion, Thou,  
said He,

Art mine ; *Ulysses* lays no claim to Thee.

O often try'd, and ever trusty Sword,

Now do thy last kind Office to thy  
Lord : 600

'Tis *Ajax*, who requests thy Aid, to show  
None but himself, himself cou'd overthrow :

He said, and with so good a Will to die

Did to his Breast the fatal Point apply,

It found his Heart, a way till then  
unknown,

Where never Weapon enter'd but his own.

No Hands cou'd force it thence, so fix'd it  
stood,

Till out it rush'd, expell'd by Streams of  
spouting Blood.

The fruitful Blood produc'd a Flow'r, which  
grew

On a green Stem ; and of a Purple Hue :

Like his, whom unaware *Apollo* slew : 611

Inscrib'd in both, the Letters are the same,

But those express the Grief, and these the  
Name

THE DEATH OF AJAX Text from the original  
edition of 1700



## THE FABLE | OF | ACIS, | POLYPHEMUS, | AND | GALATEA

FROM THE | THIRTEENTH BOOK OF 'THE METAMORPHOSES.

*GALATEA relates the Story.*

*Acis*, the Lovely Youth, whose loss I mourn,  
From *Faunus* and the Nymph *Symethus* born,  
Was both his Parents pleasure : but to me  
Was all that Love cou'd make a Lover be.  
The Gods our Minds in mutual Bands did  
joyn :

I was his only Joy, and he was mine.  
Now sixteen Summers the sweet Youth had  
seen ;  
And doubtful Down began to shade his  
Chin :

When *Polyphemus* first disturb'd our Joy,  
And lov'd me fiercely, as I lov'd the Boy. 10  
Ask not which passion in my Soul was  
high'r,

My last Aversion, or my first Desire :  
Nor this the greater was, nor that the less ;  
Both were alike ; for both were in excess.  
Thee, *Venus*, thee both Heav'n and Earth  
obey ;  
Immense thy Pow'r, and boundless is thy  
Sway.

The *Cyclops*, who defid'd th' Æthereal Throne,  
And thought no Thunder louder than his own,  
The terrour of the Woods, and wilder far  
Than Wolves in Plains, or Bears in Forrests  
are, 20

Th' Inhumane Host, who made his bloody  
Feasts

On mangl'd Members of his butcher'd  
Guests,

Yet felt the force of Love, and fierce Desire,  
And burnt for me, with unrelenting Fire :  
Forgot his Caverns, and his woolly care, }  
Assum'd the softness of a Lover's Air ; }  
And comb'd, with Teeth of Rakes, his }  
rugged hair. }

Now with a crooked Sythe his Beard he  
sleeks ;

And mows the stubborn Stubble of his  
Cheeks :

Now, in the Crystal Stream he looks, to  
try 30

His Simagres, and rowls his glaring eye.

His Cruelty and thirst of Blood are lost ;  
And Ships securely sail along the Coast.

The Prophet *Telemus* (arriv'd by chance  
Where *Ætna's* Summits to the Seas  
advance,

Who mark'd the Tracts of every Bird that  
flew,

And sure Presages from their flying drew)  
Foretold the *Cyclops*, that *Ulysses* hand  
In his broad eye shou'd thrust a flaming  
Brand.

The Giant, with a scornful grin, reply'd, 40  
Vain Augur, thou hast falsely prophesi'd ;  
Already Love his flaming Brand has tost ;  
Looking on two fair Eyes, my sight I lost.  
Thus, warn'd in vain, with stalking pace  
he strode,

And stamp'd the Margine of the briny Flood  
With heavy steps ; and weary, sought agen  
The cool Retirement of his gloomy Den.

A Promontory, sharp'ning by degrees,  
Ends in a Wedge, and over-looks the Seas :  
On either side, below, the water flows : 50  
This airy walk the Giant Lover chose.  
Here, on the midst he sate ; his Flocks,  
unled,

Their Shepherd follow'd, and securely fed.

A Pine so burly, and of length so vast,  
That sailing Ships requir'd it for a Mast,  
He wielded for a Staff ; his steps to guide :  
But laid it by, his Whistle while he try'd.

A hundred Reeds, of a prodigious growth,  
Scafee made a Pipe proportion'd to his  
mouth :

Which, when he gave it wind, the Rocks  
around, 60

And watry Plains, the dreadful hiss resound.  
I heard the Ruffian-Shepherd rudely blow,  
Where, in a hollow Cave, I sat below ;  
On *Acis* bosom I my head reclin'd :

And still preserve the Poem in my mind.

Oh lovely *Galatea*, whiter far  
Than falling Snows, and rising Lillies are ;  
More flowry than the Meads, as Crystal  
bright ;

Erect as Alders, and of equal heigh' :

More wanton than a Kid, more sleek thy  
Skin 70  
Than Orient Shells, that on the Shores are  
seen :

Than Apples fairer, when the boughs they  
lade ,

Pleasing, as Winter Suns or Summer Shade :  
More grateful to the sight, than goodly  
Planes ;

And softer to the touch, than down of  
Swans,

Or Curds new turn'd ; and sweeter to the  
taste

Than swelling Grapes, that to the Vintage  
haste :

More clear than Ice, or running Streams,  
that stray

Through Garden Plots, but ah more swift  
than they.

Yet, *Galatea*, harder to be broke 80  
Than Bullocks, unreclaim'd to bear the  
Yoke,

And far more stubborn than the knotted  
Oak :

Like sliding Streams, impossible to hold ;  
Like them fallacious ; like their Fountains,  
cold :

More warping than the Willow, to decline  
My warm Embrace, more brittle than the  
Vine ;

Immoveable, and fixt in thy disdain ;  
Rough, as these Rocks, and of a harder  
grain.

More violent than is the rising Flood :  
And the prais'd Peacock is not half so  
proud. 90

Fierce as the Fire, and sharp as Thistles are ;  
And more outrageous than a Mother-Bear :

Deaf as the billows to the Vows I make ;  
And more revengeful, than a trodden Snake.

In swiftness fleetier than the flying Hind,  
Or driven Tempests, or the driving Wind.

All other faults with patience I can bear ;  
But swiftness is the Vice I only fear.

Yet, if you knew me well, you wou'd not  
shun

My Love, but to my wish'd Embraces run -  
Wou'd languish in your turn, and court my  
stay ; 101

And much repent of your unwise delay.

My Palace, in the living Rock, is made  
By Nature's hand ; a spacious pleasing  
Shade ;

Which neither heat can pierce, nor cold  
invade. 110

My Garden fill'd with Fruits you may behold,  
And Grapes in clusters, imitating Gold ,

Some blushing Bunches of a purple hue :  
And these, and those, are all reserv'd for you.

Red Strawberries, in shades, expecting  
stand, 110

Proud to be gather'd by so white a hand.  
*Autumnal* Cornels latter Fruit provide,

And Plumbs, to tempt you, turn their  
glossy side

Not those of common kinds ; but such alone  
As in *Phaasian* Orchards might have grown :

Nor Chestnuts shall be wanting to your  
Food,

Nor Garden-fruits, nor Wildings of the Wood ;  
The laden Boughs for you alone shall bear ;

And yours shall be the product of the Year.  
The Flocks you see, are all my own ;

beside 120  
The rest that Woods and winding Vallies  
hide ;

And those that fold'd in the Caves abide  
Ask not the numbers of my growing Store ;

Who knows how many, knows he has no  
more.

Nor will I praise my Cattel ; trust not me,  
But judge your self, and pass your own  
decree :

Behold their swelling Dugs ; the sweepy  
weight

Of Ews that sink beneath the Milky freight ;  
In the warm Folds their tender Lambskins  
lye ;

Apart from Kids, that call with humane cry.  
New Milk in Nut-brown Bowls is duely  
serv'd 131

For daily Drink ; the rest for Cheese  
reserv'd.

Nor are these House-hold Dainties all my  
Store :

The Fields and Forrests will afford us more ;  
The Deer, the Hare, the Goat, the Salvage  
Boar.

All sorts of Ven'son ; and of Birds the best ;  
A pair of Turtles taken from the Nest.

74 Planes] The editors all absurdly give  
Plains

120 The Flocks you see, are] Most editors  
wrongly print The Flocks, you see, are

I walk'd the Mountains, and two Cubs  
I found,  
(Whose dam had left 'em on the naked  
ground.) 139

So like, that no distinction cou'd be seen ;  
So pretty, they were Presents for a Queen ;  
And so they shall ; I took 'em both away ;  
And keep, to be Companions of your Play.

Oh raise, fair Nymph, your Beauteous  
Face above  
The Waves ; nor scorn my Presents, and my  
Love.

Come, *Galatea*, come, and view my face ;  
I late beheld it, in the watry Glass ;  
And found it lovelier than I fear'd it was.  
Survey my tawring Stature, and my Size :  
Not *Jove*, the *Jove* you dream, that rules the  
Skies 150

Bears such a bulk, or is so largely spread :  
My Locks (the plenteous Harvest of my  
head)

Hang o're my Manly Face ; and dangling  
down,

As with a shady Grove, my shoulders crown.  
Nor think, because my limbs and body bear  
A thickset underwood of bristling hair,  
My shape deform'd : what fouler sight can  
be,

Than the bald Branches of a leafless Tree ?  
Foul is the Steed, without a flowing Main :  
And Birds, without their Feathers, and their  
Train. 160

Wool decks the Sheep ; and Man receives  
a Grace

From bushy Limbs, and from a bearded  
Face.

My forehead with a single eye is fill'd,  
Round as a Ball, and ample as a Shield.  
The Glorious Lamp of Heav'n, the Radiant  
Sun,

Is Nature's eye ; and is content with one.  
Add, that my Father sways your Seas, and I  
Like you am of the watry Family.

I make you his, in making you my own ;  
You I adore ; and kneel to you alone : 170  
*Jove*, with his Fabled Thunder, I despise,  
And only fear the lightning of your eyes.  
Frown not, fair Nymph ; yet I cou'd bear to  
be

Disdain'd, if others were disdain'd with me.

But to repulse the *Cyclops*, and prefer  
The Love of *Acis*, (Heav'n's) I cannot bear.  
But let the Stripling please himself ; nay  
more,

Please you, tho' that's the thing I most  
abhor ;

The Boy shall find, if e're we cope in Fight  
These Giant Limbs endu'd with Giant  
Might. 180

His living Bowels, from his Belly torn,  
And scatter'd Limbs, shall on the Flood be  
born :

Thy Flood, ungrateful Nymph, and fate  
shall find

That way for thee and *Acis* to be joyn'd.  
For oh I burn with Love, and thy Disdain  
Augments at once my Passion and my pain  
Translated *Aëna* flames within my Heart,  
And thou, Inhumane, wilt not ease my  
smart.

Lamenting thus in vain, he rose, and  
strode 185

With furious paces to the Neighb'ring Wood  
Restless his feet, distracted was his walk ;  
Mad were his motions, and confus'd his  
talk.

Mad as the vanquish'd Bull, when forc'd to  
Yield

His lovely Mistress, and forsake the Field.  
Thus far unseen I saw : when, fatal  
chance

His looks directing, with a sudden glance,  
*Acis* and I were to his sight betray'd ;  
Where, nought suspecting, we securely  
play'd.

From his wide mouth a bellowing cry he  
cast ;

I see, I see, but this shall be your last. 200  
A roar so loud made *Aëna* to rebound ;  
And all the *Cyclops* labour'd in the sound.  
Affrighted with his monstrous Voice, I fled  
And in the Neighb'ring Ocean plung'd my  
head.

Poor *Acis* turn'd his back, and, help, he cried  
Help, *Galatea*, help, my Parent Gods,  
And take me dying to your deep Abodes.  
The *Cyclops* follow'd : but he sent before  
A Rib, which from the living Rock he tore  
Though but an Angle reach'd him of the  
Stone, 210

The mighty Fragment was enough alone  
To crush all *Acis* ; 'twas too late to save,  
But what the Fates allow'd to give, I gave

166 is] The editors, who may here be right,  
give she's



What shou'd he do? 'Twas Death to go  
away;

And the God menac'd if he dar'd to stay:  
All Day he doubted, and, when Night came  
on,

Sleep, and the same forewarning Dream  
begun:

Once more the God stood threatning o'er  
his head;

With added Curses if he disobey'd. 40  
Twice warn'd, he study'd Flight; but  
wou'd convey,

At once his Person, and his Wealth away.  
Thus while he linger'd, his Design was heard;  
A speedy Process form'd, and Death  
declar'd.

Witness there needed none of his Offence,  
Against himself the Wretch was Evidence:  
Condemn'd, and destitute of human Aid,  
To him, for whom he suffer'd, thus he pray'd.

O Pow'r, who hast deserv'd in Heav'n  
a Throne,

Not giv'n, but by thy Labours made thy  
own, 50

Pity thy Suppliant, and protect his Cause,  
Whom thou hast made obnoxious to the  
Laws.

A Custom was of old, and still remains,  
Which Life or Death by Suffrages ordains;  
White Stones and Black within an Urn are  
cast,

The first absolve, but Fate is in the last.  
The Judges to the common Urn bequeath  
Their Votes, and drop the Sable Signs of  
Death;

The Box receives all Black; but pour'd  
from thence

The Stones came candid forth, the Hue of  
Innocence. 60

Thus *Alemonides* his Safety won,  
Preserv'd from Death by *Alcumena's* Son:  
Then to his Kinsman-God his Vows he pays,  
And cuts with prosp'rous Gales th' *Ionian*  
Seas;

He leaves *Tarentum*, favour'd by the Wind,  
And *Thurine* Bays, and *Tenises*, behind;  
Soft *Sybaris*, and all the Capes that stand  
Along the Shore, he makes in sight of Land:  
Still doubling, and still coasting, till he  
found 69

The Mouth of *Æsaris*, and promis'd Ground,

Then saw where, on the Margin of the  
Flood,

The Tomb that held the Bones of *Croton*  
stopt:

Here, by the God's Command, he built and  
wall'd

The Place predicted; and *Crotona* call'd  
Thus Fame, from time to time, delivers  
down

The sure Tradition of th' *Iulian* Town.  
Here dwelt the Man divine whom *Samos*  
bore,

But now Self-banish'd from his Native  
Shore,

Because he hated Tyrants, nor cou'd bear  
The Chains which none but servile Souls will  
wear: 80

He, tho' from Heav'n remote, to Heav'n  
could move,

With Strength of Mind, and tread th' Abyss  
above;

And penetrate with his interior Light  
Those upper Depths, which Nature hid from  
Sight:

And what he had observ'd, and learnt from  
thence,

Lov'd in familiar Language to dispence.  
The Crowd with silent Admiration stand,  
And heard him, as they heard their God's  
Command;

While he discours'd of Heav'n's mysterious  
Laws,

The World's Original, and Nature's Cause;  
And what was God, and why the fleecy  
Snows 91

In silence fell, and rattling Winds arose;  
What shook the stedfast Earth, and whence  
began

The Dance of Planets round the radiant  
Sun;

If Thunder was the Voice of angry *Jove*.  
Or Clouds with Nitre pregnant burst above:  
Of these, and Things beyond the common  
Reach,

He spoke, and charm'd his Audience with his  
Speech.

He first the tast of Flesh from Tables  
drove,

And argued well, if Arguments cou'd  
move. 100

O Mortals! from your Fellow's Blood  
abstain,

Nor taint your Bodies with a Food profane;

While Corn and Pulse by Nature are be-  
 • stow'd,  
 And planted Orchards bend their willing  
 Load;  
 While labour'd Gardens wholesom Herbs  
 produce,  
 And teeming Vines afford their generous  
 Juice:  
 Nor iardier Fruits of cruder Kind are lost,  
 But tam'd with Fire, or mellow'd by the  
 Frost:  
 While Kine to Pails distended Udders bring,  
 And Bees their Honey redolent of Spring:  
 While Earth not only can your Needs  
 supply. 111  
 But lavish of her Store, provides for Luxury,  
 A guiltless Feast administers with Ease,  
 And without Blood is prodigal to please.  
 Wild Beasts their Maws with their slain  
 Brethren fill;  
 And yet not all, for some refuse to kill:  
 Sheep, Goats, and Oxen, and the nobler  
 Steed,  
 On Browz and Corn, and flow'ry Meadows  
 feed.  
 Bears, Tygers, Wolves, the Lion's angry  
 Brood,  
 Whom Heaven endu'd with Principles of  
 Blood, 120  
 He wisely sundred from the rest, to yell  
 In Forests, and in lonely Caves to dwell,  
 Where stronger Beasts oppress the weak  
 by Might  
 And all in Prey, and Purple Feasts delight.  
 O impious use! to Nature's Laws  
 oppos'd,  
 Where Bowels are in other Bowels clos'd  
 Where, fatten'd by their Fellow's Fat, they  
 thrive;  
 Maintain'd by Murder, and by Death they  
 live.  
 'Tis then for nought that Mother Earth  
 provides  
 The Stores of all she shows, and all she  
 hides, 130  
 If Men with fleshy Morsels must be fed,  
 And chaw with bloody Teeth the breathing  
 Bread:  
 What else is this but to devour our Guests,  
 And barbarously renew *Cyclopean Feasts*!

We, by destroying Life, our Life sustain;  
 And gorge th' ungodly Maw with Meats  
 obscene.

Not so the Golden Age, who fed on Fruit,  
 Nor durst with bloody Meals their Mouths  
 pollute.

Then Birds in airy space might safely move,  
 And timorous Hares on Heaths securely  
 rove: 140

Nor needed Fish the guleful Hooks to fear,  
 For all was peaceful; and that Peace  
 sincere.

Whoever was the Wretch (and curs'd be He)  
 That envy'd first our Food's simplicity;  
 Th' essay of bloody Feasts on Bruits  
 began,

And after forg'd the Sword to murder Man.  
 Had he the sharpen'd Steel alone employ'd  
 On Beasts of Prey that other Beasts  
 destroy'd,

Or Men invaded with their Fangs and  
 Paws,

This had been justify'd by Nature's Laws,  
 And Self-defence: But who did Feasts  
 begin 151

Of Flesh, he stretch'd Necessity to Sin.  
 To kill Man-killers, Man has lawful Pow'r,  
 But not th' extended License, to devour.

All Habits gather by unseen degrees,  
 As Brooks make Rivers, Rivers run to Seas.  
 The Sow, with her broad Snout for rooting  
 up

Th' intrusted Seed, was judg'd to spoil the  
 Crop,

And intercept the sweating Farmer's hope:  
 The cov'tous Churl, of unforgiving kind, 160  
 Th' Offender to the bloody Priest resign'd:  
 Her Hunger was no Plea: For that she dy'd.

The Goat came next in order, to be try'd:  
 The Goat had cropt the tendrills of the  
 Vine:

In vengeance Laity and Clergy join,  
 Where one had lost his Profit, one his Wine  
 Here was at least, some shadow of Offence.  
 The Sheep was sacrific'd on no pretence,  
 But meek, and unresisting Innocence. 170

A patient, useful Creature, born to bear  
 The warm and woolly Fleece, that cloath'd  
 her Murderer,  
 And daily to give down the Milk she bred,  
 A Tribute for the Grass on which she fed.

118 and flow'ry] The editors, making non-  
 sense, give the flowery

160 cov'tous] covetous 1700

Living, both Food and Rayment she  
supplies,  
And is of least advantage when she dies.

How did the toiling Oxe his Death  
deserve,  
A downright simple Drudge, and born to  
serve?

O Tyrant! with what Justice canst thou  
hope

The Promise of the Year, a plenteous Crop;  
When thou destroy'st thy lab'ring Steer,  
who till'd, 180

And plough'd with Pains, thy else ungrateful  
Field?

From his yet reeking Neck to draw the  
Yoke,

That Neck, with which the surly Clods he  
broke;

And to the Hatchet yield thy Husband-Man,  
Who finish'd Autumn, and the Spring began!

Nor this alone! but Heav'n it self to bribe,  
We to the Gods our impious Acts ascribe:  
First recompence with Death their Creatures  
Toil.

Then call the Bless'd above to share the  
Spoil: 189

The fairest Victim must the Pow'rs appease:  
(So fatal 'tis sometimes too much to please!)  
A purple Fillet his broad Brows adorns,

With flow'ry Garlands crown'd, and gilded  
Horns:

He hears the murd'rous Pray'r the Priest  
prefers,

But understands not, 'tis his Doom he hears:  
Beholds the Meal betwixt his Temples cast,  
(The Fruit and Product of his Labours  
past:)

And in the Water views perhaps the Knife  
Uplifted, to deprive him of his Life;  
Then broken up alive his Entrails sees, 200  
Torn out for Priests t' inspect the God's  
Decrees.

From whence, O mortal Men, this gust of  
Blood

Have you deriv'd, and interdicted Food?  
Be taught by me this dire Delight to shun,  
Warn'd by my Precepts, by my Practice  
won:

And when you eat the well deserving Beast,  
Think, on the Lab'rer of your Field you  
feast!

Now since the God inspires me to proceed,  
Be that, whate'er inspiring Pow'r, obey'd.

For I will sing of mighty Mysteries, 210  
Of Truths conceal'd before, from human  
Eyes,

Dark Oracles unveil, and open all the Skies.)  
Pleas'd as I am to walk along the Sphere  
Of shining Stars, and travel with the Year,  
To leave the heavy Earth, and scale the  
height

Of *Atlas*, who supports the heav'nly weight:  
To look from upper Light, and thence survey  
Mistaken Mortals wandering from the way,  
And wanting Wisdom, fearful for the State  
Of future Things, and trembling at their  
Fate; 220

Those I would teach: and by right Reason  
bring

To think of Death, as but an idle Thing.  
Why thus affrighted at an empty Name,  
A Dream of Darkness, and fictitious Flame?  
Vain Themes of Wit, which but in Poems  
Pass,

And Fables of a World, that never was!  
What feels the Body when the Soul expires,  
By time corrupted, or consum'd by Fires?  
Nor dies the Spirit, but new Life repeats  
In other Forms, and only changes Seats.

Ev'n I, who these mysterious Truths  
declare, 231

Was once *Euplerbus* in the *Trojan War*:  
My Name and Lineage I remember well,  
And how in Fight by *Sparta's* King I fell.  
In *Argive Juno's* Fane I late beheld  
My Buckler hung on high, and own'd my  
former Shield.

Then, Death, so call'd, is but old Matter  
dress'd

In some new Figure, and a vary'd Vest:  
Thus all Things are but alter'd, nothing dies;  
And here and there th' unbodied Spirit  
flies, 240

By Time, or Force, or Sickness dispossest,  
And lodges, where it lights, in Man or Beast;  
Or hunts without, till ready Limbs it find,  
And actuates those according to their kind:  
From Tenement to Tenement is toss'd:  
The Soul is still the same, the Figure only  
lost:

And, as the soften'd Wax new Seals receives,  
This Face assumes, and that Impression  
leaves;

Now call'd by one, now by another Name:  
The Form is only chang'd, the Wax is still  
the same: 250

So Death, so call'd, can but the Form  
 • deface,  
 Th' immortal Soul flies out in empty space;  
 To seek her Fortune in some other Place.]

Then let not Piety be put to flight,  
 To please the taste of Glutton-Appetite;  
 But suffer inmate Souls secure to dwell,  
 Lest from their Seats your Parents you  
 expel;

With rabid Hunger feed upon your kind,  
 Or from a Beast dislodge a Brother's Mind.

And since, like *Tiphys* parting from the  
 Shore, 260

In ample Seas I sail, and Depths untry'd  
 before,

Thus let me further add, that Nature knows  
 No stedfast Station, but, or Ebbs, or Flows:  
 Ever in motion; she destroys her old,  
 And casts new Figures in another Mold.

Ev'n Times are in perpetual Flux; and run,  
 Like Rivers from their Fountain rowling on;  
 For Time no more than Streams, is at a Stay:  
 The flying Hour is ever on her way;  
 And as the Fountain still supplies her  
 store, 270

The Wave behind impels the Wave before;  
 Thus in successive Course the Minutes run.  
 And urge their Predecessor Minutes on,  
 Still moving, ever new: For former Things  
 Are set aside, like abdicated Kings:  
 And every moment alters what is done,  
 And innovates some Act till then unknown.

Darkness we see emerges into Light,  
 And shining Suns descend to Sable Night;  
 Ev'n Heav'n it self receives another die, 280

When wear'd Animals in Slumbers lie,  
 Of Midnight Ease: Another when the gray  
 Of Morn preludes the Splendor of the Day.  
 The Disk of *Phæbus* when he climbs on  
 high,

Appears at first but as a bloodshot Eye;  
 And when his Chariot downward drives to  
 Bed,

His Ball is with the same Suffusion red;  
 But mounted high in his Meridian Race  
 All bright he shines, and with a better Face:  
 For there, pure Particles of *Æther* flow, 290  
 Far from th' Infection of the World below.

Nor equal Light th' unequal Moon adorns,  
 Or in her wexing or her waning Horns.  
 For ev'ry Day she wanes, her Face is less,  
 But gath'ring into Globe, she fattens at  
 increase.

Perceiv'st thou not the process of the  
 Year,  
 How the four Seasons in four Forms appear.  
 Resembling human Life in ev'ry Shape  
 they wear?

Spring first, like Infancy, shoots out her  
 Head,

With milky Juice requiring to be fed: 300  
 Helpless, tho' fresh, and wanting to be led.]

The green Stem grows in Stature and in Size,  
 But only feeds with hope the Farmer's  
 Eyes;

Then laughs the childish Year with Flourets  
 crown'd,

And lavishly perfumes the Fields around,  
 But no substantial Nourishment receives,  
 Infirm the Stalks, unsolid are the Leaves.

Proceeding onward whence the Year  
 began

The Summer grows adult, and ripens into  
 Man.

This Season, as in Men, is most repleat, 310  
 With kindly Moisture, and prolifick Heat.

Autumn succeeds, a sober tepid Age,  
 Not froze with Fear, nor boiling into Rage;  
 More than mature, and tending to decay,  
 When our brown Locks repine to mix with  
 odious Grey.

Last Winter creeps along with tardy pace,  
 Sour is his Front, and furrow'd is his Face.  
 His Scalp if not dishonour'd quite of Hair,  
 The ragg'd Fleece is thin, and thin is worse  
 than bare.

Ev'n our own Bodies daily change receive,  
 Some part of what was theirs before, they  
 leave; 320

Nor are to Day what Yesterday they were;  
 Nor the whole same to Morrow will appear.

Time was, when we were sow'd, and just  
 began

From some few fruitful Drops, the promise  
 of a Man;

Then Nature's Hand (fermented as it was)  
 Moulded to Shape the soft, coagulated Mass;  
 And when the little Man was fully form'd,

The breathless Embryo with a Spirit  
 warm'd;

But when the Mothers Throws begin to  
 come, 330

The Creature, pent within the narrow Room,  
 Breaks his blind Prison, pushing to repair  
 His stifled Breath, and draw the living  
 Air;



Cast on the Margin of the World he lies,  
A helpless Babe, but by Instinct he cries.  
He next essays to walk, but downward

press'd,  
On four Feet imitates his Brother Beast :  
By slow degrees he gathers from the  
Ground

His Legs; and to the rowling Chair is bound ;  
Then walks alone ; a Horseman now  
become, 340

He rides a Stick, and travels round the  
Room :

In time he vaunts among his Youthful  
Peers,

Strong-bon'd, and strung with Nerves, in  
pride of Years,

He runs with Mettle his first merry Stage, }  
Maintains the next, abated of his Rage, }  
But manages his Strength, and spares his }  
Age.

Heavy the third, and stiff, he sinks apace,  
And tho' 'tis down-hill all, but creeps along  
the Race.

Now sapless on the verge of Death he  
stands,

Contemplating his former Feet, and Hands ;  
And *Milo*-like, his slacken'd *Sineuses*, 351

And wither'd Arms, once fit to cope with  
*Hercules*,

Unable now to shake, much less to tear the  
Trees.

So *Helen* wept, when her too faithful Glass  
Reflected to her Eyes the ruins of her Face :  
Wondring what Charms her Ravishers cou'd  
spy,

To force her twice, or ev'n but once enjoy !  
Thy Teeth, devouring Time, thine, envious  
Age,

On Things below still exercise your Rage :  
With venom'd Grinders you corrupt your  
Meat, 360

And then at lingring Meals, the Morsels eat.  
Nor those, which Elements we call, abide,

Nor to this Figure, nor to that, are ty'd ;  
For this eternal World is said of Old

But four prolific Principles to hold,  
Four different Bodies ; two to Heaven  
ascend,

And other two down to the Center tend :  
Fire first with Wings expanded mounts on  
high,

Pure, void of weight, and dwells in upper  
Sky ;

Then Air, because unclogg'd in empty  
space, 370

Flies after Fire, and claims the second Place :  
But weighty Water, as her Nature guides,

Lies on the Lap of Earth, and Mother Earth  
subsides.

All things are mix'd of these, which all  
contain,

And into these are all resolv'd again  
Earth rarifies to Dew, expanded more

The subtil Dew in Air begins to soar ;  
Spreads 'as she flies, and weary of her Name

Extenuates still, and changes into Flame ;  
Thus having by Degrees Perfection won, 380

Restless they soon untwist the Web they  
spun,

And Fire begins to lose her radiant Hue,  
Mix'd with gross Air, and Air descends to  
Dew ;

And Dew condensing, does her Form  
forego.

And sinks, a heavy Lump of Earth below.  
Thus are their Figures never at a stand,

But chang'd by Nature's innovating Hand ;  
All Things are alter'd, nothing is destroy'd,

The shifted Scene, for some new Show  
employ'd.

Then to be born, is to begin to be, 390  
Some other Thing we were not formerly :

And what we call to Die, is not t' appear,  
Or be the Thing that formerly we were.

Those very Elements, which we partake  
Alive, when Dead some other Bodies make :

Translated grow, have Sense, or can dis-  
course ;

But Death on deathless Substance has no  
force.

That Forms are chang'd, I grant, that  
nothing can

Continue in the Figure it began :  
The Golden Age to Silver was debas'd : 400

To Copper that ; our Mettal came at last.  
The Face of Places, and their Forms

decay ;  
And that is solid Earth ; that once was Sea :

Seas in their turn retreating from the Shore,  
Make solid Land, what Ocean was before ;

And far from Strands are Shells of Fishes  
found,

And rusty Anchors fix'd on Mountain-  
Ground :

And what were Fields before, now wash'd  
and worn

By falling Floods from high, to Valleys turn,  
And crumbling still descend to level Lands;  
And Lakes, and trembling Bogs are barren  
Sands: 411

And the parch'd Desert floats in Streams  
unknown,

Wond'ring to drink of Waters not her own  
Here Nature living Fountains opes; and  
there,

Seals up the Wombs where living Fountains  
were;

Or Earthquakes stop their ancient Course,  
and bring

Diverted Streams to feed a distant Spring.  
So *Lycus*, swallow'd up, is seen no more,  
But far from thence knocks out another  
Door.

Thus *Erasmus* dives; and blind in Earth  
Runs on, and gropes his way to second  
Birth. 421

Starts up in *Argos* Meads, and shakes his  
Locks

Around the Fields, and fattens all the  
Flocks.

So *Mysus* by another way is led,  
And, grown a River now disdains his Head:  
Forgets his humble Birth, his Name for-  
sakes,

And the proud Title of *Caicus* takes.  
Large *Amenane*, impure with yellow Sands,  
Runs rapid often, and as often stands,  
And here he threats the drunken Fields to  
drown, 430

And there his Dugs deny to give their Liquor  
down.

*Amegros* once did wholesome Draughts  
afford,

But now his deadly Waters are abhorr'd:  
Since, hurt by *Hercules*, as Fame resounds,  
The Centaurs in his current wash'd their  
Wounds.

The Streams of *Hypanis* are sweet no more,  
But brackish lose the tast they had before.  
*Antissa*, *Pharos*, *Tyre* in Seas were pent,  
Once Isles, but now increase the Continent,  
While the *Leucadian* Coast, main Land  
before, 440

By rushing Seas is sever'd from the Shore

So *Zandë* to th' *Italian* Earth was ty'd,  
And Men once walk'd where Ships at  
Anchor ride,

Till *Neptune* overlook'd the narrow way,  
And in disdain pour'd in the conqu'ring Sea  
Two Cities that adorn'd th' *Achaean*  
Ground,

*Biris* and *Helice*, no more are found,  
But whelm'd beneath a Lake, are sunk and  
drown'd;

And Boatmen through the Chrystal Water  
show 449

To wond'ring Passengers the Walls below.  
Near *Trazen* stands a Hill, expos'd in Air  
To Winter-Winds, of leafy Shadows bare:  
This once was level Ground. But (strange  
to tell)

Th' included Vapors, that in Caverns dwell,  
Lab'ring with Cholick Pangs, and close con-  
fin'd,

In vain sought issue for the rumbling  
Wind:

Yet still they heav'd for vent, and heaving  
still

Inlarg'd the Concave, and shot up the Hill;  
As Breath extends a Bladder, or the Skins  
Of Goats are blown t' inclose the hoarded  
Wines: 460

The Mountain yet retains a Mountain's  
Face,

And gather'd Rubbish heals the hollow  
space.

Of many Wonders, which I heard or knew,  
Retrenching most, I will relate but few:

What, are not Springs with Qualities oppos'd  
Endu'd at Seasons, and at Seasons lost?

Thrice in a Day thine, *Ammon*, change their  
Form,

Cold at high Noon, at Morn and Evening  
warm:

Thine, *Athaman*, will kindle Wood, if thrown  
On the pil'd Earth, and in the waning Moon.

The *Thracians* have a Stream, if any try 471  
The tast, his harden'd Bowels petrify;

Whate'er it touches it converts to Stones,  
And makes a Marble Pavement where it  
runs.

*Crathis*, and *Sybaris* her Sister Flood,  
That slide through our *Calabrian* Neighbour  
Wood,

With Gold and Amber die the shining Hair,  
And thither Youth resort; (for who wou'd  
not be Fair?)

[415 Centaurs... their] The editors, regardless  
of *Dryden* and *Ovid*, give Centaur ... his

Till when 'tis not sufficient to defame :  
An old possession stands, till Elder quits  
the claim.

Then for our int'rest, which is nam'd alone  
To load with envy, we retort your own. .  
For when traditions in your faces fly, 240  
Resolving not to yield, you must decry :  
As when the cause goes hard, the guilty man  
Excepts, and thins his jury all he can ;  
So when you stand of other aid bereft,  
You to the twelve Apostles would be left.  
Your friend the *Wolfe* did with more craft  
provide

To set those toys traditions quite aside :  
And *Fathers* too, unless when reason spent  
He cites 'em but sometimes for ornament.  
But, Madam *Panther*, you, though more  
sincere, 250

Are not so wise as your Adulterer :  
The private spirit is a better blind  
Than all the dodging tricks your authours  
find.

For they who left the Scripture to the  
crowd,  
Each for his own peculiar judge allow'd ;  
The way to please 'em was to make 'em  
proud.

Thus with full sails they ran upon the shelf ;  
Who cou'd suspect a couzenage from him-  
self ?

On his own reason safer 'tis to stand,  
Than be deceiv'd and damn'd at second  
hand. 260

But you who *Fathers* and traditions take  
And garble some, and some you quite forsake,  
Pretending church auctority to fix,  
And yet some grains of private spirit mix,  
Are like a *Mule* made up of diff'ring seed,  
And that's the reason why you never breed ;  
At least not propagate your kind abroad,  
For home-dissenters are by statutes aw'd.  
And yet they grow upon you ev'ry day,  
While you (to speak the best) are at a stay,  
For sects that are extremes, abhor a  
middle way. 271

Like tricks of state, to stop a raging flood,  
Or mollify a mad-brain'd Senate's mood :  
Of all expedients never one was good.  
Well may they argue, (nor can you deny,)  
If we must fix on church auctority,  
Best on the best, the fountain, not the  
flood,  
That must be better still, if this be good.

Shall she command who has herself rebell'd ?  
Is *Antichrist* by *Antichrist* expell'd ? 280

Did we a lawfull tyranny displace,  
To set aloft a bastard of the race ?  
Why all these wars to win the Book, if we  
Must not interpret for our selves, but she ?  
Either be wholly slaves or wholly free.  
For *purging* fires traditions must not fight ;  
But they must prove *Episcopacy's* right :  
Thus those led horses are from service freed ;  
You never mount 'em but in time of need.  
Like mercenary's, hir'd for home defence,  
They will not serve against their native  
Prince. 291

Against domestick foes of *Hierarchy*  
These are drawn forth, to make fanaticks fly ;  
But, when they see their country-men at  
hand.

Marching against 'em under church-com-  
mand,  
Streight they forsake their colours and dis-  
band.

Thus she, nor cou'd the *Panther* well  
enlarge ;  
With weak defence against so strong a charge ;  
But said, for what did Christ his Word  
provide,

If still his church must want a living  
guide ? 300

And if all saving doctrines are not there,  
Or sacred Pen-men could not make 'em clear,  
From after-ages we should hope in vain  
For truths, which men inspir'd, cou'd not  
explain.

Before the Word was written, said the  
*Hind*,

Our Saviour preached his Faith to humane  
kind ;

From his Apostles the first age receiv'd 307  
Eternal truth, and what they taught, believ'd.  
Thus by tradition faith was planted first ;  
Succeeding flocks succeeding Pastours nurs'd.  
This was the way our wise Redeemer chose,  
(Who sure could all things for the best  
dispose,)

To fence his fold from their encroaching  
foes.

He cou'd have writ himself, but well foresaw  
Th' event would be like that of *Moses* law :  
Some difference wou'd arise, some doubts  
remain,

Like those which yet the jarring *Jews* main-  
tain.

And Worms, that Stretch on Leaves their  
filmy Loom, 551  
Crawl from their Bags, and Butterflies  
become

Ev'n Slime begets the Frog's loquacious  
Race :

Short of their Feet at first, in little Space  
With Arms and Legs endu'd, long leaps they  
take,

Rais'd on their hinder part, and swim the  
Lake,

And waves repel : For Nature gives their  
Kind,

To that intent, a length of Legs behind.

The Cubs of Bears a living lump appear,  
When whelp'd, and no determin'd Figure  
wear. 560

Their Mother licks 'em into Shape, and gives  
As much of Form, as she her self receives.

The Grubs from their sexangular abode  
Crawl out unfinish'd, like the Maggot's  
Brood :

Trunks without Limbs ; till time at  
Leisure brings

The Thighs they wanted, and their tardy  
Wings.

The Bird who draws the Carr of *Juno*,  
vain

Of her crown'd Head, and of her Starry  
Train ;

And he that bears th' Artillery of *Jove*,  
The strong-pounc'd Eagle ; and the billing  
Dove ; 570

And all the feather'd Kind, who cou'd  
suppose

(But that from sight the surest Sense he  
knows)

They from th' included Yolk, not ambient  
White arose.

There are who think the Marrow of a Man,  
Which in the Spine, while he was living,  
ran ;

When dead, the Pith corrupted will become  
A Snake, and hiss within the hollow Tomb

All these receive their Birth from other  
Things :

But from himself the *Phœnix* only springs :  
Self-born, begotten by the Parent Flame 580  
In which he burn'd, another and the same .  
Who not by Corn or Herbs his Life sustains,  
But the sweet Essence of *Anonum* draws

And watches the rich Gums *Arabia* bears,  
While yet in tender Dew they drop their  
Tears.

He, (his five Centuries of life fulfill'd)  
His Nest on Oaken Boughs begins to build,  
Or trembling tops of Palm : and first he  
draws

The Plan with his broad Bill, and crooked  
Claws,

Nature's Artificers ; on this the Pile 590  
Is form'd, and rises round, then with the  
Spoil

Of *Casia*, *Cynamon*, and Stems of *Nard*,  
(For Softness stren'd beneath,) his Fun'ral  
Bed is rear'd :

Fun'ral and Bridal both ; and all around  
The Borders with corruptless Myrrh are  
crown'd :

On this incumbent ; till ætherial Flame  
First catches, then consumes the costly  
Frame ;

Consumes him too, as on the Pile he lies ;  
He liv'd on Odours, and in Odours dies.

An Infant-*Phœnix* from the formersprings,  
His Father's Heir, and from his tender  
Wings 601

Shakes off his Parent Dust ; his Method he  
pursues,

And the same Lease of Life on the same  
Terms renews :

When grown to Manhood he begins his  
Reign,

And with stiff Pnions can his Flight sustain,  
He lightens of its Load the Tree that bore  
His Father's Royal Sepulcher before,

And his own Cradle : This (with pious Care  
Plac'd on his Back) he cuts the buxome Air,  
Seeks the Sun's City, and his sacred Church,  
And decently lays down his Burden in the  
Porch. 611

A Wonder more amazing wou'd we find ?  
Th' *Hyæna* shows it, of a double kind,

Varying the Sexes in alternate Years,  
In one begets, and in another bears.

The thin *Camelion*, fed with Air, receives  
The colour of the Thing to which he cleaves.

*India* when conquer'd, on the conquer'ing  
God

For planted Vines the sharp-ey'd Lynx  
bestow'd,

Whose Urine, shed before it touches Earth,  
Congeals in Air, and gives to Gems their  
Birth. 621

So *Coral* soft and white in Oceans Bed,  
Comes harden'd up in Air, and glows with  
Red.

All changing Species should my Song  
recite;

Before I ceas'd, wou'd change the Day to  
Night.

Nations and Empires flourish and decay,  
By turns command, and in their turns  
obey;

Time softens hardy People, Time again  
Hardens to War a soft, unwarlike Train.

Thus *Troy*, for ten long Years, her Foes  
withstood, 630

And daily bleeding bore th' expence of  
Blood:

Now for thick Streets it shows an empty  
Space,

Or only fill'd with Tombs of her own perish'd  
Race,

Her self becomes the Sepulcher of what she  
was.

*Mycene*, *Sparta*, *Thebes* of mighty Fame,  
Are vanish'd out of Substance into Name,  
And *Dardan Rome*, that just begins to rise,  
On *Tiber's* Banks, in time shall mate the  
Skies;

Widening her Bounds, and working on her  
way,

Ev'n now she meditates Imperial Sway: 640  
Yet this is change, but she by changing  
thrives,

Like Moons new-born, and in her Cradle  
strives

To fill her Infant-Horns; an Hour shall  
come

When the round World shall be contain'd  
in *Rome*.

For thus old *Saws* foretel, and *Helenus*  
*Anchises* drooping Son enliven'd thus,  
When *Ilium* now was in a sinking State,  
And he was doubtful of his future Fate:  
O Goddess-born, with thy hard Fortune  
strive,

*Troy* never can be lost, and thou alive. 650  
Thy Passage thou shalt free through Fire  
and Sword,

And *Troy* in Foreign Lands shall be restor'd.  
In happier Fields a rising Town I see,

Greater than what e'er was, or is, or e'er  
shall be:

And Heav'n yet owes the World a Race  
deriv'd from Thee.

Sages, and Chiefs of other Lineage born,  
The City shall extend, extended shall  
adorn:

But from *Iulus* he must draw his Birth.  
By whom thy *Rome* shall rule the conquer'd  
Earth:

Whom Heav'n will lend Mankind on Earth  
to reign, 660

And late require the precious Pledge again.  
This *Helenus* to great *Æneas* told,

Which I retain, e'er since in other Mould  
My Soul was cloath'd; and now rejoice to  
view

My Country Walls rebuilt, and *Troy* reviv'd  
anew,

Rais'd by the fall: Decreed by Loss to Gain:  
Enslav'd but to be free, and conquer'd but  
to reign.

'Tis time my hard-mouth'd Coursers to  
controul.

Apt to run Riot, and transgress the Goal:  
And therefore I conclude, whatever lies 670

In Earth, or flits in Air, or fills the Skies,  
All suffer change, and we, that are of Soul  
And Body mix'd, are Members of the whole.

Then, when our Sires, or Grandsires shall  
forsake

The Forms of Men, and brutal Figures take,  
Thus hous'd, securely let their Spirits rest,

Nor violate thy Father in the Beast,  
Thy Friend, thy Brother, any of thy Kin;

If none of these, yet there's a Man within:  
O spare to make a *Thyestæan* Meal, 680

T' inclose his Body, and his Soul expel.

Ill Customs by degrees to Habits rise,  
Ill Habits soon become exalted Vice:

What more Advance can Mortals make in Sin  
So near Perfection, who with Blood begin?

Deaf to the Calf that lies beneath the Knife,  
Looks up, and from her Butcher begs her  
Life:

Deaf to the harmless Kid, that, e'er he dies,  
All Methods to procure thy Mercy tries,

And imitates in vain thy Children's Cries.  
Where will he stop, who feeds with Household  
Bread, 691

Then eats the Poultry which before he fed?  
Let plough thy Steers; that when they lose  
their Breath,

To Nature, not to thee, they may impute  
their Death.

<p>Let Goats for Food their loaded Udders lend,          And Sheep from Winter-cold thy Sides          defend ;          But neither Sprindges, Nets, nor Snares          employ,          And be no more Ingenious to destroy          Free as in Air, let Birds on Earth remain,          Not let insidious Glue their Wings constrain ;          Nor opening Hounds the trembling Stag          affright, 701          Nor purple Feathers intercept his Flight ;          Nor Hooks conceal'd in Baits for Fish          prepare,          Nor Lines to heave 'em twinkling up in Air.          Take not away the Life you cannot give:          For all Things have an equal right to live.</p>	<p>Kill noxious Creatures, where 'tis Sin to save;          This only just Prerogative we have :          But nourish Life with vegetable Food,          And shun the sacrilegious tast of Blood. 710          These Precepts by the <i>Sannan</i> Sage were          taught,          Which Godlike <i>Numa</i> to the <i>Sabines</i> brought,          And thence transferr'd to <i>Rome</i>, by Gift his          own :          A willing People, and an offer'd Throne.          O happy Monarch, sent by Heav'n to bless          A Salvage Nation with soft Arts of Peace,          To teach Religion, Rapine to restrain,          Give Laws to Lust, and Sacrifice ordain :          Himself a Saint, a Goddess was his Brde,          And all the Muses o'er his Acts preside. 720</p>
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# TRANSLATIONS FROM OVID'S EPISTLES.

## PREFACE CONCERNING OVID'S EPISTLES.

*The Life of Ovid being already written in our language before the Translation of his Metamorphoses, I will not presume so far upon myself, to think I can add any thing to Mr. Sandys his undertaking. The English reader may there be satisfied, that he flourish'd in the reign of Augustus Cæsar; that he was Extracted from an Ancient Family of Roman Knights; that he was born to the Inheritance of a Splendid Fortune; that he was design'd to the Study of the Law, and had made considerable progress in it, before he quitted that Profession, for this of Poetry, to which he was more naturally form'd. The Cause of his Banishment is*  
*unknown; because he was himself unwilling further to provoke the Emperour, by ascribing*  
*it to any other reason, than what was pretended by Augustus, which was, the Lasciviousness*  
*of his Elegies, and his Art of Love. 'Tis true, they are not to be Excus'd in the severity of*  
*Manners, as being able to corrupt a larger Empire, if there were any, than that of Rome:*  
*yet this may be said in behalf of Ovid, that no man has ever treated the Passion of Love with*  
*so much Delicacy of thought, and of Expression, or search'd into the nature of it more Philo-*  
*sophically than he. And the Emperour, who condemn'd him, had as little reason as another*  
*Man to punish that fault with so much severity, if at least he were the Author of a certain*  
*Epigram, which is ascrib'd to him, relating to the cause of the first Civil War betwixt himself*  
*and Mark Anthony the triumvir, which is more fulsome than any passage I have met with*  
*in that Author's Life, I need only mention one notorious Act of his, in taking Livia to his Bed,*  
*when she was not only Married, but with Child by her Husband, then living. But Deeds, it*  
*seems, may be Justified by Arbitrary Pow'r, when words are question'd in a Poet. There is*  
*another gless of the Grammarians, as far from truth as the first from Reason; they will have*  
*him Banish'd for some favours, which, they say, he receiv'd from Julia, the Daughter of*  
*Augustus, whom they think he Celebrates under the Name of Corinna in his Elegies. But*  
*he, who will observe the Verses which are made to that Mistress, may gather from the whole*  
*contexture of them, that Corinna was not a Woman of the highest Quality. If Julia were*  
*then Married to Agrippa, why should our Poet make his Petition to Isis, for her safe delivery,*  
*and afterwards Condole her Miscarriage; which, for ought he knew, might be by her own*  
*Husband? Or indeed how durst he be so bold to make the least discovery of such a Crime,*  
*which was no less than Capital, especially Committed against a Person of Agrippa's Rank? Or, if it were before her Marriage, he would surely have been more discreet, than to have published*  
*an Accident which must have been fatal to them both. But what most Confirms me against*  
*this Opinion is, that Ovid himself complains, that the true Person of Corinna was found out*  
*by the Fame of his Verses to her: which if it had been Julia, he durst not have own'd; and,*  
*besides, an immediate punishment must have follow'd. He seems himself more truly to have*  
*touch'd at the Cause of his Exile in those obscure verses,*

*Cur aliquid vidi, cur noxia Lumina feci? &c.*

*Namely, that he had either seen, or was Conscious to somewhat, which had procur'd him his*  
*disgrace. But neither am I satisfied, that this was the Incest of the Emperour with his own*  
*Daughter: for Augustus was of a nature too vindictive, to have contented himself with so*  
*small a Revenge, or so unsafe to himself, as that of simple Banishment, and would certainly*  
*have secur'd his Crimes from publick notice, by the death of him who was witness to them.*  
*Neither have Histories given us any sight into such an Action of this Emperour: nor would*  
*he (the greatest Politician of his time,) in all probability, have manag'd his Crimes with so*

little secrecie, as not to shun the Observation of any man. It seems more probable, that Ovid was either the confident of some other passion, or that he had stumbled by some inadvertency upon the privacies of Livia, and seen her in a Bath : For the words

Sine veste Dianam,

agree better with Livia, who had the Fame of Chastity, than with either of the Julia's, who were both noted of incontinency. The first Verses, which were made by him in his Youth, and recited publicly, according to the Custom, were, as he himself assures us, to Corinna : his Banishment happen'd not till the age of fifty : from which it may be deduced, with probability enough, that the love of Corinna did not occasion it. Nay, he tells us plainly, that his offence was that of Error only, not of wickedness, and in the same Paper of Verses also, that the cause was notoriously known at Rome, though it be left so obscure to after ages.

But to leave Conjectures on a Subject so uncertain, and to write somewhat more Authentick of this Poet : That he frequented the Court of Augustus, and was well receiv'd in it, is most undoubted : all his Poems bear the Character of a Court, and appear to be written, as the French call it, Cavalierement : add to this, that the Titles of many of his Elegies, and more of his Letters in his Banishment, are address'd to persons well known to us, even at this distance, to have been considerable in that Court.

Nor was his acquaintance less with the famous Poets of his age, than with the Noble men and Ladies ; he tells you himself, in a particular account of his own Life, that Macer, Horace, Tibullus, Propertius, and many others of them, were his familiar Friends, and that some of them communicated their Writings to him ; but that he had only seen Virgil.

If the imitation of Nature be the business of a Poet, I know no Author who can justly be compar'd with ours, especially in the Description of the passions. And, to prove this, I shall need no other Judges than the generality of his Readers ; for all Passions being inborn with us, we are almost equally Judges, when we are concern'd in the representation of them : Now I will appeal to any man, who has read this Poet, whether he find not the natural Emotion of the same Passion in himself, which the Poet describes in his feigned persons ? His thoughts, which are the Pictures and results of those Passions, are generally such as naturally arise from those disorderly Motions of our Spirits. Yet, not to speak too partially in his behalf, I will confess, that the Copiousness of his Wit was such, that he often writ too pointedly for his Subject, and made his persons speak more Eloquently than the violence of their Passion would admit ; so that he is frequently witty out of season : leaving the imitation of Nature, and the cooler dictates of his Judgment, for the false applause of Fancy. Yet he seems to have found out this Imperfection in his ripe age : for why else should he complain, that his Metamorphosis was left unfinished ? Nothing sure can be added to the Wit of that Poem, or of the rest : but many things ought to have been retrenched ; which I suppose would have been the business of his Age, if his Misfortunes had not come too fast upon him. But take him uncorrected, as he is transmitted to us, and it must be acknowledged, in spite of his Dutch Friends, the Commentators, even of Julius Scaliger himself, that Seneca's Censure will stand good against him ;

Nescivit quod bene cessit relinquere ;

he never knew how to give over, when he had done well, but continually varying the same sense an hundred ways, and taking up in another place, what he had more than enough inculcated before, he sometimes cloyes his Readers instead of satisfying them, and gives occasion to his Translators, who dare not cover him, to blush at the nakedness of their Father. This then is the Allay of Ovid's writing, which is sufficiently recompenc'd by his other Excellencies : nay, this very fault is not without its Beauties ; for the most severe Censor cannot but be pleas'd with the prodigality of his Wit, though at the same time he could have wish'd that the Master of it had been a better Manager. Every thing which he does, becomes him ; and, if sometimes he appear too gay, yet there is a secret gracefulness of youth, which accompanies his Writings, though the stay'dness and sobriety of Age be wanting. In the most material part, which is the conduct, 'tis certain that he seldom has miscarried ; for if his Elegies be compared with those



of Tibullus and Propertius his Contemporaries, it will be found, that those Poets seldom design'd before they writ ; And though the language of Tibullus be more polish'd, and the Learning of Propertius, especially in his Fourth Book, more set out to ostentation ; Yet their common practice was to look no further before them than the next Line ; whence it will inevitably follow, that they can drive to no certain point, but ramble from one Subject to another, and conclude with somewhat, which is not of a piece with their beginning :

Purpureus, latè qui splendeat, unus et alter  
Assuitur pannus, as Horace says,

though the Verses are Golden, they are but patch'd into the Garment. But our Poet has always  
10 the Goal in his Eye, which directs him in his Race : some Beautiful design, which he first establishes, and then contrives the means, which will naturally conduct it to his end. This will be Evident to Judicious Readers in this work of his Epistles of which somewhat, at least in general, will be expected.

The Title of them in our late Editions is Epistolæ Heroïdum, the Letters of the Heroines. But Heinsius has judg'd more truly, that the Inscription of our Author was barely, Epistles ; which he concludes from his cited Verses, where Ovid asserts this Work as his own Invention, and not borrow'd from the Greeks, whom (as the Masters of their Learning) the Romans usually did imitate. But it appears not from their writers, that any of the Grecians ever touch'd  
20 upon this way, which our Poet therefore justly has vindicated to himself. I quarrel not at the word Heroïdum, because 'tis used by Ovid in his Art of Love :

Jupiter ad veteres supplex Heroïdas ibat.

But, sure, he cou'd not be guilty of such an over-sight, to call his Work by the Name of Heroines, when there are divers Men, or Heroes, as, namely, Paris, Leander, and Acontius, joyned in it. Except Sabinus, who writ some Answers to Ovid's Letters,

(Quam celer è toto rediit meus orbe Sabinus)

I remember not any of the Romans, who have treated this Subject, save only Propertius, and that but once, in his Epistle of Arethusa to Lycotas, which is written so near the style of Ovid, that it seems to be but an Imitation ; and therefore ought not to defraud our Poet of the Glory of his Invention.

30 Concerning this work of the Epistles, I shall content my self to observe these few particulars : first, that they are generally granted to be the most perfect piece of Ovid, and that the Style of them is tenderly Passionate and Courty ; two properties well agreeing with the Persons, which were Heroines and Lovers. Yet where the Characters were lower, as in Cénone, and Hero, he has kept close to Nature, in drawing his Images after a Country Life, though, perhaps, he has Romanized his Grecian Dames too much, and made them speak, sometimes, as if they had been born in the City of Rome, and under the Empire of Augustus. There seems to be no great variety in the particular Subjects which he has chosen ; Most of the Epistles being written from Ladies, who were forsaken by their Lovers : Which is the reason that many of the same thoughts come back upon us in divers Letters : But of the general Character of Women,  
40 which is Modesty, he has taken a most becoming care ; for his amorous Expressions go no further than virtue may allow, and therefore may be read, as he intended them, by Matrons without a blush.

Thus much concerning the Poet : Whom you find translated by divers hands, that you may at least have that variety in the English, which the Subject denied to the Author of the Latine. It remains that I should say somewhat of Poetical Translations in general, and give my Opinion (with submission to better Judgments) which way of Version seems to be most proper.

All Translation, I suppose, may be reduced to these three heads :

First, that of Metaphrase, or turning an Author Word by Word, and Line by Line, from one Language into another Thus, or near this manner, was Horace his Art of Poetry trans-

late<sup>d</sup> by Ben Johnson. The second way is that of Paraphrase, or Translation with Latitude, where the Author is kept in view by the Translator, so as never to be lost, but his words are not so strictly follow'd as his sense; and that too is admitted to be amplified, but not alter'd. Such is Mr. Waller's Translation of Virgil's Fourth Æneid. The Third way is that of Imitation, where the Translator (if now he has not lost that Name) assumes the liberty, not only to vary from the words and sence, but to forsake them both as he sees occasion; and taking only some general hints from the Original, to run division on the Ground-work, as he pleases. Such is Mr. Cowley's practice in turning two Odes of Pindar, and one of Horace, into English.

Concerning the First of these Methods, our Master Horace has given us this caution,

•      •      •  
Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere, fidus  
Interpres—•

Nor word for word too faithfully translate. As the Earl of Roscommon has excellently render'd it. Too faithfully is indeed pedantically: 'Tis a faith, like that which proceeds from Superstition, blind and zealous. Take it in the expression of Sir John Denham to Sir Rich. Fanshaw, on his Version of the Pastor Fido.

That servile path thou nobly do'st decline,  
Of tracing Word by Word, and Line by Line.  
A new and nobler way thou do'st pursue,  
To make Translations and Translators too:  
They but preserve the Ashes, thou the Flame,  
True to his Sense, but truer to his Fame.

'Tis almost impossible to Translate verbally, and well, at the same time; for the Latin (a most Severe and Compendious Language) often expresses that in one word, which either the Barbarity, or the narrowness of modern Tongues cannot supply in more. 'Tis frequent also that the Conceit is couch'd in some Expression, which will be lost in English.

Atque idem Venti vela fidemque ferent.

What Poet of our Nation is so happy as to express this thought Literally in English, and to strike Wit, or almost Sense, out of it?

In short, the Verbal Copier is incumber'd with so many difficulties at once, that he can never disentangle himself from all. He is to consider, at the same time, the thought of his Author, and his words, and to find out the Counterpart to each in another Language; And besides this he is to confine himself to the compass of Numbers, and the Slavery of Rhime. 'Tis much like dancing on Ropes with Jetter'd Legs: A man can shun a fall by using Caution, but the gracefulness of Motion is not to be expected: And when we have said the best of it, 'tis but a foolish Task; for no sober man would put himself into a danger for the Applause of scapting without breaking his Neck. We see Ben. Johnson could not avoid obscurity in his literal Translation of Horace, attempted in the same compass of Lines: nay Horace himself could scarce have done it to a Greek Poet:

•      •  
Brevis esse laboro, obscurus fio.

either perspicuity or gracefulness will frequently be wanting. Horace has, indeed, avoided both these Rocks in his translation of the three first Lines of Homers, Odysseys, which he has Contracted into two.

Dic mihi, Musa, Virum, captæ post tempora Trojæ  
Qui mores hominum multorum vidit & urbes.  
Muse, speak the man, who, since the Siege of Troy, } Earl of  
So many Towns, such Change of Manners saw.      } Rosc.

Such feats in former times had wrought the  
falls

Of crowing Chanticleers in Cloyster'd Walls.  
Expell'd for this and for their Lands, they  
fled ;

And Sister Partlet, with her hooded head  
Was hooted hence, because she would not  
pray a-Bed.

The way to win the restiff World to God  
Was to lay by the Disciplining Rod,  
Unnatural Fasts, and Foreign Forms of  
Pray'r ;

Religion frights us with a meen severe.  
'Tis Prudence to reform her into Ease, 1030  
And put Her in Undress, to make Her pleas ;  
A lively Faith will bear aloft the Mind  
And leave the Luggage of Good Works  
behind.

Such Doctrines in the Pigeon-house were  
taught ;

You need not ask how wondrously they  
wrought ;

But sure the common Cry was all for these,  
Whose Life, and Precept both encourag'd  
Ease.

Yet fearing those alluring Baits might fail,  
And Holy Deeds o're all their Arts prevail,  
(For Vice, tho' frontless and of harden'd Face,  
Is daunted at the sight of awful Grace.)

An hideous Figure of their Foes they drew  
Nor Lines, nor Looks, nor Shades, nor  
Colours true ; 1043

And this Grotesque design, expos'd to  
Publick view.

One would have thought it some Egyptian  
Piece,

With Garden-Gods, and barking Deities,  
More thick than *Ptolomey* has stuck the  
Skies.

All so perverse a Draught, so far unlike,  
It was no Libell where it meant to strike :  
Yet still the daubing pleas'd, and Great and  
Small 1050

To view the Monster crowded Pigeon-hall.  
There Chanticleer was drawn upon his knees,  
Adoring Shrines, and Stocks of Sainted Trees ;  
And by him a mishapen, ugly Race ;  
The curse of God was seen on ev'ry face.  
No *Holland* emblem could that Malice mend,  
But still the worse the look the fitter for a  
Fiend.

The Master of the Farm, displeas'd to find  
So much of Rancour in so mild a kind,  
Enquir'd into the Cause, and came to know,  
The Passive Church had struck the foremost  
blow : 1061

With groundless Fears, and Jealousies  
possest,  
As if this troublesome intruding Guest  
Would drive the Birds of *Venus* from their  
Nest.

A Deed his inborn Equity abhorr'd,  
But Int'rest will not trust, tho God should  
plight his Word.

A Law, the Source of many Future harms,  
Had banish'd all the Poultry from the Farms ;  
With loss of Life, if any should be found 1069  
To crow or peck on this forbidden Ground.

That Bloody Statute chiefly was design'd  
For *Chanticleer* the white, of Clergy kind ;  
But after-malice did not long forget

The Lay that wore the Robe and Coronet.  
For them, for their Inferiours and Allies,  
Their Foes a deadly *Shibboleth* devise :

By which unrighteously it was decreed,  
That none to Trust, or Profit should succeed,  
Who would not swallow first a poysonous  
wicked Weed ; 1079

Or that to which old *Socrates* was curs't,  
Or Henbane-Juice to swell 'em till they burst.

The Patron (as in reason) thought it hard  
To see this Inquisition in his Yard,  
By which the Sovereign was of Subjects  
use debarred.

All gentle means he try'd, which might  
withdraw

Th' Effects of so unnatural a Law :  
But still the Dove-house obstinately stood  
Deaf to their own, and to their Neighbours  
good :

And which was worse, (if any worse could be)  
Repented of their boasted Loyalty : 1090  
Now made the Champions of a cruel Cause,  
And drunk with Fumes of Popular Applause ;  
For those whom God to ruine has design'd,  
He fits for Fate, and first destroys their Mind.

New Doubts indeed they daily strove to  
raise,

Suggested Dangers, interpos'd Delays ;  
And Emissary Pigeons had in store,  
Such as the *Mecan* Prophet us'd of yore,  
To whisper Counsels in their Patrons Ear ;  
And veil'd their false Advice with Zealous

Fear.

1100

should be chang'd: But since every Language is so full of its own proprieties, that what is Beautiful in one, is often Barbarous, nay sometimes Nonsense, in another, it would be unreasonable to limit a Translator to the narrow compass of his Author's Words: 'tis enough if he chuse out some Expression which does not vitiate the Sense. I suppose he may stretch his Chain to such a Latitude, but, by innovation of thoughts, methinks he breaks it. By this means the Spirit of an Author may be transus'd, and yet not lost: and thus 'tis plain, that the reason alledged by Sir John Denham has no farther force than to Expression: For thought, if it be translated truly, cannot be lost in another Language; but the words that convey it to our apprehension (which are the Image and Ornament of that thought) may be so ill chosen as to make it appear in an unhandsome dress, and rob it of its native Lustre. There is therefore a Liberty to be allow'd for the Expression; neither is it necessary that Words and Lines should be confin'd to the measure of their Original. The sense of an Author, generally speaking, is to be Sacred and Inviolable. If the Fancy of Ovid be luxuriant, 'tis his character to be so; and if I retrench it, he is no longer Ovid. It will be replied, that he receives advantage by this lopping of his superfluous Branches; but I rejoyn, that a Translator has no such Right: when a Painter Copies from the life, I suppose he has no privilege to alter Features, and Lineaments, under pretence that his Picture will look better: perhaps the Face, which he has drawn, would be more Exact, if the Eyes, or Nose were alter'd; but 'tis his business to make it resemble the Original. In two Cases only there may a seeming difficulty arise; that is, if the thought be notoriously trivial, or dishonest: But the same Answer will serve for both, that then they ought not to be Translated: 10

— Et quæ

Desperes tractata nitescere posse, relinquo.

Thus I have ventur'd to give my Opinion on this Subject against the Authority of two great men, but I hope without offence to either of their Memories, for I both lov'd them living, and reverence them now they are dead. But if, after what I have urg'd, it be thought by better Judges, that the praise of a Translation consists in adding new Beauties to the piece, thereby to recompense the loss which it sustains by change of Language, I shall be willing to be taught better, and to recant. In the mean time, it seems to me, that the true reason, why we have so few versions which are tolerable, is not from the too close pursuing of the Authors Sense, but because there are so few, who have all the Talents, which are requisite for Translation, and that there is so little Praise, and so small Encouragement, for so considerable a part of Learning. 30

To apply in short, what has been said, to this present Work, the Reader will here find most of the Translations, with some little Latitude or variation from the Author's Sense: That of CEnone to Paris, is in Mr. Cowley's way of Imitation only. I was desir'd to say that the Author who is of the Fair Sex, understood not Latine. But if she does not, I am afraid she has given us occasion to be ashamed who do.

For my own part I am ready to acknowledge that I have transgress'd the Rules which I have given; and taken more liberty than a just Translation will allow. But so many Gentlemen whose Wit and Learning are well known being joyn'd in it, I doubt not but that their Excellencies will make you ample Satisfaction for my Errors. 40

## CANACE TO MACAREUS.

## THE ARGUMENT.

Macareus and Canace, Son and Daughter to Æolus, God of the Winds, lov'd each other Incestuously: Canace was deliver'd of a Son, and committed him to her Nurse, to be secretly convey'd away. The Infant crying out, by that means was discovered to Æolus, who, enraged at the wickedness of his Children, commanded the Babe to be expos'd to Wild Beasts on the Mountains: And withal, sent a Sword to Canace, with this Message, That her Crimes would instruct her how to use it. With this Sword she slew her self: But before she died, she writ the following Letter to her Brother Macareus, who had taken Sanctuary in the Temple of Apollo.

If streaming Blood my fatal Letter stain.  
Imagine, e're you read, the Writer slain;  
One hand the Sword, and one the Pen  
employs,

And in my lap the ready Paper lies.  
Think in this posture thou behold'st me  
Write:

In this my cruel Father wou'd delight.  
O were he present, that his Eyes and Hands  
Might see and urge the Death which he  
commands!

Than all his raging Winds more dreadful, he,  
Unmov'd. without a Tear, my Wounds  
wou'd see. 10

Joze justly plac'd him on a stormy Throne.  
His Peoples temper is so like his own.  
The North and South, and each contending  
Blast,

Are underneath his wide Dominion cast:  
Those he can rule; but his tempestuous Mind  
Is, like his airy Kingdom, unconfin'd.  
Ah! what avail my Kindred Gods above,  
That in their number I can reckon Joze!  
What help will all my heav'nly Friends  
afford,

When to my Breast I lift the pointed Sword?  
That Hour, which joy'n'd us, came before its  
time: 21

In Death we had been one without a Crime,

Why did thy Flames beyond a Brothers  
move?

Why lov'd I thee with more than Sisters  
love?

For I lov'd too; and, knowing not my  
Wound,

A secret pleasure in thy Kisses found:  
My Cheeks no longer did their Colour  
boast,

My Food grew loathsom, and my Strength  
I lost:

Still e're I spoke, a Sigh 'wou'd stop my  
Tongue:

Short were my Slumbers, and my Nights  
were long.

I knew not from my Love these Griefs did  
grow, 30

Yet was, alas, the thing I did not know.  
My wily Nurse, by long Experience found,  
And first discover'd to my Soul its Wound.

'Tis Love, said she; and then my down-  
cast eyes,

And guilty Dumbness, witness'd my Sur-  
prize.

Forc'd at the last, my shameful Pain  
I tell:

And, oh, what follow'd, we both know too  
well!

'When half denying, more than half  
content,

'Embraces warm'd me to a full Consent. 40  
'Then with tumultuous Joyes my Heart  
did beat.

'And Guilt, that made them anxious, made  
them great.'

But now my swelling Womb heav'd up my  
Breast,

And rising weight my sinking Limbs oppress.  
What Herbs, what Plants, did not my  
Nurse produce,

To make Abortion by their pow'ful  
Juice?

What Med'cines try'd we not, to thee un-  
known?

Our first Crime common; this was mine  
alone.

But the strong Child, secure in his dark  
Cell,

With Natures vigour, did our Arts repell. 50

And now the pale-fac'd Empress of the Night  
Nine times had fill'd her Orb with borrow'd  
light :

Not knowing 'twas my Labour, I complain  
Of sudden Shootings, and of grinding Pain  
My Throws came thicker, and my cries in-  
crease,

Which with her hand the conscious Nurse  
suppress.

To that unhappy Fortune was I come,  
Pain urg'd my Clamours, but Fear kept me  
dumb.

With inward struggling I restrain'd my Cries,  
And drunk the Tears that trickled from my  
Eyes. 60

Death was in Sight, *Lucina* gave no Aid ;  
And ev'n my dying had my Guilt betray'd.  
Thou cam'st ; And in thy Count'nance sate  
Despair ;

Rent were thy Garments all, and torn thy  
Hair :

Yet, feigning comfort, which thou cou'dst  
not give,

(Prest in thy Arms, and whispering me to  
live :)

For both our sakes, (said'st thou) preserve  
thy Life ;

Live, my dear Sister, and my dearer Wife.  
Rais'd by that Name, with my last Pangs  
I strove :

Such pow'r have Words, when spoke by  
those we love. 70

The *Babe*, as if he heard what thou hadst  
sworn,

With hasty Joy sprung forward to be born.  
What helps it to have weather'd out one  
Storm ?

Fear of our *Father* does another form.

High in his Hall, rock'd in a Chair, of  
State,

The King with his tempestuous Council  
sate.

Through this large Room our only passage  
lay,

By which we cou'd the new-born *Babe* con-  
vey.

Swath'd in her lap, the bold Nurse bore him  
out,

With Olive branches cover'd round about ;  
And, mutt'ring Pray'rs, as holy Rites she  
meant, 81

Through the divided Crowd unquestion'd  
went.

Just at the Door, th' unhappy Infant cry'd :  
The Grandsire heard him, and the theft he  
spy'd.

Swift as a Whirl-wind to the Nurse he flies,  
And deafs his stormy Subjects with his cries.  
With one fierce Puff he blows the leaves  
away :

Expos'd the self-discovered Infant lay.

The noise reach'd me, and my presaging  
Mind

Too soon its own approaching Woes  
divin'd. 90

Not Ships at Sea with Winds are shaken  
more,

Nor Seas themselves, when angry Tempests  
roar,

Than I, when my loud Father's Voice I hear :  
The *Bed* beneath me trembled with my Fear.  
He rush'd upon me, and divulg'd my Stain ;  
Scarce from my Murther cou'd his hands  
refrain

I only answer'd him with silent Tears ;

They flow'd : my Tongue was frozen up  
with Fears.

His little Grand-child he commands away,  
To Mountain Wolves and every Bird of  
prey. 100

The *Babe* cry'd out, as if he understood,  
And beg'd his Pardon with what Voice he  
cou'd.

By what Expressions can my Grief be shown ?  
(Yet you may guess my Anguish by your  
own)

To see my Bowels, and, what yet was worse,  
Your Bowels too, condemn'd to such a Curse !  
Out went the King ; my Voice its Freedom  
found,

My Breasts I beat, my blubber'd Cheeks  
I wound.

And now appear'd the Messenger of death ;  
Sad were his Looks, and scarce he drew his  
Breath, 110

To say, *Your Father sends you*—(with that  
word

His trembling hands presented me a Sword :)  
*Your Father sends you this ; and lets you  
know,*

*That your own Crimes the use of it will show.*  
Too well I know the sence those Words  
impart :

His *Present* shall be treasur'd in my heart.  
Are these the Nuptial Gifts a Bride receives ?  
And this the fatal Dow'r a Father gives ?

<p>Thou God of Marriage, shun thy own Dis-          grace,          And take thy Torch from this detested          place: 120          Instead of that, let Furies light their brands,          And fire my Pile with their infernal Hands.          With happier Fortune may my Sisters wed;          Warn'd by the dire Example of the dead.          For thee, poor Babe, what Crime cou'd they          pretend?          How cou'd thy Infant Innocence offend?          A guilt there was; but, Oh, that Guilt was          mine!          Thou suffer'st for a Sin that was not thine.          Thy Mothers Grief and Crime! but just          enjoy'd,          Shown to my Sight, and born to be de-          stroy'd! 130          Unhappy Off-spring of my teeming Womb!          Drag'd head-long from thy Cradle to thy          Tomb!</p>	<p>Thy un-offending Life I could not save,          Nor weeping cou'd I follow to thy Grave!          Nor on thy Tomb could offer my shorn          Hair;          Nor show the Grief which tender Mothers          bear.          Yet long thou shalt not from my Arms be          lost;          For soon I will o'retake thy Infant Ghost.          But thou, my Love, and now my Love's          Despair,          Perform his Funerals with paternal Care. 140          His scatter'd Limbs with my dead Body          burn;          And once more joyn us in the pious Urn.          If on my wounded Breast thou drop'st          a Tear,          Think for whose sake my Breast that Wound          did bear;          And faithfully my last Desires fulfill,          As I perform my cruel Fathers Will.</p>
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## HELEN TO PARIS.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*Helen, having receiv'd the foregoing Epistle from Paris, returns the following Answer: Wherein she seems at first to chide him for his Presumption in Writing as he had done, which could only proceed from his low Opinion of her Vertue: then owns herself to be sensible of the Passion, which he had express'd for her, tho' she much suspect his Constancy; and at last discovers her Inclinations to be favourable to him. The whole Letter showing the extream artifice of Woman-kind.*

WHEN loose Epistles violate Chast Eyes,  
 She half Consents, who silently denies:  
 How dares a Stranger with Designs so vain,  
 Marriage and Hospitable Rights Prophane?  
 Was it for this, your Fleet did shelter find  
 From swelling Seas, and ev'ry faithless  
 Wind?  
 (For tho a distant Country brought you  
 forth,  
 Your usage here was equal to your Worth.)

Does this deserve to be rewarded so?  
 Did you come here a Stranger or a Foe? 10  
 Your partial Judgment may perhaps com-  
 plain,  
 And think me barbarous for my just disdain;  
 Ill-bred then let me be, but not unchast,  
 Nor my clear Fame with any Spot defac'd.  
 Tho in my face there's no affected Frown,  
 Nor in my Carriage a feign'd Niceness shown,  
 I keep my Honor still without a Stain,  
 Nor has my Love made any Coxcomb vain.  
 Your Boldness I with admiration see;  
 What Hope had you to gain a Queen like  
 me? 20  
 Because a Hero forc'd me once away  
 Am I thought fit to be a second Prey?  
 Had I been won, I had deserv'd your Blame,  
 But sure my part was nothing but the  
 Shame.  
 Yet the base Theft to him no Fruit did  
 bear,  
 I 'scap'd unhurt by any thing but Fear.  
 Rude force might some unwilling Kisses  
 gain,  
 But that was all he ever could obtain.

You on such terms would nere have let me  
 go ;  
 Were he like you, we had not parted so. 30  
 Untouch'd the Youth restor'd me to my  
 Friends,  
 And modest Usage made me some amends.  
 'Tis vertue to repent a vicious Deed,  
 Did he repent, that *Paris* might succeed ?  
 Sure 'tis some Fate that sets me above  
 Wrongs,  
 Yet still exposes me to busie Tongues.  
 I'll not complain ; for who's displeas'd with  
 Love,  
 If it sincere, discreet, and constant prove ?  
 But that I fear ; not that I think you base,  
 Or doubt the blooming Beauties of my  
 Face. 40  
 But all your Sex is subject to deceive,  
 And ours alas, too willing to believe.  
 Yet others yield ; and Love o'recomes the  
 best :  
 But why should I not shine above the rest ?  
 Fair *Leda's* Story seems at first to be  
 A fit example ready found for me.  
 But she was Cousen'd by a borrow'd shape,  
 And under harmless Feathers felt a Rape :  
 If I should yield, what reason could I use ?  
 By what mistake the Loving Crime excuse ?  
 Her fault was in her pow'rful Lover lost ; 51  
 But of what *Jupiter* have I to boast ?  
 Tho you to Heroes and to Kings succeed,  
 Our Famous Race does no addition need ;  
 And great Alliances but useless prove  
 To one that comes her self from mighty *Jove*.  
 Go then, and boast in some less haughty  
 place  
 Your *Phrygian* blood, and *Priam's* ancient  
 Race ;  
 Which I wou'd shew I valu'd, if I durst ;  
 You are the fifth from *Jove*, but I the  
 first. 60  
 The Crown of *Troy* is pow'rful I confess ;  
 But I have reason to think ours no less.  
 Your Letter fill'd with promises of all,  
 That Men can good, and Women pleasant call,  
 Gives expectation such an ample field,  
 As wou'd move Goddesses themselves to  
 yield.  
 But if I e're offend great *Juno's* Laws,  
 Your self shall be the dear, the only cause :  
 Either my Honour I'll to death maintain,  
 Or follow you, without mean thoughts of  
 gain. 70

Not that so fair a Present I despise ;  
 We like the Gift, when we the giver prize.  
 But 'tis your Love moves me, which made  
 you take  
 Such pains, and run such hazards for my  
 sake ;  
 I have perceiv'd (though I dissembled too)  
 A thousand things that Love has made you  
 do.  
 Your eager Eyes would almost dazle mine,  
 In which (wild man) your wanton thoughts  
 wou'd shine.  
 Sometimes you'd sigh, sometimes disorder'd  
 stand,  
 And with unusual Ardor, press my hand ;  
 Contrive just after me to take the Glass, 81  
 Nor wou'd you let the least Occasion pass :  
 Which oft I fear'd, I did not mind alone,  
 And blushing sate for things which you have  
 done :  
 Then murmur'd to my self, he'll for my sake  
 Do any thing ; I hope 'twas no mistake.  
 Oft have I read within this pleasing Grove,  
 Under my Name, those Charming words,  
*I Love*.  
 I frowning seem'd not to believe your  
 Flame,  
 But now, alas, am come to write the same.  
 If I were capable to do amiss, 91  
 I could not but be sensible of this.  
 For oh ! your Face has such peculiar  
 Charms,  
 That who can hold from flying to your  
 Arms !  
 But what I ne're can have without Offence,  
 May some blest Maid possess with innocence.  
 Pleasure may tempt, but Vertue more should  
 move ;  
 O Learn of me to want the thing you Love.  
 What you Desire is sought by all Mankind :  
 As you have Eyes, so others are not blind.  
 Like you they see, like you my Charms  
 adore : 101  
 They wish not less, but you dare venture  
 more.  
 Oh ! had you then upon our Coasts been  
 brought,  
 My Virgin Love when thousand Rivals  
 sought,  
 You had I seen, you should have had my  
 Voice ;  
 Nor could my Husband justly blame my  
 Choice.



For both our hopes, alas you come too late ! Love secretly : the absence of my Lord 150  
 Another now is Master of my Fate. More Freedom gives, but does not all  
 More to my wish I cou'd have liv'd with you, afford :  
 And yet my present Lot can undergo. 110 Long is his journey, long will be his stay ;  
 Cease to solicit a weak Woman's Will, Call'd by affairs of Consequence away.  
 And urge not her you Love, to so much ill. To go or not when unresolv'd he stood,  
 But let me live contented as I may, I bid him make what swift return he cou'd :  
 And make not my unspotted Fame your Then Kissing me, he said I recommend  
 prey. All to thy Care, but most my *Trojan* Friend.  
 Some Right you claim, since naked to your I smil'd at what he innocently said,  
 Eyes And only answer'd, you shall be obey'd.  
 Three Goddesses disputed Beauties prize: Propitious Winds have borne him far from  
 One offer'd Valour, t'other Crowns ; but she hence, 160  
 Obtain'd her Cause, who smiling promis'd me.  
 But first I am not of Belief so light, But let not this secure your Confidence.  
 To think such Nymphs wou'd shew you such Absent he is, yet absent he Commands :  
 a sight : 120 You know the Proverb, *Princes have long*  
 Yet granting this, the other part is feign'd ; hands.  
 A Bribe so mean your Sentence had not My Fame's my Burden : for the more I'm  
 gain'd. prais'd,  
 With partial eyes I shou'd my self regard, A juster Ground of jealousy is rais'd.  
 To think that *Venus* made me her reward : Were I less fair, I might have been more  
 I humbly am content with human Praise ; blest :  
 A Goddess's Applause wou'd Envy raise : Great Beauty through great Danger is  
 But be it as you say ; for, 'tis confest, posset,  
 The Men, who flatter highest, please us To leave me here his Venture was not hard,  
 best. Because he thought my virtue was my  
 That I suspect it, ought not to displease ; Guard.  
 For Miracles are not believ'd with Ease. 130 He fear'd my Face, but trusted to my  
 One joy I have, that I had *Venus* voice ; Life, 170  
 A greater yet, that you confirm'd her Choice ; The Beauty doubted, but believ'd the Wife.  
 That profier'd Laurels, promis'd Sov'raignty, You bid me use th' Occasion while I can,  
*Juno* and *Pallas*, you contemn'd for me. Put in our Hands by the good easie Man.  
 Am I your Empire then, and your renown ? I wou'd, and yet I doubt, 'twixt Love and  
 What heart of Rock, but must by this be Fear ;  
 won ? One draws me from you, and one brings me  
 And yet bear witness, O you Pow'rs above, near.  
 How rude I am in all the Arts of Love ! Our Flames are mutual ; and my Husband's  
 My hand is yet untaught to write to Men : gone :  
 This is th' Essay of my unpractis'd Pen : 140 The Nights are long ; I fear to lie alone.  
 Happy those Nymphs whom use has perfect One House contains us, and weak Walls  
 made ; divide,  
 I think all Crime, and tremble at a Shade. And you're too pressing to be long denied :  
 Ev'n while I write, my fearful conscious Let me not live, but every thing con-  
 Eyes spires 180  
 Look often back, misdoubting a surprize. To join our Loves, and yet my Fear retires.  
 For now the Rumour spreads among the You court with Words, when you should  
 Croud, force imploy :  
 At Court in whispers, but in Town aloud. A Rape is requisite to shameful Joy.  
 Dissemble you, what e're you hear 'em say : Indulgent to the Wrongs which we receive,  
 To leave off Loving were your better way ; } Our Sex can suffer what we dare not give.  
 Yet if you will dissemble it, you may. } What have I said ! for both of us 'twere  
 best,  
 Our kindling fires if each of us suppress. }

The Faith of Strangers is too prone to  
change,  
And, like themselves, their wandering  
Passions range.

*Hipsyphyle*, and the fond *Minoian* Maid, 190  
Were both by trusting of their Ghosts  
betray'd.

How can I doubt that other men deceive,  
When you yourself did fair *Oenone* leave?  
But lest I shou'd upbraid your Treachery,  
You make a Merit of that Crime to me.

Yet grant you were to faithful Love inclin'd,  
Your weary *Trojans* wait but for a Wind.  
Should you prevail; while I assign the  
Night,

Your Sails are hoisted, and you take your  
Flight:

Some bawling Mariner our Love destroys,  
And breaks asunder our unfinish'd Joys. 201  
But I with you may leave the *Spartan* Port,  
To view the *Trojan* Wealth, and *Priam's*  
Court:

Shown while I see, I shall expose my Fame,  
And fill a foreign Country with my Shame.  
In *Asia* what reception shall I find?

And what Dishonour leave in *Greece* behind?  
What will your Brothers, *Priam*, *Hecuba*,  
And what will all your modest Matrons  
say?

Ev'n you, when on this Action you reflect,  
My future Conduct justly may suspect; 211  
And what e're Stranger lands upon your  
Coast,

Conclude me, by your own Example, lost.  
I from your rage a Strumpet's Name shall  
hear,

While you forget what part in it you bear.  
You, my Crimes Author, will my Crime  
upbraid:

Deep under ground, Oh let me first be laid!  
You boast the Pomp and Plenty of your  
Land,

And promise all shall be at my Com-  
mand: 219

Your *Trojan* Wealth, believe me, I despise;  
My own poor Native Land has dearer ties.

Shou'd I be injur'd on your *Phrygian* Shore,  
What help of Kindred cou'd I there implore?  
*Medea* was by *Jason's* flatt'ry won:

I may, like her, believe, and be undon.

Plain honest Hearts, like mine, suspect no  
Cheat,

And Love contributes to its own Deceit  
The Ships, about whose sides loud Tempests  
roar,

With gentle Winds were wafted from the  
Shore.

Your teeming Mother dreamt a flaming  
Brand, 230

Sprung from her Womb, consum'd the  
*Trojan* Land.

To second this, old Prophecies conspire.  
That *Ilium* shall be burnt with *Grecian* fire.  
Both give me fear; nor is it much allai'd,  
That *Venus* is oblig'd our Loves to aid.

For they who lost their Cause, Revenge will  
take;

And for one friend two Enemies you make.  
Nor can I doubt, but shou'd I follow you,  
The Sword wou'd soon our fatal Crime pur-  
sue:

A wrong so great my Husband's Rage wou'd  
rouze, 240

And my Relations wou'd his Cause espouse.  
You boast your Strength and Courage; but  
alas!

Your Words receive small credit from your  
Face.

Let Heroes in the Dusty Field delight,  
Those Limbs were fashion'd for another  
Fight.

Bid *Hector* sally from the Walls of *Troy*;  
A sweeter Quarrel shou'd your Arms employ.

Yet Fears like these, shou'd not my Mind  
perplex,

Were I as wise as many of my Sex.

But time and you may bolder Thoughts  
inspire; 250

And I perhaps may yield to your Desire.

You last demand a private Conference,  
These are your Words, but I can guess your  
Sense.

Your unripe Hopes their Harvest must  
attend:

Be Rul'd by me, and Time may be your  
Friend.

This is enough to let you understand;  
For now my Pen has tir'd my tender Hand:  
My Woman Knows the Secret of my Heart,  
And may hereafter better News impart.

[Helen to Paris is by Dryden and the Earl of Mulgrave.]

## DIDO TO ÆNEAS.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*Æneas, the Son of Venus and Anchises, having, at the Destruction of Troy, sav'd his Gods, his Father, and son Ascanius, from the Fire, put to Sea with twenty Sail of Ships: and, having been long tost with Tempests, was at last cast upon the shore of Lybia, where queen Dido (flying from the cruelty of Pygmalion, her Brother, who had kill'd her Husband Sichæus) had lately built Carthage. She entertain'd Æneas and his Fleet with great civility, fell passionately in Love with him, and in the end denied him not the last Favours. But Mercury admonishing Æneas to go in search of Italy, (a Kingdom promis'd him by the Gods) he readily prepar'd to Obey him. Dido soon perceiv'd il, and having in vain try'd all other means to ingage him to stay, at last in Despair writes to him as follows.*

So, on *Mæander's* banks, when death is nigh,  
The Mournful *Swan* sings her own Elegie.  
Not that I hope (for, oh, that hope were vain!)

By words your lost affection to regain:  
But having lost what ere was worth my care,

Why shou'd I fear to lose a dying pray'r?  
'Tis then resolv'd poor *Dido* must be left.  
Of Life, of Honour, and of Love bereft!  
While you, with loosen'd Sails, & Vows,  
prepare

To seek a Land that flies the Searchers care.  
Nor can my rising Tow'rs your slight  
restrain,

Nor my new Empire, offer'd you in vain.  
Built Walls you shun, unbuilt you seek; that  
Land

Is yet to Conquer; but you this Command.  
Suppose you Landed where your wish  
design'd,

Think what Reception Forreiners would  
find.

What People is so void of common sence,  
To Vote Succession from a Native Prince?  
Yet there new Scepters and new Loves you  
seek;

New Vows to plight, and plighted Vows to  
break.

When will your Tow'rs the height of *Carthage*  
know?

Or when, your Eyes discern such Crowds  
below?

If such a Town and Subjects you cou'd see,  
Still wou'd you want a Wife who lov'd like  
me.

For, oh, I burn, like Fires with Incense  
bright:

Not holy Tapers flame with purer Light:  
*Æneas* is my Thoughts perpetual Theme;  
Their daily Longing, and their nightly  
Dream.

Yet he ungrateful and obdurate still:  
Fool that I am to place my Heart so ill! 30  
My self I cannot to my self restore;  
Still I complain, and still I love him more.  
Have pity, *Cupid*, on my bleeding Heart.  
And pierce thy Brothers with an equal  
Dart.

I rave: nor canst thou *Venus'* offspring be,  
Love's Mother could not bear a Son like  
thee.

From harden'd Oak, or from a Rocks cold  
Womb,

At least thou art from some fierce *Tygress*  
come;

Or, on rough Seas, from their Foundation  
torn,

Got by the Winds, and in a Tempest born:  
Like that, which now thy trembling Sailors  
fear;

Like that, whose Rage should still detain  
thee here.

Behold how high the Foamy Billows ride!  
The Winds and Waves are on the juster  
side.

To Winter Weather, and a stormy Sea  
I'll owe, what rather I wou'd owe to thee.

Death thou deserv'st from Heav'n's avenging  
Laws;

But I'm unwilling to become the Cause.  
To shun my Love, if thou wilt seek thy  
Fate,

'Tis a dear Purchase, and a costly Hate. 50  
Stay but a little, 'till the Tempest cease.

And the loud Winds are lull'd into a Peace.  
May all thy Rage, like theirs, unconstant  
prove!

And so it will, if there be Pow'r in Love.

Know'st thou not yet what dangers Ships  
sustain ?

So often wrack'd, how dar'st thou tempt the  
Main ?

Which were it smooth, were ev'ry Wave  
asleep,

Ten thousand forms of Death are in the  
Deep.

In that abyss the Gods their Vengeance  
store,

For broken Vows of those who falsely swore.  
There winged Storms on Sea-born Venus  
wait,

To vindicate the Justice of her State.  
Thus, I to thee the means of Safety show ;

And, lost my self, would still preserve my  
Foe.

False as thou art, I not thy Death design :  
O rather live, to be the Cause of mine !

Shou'd some avenging Storm thy Vessel  
tear,

(But Heav'n forbid my words shou'd Omen  
bear)

Then in thy Face thy perjurd Vows would  
fly ;

And my wrong'd Ghost be present to thy  
Eye.

With threatning looks think thou behold'st  
me stare,

Gasping my Mouth, and clotted all my Hair.  
Then shou'd fork'd Lightning and red  
Thunder fall,

What cou'dst thou say, but, I deserv'd 'em  
all.

Lest this shou'd happen, make not hast  
away ;

To shun the Danger will be worth thy Stay  
Have pity on thy Son, if not on me :

My Death alone is Guilt enough for thee.  
What has his Youth, what have thy Gods  
deserv'd,

To sink in Seas, who were from fires  
preserv'd ?

But neither Gods nor Parent didst thou  
bear ;

(Smooth stories all, to please a Womans ear,)   
False was the tale of thy Romantick life ;

Nor yet am I thy first deluded Wife.  
Left to pursuing Foes Creusa star'd,

By thee, base Man, forsaken and betray'd  
This, when thou told'st me, struck my tender  
Heart.

That such Requital follow'd such Desert.

Nor doubt I but the Gods, for Crimes like  
these,

Sev'n Winters kept thee wandring on the  
Seas.

Thy starv'd Companions, cast ashore, I fed,  
Thy self admitted to my Crown and Bed.

To harbour Strangers, succour the distrest,  
Was kind enough, but oh too kind the  
rest !

Curst be the Cave which first my Ruin  
brought,

Where, from the Storm, we common Shelter  
sought !

A dreadful howling eccho'd round the  
place :

The Mountain Nymphs, thought I, my  
Nuptials grace.

I thought so then, but now too late I know  
The Furies yell'd my Funerals from below

O Chastity and violated Fame,  
Exact your dues to my dead Husband's  
name !

By Death redeem my reputation lost,  
And to his Arms restore my guilty Ghost.

Close by my Pallace, in a Gloomy Grove,  
Is rais'd a Chappel to my Murder'd Love ;

There, wreath'd with boughs and wool his  
Statue stands

The pious Monument of Artful hands.  
Last Night, me thought, he call'd me from  
the dome

And thrice, with hollow Voice, cry'd, *Dido*,  
come.

She comes ; thy Wife thy lawful Summons  
hears ;

But comes more slowly, clogg'd with cop-  
scious Fears

Forgive the wrong I offer'd to thy Bed ;  
Strong were his Charms, who my weak Faith  
misled.

His Goddess Mother, and his aged Sire,  
Born on his Back, did to my Fall conspire.

Oh such he was, and is, that were he  
true,

Without a Blush I might his Love pursue.  
But cruel Stars my Birth day did attend ;

And as my Fortune open'd, it must end.   
My plighted Lord was at the Altar slain,  
Whose Wealth was made my bloody  
Brothers gain.

Friendless, and follow'd by the Murrer's  
Hate,

To forein Countreys I remov'd my Fate .

The King himself to Nuptial Ties a Slave,  
No bad Example to his Poets gave ;  
And they not bad, but in a vicious Age  
Had not to please the Prince debauch'd the  
Stage.

Now what shou'd *Arthur* do ? He lov'd  
the Knight,  
But Sovereign Monarchs are the Source of  
Right : 70

Mov'd by the Damsels Tears and common  
Cry,

He doom'd the brutal Ravisher to die.

But fair *Genevra* rose in his Defence,  
And pray'd so hard for Mercy from the  
Prince ;

That to his Queen the King th' Offender  
gave,

And left it in her Pow'r to Kill or Save :  
This gracious Act the Ladies all approve,  
Who thought it much a Man shou'd die for  
Love ;

And with their Mistress join'd in close  
Debate,

(Covering their Kindness with dissembled  
Hate ;) 80

If not to free him, to prolong his Fate.

At last agreed, they call'd him by consent  
Before the Queen and Female Parliament.  
And the fair Speaker, rising from her Chair  
Did thus the Judgment of the House declare.

Sir Knight, tho' I have ask'd thy Life,  
yet still

Thy Destiny depends upon my Will :  
Nor hast thou other Surety than the Grace  
Not due to thee from our offended Race.

But as our Kind is of a softer Mold, 90  
And cannot Blood without a Sigh behold,

I grant thee Life ; reserving still the  
Pow'r

To take the Forfeit when I see my Hour ;  
Unless thy Answer to my next Demand  
Shall set Thee free from our avenging  
Hand ;

The Question, whose Solution I require,  
*Is what the Sex of Women most desire ?*

In this Dispute thy Judges are at Strife ;  
Beware, for on thy Wit depends thy Life  
Yet (lest surpriz'd, unknowing what to say,  
Thou damn thy self) we give thee farther  
Day : 101

A Year is thine to wander at thy Will :  
And learn from others, if thou want'st the  
Skill.

But, not to hold our Proffer [as] in Scorn,  
Good Sureties will we have for thy return ;  
That at the time prefix'd thou shalt obey,  
And at thy Pledges Peril keep thy Day.

Woe was the Knight at this severe  
Command !

But well he knew 'twas bootless to with-  
stand :

The Terms accepted as the Fair ordain, 110  
He put in Bail for his return again ;  
And promis'd Answer at the Day assign'd,  
The best, with Heav'n's Assistance, he could  
find.

His Leave thus taken, on his Way he went,  
With heavy Heart, and full of Discontent,  
Misdoubting much, and fearful of th' Event.

'Twas hard the Truth of such a Point to find,  
As was not yet agreed among the Kind.

Thus on he went ; still anxious more and  
more,

Ask'd all he met ; and knock'd at ev'ry  
Door ; 120

Enquir'd of Men ; but made his chief  
Request

To learn from Women what they lov'd the  
best.

They answer'd each according to her Mind,  
To please her self, not all the Female Kind.

One was for Wealth, another was for Place ;  
Crones old and ugly, wish'd a better Face ;

The Widow's Wish was oftentimes to Wed ;  
The wanton Maids were all for Sport a Bed.

Some said the Sex were pleas'd with hand-  
som Lies,

And some gross Flatt'ry lov'd without  
disguise : 130

Truth is, says one, he seldom fails to win  
Who Flatters well ; for that's our darling Sin.

B&t long Attendance, and a duteous Mind,  
Will work ev'n with the wisest of the Kind.

One thought the Sexes prime Felicity  
Was from the Bonds of Wedlock to be  
free ;

101 Proffer [as] in Scorn | Proffer in Scorn 1700.  
*A word has dropt out in the printing. Warton gives proffer'd turn in scorn and is followed by Scott and Saintsbury, but the conjecture has little to recommend it. Christie gives proffer for in scorn, a reading which Saintsbury justly stigmatises as meaningless. The conjecture in the text is mine. The added word makes no appreciable difference in the sense, and the same word, though no editor seems to have noticed the fact, has dropt out in 543 below.*

How well thy Gift does with my Fate agree !  
My Funeral Pomp is cheaply made by thee.  
To no new Wounds my Bosom I display :  
The Sword but enters where Love made the way.

But thou, dear Sister, and yet dearer friend,  
Shalt my cold Ashes to their Urn attend.

*Sichæus* Wife let not the Marble boast,  
I lost that Title, when my Fame I lost.  
This short Inscription only let it bear :  
Unhappy *Dido* lies in quiet here. 210

The cause of death, & Sword by which she dy'd,

*Æneas* gave : the rest her arm supply'd.

## TRANSLATIONS FROM OVID'S ART OF LOVE.

### THE FIRST BOOK OF OVID'S ART OF LOVE.

In *Cupid's* school whoe'er wou'd take Degree,  
Must learn his Rudiments, by reading me.  
Seamen with sailing Arts their Vessels move,  
Art guides the Chariot ; Art instructs to Love.

Of Ships and Chariots others know the Rule ;  
But I am Master in Love's mighty School.

*Cupid* indeed is obstinate and wild,  
A stubborn God ; but yet the God's a Child ;  
Easy to govern in his tender Age,  
Like fierce *Achilles* in his Pupillage. 10

That Heroe, born for Conquest, trembling stood

Before the Centaur, and receiv'd the Rod.

As *Chyron* mollify'd his cruel Mind

With Art ; and taught his Warlike Hands to wind

The Silver Strings of his melodious Lyre :

So Love's fair Goddess does my Soul inspire,

To teach her softer Arts ; to soothe the Mind,

And smooth the rugged Breasts of Human Kind.

Yet *Cupid* and *Achilles*, each with Scorn

And Rage were fill'd ; and both were Goddess-born. 20

The Bull, reclaim'd and yok'd, the Burden draws :

The Horse receives the Bit within his Jaws ;  
And stubborn Love shall bend beneath my Sway,

Tho struggling oft he strives to disobey.

He shakes his Torch, he wounds me with his Darts ;

But vain his Force, and vainer are his Arts.

The more he burns my Soul, or wounds my Sight,

The more he teaches to revenge the Spight.

I boast no Aid the *Delphian* God affords,

Nor Auspice from the flight of chattering Birds ; 30

Nor *Clio*, nor her Sisters have I seen ;

As *Hesiod* saw them on the shady Green :

Experience makes my Work a Truth so try'd,

You may believe ; and *Venus* be my Guide.

Far hence, ye Vestals, be, who bind your Hair ;

And Wives, who Gowns below your Ankles wear.

I sing the Brothels loose and unconfin'd, }  
Th' unpunishable Pleasures of the Kind ; }

Which all a-like, for Love, or Morny find }.

You, who in *Cupid's* Rolls inscribe your Name, 40

First seek an Object worthy of your Flame ;

Then strive, with Art, your Lady's Mind to gain :

And, last, provide your Love may long remain.

On these three Precepts all my Work shall move :

These are the Rules and Principles of Love.

Before your Youth with Marriage is oppress,

Make choice of one who suits your Humour best :

And such a Damsel drops not from the Sky ;

She must be sought for with a curious Eye.

The wary Angler, in the winding Brook, 50  
Knows what the Fish, and where to bait his  
Hook.

The Fowle and the Hunts-man know by  
Name

The certain Haunts and Harbour of their  
Game.

So must the Lover beat the likeliest Grounds;  
Th' Assemblies where his quarry most  
abounds.

Nor shall my Novice wander far astray;  
These Rules shall put him in the ready Way.  
Thou shalt not sail around the Continent,  
As far as *Perseus*, or as *Paris* went:

For *Rome* alone affords thee such a Store, 60  
As all the World can hardly shew thee  
more.

The Face of Heav'n with fewer Stars is  
crown'd,

Than Beauties in the *Roman* Sphere are  
found.

Whether thy Love is bent on blooming  
Youth,

On dawning Sweetness, in unartful Truth;  
Or courts the juicy Joys of riper Growth;  
Here mayst thou find thy full Desires in  
both.

Or if Autumnal Beauties please thy Sight  
(An Age that knows to give, and take  
Delight;)

Millions of Matrons of the graver Sort, 70  
In common Prudence, will not balk the  
Sport.

In Summer Heats thou needst but only go  
To *Pompey's* cool and shady *Portico*;  
Or Concord's Fane; or that Proud Edifice,  
Whose Turrets near the bawdy Suburb rise:  
Or to that other *Portico*, where stands  
The cruel Father, urging his Commands,  
And fifty Daughters wait the Time of Rest,  
To plunge their Ponyards in the Bride-  
groom's Breast:

Or *Venus* Temple; where, on Annual  
Nights, 80

They mourn *Adonis* with *Assyrian* Rites.  
Nor shun the *Jewish* Walk, where the foul  
drove,

On Sabbaths, rest from every thing but  
Love.

Nor *Istis* Temple; for that sacred Whore  
Makes others, what to *Jove* she was before.

55 Assemblies] Some editors give Assembly

And if the Hall itself be not bely'd,  
Ev'n there the Cause of Love is often try'd;  
Near it at least, or in the Palace Yard,  
From whence the noisy Combatants are  
heard.

The crafty Counsellors, in formal Gown, 90  
There gain another's Cause, but lose their  
own.

There Eloquence is nonplust in the Sute;  
And Lawyers, who had Words at Will, are  
mute.

*Venus*, from her adjoining Temple, smiles,  
To see them caught in their litigious Wiles.  
Grave Senators lead home the Youthful  
Dame,

Returning Clients, when they Patrons came.  
But above all, the Play-House is the Place;  
There's Choice of Quarry in that narrow  
Chace.

There take thy Stand, and sharply looking  
out, 100

Soon mayst thou find a Mistress in the Rout,  
For Length of Time, or for a single Bout.

The Theatres are Berries for the Fair:  
Like Ants on Mole-hills, thither they repair;  
Like Bees to Hives, so numerous they  
throng,

It may be said, they to that Place belong.  
Thither they swarm, who have the publick  
Voice:

There choose, if Plenty not distracts thy  
Choice.

To see and to be seen, in Heaps they run;  
Some to undo, and some to be undone. 110

From *Romulus* the Rise of Plays began,  
To his new Subjects a commodious Man;  
Who, his unmarried Soldiers to supply,  
Took care the Common-Wealth should  
multiply:

Providing *Sabine* Women for his Braves,  
Like a true King, to get a Race of Slaves.  
His Play-House not of *Parian* Marble made,  
Nor was it spread with purple Sayls for shade.  
The Stage with Rushes, or with Leaves they  
strew'd: 119

No Scenes in Prospect, no machining God.  
On Rows of homely Turf they sate to see,  
Crown'd with the Wreaths of every common  
Tree.

There, while they sat in rustick Majesty,  
Each Lover had his Mistress in his Eye;  
And whom he saw most suiting to his Mind,  
For Joys of matrimonial Rape design'd.

Scarce cou'd they wait the *Plaudit* in their  
 Haste ;  
 But, e're the Dances and the Song were past,  
 The Monarch gave the Signal from his  
 Thrope ;  
 And rising, bad his merry Men fall on. 130  
 The Martial Crew, like Soldiers ready prest,  
 Just at the Word (the Word too was the  
 Best)  
 With joyful Cries each other animate ;  
 Some choose, and some at Hazzard seize their  
 Mate.  
 As Doves from Eagles, or from Wolves the  
 Lambs,  
 So from their lawless Lovers fly the Dames.  
 Their Fear was one, but not one Face of  
 Fear ;  
 Some rend the lovely Tresses of their Hair,  
 Some shriek, and some are struck with  
 dumb Despair.  
 Her absent Mother one invokes in vain ;  
 One stands amaz'd, not daring to com-  
 plain ; 141  
 The nimbler trust their Feet, the slow  
 remain.  
 But nought availing, all are Captives led,  
 Trembling and Blushing to the Genial Bed.  
 She who too long resisted, or deny'd,  
 The lusty Lover made by Force a Bride ;  
 And, with superiour Strength, compell'd  
 her to his Side.  
 Then sooth'd her thus!—My Soul's far better  
 Part,  
 Cease weeping, nor afflict thy tender Heart :  
 For what thy Father to thy Mother was, 150  
 That Faith to thee, that solemn Vow I pass !  
 Thus *Romulus* became so popular ;  
 This was the Way to thrive in Peace and  
 War ;  
 To pay his Army, and fresh Whores to  
 bring ;  
 Who wou'd not fight for such a gracious  
 King !  
 Thus Love in Theaters did first improve ;  
 And Theaters are still the Scene of Love :  
 Nor shun the Chariots, and the Courser's  
 Race ;  
 The *Circus* is no inconvenient Place.  
 No need is there of talking on the Hand ; 160  
 Nor Nods, nor Signs, which Lovers under-  
 stand.  
 But boldly next the fair your Seat provide ;  
 Close as you can to hers ; and Side by Side.

Pleas'd or unpleas'd, no matter ; crowding  
 sit :  
 For so the Laws of publick Shows permit.  
 Then find Occasion to begin Discourse ;  
 Enquire, whose Chariot this, and whose  
 that Horse ?  
 To whatsoever Side she is inclin'd,  
 Sute all your Inclinations to her Mind ;  
 Like what she likes ; from thence your  
 Court begin ; 170  
 And whom she favours, wish that he may  
 win.  
 But when the Statues of the Deities,  
 In Chariots roll'd, appear before the Prize ;  
 When *Venus* comes, with deep Devotion  
 rise.  
 If Dust be on her Lap, or Grains of Sand,  
 Brush both away with your officious Hand.  
 If none be there, yet brush that nothing  
 thence ;  
 And still to touch her Lap make some  
 Pretence.  
 Touch any thing of hers ; and if her Train  
 Sweep on the Ground, let it not sweep in  
 vain ; 180  
 But gently take it up, and wipe it clean ;  
 And while you wipe it, with observing  
 Eyes,  
 Who knows but you may see her naked  
 Thighs !  
 Observe, who sits behind her ; and beware,  
 Dost his incroaching Knee shou'd press the  
 Fair.  
 Light Service takes light Minds : For some  
 can tell  
 Of Favours won, by laying Cushions well . .  
 By Fanning Faces some their Fortune meet ;  
 And some by laying Footstools for their  
 Feet.  
 These Overtures of Love the *Circus* gives ;  
 Nor at the Sword-play less the Lover  
 thrives : 191  
 For there the Son of *Venus* fights his Prize ;  
 And deepest Wounds are oft receiv'd from  
 Eyes.  
 One, while the Crowd their Acclamations  
 make,  
 Or while he Betts, and puts his Ring to  
 Stake,  
 Is struck from far, and feels the flying Dart ;  
 And of the Spectacle is made a Part.  
*Cesar* wou'd represent a Naval Fight,  
 For his own Honour, and for *Rome's* Delight.



From either Sea the Youths and Maidens  
come ; 200

And all the World was then contain'd in  
*Rome* !

In this vast Concourse, in this Choice of  
Game,

What *Roman* Heart but felt a foreign Flame?  
Once more our Prince prepares to make us  
glad ;

And the remaining East to *Rome* will add.  
Rejoice, ye *Roman* Souldiers, in your Urn ;  
Your Ensigns from the *Parthians* shall  
return ;

And the slain *Crassi* shall no longer mourn.  
A youth is sent those trophies to demand ;  
And bears his father's thunder in his  
hand : 210

Doubt not th' Imperial Boy in Wars unseen ;  
In Childhood all of *Cæsar's* Race are Men.  
Celestial Seeds shoot out before their Day,  
Prevent their Years, and brook no dull  
Delay.

Thus Infant *Hercules* the Snakes did press,  
And in his Cradle did his Sire confess.  
*Bacchus* a Boy, yet like a Hero fought,  
And early Spoils from conquer'd *India*  
brought.

Thus you your Father's Troops shall lead to  
Fight,

And thus shall vanquish in your Father's  
Right. 220

These Rudiments you to your Lineage owe ;  
Born to increase your Titles as you grow.  
Brethren you had, Revenge your Brethren  
slain ;

You have a Father, and his Rights maintain.  
Arm'd by your Country's Parent, and your  
own,

Redeem your Country, and restore his  
Throne.

Your Enemies assert an impious Cause ;  
You fight both for divine and humane Laws.  
Already in their Cause they are o'ercome :  
Subject them too, by Force of Arms, to  
*Rome*. 230

Great Father *Mars* with greater *Cæsar* joyn,  
To give a prosperous *Omen* to your Line :  
One of you is, and one shall be divine.  
I prophesy you shall, you shall o'ercome :  
My Verse shall bring you back in Triumph  
Home.

Speak in my Verse, exhort to loud Alarms :  
O were my Numbers equal to your Arms.

Then will I sing the *Parthians* Overthrow ;  
Their Shot averse sent from a flying Bow :  
The *Parthians*, who already flying fight, 240<sup>f</sup>.  
Already give an *Omen* of their Flight.

O when will come the Day, by Heav'n  
design'd,

When thou, the best and fairest of Mankind,  
Drawn by white Horses shalt in Triumph  
ride,

With conquer'd Slaves attending on thy  
Side ;

Slaves that no longer can be safe in Flight ;  
O glorious Object, O surprizing Sight,  
O Day of Publick Joy, too good to end in  
Night !

On such a Day, if thou, and, next to thee,  
Some Beauty sits the Spectacle to see : 250  
If she enquire the Names of conquer'd Kings,  
Of Mountains, Rivers, and their hidden  
Springs,

Answer to all thou know'st ; and, if need be,  
Of things unknown seem to speak know-  
ingly ;

This is *Euphrates*, crown'd with Reeds ; and  
there

Flows the swift *Tigris* with his Sea-green  
Hair.

Invent new Names of things unknown  
before ;

Call this *Armenia*, that the *Caspian* Shore ;  
Call this a *Mede*, and that a *Parthian* Youth ;  
Talk probably ; no Matter for the Truth. 260

In Feasts, as at our Shows, new Means  
abound ;

More Pleasure there, than that of Wine is  
found.

The *Paphian* Goddess there her Ambush  
lays ;

And Love betwixt the Horns of *Bacchus*  
'plays :

Desires encrease at ev'ry swilling Draught ;  
Brisk Vapours add new Vigour to the  
Thought.

There *Cupid's* purple Wings no Flight  
afford ;

But wet with Wine, he flutters on the  
Board.

He shakes his Pinnions, but he cannot move ;  
Fix'd he remains, and turns a Maudlin Love.  
Wine warms the Blood, and makes the  
Spirits flow ; 271

Care flies, and Wrinkles from the Forehead  
go :

Exalts the Poor, Invigorates the Weak ;  
Gives Mirth and Laughter, and a Rosy  
Cheek.

Bold Truths it speaks ; and, spoken, dares  
maintain ;

And brings our old Simplicity again.

Love sparkles in the Cup, and fills it higher :  
Wine feeds the Flames, and Fuel adds to  
Fire.

But choose no Mistress in thy drunken Fit ;  
Wine gilds too much their Beauties and their  
Wits.

Nor trust thy Judgment when the Tapers  
dance ;

But sober, and by Day, thy Sute advance.  
By Day-Light *Paris* judg'd the beauteous  
Threw ;

And for the fairest did the Prize decree.

Night is a Cheat, and all Deformities

Are hid, or lessen'd in her dark Disguise.

The Sun's fair Light each Error will confess,  
In Face, in Shape, in Jewels, and in Dress.

Why name I ev'ry Place where Youths  
abound ?

'Tis Loss of Time, and a too fruitful Ground.  
The *Bajan* Baths, where Ships at Anchor  
ride,

And wholesome Streams from Sulphur  
Fountains glide ;

Where wounded Youths are by Experience  
taught,

The Waters are less healthful than they  
thought :

Or *Dian's* Fane, which near the Suburb lies,  
Where Priests, for their Promotion, fight  
a Prize.

That Maiden Goddess is Love's mortal Foe  
And much from her his Subjects undergo.

Thus far the sportful Muse, with Mirth  
bound,

Has sung where lovely Lasses may be  
found.

Now let me sing, how she who wounds your  
Mind,

With Art, may be to cure your Wounds  
inclin'd.

Young Nobles, to my Laws Attention lend ;  
And all you Vulgar of my School, attend.

First then believe, all Women may be  
won ;

Attempt with Confidence, the Work is done.  
The Grasshopper shall first forbear to sing

In Summer Season, or the Birds in Spring,

Than Women can resist your flattering Skill :  
Ev'n She will yield, who swears she never  
will.

To Secret Pleasure both the Sexes move ;  
But Women most, who most dissemble Love.

'Twere best for us, if they wou'd first declare,  
Avow their Passion, and submit to Prayer.

The Cow by loving tells the Bull her Flame :  
The neighing Mare invites her Stallion to the  
Game.

Man is more temp'rate in his Lust than they,  
And more than Women, can his Passion sway.

*Biblis*, we know, did first her Love declare,  
And had Recourse to Death in her De-  
spair.

Her Brother She, her Father *Myrrha* sought,  
And lov'd ; but lov'd not as a Daughter  
ought.

Now from a Tree she stills her odorous Tears,  
Which yet the Name of her who shed 'em  
bears.

In *Ida's* shady Vale a Bull appear'd,  
White as the Snow, the fairest of the Herd ;

A Beauty Spot of black there only rose,  
Betwixt his equal Horns and ample Brows :

The Love and Wish of all the *Cretan* Cows.  
The Queen beheld him as his Head he  
rear'd ;

And env'y'd ev'ry Leap he gave the Herd.  
A Secret Fire she nourish'd in her Breast,

And hated ev'ry Heifer he caress'd.  
A Story known, and known for true, I tell ;

Nor *Crete*, though lying, can the Truth con-  
ceal.

She cut him Grass ; (so much can Love  
command)

She strok'd, she fed him with her Royal  
Hand :

Was pleas'd in Pastures with the Herd to  
rome ;

And *Minos* by the Bull was overcome.  
Cease Queen, with Gemms t' adorn thy

beauteous Brows ;  
The Monarch of thy Heart no Jewel knows

Nor in thy Glass compose thy Looks and  
Eyes :

Secure from all thy Charms thy Lover lies :  
Yet trust thy Mirrour, when it tells thee true ;

Thou art no Heifer to allure his View.  
Soon wou'dst thou quit thy Royal Diadem

To thy fair Rivals, to be horn'd like them.  
If *Minos* please, no Lover seek to find ;

If not, at least seek one of humane Kind.

She speaks aloud to him with more disdain,  
Be still, thou Martyr fool, thou covetous  
of pain. 150

But if an old decrepit Sot lament ;  
What thou ((She cries) who hast outliv'd  
content !

Dost thou complain, who hast enjoy'd my  
store ?

But this is still th' effect of wishing more.  
Unsatisfy'd with all that Nature brings ;  
Loathing the present, liking absent things ;  
From hence it comes, thy vain desires, at  
strife

Within themselves, have tantaliz'd thy Life.  
And ghastly death appear'd before thy  
sight,

E're thou hadst gorg'd thy Soul & Senses  
with delight. 160

Now leave those joys, unsuited to thy age,  
To a fresh Comer, and resign the Stage ;  
Is Nature to be blam'd if thus she chide ?

No sure ; for 'tis her business to provide  
Against this ever-changing Frames decay,  
New things to come, and old to pass away.  
One Being, worn, another Being makes ;  
Chang'd, but not lost ; for Nature gives and  
takes :

New Matter must be found for things to  
come,

And these must waste like those, and follow  
Natures doom. 170

All things, like thee, have time to rise and  
rot ;

And from each other's ruin are begot :  
For Life is not confin'd to him or thee :

'Tis giv'n to all for use, to none for Property.  
Consider former Ages past and gone,

Whose Circles ended long ere thine begun,  
Then tell me Fool, what part in them thou  
hast ?

Thus may'st thou judge the future by the  
past.

What horror seest thou in that quiet state,  
What Bugbear Dreams to fright thee after  
Fate ? 180

No Ghost, no Goblins, that still passage  
keep ;

But all is there serene, in that eternal Sleep.  
For all the dismal Tales that Poets tell,  
Are verify'd on Earth, and not in Hell.

No *Tantalus* looks up with fearful eye,  
Or dreads th' impending Rock to crush him  
from on high :

But fear of Chance on earth disturbs our  
easie hours,

Or vain imagin'd wrath of vain imagin'd  
Pow'rs.

No *Tityus* torn by Vultures lies in Hell ;  
Nor cou'd the Lobes of his rank liver swell  
To that prodigious Mass, for their eternal  
meal : 190

Not tho' his monstrous Bulk had cover'd  
o're

Nine spreading Acres, or nine thousand  
more ;

Not tho' the Globe of earth had been the  
Gyants floor

Nor in eternal torments could he lie :  
Nor could his Corps sufficient food supply.

But he's the *Tityus*, who by love oppress'd,  
Or Tyrant Passion preying on his breast,  
And ever anxious Thoughts, is robb'd  
of rest.

The *Sisiphus* is he, whom noise and strife 200  
Seduce from all the soft retreats of life,

To vex the Government, disturb the Laws :  
Drunk with the Fumes of popular Applause,

He courts the giddy Crowd to make him  
great,

And sweats & toils in vain, to mount the  
sovereign Seat.

For still to aim at Pow'r and still to fail,  
Ever to strive, and never to prevail,

What is it, but, in reason's true account  
To heave the Stone against the rising  
Mount ?

Which urg'd, and labour'd, and forc'd up  
with pain, 210

Recoils, & rowls impetuous down, and  
smoaks along the plain.

Then still to treat thy ever-craving mind  
W'ith ev'ry blessing, and of ev'ry kind,

Yet never fill thy rav'ning appetite ;  
Though years and seasons vary thy delight,

Yet nothing to be seen of all the store,  
But still the Wolf within thee barks for  
more ;

This is the Fables Moral, which they tell  
Of fifty foolish Virgins damn'd in Hell

To leaky Vessels, which the Liquor spill ; 220  
To Vessels of their Sex, which none cou'd  
ever fill.

As for the Dog, the Furies, and their Snakes  
The gloomy Caverns, and the burning Lakes,

And all the vain infernal trumpery,  
They neither are, nor were, nor e're can be.

'T' enjoy the Maid, will that thy Suit  
 advance ?  
 'Tis a hard Question, and a doubtful Chance.  
 One Maid, corrupted, bawds the better for't ;  
 Another for her self wou'd keep the Sport  
 Thy Bus'ness may be further'd or delay'd :  
 But by my Counsel, let alone the Maid :  
 Ev'n tho she shou'd consent to do the  
 Feat, 430  
 The Profit's little, and the Danger great.  
 I will not lead thee through a rugged Road,  
 But where the Way lies open, safe, and  
 broad.  
 Yet if thou find'st her very much thy  
 Friend,  
 And her good Face her Diligence commend :  
 Let the fair Mistress have thy first Embrace,  
 And let the Maid come after in her Place.  
 But this I will advise, and mark my  
 Words,  
 For 'tis the best Advice my Skill affords :  
 If needs thou with the Damsel wilt begin,  
 Before th' Attempt is made, make sure to  
 win : 441  
 For then the Secret better will be kept ;  
 And she can tell no Tales when once she's  
 dapt.  
 'Tis for the Fowlers Interest to beware,  
 The Bird intangled shou'd not scape the  
 Snare.  
 The Fish, once prick'd, avoids the bearded  
 Hook,  
 And spoils the Sport of all the neighb'ring  
 Brook.  
 But if the Wench be thine, she makes thy  
 Way ;  
 And, for thy Sake, her Mistress will betray ;  
 Tell all she knows, and all she hears her  
 say. • 450  
 Keep well the Counsel of thy faithful Spy :  
 So shalt thou learn whene'er she treads  
 awry.  
 All things the Stations of their Seasons  
 keep ;  
 And certain Times there are to sow and  
 reap.  
 Ploughmen and Sailors for the Season stay,  
 One to plough Land, and one to plough  
 the Sea :  
 So shou'd the Lover wait the lucky Day.  
 Then stop thy Suit ; it hurts not thy  
 Design :  
 But think another Hour she may be thine.

And when she celebrates her Birth at home,  
 Or when she views the publick shows of  
 Rome, 461  
 Know, all thy Visits then are troublesome.  
 Defer thy Work, and put not then to Sea,  
 For that's a boding and a stormy Day.  
 Else take thy Time, and, when thou canst,  
 begin :  
 To break a Jewish Sabbath, think no Sin :  
 Nor ev'n on superstitious Days abstain ;  
 Not when the Romans were at *Alba* slain  
 Ill Omens in her Frowns are understood ;  
 When She's in humour, ev'ry Day is good.  
 But than her Birth-day seldom comes a  
 worse ; 471  
 When Bribes and Presents must be sent of  
 course ;  
 And that's a bloody Day, that costs thy  
 Purse.  
 Be stanch, yet Parsimony will be vain :  
 The craving Sex will still the Lover drain.  
 No Skill can shift 'em off, nor Art remove ;  
 They will be Begging, when they know we  
 Love  
 The Merchant comes upon th' appointed  
 Day,  
 Who shall before thy Face his Wares dis-  
 play.  
 To chuse for her she craves thy kind  
 Advice ; 480  
 Then begs again, to bargain for the Price :  
 But when she has her Purchase in her  
 Eye,  
 She hugs thee close, and kisses thee to buy.  
 'Tis what I want, and 'tis a Pennorth too ;  
 In many years I will not trouble you.  
 If you complain you have no ready Com ;  
 No matter, 'tis but Writing of a Line,  
 A little Bill, not to be paid at Sight ;  
 (Now curse the Time when thou wert taught  
 to Write)  
 She keeps her Birth-day ; you must send  
 the Chear ; 490  
 And she'll be Born a hundred times a year.  
 With daily Lies she dribs thee into Cost ;  
 That Ear-ring dropt a Stone, that Ring is  
 lost.  
 They often borrow what they never pay ;  
 What e'er you lend her, think it thrown  
 away.  
 Had I ten Mouths and Tongues to tell  
 each Art,  
 All wou'd be weary'd e'er I told a Part.

Nature of those Fellows, who were then call'd *Zoili* and *Momi*, and now take upon themselves the Venerable Name of Censors. But neither *Zoilus*, nor he who endeavour'd to defame *Virgil*, were ever Adopted into the Name of Critics by the *Ancients*: what their Reputation was then, we know; and their Successors in this Age deserve no better. Are our Auxiliary Forces turn'd our Enemies? Are they, who, at best, are but Wits of the Second Order, and whose only Credit amongst Readers is what they obtain'd by being subservient to the Fame of Writers; are these become Rebels of Slaves, and Usurpers of Subjects; or to speak in the most Honourable Terms of them, are they from our Seconds, become Principals against us? Does the Ivy undermine the Oke, which supports its weakness? What labour wou'd it cost them to put in a better Line, than the worst of 10 those which they expunge in a True Poet? *Petronius*, the greatest Wit perhaps of all the *Romans*, yet when his Envy prevail'd upon his Judgment, to fall on *Lucan*, he fell himself in his attempt: He perform'd worse in his Essay of the Civil War, than the Authour of the *Pharsalia*; and avoiding his Errours, has made greater of his own. *Julius Scaliger* wou'd needs turn down *Homer*, and Abdicate him after the possession of Three Thousand Years: Has he succeeded in his Attempt? He has indeed shown us some of those Imperfections in him, which are incident to Humane Kind; But who had not rather be that *Homer* than this *Scaliger*? You see the same Hypercritick, when he endeavours to mend the beginning of *Claudian* (a faulty Poet, and Living in a Barbarous Age), yet how short he comes of him, and substitutes such Verses of his own as deserve the *Ferula*. What 20 a Censure has he made of *Lucan*, that he rather seems to Bark than Sing! Wou'd any but a Dog, have made so snarling a Comparison? One wou'd have thought he had Learn'd Latin, as late as they tell us he did Greek. Yet he came off with a *pace tua*, by your good leave, *Lucan*; he call'd him not by those outrageous Names, of Fool, Booby, and Blockhead: He had somewhat more of good Manners, than his Successors, as he had much more Knowledge. We have two sorts of those Gentlemen in our Nation: Some of them proceeding with a seeming moderation and pretence of Respect, to the Dramatick Writers of the last Age, only scorn and vilifie the present Poets, to set up their Predecessors. But this is only in appearance; for their real design is nothing less, than to do Honour to any Man, besides themselves. *Horace* took notice of such men in his age: 30 — *Non Ingeniis favet ille Sepultis; Nostra sed impugnat; nos nostraque lividis odit.* 'Tis not with an ultimate intention to pay Reverence to the Manes of *Shakespear*, *Fletcher*, and *Ben Johnson*, that they commend their Writings, but to throw Dirt on the Writers of this Age: Their Declaration is one thing, and their Practice is another. By a seeming veneration to our Fathers, they wou'd thrust out us their Lawful Issue, and Govern us themselves, under a specious pretence of Reformation. If they could compass their intent, what wou'd Wit and Learning get by such a change? If we are bad Poets, they are worse; and when any of their woful pieces come abroad, the difference is so great betwixt them and good Writers, that there need no Criticisms on our part to decide it. When they describe the Writers of this Age, they draw such monstrous figures of them, 40 as resemble none of us: Our pretended Pictures are so unlike, that it is evident we never sate to them: they are all Grotesque; the products of their wild Imaginations, things out of Nature, so far from being Copy'd from us, that they resemble nothing that ever was, or ever can be. But there is another sort of Insects, more venomous than the former. Those who manifestly aim at the destruction of our Poetical Church and State. Who allow nothing to their Country-Men, either of this or of the former Age. These attack the Living by raking up the Ashes of the Dead; well knowing that if they can subvert their Original Title to the Stage, we who claim under them, must fall of course. Peace be to the Venerable Shades of *Shakespear* and *Ben Johnson*: None of the Living will presume to have any competition with them: as they were our Predecessors, so they were our 50

6 Readers is] Readers, is 1693.  
Well 1693.

30 notice of] notice, of 1693.

47 Dead; well] Dead.

Your Nails be pick'd from filth, and even  
par'd ;

Nor let your nasty Nostrils bud with Beard.  
Cure your unsav'ry Breath, gargle your  
Throat,

And free your Arm-pits from the Ram and  
Goat.

Dress not, in short, too little, or too much ;  
And be not wholly *French*, nor wholly  
*Dutch*. 589

Now *Bacchus* calls me to his jolly Rites :  
Who wou'd not follow, when a God invites ?  
He helps the Poet, and his Pen inspires,  
Kind and indulgent to his former Fires.

Fair *Asiadne* wander'd on the shore,  
Forsaken now ;<sup>6</sup> and *Theseus* Loves no more :  
Loose was her Gown, dishevel'd was her  
Hair ;

Her Bosom naked, and her Feet were bare :  
Exclaiming, in the Waters brink she stood ,  
Her briny Tears augment the briny Flood.  
She shriek'd, and wept, and both became  
her Face : 600

No posture cou'd that Heav'nly form  
disgrace.

She beat her Breast : The Traytor's gone,  
said she,

What shall become of poor forsaken me ?  
What shall become—she had not time for  
more,

The sounding Cymbals rattled on the Shore.  
She swoons for fear, she falls upon the  
Ground ;

No vital heat was in her body found.  
The *Mimallonian* Dames about her stood ;

And scudding *Satyrs* ran before their God  
*Silenus* on his Ass did next appear, 610

And held upon the *Mnne* (the God was clear)  
The drunken *Syre* pursues ; the Dames retire ;  
Sometimes the drunken Dames pursue the  
drunken *Syre*.

At last he topples over on the Plain ;  
The *Satyrs* laugh, and bid him rise again.

And now the God of Wine came driving on,  
High on his Chariot by swift *Tygers* drawn.  
Her Colour, Voice, and Sense forsook the  
fair ;

Thrice did her trembling Feet for flight  
prepare, 619

And thrice affrighted did her flight forbear.)

She shook, like leaves of Corn when Tempests  
blow

Or slender Reeds that in the Marshes grow.  
To whom the God—Compose thy fearful  
Mind ;

In me a truer Husband thou shalt find  
With Heav'n I will endow thee ; and thy  
Star

Shall with propitious Light be seen afar,  
And guide on Seas the doubtful Mariner.)

He said ; and from his Chariot leaping light ;  
Lest the grim *Tygers* shou'd the Nymph  
affright,

His brawny Arms around her waist he  
threw ; 630

(For Gods, what ere they will, with ease  
can do :) And swiftly bore her thence : th' attending  
throng

Shout at the Sight, and sing the *Nuptial*  
song.

Now in full bowls her Sorrow she may steep :  
The Bridegroom's Liquor lays the Bride  
asleep.

But thou, when flowing Cups in Triumph  
ride,

And the lov'd Nymph is seated by thy side ;  
Invoke the God, and all the mighty Pow'rs,  
That Wine may not defraud thy Genial hours.

Then in ambiguous Words thy suit prefer ;  
Which she may know were all address to  
her, 641

In liquid purple Letters write her Name,  
Which she may read, and reading find thy  
Flame.

Then may your Eyes confess your mutual  
Fires ,

(For Eyes have Tongues, and glances tell  
desires)

Whene'er she Drinks, be first to take the  
Cup ;

And where she laid her Lips, the Blessings up  
When she to Carving does her Hand ad-  
vance,

Put out thy own, and touch it as by  
chance. 649

Thy service ev'n her Husband must attend :  
(A Husband is a most convenient Friend )

Seat the fool Cuckold in the highest place :  
And with thy Garland his dull Temples  
grace.

595 Loves] The editors wrongly give loved  
598 in] The editors give on

653 thy] The editors nonsensically give the

Whether below, or equal in degree,  
Let him be Lord of all the Company ;  
And what he says, be seconded by Thee. }

'Tis common to deceive through friendships  
Name :

But common though it be, 'tis still to  
blame :

Thus Factors frequently their Trust betray,  
And to themselves their Masters gains convey. 660

Drink to a certain Pitch, and then give o're ;  
Thy Tongue and Feet may stumble, drinking  
more.

Of drunken Quarrels in her sight beware ;  
Pot Valour only serves to fright the Fair.  
*Eurytion* justly fell, by Wine oppress,  
For his rude Riot at a Wedding-Feast.  
Sing, if you have a Voice ; and show your  
Parts

In Dancing, if endu'd with Dancing Arts.  
Do any thing within your power to please ;  
Nay, ev'n affect a seeming Drunkenness ;  
Clip every word ; and if by chance you  
speak 671

Too home ; or if too broad a Jest you  
break ;

In your excuse the Company will joyn,  
And lay the Fault upon the Force of Wine.  
True Drunkenness is subject to offend ;  
But when 'tis feign'd, 'tis oft a Lover's  
Friend.

Then safely you may praise her beauteous  
Face,

And call him Happy, who is in her grace.  
Her Husband thinks himself the Man de-  
sign'd ;

But curse the Cuckold in your secret Mind.  
When all are risen, and prepare to go, 681  
Mix with the Croud, and tread upon her Toe.  
This is the proper time to make thy  
Court ;

For now she's in the Vein, and fit for  
Sport ;

Lay Bashfulness, that rustick Virtue, by ;  
To manly Confidence thy Thoughts apply.  
On Fortune's Foretop timely fix thy hold ;  
Now speak and speed, for *Venus* loves the  
old.

No Rules of Rhetorick here I need afford :  
Only begin, and trust the following word ;  
It will be Witty of its own accord. 691

Act well the Lover, let thy Speech abound  
In dying words, that represent thy Wound.

Distrust not her belief ; she will be mov'd ;  
All women think they merit to be lov'd. }

Sometimes a Man begins to Love in Jest,  
And, after, feels the Torments he profess.  
For your own sakes be pitiful ye Fair ;  
For a feign'd Passion may a true prepare.  
By Flatteries we prevail on Woman-kind ;  
As hollow Banks by Streams are under-  
min'd. 701

Tell her, her Face is Fair,\* her Eyes are  
Sweet

Her Taper Fingers praise, and little Feet.  
Such Praises ev'n the Chast are pleas'd to  
hear ;

Both Maids and Matrons hold their Beauty  
dear.

Once naked *Pallas* with *Jove's* Queen ap-  
pear'd ;

And still they grieve that *Venus* was pre-  
fer'd.

Praise the proud Peacock, and he spreads  
his Train ;

Be silent, and he pulls it in again.

Pleas'd is the Courser in his rapid Race ; 710  
Applaud his Running, and he mends his  
pace.

But largely promise, and devoutly swear ;  
And, if need be, call ev'ry God to hear.

*Jove* sits above, forgiving with a Smile  
The Perjuries that easy Maids beguile.

He swore to *Junio* by the *Stygian* Lake :  
Forsworn, he dares not an Example make,  
Or punish Falshood, for his own dear  
sake. }

'Tis for our Int'rest that the Gods should  
be ;

Let us believe 'em : I believe, they see, 720  
And both reward, and punish equally.

Not that they live above like lazy Drones,  
Or Kings below, supine upon their Thrones.  
Lead then your Lives as present in their  
sight ;

Be just in Dealings, and defend the right ;  
By Fraud betray not, nor Oppress by Night. }

But 'tis a Venial Sin to Cheat the Fair ;  
All Men have Liberty of Conscience there.  
On cheating Nymphs a Cheat is well de-  
sign'd ;

'Tis a prophane and a deceitful Kind. 730

'Tis said, that *Aegypt* for nine Years was  
dry,

Nor *Nile* did Floods, nor Heav'n did Rain  
supply.

A Foreigner at length inform'd the King,  
That slaughter'd Guests would kindly Moisture bring.

The King reply'd, On thee the Lot shall fall,  
Be thou, my Guest, the Sacrifice for all.

Thus *Phalaris*, *Perillus* taught to low,  
And made him season first the brazen Cow.  
A rightful Doom, the Laws of Nature cry,  
'Tis, the Artificers of Death should die. 740  
Thus justly Women suffer by Decent;  
Their Practice authorizes us to cheat.

Beg her, with Tears, thy warm Desires, to grant;

For Tears will pierce a Heart of Adamant.  
If Tears will not be squeez'd, then rub your Eye,

Or noint the Lids, and seem at least to cry.  
Kiss, if you can: Resistance if she make,  
And will not give you Kisses, let her take.  
*Fie, fie, you naughty Man*, are Words of Course; 749

She struggles but to be subdu'd by Force.  
Kiss only soft, I charge you, and beware,  
With your hard Bristles not to brush the Fair.

He who has gain'd a Kiss, and gains no more,

Deserves to lose the Bliss he got before.  
If once she kiss, her Meaning is exprest;  
There wants but little Pushing for the rest.  
Which if thou dost not gain, by Strength or Art,

The Name of Clown then suits with thy Desert;

'Tis downright Dulness, and a shameful Part

Perhaps, she calls it Force; but, if she 'scape, 760

She will not thank you for th' omitted Rape.  
The Sex is cunning to conceal their Fires;  
They would be forc'd, ev'n to their own Desires.

They seem t' accuse you, with a down-cast Sight,

But in their Souls confess you did them right.

Who might be forc'd, and yet untouch'd depart,

Thank with their Tongues, but curse you with their Heart.

736 Be thou, my Guest] The editors give Be thou my Guest

Fair *Phæbe* and her Sister did prefer,  
To their dull Mates, the noble Ravisher  
What *Desdama* did, in Days of Yore, 770  
The Tale is old, but worth the reading o'er.

When *Venus* had the golden Apple gain'd,  
And the just Judge fair *Hellen* had obtain'd:  
When she with Triumph was at *Troy* receiv'd,

The *Trojans* joyful while the *Grecians* griev'd:

They vow'd Revenge of violated Laws,  
And *Greece* was arming in the Cuckold's Cause:

*Achilles*, by his Mother warn'd from War,  
Disguis'd his Sex, and lurk'd among the Fair,

What means *Eacides* to spin and sow? 780  
With Spear, and Sword, in Field thy Valour show;

And, leaving this, the Nobler *Pallas* know  
Why dost thou in that Hand the Distaff wield,

Which is more worthy to sustain a Shield?  
Or with that other draw the woolly Twine,  
The same the Fates for *Hector's* Thread assign?

Brandish thy Fauchion in thy pow'rful Hand,

Which can alone the pond'rous Lance command.

In the same Room by chance the Royal Maid

Was lodg'd, and, by his seeming Sex betray'd, 790

Close to her Side the Youthful Heroe laid.  
I know not how his Courtship he began;

But, to her Cost, she found it was a Man  
'Tis thought she struggled; but withal 'tis thought,

Her Wish was to be conquer'd, when she fought.

For when disclos'd, and hast'ning to the Field,

He laid his Distaff down, and took the Shield,

With Tears her humble Suit she did prefer,  
And thought to stay the grateful Ravisher.

She sighs, she sobs, she begs 'him not to part: 800

And now 'tis Nature, what before was Art.  
She strives by Force her Lover to detam,

And wishes to be ravish'd once again.



This is the Sex ; they will not first begin,  
But, when compell'd, are pleas'd to suffer  
Sin.

Is there, who thinks that Women first should  
woo ;

Lay by thy Self-Conceit, thou foolish Beaux.  
Begin, and save their Modesty the Shame ;  
'Tis well for thee, if they receive thy Flame.  
'Tis decent for a Man to speak his Mind ; 810  
They but expect th' Occasion to be kind.

Ask, that thou may'st enjoy ; she waits for  
this ;

And on thy first Advance depends thy  
Bliss.

Ev'n *Jove* himself was forc'd to sue for  
Love ;

None of the Nymphs did first solicit *Jove*.  
But if you find your Pray'rs encrease her  
Pride,

Strike Sail awhile, and wait another Tide.  
They fly when we pursue ; but make Delay,  
And when they see you slacken, they will  
stay.

Sometimes it profits to conceal your End ;  
Name not your self her Lover, but her  
Friend. 821

How many skittish Girls have thus been  
caught ?

He prov'd a Lover, who a Friend was  
thought.

Sailors by Sun and Wind are swarthy  
made ;

A tann'd Complexion best becomes their  
Trade.

'Tis a Disgrace to Ploughmen to be fair ;  
Blaff Cheeks they have, and weather-  
beaten Hair.

Th' ambitious Youth, who seeks an Olive  
Crown,

Is Sun-burnt with his daily Toil, and brown.  
But if the Lover hopes to be in Grace, 830  
Wan be his Looks, and meager be his Face.

That Colour, from the Fair, Compassion  
draws :

She thinks you sick, and thinks herself the  
Cause.

*Orion* wander'd in the Woods for Love,  
His Paleness did the Nymphs to Pity move ;  
His ghastly Visage argu'd hidden Love,  
Nor fail a Night-Cap, in full Health, to  
wear ;

Neglect thy Dress, and discompose thy  
Hair.

All things are decent, that in Love avail.  
Read long by Night, and study to be pale ;  
Forsake your Food, refuse your needful  
Rest ; 841

Be miserable, that you may be blest.  
Shall I complain, or shall I warn you  
most ?

Faith, Truth, and Friendship in the World  
are lost ;

A little and an empty Name they boast.  
Trust not thy Friend, much less thy Mistress  
praise :

If he believe, thou may'st a Rival raise.  
'Tis true, *Patroclus*, by no Lust mis-led,

Sought not to stain his dear Companion's  
Bed.

Nor *Pylades* *Hermione* embrac'd ; \* 850  
Ev'n *Phædra* to *Perithous* still was chaste.

But hope not thou, in this vile Age, to find  
Those rare Examples of a faithful Mind.  
The Sea shall sooner with sweet Honey  
flow ;

Or from the Furzes Pears and Apples grow.  
We Sin with Gust, we love by Fraud to  
gain :

And find a Pleasure in our Fellows Pain.  
From Rival Foes you may the Fair defend ;  
But would you ward the Blow, beware your  
Friend.

Beware your Brother, and your next of  
Kin ; 860

But from your Bosom Friend your Care  
begin.

Here I had ended, but Experience finds,  
That sundry Women are of sundry Minds ;  
With various Crochets fill'd, and hard to  
please ;

They therefore must be caught by various  
Ways.

All things are not produc'd in any Soil ;  
This Ground for Wine is proper, that for Oil.  
So 'tis in Men, but more in women-kind :

Diff'rent in Face, in Manners, and in Mind ;  
But wise Men shift their Sails with ev'ry  
Wind : 870

As changeful *Proteus* vary'd oft his Shape,  
And did in sundry Forms and Figures 'scape ;  
A running Stream, a standing Tree became,  
A roaring Lyon, or a bleating Lamb.

Some Fish with Harpons, some with Darts  
are strook,  
Some drawn with Nets, some hang upon the  
Hook :

So turn thy self ; and, imitating them,  
Try sev'ral Tricks, and change thy Strata-  
gem.

One Rule will not for diff'rent Ages hold ;  
The Jades grow cunning, as they grow more  
old.

880

Then talk not Bawdy to the bashful Maid ;  
Bug words will make her Innocence afraid.

Nor to an ign'rant Girl of Learning speak ;  
She thinks you conjure, when you talk in  
*Greek*

And hence 'tis often seen, the Simple  
shun

The Learn'd, and into idle Embraces run.  
Part of my Task is done, and part to do ;  
But here 'tis time to rest my self and you.

## FROM OVID'S AMOURS.

BOOK I. ELEG. I.

FOR mighty Wars I thought to Tune my  
Lute,

And make my Measures to my Subject suit.  
Six Feet for ev'ry Verse the Muse design'd ;

But *Cupid*, laughing, when he saw my Mind,  
From ev'ry Second Verse a Foot purloin'd.

Who gave Thee, Boy, this Arbitrary sway,  
On Subjects, not thy own, Commands to lay,  
Who *Phæbus* only and his Laws obey ?

'Tis more absurd than if the *Queen of Love*  
Should in *Minerva's* arms to Battel move ;  
Or Manly *Pallas* from that Queen should  
take

11

Her Torch, and o're the dying Lover shake.

In fields as well may *Cynthia* sow the Corn,  
Or *Ceres* wind in Woods the Bugle Horn.

As well may *Phæbus* quit the trembling  
String,

For Sword and Shield ; and *Mars* may learn  
to Sing.

Already thy Dominions are too large ;  
Be not ambitious of a Foreign Charge.

If thou wilt Reign e're all, and ev'ry where,  
The God of Musick for his Harp may fear.

Thus when with soaring Wings I seek  
Renown,

Thou pluck'st my Pinnions, and I flutter  
down.

Cou'd I on such mean Thoughts my Muse  
employ,

I want a Mistress or a Blooming Boy.

Thus I complain'd : his Bow the Stripling  
bent,

And chose an Arrow fit for his Intent.

The Shaft his purpose fatally pursues ;

Now, Poet, there's a Subject for thy Muse.

He said, (too well, alas, he knows his Trade.)

For in my Breast a Mortal Wound he  
made.

30

Far hence, ye proud *Hexameters*, remove,

My Verse is pac'd and tramel'd into love.

With Myrtle Wreaths my thoughtful brows  
inclose,

While in unequal Verse I sing my Woes.

## FROM OVID'S AMOURS.

BOOK I. ELEG. IV.

*To his Mistress, whose Husband is invited  
to a Feast with them. The Poet instructs her  
how to behave herself in his Company.*

YOUR husband will be with us, at the  
Treat ;

May that be the last Supper he shall Eat.

And am poor I, a Guest invited there,  
Only to see, while he may touch the Fair ?

To see you Kiss and Hug your nauseous  
Lord,

While his leud Hand descends below the  
Board ?

Now wonder not that *Hippodamia's* Charms,

At such a sight, the *Centaur's* urg'd to Arms ;

That in a rage they threw their Cups aside,

Assail'd the Bridegroom, and wou'd force

the Bride.

10

OVID'S ART OF LOVE 881 Bug] The editors  
give Broad

OVID'S AMOURS, I. I. and I. IV. Text of 1704

I IV 3 poor I, a Guest] The editors delete the  
comma and thereby give a sense other than  
Ovid's and Dryden's

I am not half a Horse. (I would I were :)  
Yet hardly can from you my Hands forbear.  
Take then my Counsel ; which observ'd,  
may be

Of some Importance both to you and me.  
Be sure to come before your Man be there ;  
There's nothing can be done ; but come  
hove're.

Sit next him (that belongs to Decency :)  
But tread upon my Foot in passing by.  
Read in my Looks what silently they speak,  
And sily, with your Eyes, your Answer  
make. 20

My Lifted Eye-brow shall declare my Pain :  
My Right-Hand to his fellow shall complain ;  
And on the Back a Letter shall design ;  
Besides a Note that shall be Writ in Wine.  
When e're you think upon our last Embrace,  
With your Fore-finger gently touch your  
Face.

If any Word of mine offend my Dear,  
Pull, with your Hand, the Velvet of your  
Ear.

If you are pleas'd with what I do or say.  
Handle your Rings, or with your Fingers  
play. 30

As Suppliants use at Altars, hold the Doord,  
Whene're you wish the Devil may take  
your Lord.

When he fills for you, never touch the  
Cup :

But bid th' officious Cuckold drink it up.  
The Waiter on those Services employ ;  
Drink you, and I will snatch it from the  
Boy :

Watching the part where your sweet Mouth  
hath been.

And thence, with eager Lips, will suck it in.  
If he, with Clownish Manners, thinks it fit  
To taste, and offer you the nasty Bit, 40  
Reject his greazy Kindness, and restore  
Th' unsav'ry Morsel he had chew'd before.  
Nor let his Arms embrace your Neck, nor  
rest

Your tender Cheek upon his hairy Breast.  
Let not his Hand within your Bosom stray,  
And rudely with your pretty Bubbles play.  
But above all, let him no Kiss receive ;  
That's an Offence I never can forgive. •

Do not, O do not that sweet Mouth resign,  
Lest I rise up in Arms, and cry, 'Tis mine. 50  
I shall thrust in betwixt, and void of Fety  
The manifest Adult'rer will appear.

These things are plain to Sight ;, but more  
I doubt

What you conceal beneath your Petticoat.  
Take not his Leg between your tender  
Thighs,

Nor, with your Hand, provoke my Foe to  
rise.

How many Love-Inventions I deplore,  
Which I, my self, have practis'd all before !  
How oft have I been forc'd the Robe to lift  
In Company ; to make a homely shift 60  
For a bare Bout, ill huddled o're in hast,  
While o're my side the Fair her Mantle cast  
You to your Husband shall not be so kind  
But, lest you shou'd, your Mantle leave  
behind.

Encourage him to Tope : but Kiss him not  
Nor mix one drop of Water in his Pot.

If he be Fuddled well, and Snores aspace  
Then we may take Advice from Time and  
Place.

When all depart, when Compliments are  
loud.

Be sure to mix among the thickest Crowd  
There I will be, and there we cannot miss, 70  
Perhaps to Grubble, or at least to Kiss  
Alas, what length of Labour I employ,  
Just to secure a short and transient Joy !  
For Night must part us : and when Night  
is come.

Tuck'd underneath his Arm he leads you  
Home.

He locks you in ; I follow to the Door,  
His Fortune envy, and my own deplore.

He kisses you, he more than kisses too :  
Th' outrageous Cuckold thinks it all his due

But, add not to his Joy, by your consent, 80  
And let it not be giv'n, but only lent.

Return no Kiss, nor move in any sort :  
Make it a dull and a malignant Sport.

Had I my Wish, he shou'd no Pleasure take  
But slumber o're your Business for my sake  
And what e're Fortune shall this Night  
befal.

Coax me to-morrow, by forswearing all.

## FROM OVID'S AMOURS.

## BOOK II. ELEG. XIX.

If for thy self thou wilt not watch thy  
Whore,  
Watch her for me, that I may love her  
more.

What comes with ease, we nauseously receive,  
Who, but a Sot, wou'd scorn to love with  
leaze?

With hopes and fears my Flames are blown  
up higher;

Make me despaire, and then I can desire.

Give me a Jilt to tease my Jealous mind;

Deceits age Vertues in the Female kind.

Corinna my Fantastick humour knew,  
Play'd trick for trick, and kept her self still  
new: 10

She, that next night I might the sharper  
come,

Fell out with me, and sent me fasting  
home;

Or some pretence to lye alone would take,  
Whene'er she pleas'd her head and teeth  
wou'd ake:

Till having won me to the highest strain,  
She took occasion to be sweet again.

With what a Gust, ye Gods, we then im-  
brac'd!

How every kiss was dearer than the last!

Thou whom I now adore, be edify'd,  
Take care that I may often be deny'd. 20

Forget the promis'd hour, or feign some  
fright,

Make me lye rough on Bunks each other  
Night.

These are the Arts that best secure thy  
reign,

And this the Food that must my Fires  
maintain.

Gross easie Love does like gross diet, pall,  
In squeasie Stomachs Honey turns to Gall.

Had Danae not been kept in brazen Tow'rs,  
Jove had not thought her worth his Golden  
Shower's

When Juno to a Cow turn'd Io's Shape, 29  
The Watchman helpt her to a second Leap.  
Let him who loves an easie Whetstone  
Whore.

Pluck leaves from Trees, and drink the  
Common Shore.

The Jilting Harlot strikes the surest blow,  
A truth which I by sad Experience know.

The kind poor constant Creature we despise,  
Man but pursues the Quarry while it flies.

But thou dull Husband of a Wife too fair,  
Stand on thy Guard, and watch the pretious  
Ware;

If creaking Doors, or barking Dogs thou  
hear,

Or Windows scratcht, suspect a Rival there.  
An Orange-wench wou'd tempt thy Wife  
abroad; 41

Kick her, for she's a Letter-bearing Band;

In short, be Jealous as the Devil in Hell;

And set my Wit on work to cheat thee well.  
The sneaking City Cuckold is my Foe,

I scorn to strike, but when he Wards the  
blow.

Look to thy hits, and leave off thy Con-  
niving,

I'll be no Drudge to any Wittall living;

I have been patient, and forborn thee long,  
In hope thou wou'dst not pocket up thy  
wrong: 50

If no Affront can rouse thee, understand  
I'll take no more Indulgence at thy hand.

What, ne'er to be forbid thy House, and  
Wife!

Damn him who loves to lead so dull a life.  
Now I can neither sigh, nor whine, nor pray,

All those occasions thou hast ta'en away.  
Why art thou so incorrigibly Civil?

Doe somewhat I may wish thee at the  
Devil.

For shame be no Accomplice in my Treason,  
A Pimping Husband is too much in reason.

Once more wear horns, before I quite  
forsake her, 61

In hopes whereof I rest thy Cuckold-maker

# [TRANSLATIONS FROM JUVENAL.]

## THE FIRST SATYR.

### ARGUMENT of the first Satyr.

The Poet gives us first a kind of humorous Reason for his Writing: That being provok'd by hearing so many ill Poets rehearse their Works, he does himself Justice on them, by giving them as bad as they bring. But since no man will rank himself with ill Writers, 'tis easie to conclude, that if such Wretches cou'd draw an Audience, he thought it no hard matter to excel them, and gain a greater esteem with the Publick. Next he informs us more openly, why he rather addict himself to Satyr, than any other kind of Poetry. And here he discovers that it is not so much his indignation to ill Poets, as to ill Men, which has prompted him to write. He therefore gives us a summary and general view of the Vices and Follies reigning in his time. So that this first Satyr is the natural Ground-work of all the rest. Herein he confines himself to no one Subject, but strikes indifferently at all Men in his way: In every following Satyr he has chosen some particular Moral which he wou'd inculcate; and lashes some particular Vice or Folly, (An Art with which our Lampooners are not much acquainted.) But our Poet being desirous to reform his own Age, and not daring to attempt it by an Over act of naming living Persons, inveighs onely against those who were infamous in the times immediately preceding his, whereby he not only gives a fair warning to Great Men, that their Memory lies at the mercy of future Poets and Historians, but also with a finer stroke of his Pen, brands ev'n the living, and personates them under dead mens Names.

I have avoided as much as I cou'd possibly the borrowed Learning of Marginal Notes and Illustrations, and for that reason have Translated this Satyr somewhat largely. And freely own (if it be a fault) that I have likewise omitted most of the Proper Names, because I thought they wou'd not much edifie the Reader. To

conclude, if in two or three places I have deserted all the Commentators, 'tis because I thought they first deserted my Author, or at least have left him in so much obscurity, that too much room is left for guessing.

### THE FIRST SATYR.

STILL shall I hear, and never quit the Score,  
Stun'd with hoarse <sup>1</sup> *Codræ's* *Theseid*, o're  
and o're?

Shall this man's Elegies and t'other's Play  
Unpunish'd Murther a long Summer's day?  
Huge <sup>2</sup> *Telephus*, a formidable page,  
Cries Vengeance; and <sup>3</sup> *Orestes's* bulky rage,  
Unsatisfy'd with Margins closely writ,  
Foams o're the Covers, and not finish'd yet.  
No Man can take a more familiar note  
Of his own Home, than I of *Vulcan's*  
Grott,

Or <sup>4</sup> *Mars his Grove*, or hollow winds that blow  
From *Ætna's* top, or tortur'd Ghosts below.  
I know by rote the Fam'd Exploits of *Greece*;  
The *Centaur's* fury, and the Golden Fleece;  
Through the thick shades th' Eternal Scribler  
bault;

And shakes the Statues on their Pedestals.  
The <sup>5</sup> best and worst on the same Theme  
employs

His Muse, and plagues us with an equal noise.  
Provok'd by these Incorrigible Fools,  
I left declaiming in pedantick Schools; <sup>20</sup>  
Where, with Men-boys, I strove to get  
Renonn,

Advising <sup>6</sup> *Sylla* to a private Gown.  
But, since the World with Writing is pos-  
sest,

I'll versifie in spite; and do my best  
To make as much waste Paper as the rest.

But why I lift aloft the Satyrs Rod,  
And tread the Path which fam'd <sup>7</sup> *Lucilius*  
trod,

Attend the Causes which my Muse have led:  
When Sapless Eunuchs mount the Marriage-  
bed,

When <sup>8</sup> *Mannish Mevia*, that two-handed  
Whore,

Astride on Horse-back hunts the *Tuscan* Boar;

TRANSLATIONS FROM JUVENAL. Text from the original edition, 1693. The current texts have several bad errors, especially in vi. 797 and 861, and x. 517.

When all our Lords are by his Wealth  
outry'd,  
Whose 'Razour on my callow-beard was  
try'd;

When I behold the Spawn of conquer'd Nile  
*Crispinus*<sup>58</sup> both in Birth and Manners vile,  
Pacing in pomp, with Cloak of *Tyrian* dye,  
Chang'd oft a day for needless Luxury;  
And finding oft occasion to be fan'd,  
Ambitious to produce his Lady-hand;  
Charg'd<sup>59</sup> "with light Summer-rings his fingers  
sweet,

Unable to support a Gem of weight:  
Such fulsom Objects meeting every where,  
'Tis hard to write, but harder to forbear.

To view so lewd a Town, and to refrain,  
What Hoops of Iron cou'd my Spleen con-  
tain!

When<sup>60</sup> pleading *Matho*, born abroad for Air,  
With his Fat Paunch fills his new fashion'd  
Chair,

And after him the Wretch in Pomp con-  
vey'd,

Whose Evidence his Lord and Friend be-  
tray'd,

And but the wish'd Occasion does attend<sup>61</sup>  
From the poor Nobles the last Spoils to  
rend,

Whom ev'n Spies dread as their Superiour  
Fiend,

And bribe with Presents, or, when Presents  
fail,

They send their prostituted Wives for bail:  
When Night-performance holds the place  
of Merit,

And Brawn and Back the next of Kin dis-  
herit;

For such good Parts are in Preferment's  
way,

The Rich Old Madam never fails to pay;  
Her Legacies by Nature's Standard giv'n,

One gains an Ounce, another gains Eleven:  
A dear-bought Bargain, all things duly  
weigh'd,

For which their thrice Concocted Blood is  
paid.

With looks as wan, as he who in the Brake  
At unawares has trod upon a Snake;

Or play'd<sup>62</sup> at *Lions* a declaiming Prize,  
For which the Vanquish'd *Rhetorician* Dyes

What Indignation boils within my Veins,  
When perjur'd Guardians, proud with  
Impious Gains,  
Choak up the Streets, too narrow for their  
Trains!

Whose Wards by want betray'd, to Crimes  
are led

Too foul to Name, too fulsom to be read!<sup>70</sup>  
When he who pill'd his Province scapes the  
Laws,

And keeps his Money though he lost his  
Cause:

His Fine begg'd off, contemns his Infamy,  
Can rise at twelve, and get him Drunk e're  
three:

Enjoys his Exile, and, Condemn'd in vain,  
Leaves thee, "prevailing Province, to com-  
plain!

Such Villanies rous'd<sup>63</sup> *Horace* into Wrath  
And 'tis more Noble to pursue his Path,  
Than an Old Tale of *Diomedes* to repeat, 80

Or lab'ring after *Hercules* to sweat,  
Or wandering in the winding Maze of *Cret*;

Or with the winged Smith aloft to fly,  
Or flutt'ring Perish with his foolish Boy.

With what Impatience must the Muse be-  
hold

The Wife by her procuring Husband sold?  
For though the Law makes Null th' Adul-  
terer's Deed

Of Lands to her, the Cuckold may succeed;  
Who his taught Eyes up to the Ceiling  
throws,

And sleeps all over but his wakeful Nose.  
When he dares hope a Colonel's Command,  
Whose Coursers kept, ran out his Father's  
Land;

Who yet a Stripling *Nero's* Chariot drove,  
Whirl'd o're the Streets, while his vain  
Master strove

With boasted Art to please his "Eunuch-  
Love.

Wou'd it not make a modest Author dare  
To draw his Table-Book within the Square,  
And fill with Notes, when lolling at his  
ease,

*Mecenas*-like, "the happy Rogue he sees  
Born by Six weary'd Slaves in open View,  
Who Cancell'd an old Will, and forg'd<sup>101</sup>  
a New;

Made wealthy at the small expence of  
Signing

With a wet Seal, and a fresh Interlining?

<sup>58</sup> pay.] The editors delete the semi colon, but  
it is probably wrong.

The Lady, next, requires a lashing Line,  
Who squeez'd a Toad into her Husband's  
Wine:

So well the fashionable Med'cine thrives,  
That now 'tis Practis'd ev'n by Country  
Wives:

Poys'ning without regard of Fame or Fear:  
And spotted Corps are frequent on the Bier.  
Wou'dst thou to Honours and Preferments  
climb, 110

Be bold in Mischief, dare some mighty Crime,  
Which Dungeons, Death, or Banishment  
deserves:

For Virtue is but dryly Prais'd, and Sterves.  
Great Men, to great Crimes, owe their  
Plate Embost,

Fair Palaces, and Furniture of Cost;  
And high Commands: A Sneaking Sin is  
lost.

Who can behold that rank Old Letcher  
keep

His Son's Corrupted Wife, "and hope to  
sleep?

Or that Male-Harlot, or that unfledg'd Boy,  
Eager to Sin, before he can enjoy? 120

If Nature cou'd not, Anger would indite  
Such woeful stuff as I or S——ll write.

Count from the time, since Old " *Deu-*  
*calion's* Boat,

Rais'd by the Flood, did on *Parnassus* Float;  
And scarcely Mooring on the Cliff, implor'd  
An Oracle how Man might be restor'd;  
When soften'd Stones and Vital Breath  
ensu'd,

And Virgins Naked were by Lovers View'd;  
What ever since that Golden Age was done,

What Humane Kind desires, and what they  
shun, 130

Rage, Passions, Pleasures. Impotence of  
Will,

Shall this Satyrical Collection fill.

What Age so large a Crop of Vices bore,  
Or when was Avarice extended more?

When were the Dice with more Profusion  
thrown?

The well fill'd Fob not empty'd now alone,  
But Gamesters for whole Patrimonies play;  
The Steward brings the Deeds which must  
convey

The lost Estate: What more than Madness  
reigns,

When one short sitting many Hundreds  
Drains, 140

And not enough is left him to supply  
Board-Wages, or a Footman's Livery?

What Age so many Summer-Seats did see?  
Or which of our Forefathers far'd so well

As on seven Dishes, at a private Meal?  
Clients of Old were Feasted; now a poor

Divided Dole is dealt at th' outward Door,  
Which by the Hungry Rout is soon dis-  
patch'd:

The Paltry Largess, too, severely watch'd  
E're given; and ev'ry Face observ'd with  
Care, 150

That no intruding Guest Usurp a share.  
Known, you Receive: The Cryer call-  
aloud

Our Old Nobility of *Trojan* Blood,  
Who gape among the Croud for their  
precarious Food.

The Prætors, and the Tribunes Voice is heard;  
The Freedman justles and will be preferr'd;

First come, first serv'd, he Cries; and I,  
in spight

Of your Great Lordships, will Maintain my  
Right.

Tho born a Slave, tho " my torn Ears are  
bor'd, 159

'Tis not the Birth, tis Money makes the Lord.  
The Rents of Five fair Houses I receive;

What greater Honours can the Purple give?  
The " *Poor Patrician* is reduc'd to keep

In Melancholly Walks a Grazier's Sheep:  
Not " *Pallas* nor *Licinius* had my Treasure;

Then let the Sacred Tribunes wait my  
leasure.

Once a Poor Rogue, 'tis true, I trod the  
Street,

And trudg'd to *Rome* upon my Naked Feet:  
Gold is the greatest God; though yet we see

No Temples rais'd to Money's Majesty, 170  
No Altars fuming to her Pow'r Divine.

Such as to Valour, Peace, and Virtue Shine.  
And Faith, and Concord: " where the

Stork on high  
Seems to Salute her Infant Progeny,

Presaging Pious Love with her Auspicious  
Cry.

But since our Knights and Senators  
account

To what their sordid begging Vails amount,  
Judge what a wretched share the Poor  
attends,

Whose whole Subsistence on those *Mus*  
depends! 180

Their Household-Fire, their Rayment, and  
 their Food, 180  
 Prevented<sup>21</sup> by those Harpies; when a  
 wood  
 Of Litters, thick besiege the Donor's Gate,  
 And begging Lords, and teeming Ladies  
 wait  
 The promis'd Dole: Nay some have learn'd  
 the trick  
 To beg for absent persons; feign them sick,  
 Close mew'd in their Sedans, for fear of air:  
 And for their Wives produce an empty  
 Chair.  
 This is my Spouse: Dispatch her with her  
 share.  
 'Tis<sup>22</sup> *Galla*: Let her Ladyship but peep:  
 No, Sir, 'tis pity to disturb her sleep. 190  
 Such fine Employments our whole days  
 divide:  
 The Salutations of the Morning-tide  
 Call up the Sun; those ended, to the Hall  
 We wait the Patron, hear the Lawyers bawl;  
 Then<sup>23</sup> to the Statues; where amidst the  
 Race  
 Of Conqu'ring *Rome*, some *Arab* shews  
 his Face  
 Inscriv'd with Titles, and profanes the  
 place;  
 Fit to be piss'd against, and somewhat more.  
 The Great Man, home conducted, shuts his  
 door;  
 Old Clients, weary'd out with fruitless  
 care, 200  
 Dismiss their hopes of eating, and despair:  
 Though much against the grain, forc'd to  
 retire,  
 Buy Roots for Supper, and provide a Fire.  
 Mean time his Lordship lolls within at  
 ease,  
 Pamp'ring his Paunch with Foreign  
 Rarities;  
 Both Sea and Land are ransack'd for the  
 Feast;  
 And his own Gut the sole invited Guest.  
 Such Plate, such Tables, Dishes dress'd so  
 well,  
 That whole Estates are swallow'd at a Meal.  
 Ev'n Parasites are banish'd from his  
 Board: 210  
 (At once a sordid and luxurious Lord:)  
 Prodigious Throat, for which whole Boars  
 are dress'd;  
 (A Creature form'd to furnish out a Feast)

But present Punishment pursues his Maw,  
 When surfeited and swell'd, the Peacock  
 raw  
 He bears into the Bath; whence want of  
 Breath,  
 Repletions, Apoplex, intestate Death.  
 His Fate makes Table-talk, divulg'd with  
 scorn,  
 And he, a Jeast, into his Grave is born.  
 No Age can go beyond us: Future  
 Times 220  
 Can add no farther to the present Crimes.  
 Our Sons but the same things can wish  
 and do;  
 Vice is at stand, and at the highest flow.  
 Then Satyr spread thy Sails; take all  
 the winds can blow.  
 Some may, perhaps, demand what Muse can  
 yield  
 Sufficient strength for such a spacious Field?  
 From whence can be deriv'd so large a Vein,  
 Bold Truths to speak, and spoken to  
 maintain;  
 When God-like Freedom is so far bereft  
 The Noble Mind, that scarce the Name is  
 left? 230  
 E're *Scandalum Magnatum* was begot,  
 No matter if the Great forgave or not  
 But if that honest license now you take,  
 If, into Rogues Omnipotent you rake,  
 Death is your Doom, impair'd upon a Stake:  
 Smear'd o're with Wax, and set on fire, to  
 light  
 The Streets, and make a dreadful blaze by  
 night.  
 Shall They, who drench'd three Uncles in  
 a draught  
 Of poy's'nous Juice, be then in Triumph  
 brought,  
 Make Lanes among the People where  
 they go, 240  
 And, mounted high on downy Chariots,  
 throw  
 Disdainful glances on the Crowd below?  
 Be silent, and beware, if such you see:  
 'Tis Defamation but to say, That's He!  
 Against<sup>24</sup> bold *Turnus* the Great *Trojan*  
 Arm,  
 Amidst their strokes the Poet gets no harm:  
*Achilles* may in Epique Verse be slain,  
 And none of all his *Myrmidons* complain:  
*Hylas* may drop his Pitcher, none will cry;  
 Not if he drown himself for company: 250



But when *Lucilius* brandishes his Pen,  
And flashes in the face of Guilty Men,  
A cold Sweat stands in drops on ev'ry part;  
And Rage succeeds to Tears, Revenge to Smart.

Muse, be advis'd; 'tis past consid'ring time  
When enter'd once the dangerous Lists of  
Rhime:  
Since none the Living-Villains dare impeach,  
Arraign them in the Persons of the Dead.

*The End of the First Satyr.*

NOTES TO THE FIRST SATYR.

<sup>1</sup> *Codrus*, or it may be *Cordus*, a bad Poet who wrote the Life and Actions of *Theseus*.

<sup>2</sup> *Telephus*, the Name of a Tragedy.

<sup>3</sup> *Oristes*, another Tragedy.

<sup>4</sup> *Mars his Grove*. Some Commentators take this Grove to be a Place where Poets were us'd to repeat their Works to the People, but more probably both this and *Vulcan's Grotto* or Cave, and the rest of the Places and Names here mention'd, are only meant for the Common Places of *Homer* in his *Iliads* and *Odysseys*.

<sup>5</sup> *The best and worst*; that is, the best and the worst Poets.

<sup>6</sup> *Advising Sylla*, &c. This was one of the Themes given in the Schools of Rhetoricians, in the deliberative kind; Whether *Sylla* should lay down the Supreme Power of Dictatorship, or still keep it.

<sup>7</sup> *Lucilius*, the first Satyrist of the Romans, who wrote long before *Horace*.

<sup>8</sup> *Mevia*, a Name put for any Impudent or Mannish Woman.

<sup>9</sup> *Whose Razour*, &c. *Juvenal's* Barber now grown Wealthy.

<sup>10</sup> *Crispinus*, an Egyptian Slave; now by his Riches transform'd into a Nobleman.

<sup>11</sup> *Charg'd with light Summer Rings*, &c. The Romans were grown so Effeminate in *Juvenal's* time, that they wore light Rings in the Summer, and heavier in Winter.

<sup>12</sup> *Mattho*, a famous Lawyer, mention'd in other Places by *Juvenal* and *Martial*.

<sup>13</sup> *At Lyons*; a City in France, where Annual Sacrifices and Games were made in Honour of *Augustus Caesar*.

<sup>14</sup> *Prevailing Province*, &c. Here the Poet complains that the Governours of Provinces being accus'd for their unjust Exactions, though they were condemn'd at their Tryals, yet got off by Bribery.

<sup>15</sup> *Horace*, who wrote Satyrs: 'Tis more Noble, says our Author, to imitate him in that way, than to write the Labours of *Hercules*, the Sufferings of *Diomedes* and his Followers, or the Flight of *Daedalus* who made the Labyrinth, and the Death of his Son *Icarus*.

<sup>16</sup> *His Eunuch-Love*. *Nero* marry'd *Sporus* an Eunuch; though it may be the Poet meant *Nero's* Mistress in Man's Apparel.

<sup>17</sup> *Meenas-like*: *Meenas* is often Tax'd by *Seneca* and others for his Effeminacy.

<sup>18</sup> *And hope to sleep*: The Meaning is, that the very consideration of such a Crime will hinder a Virtuous Man from taking his Repose.

<sup>19</sup> *Deus-like* and *Pyrrha*, when the World was drown'd, escap'd to the top of Mount *Farnesus*, and were commanded to restore Mankind by throwing Stones over their Heads: The Stones he threw became Men, and those she threw became Women.

<sup>20</sup> *Though my turn Ears afe ter'd*: The Ears of all Slaves were bor'd as a Mark of their Servitude; which Custom is still usual in the *East-Indies*, and in other Parts, even for whole Nations, who bore Prodigious Holes in their Ears, and wear vast Weights at them.

<sup>21</sup> *The poor Patrician*; the poor Nobleman.

<sup>22</sup> *Pallas* or *Liginius Pallas*, a Slave freed by *Claudius Caesar*, and rais'd by his Favour to great Riches. *Liginius* was another Wealthy Freedman, belonging to *Augustus*.

<sup>23</sup> *Where the Stork on high*, &c. Perhaps the Storks were us'd to build on the top of the Temple, dedicated to *Ceres*.

<sup>24</sup> *Prevented by those Herfies*: He calls the Roman Knights, &c., *Harpies*, or Devourers: In those Days the Rich made Doles intended for the Poor; But the Great were either so Covetous, or so Needy, that they came in their Litters to demand their shares of the Largess; and thereby prevented and consequently starv'd the Poor.

<sup>25</sup> *'Tis Gallia*, &c. The meaning is, that Noble-men would cause empty Litters to be carried to the Giver's Door, pretending their Wives were within there: 'Tis *Gallia*, that is, my Wife: the next words *Let her Ladyship but step*, are of the Servant who distributes the Doles: *Let me see her*, that I may be sure she is within the Litter. The Husband answers, she is asleep, and to open the Litter would disturb her Rest.

<sup>26</sup> *Next to the Statues*, &c. The Poet here tells you how the Idle pass'd their time; in going first to the Leetons of the Great, then to the Hall, that is, to the Temple of *Apollon*, to hear the Lawyers plead, then to the Market-place of *Augustus* where the Statues of the Famous Romans were set in Ranks on Pedestals: Amongst which Statues were seen those of Foreigners, such as *Alex*, &c. who for no desert, but only on the Account of their Wealth, or Favour, were plac'd amongst the Nobles.

<sup>27</sup> *Against bold Turnus*, &c. A Poet may safely write an Heroick Poem, such as that of *Virgil*, who describes the Duel of *Turnus* and *Aeneas*; or of *Homer*, who writes of *Achilles* and *Hector*; or the death of *Hylas* as the *Cataline* of *Hercules*; who stooping for Water dropt his Pitcher, and fell into the Well after it. But 'tis dangerous to write Satyr like *Lucilius*.

## THE THIRD SATYR.

## ARGUMENT | of the | Third Satyr.

The Story of this Satyr speaks it self. Umbricius, the suppos'd Friend of Juvenal, and himself a Poet, is leaving Rome; and retiring to Cumæ. Our Author accompanies him out of Town. Before they take leave of each other, Umbricius tells his Friend the Reasons which oblige him to lead a private life, in an obscure place. He complains that an honest man cannot get his bread at Rome. That none but Flatterers make their Fortunes there: that Greeks and other Foreigners raise themselves by those sordid Arts which he describes, and against which he bitterly inveighs. He reckons up the several Inconveniences which arise from a City life; and the many Dangers which attend it. Upbraids the Noblemen with Covetousness, for not Rewarding good Poets, and arraigns the Government for starving them. The great Art of this Satyr is particularly shewn, in Common Places; and drawing in as many Vices, as cou'd naturally fall into the compass of it.

## THE | THIRD SATYR.

GRIEV'D tho I am, an Ancient Friend to  
lose,  
I like the Solitary Seat he chose:  
In quiet <sup>1</sup> Cumæ fixing his Repose:  
Where, far from Noisy Rome secure he Lives,  
And one more Citizen to Sybil gives;  
The road to <sup>2</sup> Baje, and that soft Recess  
Which all the Gods with all their Bounty bless.  
Tho I in <sup>3</sup> Prochyla with greater ease  
Cou'd live, than in a Street of Palaces.  
What Scenes so Desert, or so full of Fright, <sup>10</sup>  
As tow'ring Houses tumbling in the Night,  
And Rome on Fire beheld by its own Blazing  
Light?  
But worse than all, the clatt'ring Tiles;  
and worse  
Than thousand Padders, is the Poet's Curse.  
Rogues that <sup>4</sup> in Dog-days cannot Rhime  
forbear:  
But without Mercy read, and make you hear.  
Now while my Friend, just ready to  
depart,  
Was packing all his Goods in one poor Cart;

He stopp'd a little at the Conduit-Gate,  
Where <sup>5</sup> Numa modell'd once the Roman  
State, <sup>20</sup>  
In Mighty Councils with his Nymph <sup>6</sup> retir'd:  
Though now the Sacred Shades and Founts  
are hir'd  
By Banish'd Jews, who their whole Wealth  
can lay  
In a small Basket, on a Wisp of Hay;  
Yet such our Avarice is, that every Tree  
Pays for his Head; not Sleep it self is  
free:  
Nor Place, nor Persons now are Sacred  
held,  
From their own Grove the Muses are ex-  
pell'd.  
Into this lonely Vale our Steps we bend,  
I and my sullen discontented Friend: <sup>30</sup>  
The Marble Caves, and Aqueducts we view;  
But how Adult'rate now, and different from  
the true!  
How much more Beauteous had the Foun-  
tain been  
Embellish't with her first Created Green,  
Where Crystal Streams through living Turf  
had run,  
Contented with an Urn of Native Stone!  
Then thus Umbricius (with an Angry  
Frown,  
And looking back on this degen'rate Town,) <sup>40</sup>  
Since Noble Arts in Rome have no support,  
And ragged Virtue not a Friend at Court,  
No Profit rises from th' ungrateful Stage,  
My Poverty encreasing with my Age,  
'Tis time to give my just Disdain a vent,  
And, Cursing, leave so base a Government.  
Where <sup>7</sup> Dedalus his borrow'd Wings laid  
by,  
To that obscure Retreat I chuse to fly:  
While yet few furrows on my Face are seen,  
While I walk upright, and Old Age is green,  
And <sup>8</sup> Lachesis has somewhat left to spin.  
Now, now 'tis time to quit this cursed  
place, <sup>50</sup>  
And hide from Villains my too honest Face:  
Here let <sup>9</sup> Arturus live, and such as he;  
Such Manners will with such a Town agree.

<sup>21</sup> Nymph] Nymphs 1693. The misprint is  
implicitly corrected in Dryden's note

Knaves who in full Assemblies have the  
knack  
Of turning Truth to Lies, and White to  
Black ;  
Can hire large Houses, and oppress the Poor  
By farm'd Excise ; can cleanse the Common-  
shoare ;  
And rent the Fishery ; can bear the dead ;  
And teach their Eyes dissembled Tears to  
shed,  
All this for Gain ; for Gain they sell their  
very Head. 60  
These Fellows (see what Fortune's pow'r  
can do)  
Were once the Minstrels of a Country Show :  
Follow'd the Prizes through each paltry  
Town,  
By Trumpet-Cheeks and Bloated Faces  
known.  
But now, grown rich, on drunken Holy-days,  
At their own Costs exhibit Publick Plays ;  
Where influenc'd by the Rabble's bloody  
will,  
With <sup>10</sup> Thumbs bent back, they popularly  
kill.  
From thence return'd, their sordid Avarice  
rakes  
In Excrements again, and hires the Jakes. 70  
Why hire they not the Town, not ev'ry  
thing,  
Since such as they have Fortune in a String ?  
Who, for her pleasure, can her Fools ad-  
vance ;  
And toss 'em topmost on the Wheel of  
Chance.  
What's *Rome* to me, what bus'ness have I  
there,  
I who can neither Lye, nor falsely Swear ?  
Nor Praise my Patron's undeserving  
Rhimes,  
Nor yet comply with him, nor with his  
Times ;  
Unskill'd in Schemes by Planets to foreshow,  
Like Canting Rascals, how the Wars will go :  
I neither will, nor can Prognosticate 81  
To the young gaping Heir, his Father's  
Fate :  
Nor in the Entrails of a Toad have pry'd,  
Nor carry'd 'Bawdy Presents to a Bride :  
For want of these Town Virtues, thus, alone,  
I go conducted on my way by none :  
Like a dead Member from the Body rent ;  
Maim'd, and unuseful to the Government.

Who now is lov'd, but he who loves the  
Times,  
Conscious of close Intrigues, and dipt 'in  
Crimes ; 90  
Lab'ring with Secrets which his Bosom burn,  
Yet never must to publick light return ?  
They get Reward alone who can Betray :  
For keeping honest Counsels none will pay.  
He who can <sup>11</sup> *Verres*, when he will, accuse,  
The Purse of *Verres* may at Pleasure use :  
But let not all the Gold which <sup>12</sup> *Tagus* hides,  
And pays the Sea in Tributary Tides,  
Be Bribe sufficient to corrupt thy Breast ;  
Or violate with Dreams thy peaceful rest.  
Great Men with jealous Eyes the Friend  
behold, 101  
Whose secrecy they purchase with their  
Gold.  
I haste to tell thee, nor shall Shame  
oppose,  
What Confidants our Wealthy *Romans* chose :  
And whom I most abhor : To speak my  
Mind,  
I hate, in *Rome*, a *Grecian* Town to find :  
To see the Scum of *Greece* transplanted here,  
Receiv'd like Gods, is what I cannot bear.  
Nor *Greeks* alone, but *Syrians* here abound,  
Obscene <sup>13</sup> *Orontes*, diving under Ground, 110  
Conveys <sup>14</sup> his Wealth to *Tyber's* hungry  
Shoars,  
And fattens *Italy* with Foreign Whores :  
Hether their crooked Harps and Customs  
come ;  
All find Receipt in Hospitable *Rome*.  
The Barbarous Harlots crowd the Publick  
Place :  
Go Fools, and purchase an unclean Em-  
brace ;  
The painted Mitre court, and the more  
painted Face.  
Old <sup>15</sup> *Romulus*, and Father *Mars* look down,  
Your Herdsman Primitive, your homely  
Clown 119  
Is turn'd a *Beau* in a loose tawdry Gown.  
His once unkem'd, and horrid Locks, behold  
Stilling sweet Oyl ; his Neck inchain'd  
with Gold :  
Aping the Foreigners, in ev'ry Dress ;  
Which, bought at greater cost, becomes him  
less.  
Mean time they wisely leave their Native  
Land,  
From *Sicyon*, *Samos*, and from *Alaband*,

And *Amydon*, to *Rome* they Swarm in Shoals :

So Sweet and Easie is the Gain from Fools.

Poor Refugees at first, they purchas'd here :

And, soon as Denizen'd, they domineer : 130  
Grow to the Great, a flatt'ring Servile Rout :

Work themselves inward, and their Patrons out.

Quick Witted, Brazen-fac'd, with fluent Tongues,

Patient of Labours, and dissembling Wrongs  
Riddle me this, and guess him if you can,

Who bears a Nation in a single Man ?

A Cook, a Conjuror, a Rhetorician,

A Painter, Pedant, a Geometrician,

A Dancer on the Ropes, and a Physician.

All things the hungry *Greek* exactly knows :

And bid him go to Heav'n, to Heav'n he goes. 141

In short, no *Scythian*, *Moor*, or *Thracian* born,

But 'in that Town which Arms and Arts adorn.

Shall he be plac'd above me at the Board,

In Purple Cloath'd, and lolling like a Lord ?

Shall he before me sign, whom t' other Day

A small-craft Vessel hither did convey ;

Where, stow'd with Prunes, and rotten Figs, he lay ?

How little is the Priviledge become

Of being born a Citizen of *Rome* ! 150

The *Greeks* get all by fulsom Flatteries ;

A most peculiar Stroke they have at Lies.

They make a Wit of their Insipid Friend ;

His blobber-Lips, and beetle-Brows commend ;

His long Crane Neck, and narrow Shoulders Praise ;

You'd think they were describing *Hercules*.

A creaking Voice for a clear Treble goes ;

Tho harsher than a Cock that Treads and Crows.

We can as grossly praise ; but, to our Grief,

No Flatt'ry but from *Grecians* gains belief.

Besides these Qualities, we must agree 161

They Mimick better on the Stage than we

The Wife, the Whore, the Shepherdess they play,

In such a Free, and such a Graceful way,

That we believe a very Woman shown,

And fancy something underneath the Gown.

But not *Antiochus*, nor *Stratocles*,  
Our Ears and Ravish'd Eyes can only please :

The Nation is compos'd of such as these.

All *Greece* is one Comedian : Laugh, and they 170

Return it louder than an Ass can bray :

Grieve, and they Grieve ; if you Weep silently,

There seems a silent Eccho in their Eye :  
They cannot *Mourn* like you ; but they can Cry.

Call for a Fire, their Winter Cloaths they take :

Begun but you to shiver, and they shake :

In Frost and Snow, if you complain of Heat,

They rub th' unsweating Brow, and Swear they Sweat.

We live not on the Square with such as these :

Such are our Betters who can better please :

Who Day and Night are like a Looking-Glass ; 181

Still ready to reflect their Patron's Face.

The Panegyrick Hand, and lifted Eye,

Prepar'd for some new Piece of Flattery.

Ev'n Nastiness, Occasions will afford ;

They praise a belching, or well-pissing Lord.

Besides, there's nothing Sacred, nothing free

From bold Attempts of their rank Leachery

Through the whole Family their labours run ;

The Daughter is debauch'd, the Wife is won : 190

Nor scapes the Bridegroom, or the blooming Son.

If none they find for their lewd purpose fit,

They with the Walls and very Floors commit.

They search the Secrets of the House, and so

Are worshipp'd there, and fear'd for what they know.

And, now we talk of *Grecians*, cast a view  
On what, in Schools, their Men of Morals do ;

A rigid *Stoick* his own Pupil slew.

A Friend, against a Friend, of his own Cloath,

Turn'd Evidence, and murder'd on his Oath. 200

What room is left for *Romans*, in a Town

Where *Grecians* rule, and Cloaks control the Gown ?

Some <sup>20</sup> *Diphilus*, or some *Protopogenes*,  
 Look sharply out, our Senators to seize :  
 Engross 'em wholly, by their Native Art,  
 And fear no Rivals in their Bubbles heart :  
 One drop of Poison in my Patron's Ear,  
 One slight suggestion of a senseless fear,  
 Infus'd with cunning, serves to ruine me ;  
 Disgrac'd, and banish'd from the Family.  
 In vain forgotten Services I boast ; 211  
 My long dependance in an hour is lost :  
 Look round the World, what Country will  
 appear,

Where Friends are left with greater ease than  
 here ?

At *Rome* (nor think me partial to the  
 Poor)

All Offices of ours are out of Door :  
 In vain we rise, and to their Levees run ;  
 My Lord himself is up, before, and gone :  
 The Praetor bids his Lictors mend their  
 pace,

Lest his Colleague outstrip him in the Race :  
 The childless Matrons are, long since,  
 awake ; 221

And for Affronts the tardy Visits take.

'Tis frequent, here, to see a free-born Son  
 On the left-hand of a Rich Hireling run :  
 Because the wealthy Rogue can throw away,  
 For half a Brace of Bouts, a Tribune's pay  
 But you, poor Sinner, tho you love the  
 Vice,

And like the Whore, demurr upon the Price :  
 And, frighted with the wicked Sum, forbear  
 To lend a hand, and help her from the  
 Chair. 230

Produce a Witness of unblemish'd life,  
 Holy as *Numa*, or as *Numa's* Wife,  
 Or <sup>20</sup> him who bid th' unhallow'd Flames  
 retire ;

And snatch'd the trembling Goddess from  
 the Fire.

The Question is not put how far extends  
 His Piety, but what he yearly spends :  
 Quick, to the Bus'ness ; how he Lives and  
 Eats ;

How largely Gives ; how splendidly he  
 Treats :

How many thousand Acres feed his Sheep,  
 What are his Rents, what Servants does he  
 keep ? 240

Th' Account is soon cast up ; the Judges  
 rate

Our Credit in the Court, by our Estate.

Swear by our Gods, or those the *Greeks*  
 adore,

Thou art as sure Forsworn, as thou art *Podr* :  
 The Poof must gain their Bread by Perjury ;  
 And even the Gods, that other Means deny,  
 In Conscience must absolve 'em, when  
 they lye.

Add, that the Rich have still a Gibe in  
 store ;

And will be monstrous witty on the Poor :  
 For the torn Surtout and the tatter'd Vest,  
 The Wretch and all his Wardrobe are a  
 Jest : 251

The greasie Gown, sully'd with often turning,  
 Gives a good hint, to say The Man's in  
 Mourning :

Or if the Shoo be ript, or patches put,  
 He's wounded ! see the Plaister on his  
 Foot.

Want is the Scorn of ev'ry Wealthy Fool ;  
 And Wit in Rags is turn'd to Ridicule.

Pack hence, and from the Cover'd  
 Benches rise,

(The Master of the Ceremonies cries)  
 This is no place for you, whose small Estate  
 Is not the Value of the settled Rate : 261  
 The Sons of happy Punks, the Pandars  
 Heir,

Are priviledg'd to sit in triumph there,  
 To clap the first, and rule the Theatre.  
 Up to the Galleries, for shame, retreat :  
 For, by the <sup>21</sup> *Roscian* Law, the Poor can  
 claim no Seat.

Who ever brought to his rich Daughter's  
 Bed

The Man that poll'd but Twelve-pence for  
 his Head ?

Who ever nam'd a poor Man for his Heir,  
 Or call'd him to assist the Judging Chair ?  
 The Poor were wise, who by the Rich  
 oppress'd, 271

Withdrew, and sought a Sacred Place of  
 Rest.

Once they did well, to free themselves from  
 Scorn ;

But had done better never to return.  
 Rarely they rise by Virtues aid, who lie  
 Plung'd in the depth of helpless Poverty.

At *Rome* 'tis worse ; where House-rent  
 by the Year,  
 And Servants Bellies cost so Dev'llish dear ;  
 And Tavern Bills run high for hungry  
 Chear.

To drink or eat in Earthen Ware we scorn,  
Which cheaply Country Cupboards does  
adorn : 281  
And coarse blue Hoods on Holy days a worn.  
Some distant parts of *Italy* are known,  
Where none, but only dead Men, wear a  
Gown :  
On Theatres of Turf, in homely State,  
Old Plays they act, old Feasts they Cele-  
brate :

The same rude Song returns upon the Crowd,  
And, by Tradition, is for Wit allow'd.  
The Mimick Yearly gives the same Delights ;  
And in the Mother's Arms the Clownish  
Infant frighs. 290

Their Habits (and distinguish'd by degree)  
Are plain, alike ; the same Simplicity,  
Both on the Stage, and in the Pit, you see.  
(In his white Cloak the Magistrate appears ;  
The Country Bumpkin in the same Liv'ry wears.  
But here, Attir'd beyond our Purse we go,  
For useless Ornament and flaunting Show :  
We take on trust, in Purple Robes to shine ;  
And Poor, are yet Ambitious to be fine.

This is a common Vice, tho' all things  
here 300  
Are sold, and sold unconscionably dear.  
What will you give that *Cossus* may but  
view

Your Face, and in the Crowd distinguish you ;  
May take your Incense like a gracious God ;  
And answer only with a Civil Nod ?  
To please our Patrons, in this vicious Age,  
We make our Entrance by the Fav'rite Page ;  
Have his first down, and when he Polls his  
Hair,

The Consecrated Locks to Temples bear :  
Pay Tributary Cracknels, which he sells ; 310  
And, with our Offerings, help to raise his Yails.

Who fears, in Country Towns, a House's  
fall,

Or to be caught betwixt a riven Wall ?  
But we inhabit a weak City here ;  
Which Butteresses and Props but scarcely bear :  
And 'tis the Village Masons daily Calling,  
To keep the World's Metropolis from falling,  
To cleanse the Gutters, and the Chinks to close ;  
And, for one Night, secure his Lord's Repose.  
At *Cumæ* we can sleep, quite round the  
Year, 320

Nor Falls, nor Fires, nor Nightly Dangers fear ;  
While rolling Flames from *Roman* Turrets fly,  
And the pale Citizens for Buckets cry.

Thy Neighbour has remov'd his Wretched  
Store,

(Few Hands will rid the Lumber of the Poor)  
Thy own third Story smoaks ; while thou,  
supine,

Art drench'd in Fumes of undigested Wine.  
For if the lowest Floors already burn,  
Cock-lofts and Garrets soon will take the Turn.  
Where thy tame Pidgeons next the Tiles were  
bred, 330

Which in their Nests unsafe, are timely fled.  
Codrus had but one Bed, so short to boot,  
That his short Wife's short Legs hung  
dangling out ;

His Cup-board's Head six Earthen Pitchers  
grac'd,

Beneath 'em was his Trusty Tankard plac'd :  
And, to support this Noble Plate, there lay  
A bending Chiron cast from honest Clay :  
His few Greek Books a rotten Chest con-  
tain'd,

Whose Covers much of mouldiness com-  
plain'd : 339

Where Mice and Rats devour'd Poetick Bread,  
And with Heroick Verse luxuriously were fed.  
'Tis true, poor *Codrus* nothing had to boast,  
And yet poor *Codrus* all that Nothing lost ;  
Beg'd naked through the Streets of wealthy  
*Rome* ;

And found not one to feed, or take him  
home.

But if the Palace of *Arturius* burn,  
The Nobles change their Cloaths, the Matrons  
mourn ;

The City Prætor will no Pleadings hear ;  
The very Name of Fire we hate and fear :  
And look agast, as if the *Gauls* were here.  
While yet it burns, th' officious Nation  
flies, 351

Some to condole, and some to bring supplies :  
One sends him Marble to rebuild, and one  
White naked Statues of the *Parian* Stone,  
The Work of *Polyclete*, that seem to live ;  
While others, Images for Altars give ;  
One Books and Skreens, and *Pallas* to the  
Brest ;

Another Bags of Gold, and he gives best.  
Childless *Arturius*, vastly rich before,  
Thus by his Losses multiplies his Store : 360  
Suspected for Accomplice to the Fire,  
That burnt his Palace but to build it higher.

But, cou'd you be content to bid adieu  
To the dear Play-house, and the Players too,

Sweet Country Seats are purchas'd ev'ry  
 where,  
 With Lands and Gardens, at less price, than  
 here  
 You hire a darksom Doghole by the year.  
 A small Convenience, decently prepar'd,  
 A shallow Well, that rises in your yard,  
 That spreads his easie Crystal Streams  
 around, 370  
 And waters all the pretty spot of Ground.  
 There, love the Fork ; thy Garden cultivate,  
 And give thy frugal Friends <sup>28</sup> a Pythagorean  
 Treat.  
 'Tis somewhat to be Lord of some small  
 Ground ;  
 In which a Lizard may, at least, turn round.  
 'Tis frequent, here, for want of sleep to  
 dye ;  
 Which Fumes of undigested Feasts deny ;  
 And, with imperfect heat, in languid  
 Stomachs fry.  
 What House secure from noise the poor can  
 keep,  
 When ev'n the Rich can scarce afford to  
 sleep ? 380  
 So dear it costs to purchase Rest in *Rome* ;  
 And hence the sources of Diseases come.  
 The Drover who his Fellow-drover meets,  
 In narrow passages of winding Streets :  
 The Waggoners, that curse their standing  
 Teams,  
 Would wake ev'n drowsie *Drusus* from his  
 Dreams.  
 And yet the Wealthy will not brook delay ;  
 But sweep above our Heads, and make their  
 way ;  
 In lofty Litters born, and read and write,  
 Or sleep at ease : The Shutters make it  
 Night. 390  
 Yet still he reaches, first, the Publick Place :  
 The prease before him stops the Client's pace.  
 The Crowd that follows, crush his panting  
 sides,  
 And trip his heels ; he walks not, but he  
 rides.  
 One Elbows him, one justles in the Shole :  
 A Rafter breaks his Head, or Chairman's  
 Pole :  
 Stockin'd with loads of fat Town-dirt he  
 goes ;  
 And some Rogue-Souldier, with his Hob-  
 nail'd Shoes,  
 Indents his Legs behind in bloody rows.

See with what Smoke our Doles we cele-  
 brate : 400  
 A hundred Ghests, invited, walk in state :  
 A hundred hungry Slaves, with their Dutch  
 Kitchins wait.  
 Huge Fans the Wretches on their heads must  
 bear ;  
 Which scarce <sup>27</sup> Gygantick *Corbulo* cou'd rear :  
 Yet they must walk upright beneath the load ;  
 Nay run, and running blow the sparkling  
 flames abroad.  
 Their Goats, from botching newly krought,  
 are torn :  
 Unwieldy Timber-trees, in Waggon's born,  
 Stretch'd at their length, beyond their  
 Carriage lye ;  
 That nod, and threaten ruin from on high.  
 For, should their Axel break, its over-  
 throw 411  
 Wou'd crush, and pound to dust, the Crowd  
 below ;  
 Nor Friends their Friends, nor Sires their  
 Sons cou'd know :  
 Nor Limbs, nor Bones, nor Carcass wou'd  
 remain :  
 But a mash'd heap, a Hotchpotch of the Slain.  
 One vast destruction ; not the Soul alone,  
 But Bodies, like the Soul, invisible are flown.  
 Mean time, unknowing of their Fellows Fate,  
 The Servants wash the Platter, scour the  
 Plate,  
 Then blow the Fire, with puffing Cheeks,  
 and lay 420  
 The Rubbers, and the Bathing-sheets dis-  
 play ;  
 And oyl them first ; and each is handy in  
 his way.  
 But he, for whom this busie care they take,  
 Poor Ghost, is wandering by the Stygian Lake :  
 Afrighted with <sup>28</sup> the Ferryman's grim Face ;  
 New to the Horrors of that uncouth place ;  
 His passage begs with unregarded Pray'r :  
 And wants two Farthings to discharge his Fare.  
 Return we to the Dangers of the Night ;  
 And, first, behold our Houses dreadful height :  
 From whence come broken Potsherd's  
 tumbling down ; 431  
 And leaky Ware, from Garret Windows  
 thrown :  
 Well may they break our Heads, that mark  
 the flinty Stone.

'Tis want of Sence to sup abroad too late ;  
Unless thou first hast settled thy Estate.  
As many Fates attend, thy Steps to meet,  
As there are waking Windows in the Street  
Bless the good Gods, and think thy chance  
is rare

To have a Piss-pot only for thy share.

The scouring Drunkard, if he does not  
fight 440

Before his Bed-time, takes no rest that  
Night,

Passing the tedious Hours in greater pain  
Than <sup>stern</sup> Achilles, when his Friend was  
slain :

'Tis so ridiculous, but so true withall,  
A Bully cannot sleep without a Brawl ;  
Yet tho his youthful Blood be fir'd with  
Wine,

He wants not Wit, the Danger to decline :  
Is cautious to avoid the Coach and Six,  
And on the Lacquies will no Quarrel fix  
His Train of Flambeaus, and Embroider'd  
Coat 450

May Priviledge my Lord to walk secure on  
Foot.

But me, who must by Moon-light homeward  
bend,

Or lighted only with a Candle's end,  
Poor me he fights, if that be fighting, where  
He only Cudgels, and I only bear.  
He stands, and bids me stand : I must  
abide ;

For he's the stronger, and is Drunk beside.  
Where did you whet your Knife to Night,  
he cries,

And shred the Leeks that in your Stomach  
rise ?

Whose windy Beans have stuff't your Guts,  
and where 460

Have your black Thumbs been dipt in  
Vinegar ?

With what Companion Cobler have you fed,  
On old Ox-cheeks, or He-Goats tougher  
Head ?

What, are you Dumb ? Quick with your  
Answer, quick,  
Before my Foot Salutes you with a Kick.

Say, in what nasty Cellar, under Ground,  
Or what Church-Porch, your Rogueship may  
be found ?

Answer, or Answer not, 'tis all the same :  
He lays me on, and makes me bear the blame.  
Before the Bar, for beating him, you come ;  
This is a Poor Man's Liberty in Rome. 471  
You beg his Pardon ; happy to retreat  
With some remaining Teeth, to chew your  
Meat.

Nor is this all ; for, when Retir'd, you think  
To sleep securely ; when the Candles wink,  
When every Door with Iron Chains is barr'd,  
And roaring Taverns are no longer heard ;  
The Ruffian Robbers by no Justice aw'd,  
And unpaid cut-Throat Soldiers, are abroad ;  
Those Venal Souls, who, harden'd in each ill  
To save Complaints and Prosecution, kill. 481  
Chas'd from their Woods and Bogs, the  
Padders come

To this vast City, as their Native Home ;  
To live at ease, and safely skulk in Rome.

The Forge in Fetters only is employ'd ;  
Our Iron Muses exhausted and destroy'd  
In Shackles ; for these Villains scarce allow  
Goads for the Teams, and Plough-shares for  
the Plough.

Oh happy Ages of our Ancestours, 489  
Beneath <sup>the</sup> Kings and Tribunitia Pow'rs !  
One Jayl did all their Criminals restrain ;  
Which, now, the Walls of Rome can scarce  
contain.

More I cou'd say, more Causes I cou'd show  
For my departure ; but the Sun is low :  
The Waggoner grows weary of my stay ;  
And whips his Horses forwards on their way.  
Farewell ; and when, like me, o're-  
whelm'd with care.

You to your own <sup>Aquinum</sup> shall repair,  
To take a mouthful of sweet Country air,  
Be mindful of your Friend ; and send me  
word, 500

What Joys your Fountains and cool Shades  
afford :

Then, to assist your Satyrs, I will come ;  
And add new Venom, when you write of  
Rome.

*The End of the Third Satyr.*



## NOTES TO THE THIRD SATYR.

<sup>1</sup> *Cuma*, a small City in *Campania*, near *Puteoli*, or *Pizzolo* as it is call'd. The Habitation of the *Cumæan Sybil*.

<sup>2</sup> *Baja*, Another little Town in *Campania*, near the sea. A pleasant Place.

<sup>3</sup> *Prochyta*. A small Barren Island belonging to the Kingdom of *Naples*.

<sup>4</sup> *In Dog-days* The Poets in *Juvenal's* time us'd to rehearse their Poetry in August.

<sup>5</sup> *Numa*. The second King of *Rome*; who made their Laws, and instituted their Religion.

<sup>6</sup> *Nymph. Egeria*, a Nymph, or Goddess; with whom *Numa* feign'd to converse by Night; and to be instructed by her, in modelling his Superstitions.

<sup>7</sup> *Where Dædalus*, &c. Meaning at *Cuma*.

<sup>8</sup> *Lachesis*; one of the three Destinies, whose Office was to spin the Life of every Man as it was of *Clotho* to hold the Distaff, and *Atropos* to cut the Thread.

<sup>9</sup> *Arturius*. Any debauch'd wicked Fellow who gains by the times.

<sup>10</sup> *With Thumbs bent back* In a Prize of Sword Players, when one of the Fencers had the other at his Mercy, the Vanquished Party implored the Clemency of the Spectators. If they thought he deserv'd it not, they held up their Thumbs and bent them backwards, in sign of Death.

<sup>11</sup> *Verres*, Prætor in *Sicily*, Contemporary with *Cicero*; by whom accus'd of oppressing the Province, he was Condemn'd: His Name is us'd here for any Rich Vicious Man.

<sup>12</sup> *Tagus*; a famous River in *Spain*, which discharges it self into the Ocean near *Lisbon* in *Portugal*. It was held of old to be full of Golden Sands.

<sup>13</sup> *Orontes*, the greatest River of *Syria*. The Poet here puts the River for the Inhabitants of *Syria*.

<sup>14</sup> *Tyber*; the River which runs by *Rome*.

<sup>15</sup> *Romulus*, First King of *Rome*, son of *Mars*, as the Poets feign: the first *Romans* were originally Herdsmen.

<sup>16</sup> *But in that Town*, &c. He means *Athens*; of which *Pallas* the Goddess of Arms and Arts was Patroness.

<sup>17</sup> *Antiochus*, and *Stratocles*, two Famous *Grecian* Mimicks, or Actors in the Poet's time.

<sup>18</sup> *A Rigid Stouck*, &c. *Publius Egnatius* a

Stoick falsely accus'd *Barbas Soranus*, as *Tacitus* tells us.

<sup>19</sup> *Diphilus* and *Prologenes*, &c. Were *Grecians* living in *Rome*.

<sup>20</sup> *Or him who bid*, &c. *Lucius Metellus*, the High Priest; who when the Temple of *Vesta* was on Fire sav'd the *Palladium*.

<sup>21</sup> *For by the Roscian Law*, &c. *Roscius* a Tribune, who order'd the Distinction of Places in Publick Shows betwixt the Noblemen of *Rome* and the *Peabelans*.

<sup>22</sup> *Where none but only dead Men*, &c. The meaning is that Men in some parts of *Italy* never wore a Gown (the usual Habit of the *Romans*) till they were bury'd in one.

<sup>23</sup> *Cossus* is here taken for any great Man.

<sup>24</sup> *Where thy tame Pidgeons*, &c. The *Romans* us'd to breed their tame Pidgeons in their Garrets.

<sup>25</sup> *Codrus*, a Learned Man, very poor: by his Books suppos'd to be a Poet. For, in all probability, the Heroick Verses here mention'd, which *Rats* and *Mice* devour'd, were *Homer's* Works.

<sup>26</sup> *A Pythagorean Treat*. He means Herbs, Roots, Fruits, and *Sallds*.

<sup>27</sup> *Gypanctick Corbulo*. *Corbulo* was a Famous General in *Nero's* time, who Conquer'd *Armenia*, and was afterwards put to death by that Tyrant, when he was in *Greece*, in reward of his great Services. His Stature was not only tall above the ordinary Size, but he was also proportionably strong.

<sup>28</sup> *The Ferry-Man's*, &c. *Chavon*, the Ferry-Man of *Hell*, whose Fare was a Half-penny for every Soul.

<sup>29</sup> *Stern Achilles*. The Friend of *Achilles* was *Patroclus* who was slain by *Hector*.

<sup>30</sup> *Beneath the Kings*, &c. *Rome* was Originally Rul'd by Kings; till for the Rape of *Lucretia* *Targuin* the proud was expell'd. After which it was Govern'd by two Consuls, Yearly chosen: but they oppressing the People, the Commoners Mutiny'd, and procur'd Tribunes to be created; who defended their Privileges, and often oppos'd the Consular Authority and the Senate.

<sup>31</sup> *Aquinum* was the Birth-place of *Juvenal*.

20 bid] had 1503, but see the text.

24 thy] the 1693, but see the text.

## THE SIXTH SATYR.

## ARGUMENT | of the | Sixth Satyr

*This Satyr, of almost double length to any of the rest, is a bitter invective against the fair Sex. 'Tis indeed, a Common-place, from whence all the Moderns have notoriously stolen their sharpest Raileries. In his other Satyrs, the Poet has only glanc'd on some particular Women, and generally scourg'd the Men. But this he reserv'd wholly for the Ladies. How they had offended him I know not: But upon the whole matter he is not to be excus'd for imputing to all, the Vices of some few amongst them. Neither was it generously done of him, to attack the weakest as well as the fairest part of the Creation: Neither do I know what Moral he cou'd reasonably draw from it. It could not be to avoid the whole Sex, if all had been true which he alleges against them: for that had been to put an end to Humane Kind. And to bid us beware of their Artifices, is a kind of silent acknowledgment, that they have more wit than Men: which turns the Satyr upon us, and particularly upon the Poet; who thereby makes a Complement, where he meant a Libel. If he intended only to exercise his Wit, he has forfeited his Judgment, by making the one half of his Readers his mortal Enemies: And amongst the Men, all the happy Lovers, by their own Experience, will disprove his Accusations. The whole World must allow this to be the wildest of his Satyrs; and truly he had need of all his parts, to maintain, with so much violence, so unjust a Charge. I am satisfied he will bring but few over to his Opinion: And on that Consideration chiefly I ventur'd to translate him. Though there wanted not another Reason, which was, that no one else would undertake it: at least, Sir C. S. who cou'd have done more right to the Author, after a long delay, at length absolutely refus'd so ungrateful an employment: And every one will grant, that the Work must have been imperfect and lame, if it had appeared without one of the Principal Members belonging to it. Let the Poet therefore bear the blame of his own Invention; and let me satisfy the World, that I am not of his Opinion. Whatever his Roman Ladies were, the English are free from all his Imputations.*

*They will read with Wonder and Abhorrence the Vices of an Age, which was the most Infamous of any on Record. They will bless themselves when they behold those Examples, related of Domitian's time: they will give back to Antiquity those Monsters it produc'd: And believe with reason, that the Species of those Women is extinguish'd; or at least that they were never here propagated. I may safely therefore proceed to the Argument of a Satyr, which is no way relating to them: And first observe, that my Author makes their Lust the most Heroick of their Vices: The rest are in a manner but digression. He skims them over; but he dwells on this: when he seems to have taken his last leave of it, on the sudden he returns to it: 'tis one Branch of it in Hippia, another in Messalina, but Lust is the main Body of the Tree. He begins with this Text in the first line, and takes it up with Intermissions to the end of the Chapter. Every Vice is a Loader, but that's a Ten. The Fillers, or intermediate Parts, are their Revenge; their Contrivances of secret Crimes; their Arts to hide them; their Wit to excuse them; and their Impudence to own them, when they can no longer be kept secret. Then the Persons to whom they are most addicted, and on whom they commonly bestow the last Favours: as Stage-Players, Fiddlers, Singing-Boys, and Fencers. Those who pass for Chast amongst them, are not really so; but only for their vast Dowries, are rather suffer'd, than lov'd by their own Husbands. That they are Imperious, Domineering, Scolding Wives: Set up for Learning and Criticism in Poetry, but are false Judges. Love to speak Greek, (which was then the Fashionable Tongue, as French is now with us) That they plead Causes at the Bar, and play Prizes at the Bear-Garden. That they are Gossips and News-Mongers: Wrangle with their Neighbours abroad, and beat their Servants at home. That they lie-in for new Faces once a Month; are sluttish with their Husbands in private; and Paint and Dress in Publick for their Lovers. That they deal with Jees, Diviners, and Fortune-tellers: Learn the Arts of Misarrying, and Barrenness. Buy Children, and produce them for their own. Murder their Husbands Sons,*

*if they stand in their way to his Estate, and make their Adulterers his Heirs. From hence the Poet proceeds to shew the Occasions of all these Vices, their Original, and how they were introduced in Rome, by Peace, Wealth, and Luxury. In conclusion, if we will take the word of our malicious Author; Bad Women are the general standing Rule; and the Good, but some few exceptions to it.*

## THE | SIXTH SATYR.

IN ' Saturn's Reign, at Nature's Early Birth,  
There was that Thing call'd Chastity on Earth;

When in a narrow Cave, their common shade,

The Sheep the Shepherds and their Gods were laid:

When Reeds and Leaves, and Hides of Beasts were spread

By Mountain Huswives for their homely Bed, &

And Mossy Pillows rais'd, for the rude Husband's head.

Unlike the Niceness of our Modern Dames,  
(Affected Nymphs with new affected Names:)

The *Cynthia's* and the *Lesbia's* of our Years,  
Who for a Sparrow's Death dissolve in Tears.

Those first unpolisht Matrons, Big and Bold,  
Gave Suck to Infants of Gyantick Mold;  
Rough as their Savage Lords who Rang'd the Wood,

And \*fat with Akorns Belcht their windy Food.

For when the World was Bucksom, fresh, and young,

Her Sons were undebauch'd, and therefore strong;

And whether Born in kindly Beds of Earth,  
Or strugling from the Teeming Oaks to Birth,

Or from what other Atoms they begun, 20  
No Sires they had, or if a Sire the Sun.

Some thin Remains of Chastity appear'd  
Ev'n \*under *Jove*, but *Jove* without a Beard;

Before the servile *Greeks* had learnt to Swear

By Heads of Kings; while yet the Bounteous Year

Her common Fruits in open Plains expos'd,  
E're thieves were fear'd, or Gardens were enclos'd.

At length \*uneasie Justice upwards flew,  
And both the Sisters to the Stars withdrew;  
From that Old *Æra* Whoring did begin, 30  
So Venerably Ancient is the Sin.

Adult'ers next invade the Nuptial State,  
And Marriage-Beds creak'd with a Foreign Weight;

All other Ills did Iron times adorn;  
But, Whores and Silver in one Age were Born.

Yet thou, they say, for Marriage do'st provide:

Is this an Age to Buckle with a Bride?

They say thy Hair the Curling Art is taught,  
The Wedding-Ring perhaps already bought:  
A Sober Man like thee to change his Life! 40  
What Fury wou'd possess thee with a Wife?  
Art thou of ev'ry other Death bereft,  
No Knife, no Ratsbane, no kind Halter left?  
(For every Noose compar'd to Hers is cheap)  
Is there no City-Bridge from whence to leap?

Wou'd'st thou become her Drudge, who dost enjoy

A better sort of Bedfellow, thy Boy?

He keeps thee not awake with nightly Brawls,

Nor with a beg'd Reward, thy Pleasure palls;  
Nor with insatiate heavings calls for more,  
When all thy Spirits were drain'd out before. 51

But still *Ursidius* Courts the Marriage-Bait,  
Longs for a Son, to settle his Estate,  
And takes no Gifts, tho every gaping Heir  
Wou'd gladly Grease the Rich Old Batchelor.

What Revolution can appear so strange,  
As such a Leacher, such a Life to change?  
A rank, notorious Whoremaster, to choose  
To thrust his Neck into the Marriage-Noose!  
He who so often in a dreadful fright 60  
Had in ? Coffer 'scap'd the jealous Cuckold's sight,

That he, to Wedlock dotingly betray'd,  
Should hope, in this lewd Town, to find a Maid!

The Man's grown Mad: To ease his Frantick Pain,

Run for the Surgeon; breathe the middle Vein:

But let a Heyler with gilt Horns be led  
 To *Juno*, Regent of the Marriage-Bed,  
 And let him every Deity adore, •  
 If his new Bride prove not an arrant  
 Whore, }  
 In Head and Tail, and every other Pore. 70  
 On *Ceres* feast, restrain'd from their de-  
 light,  
 Few Matrons, there, but Curse the tedious  
 Night :  
 Few whom their Fathers days Salute, such  
 Lust  
 Their Kisses have, and come with such a  
 Gust. •  
 With Ivy now Adorn thy Doors, and Wed ;  
 Such is thy Bride, and such thy Genial Bed.  
 Think'st thou one Man is for one Woman  
 meant ?  
 She, sooner, with one Eye wou'd be content  
 And yet, 'tis nois'd, a Maid did once  
 appear  
 In some small Village, tho Fame says not  
 where : 80  
 'Tis possible ; but sure no Man she found ;  
 'Twas desert, all, about her Father's Ground :  
 And yet some Lustful God might there  
 make bold ;  
 Are *Jove* and *Mars* grown impotent and  
 old ?  
 Many a fair Nymph has in a Cave been  
 spread,  
 And much good Love, without a Feather-  
 Bed.  
 Whither wou'dst thou to chuse a Wife resort,  
 The Park, the Mall, the Play-house, or the  
 Court ?  
 Which way soever thy Adventures fall,  
 Secure alike of Chastity in all. 90  
 One sees a Dancing-Master Capring high,  
 And Raves, and Pisses, with pure Extasie :  
 Another does, with all his Motions, move,  
 And Gapes, and Grins as in the feat of  
 Love :  
 A third is Charm'd with the new Opera  
 Notes,  
 Admires the Song, but on the Singer Doats :  
 The Country Lady in the Box appears,  
 Softly She Warbles over all she hears ;  
 And sucks in Passion, both at Eyes and  
 Ears }  
 The rest, (when now the long Vacation's  
 come, 100  
 The noisic Hall and Theatres grown dumb)

Their Memories to refresh, and chear their  
 hearts,  
 In borrow'd Breaches act the Players parts.  
 The Poor, that scarce have wherewithal  
 to eat,  
 Will pinch, to make the Singing-Boy a Treat.  
 The Rich, to buy him, will refuse no price ;  
 And stretch his Quail-pipe, till they crack  
 his Voice  
 Tragedians, acting Love, for Lust are  
 sought :  
 (Tho but the Parrots of a Poet's Thought.)  
 The Pleading Lawyer, tho for Counsel us'd,  
 In Chamber-practice often is refus'd. 111  
 Still thou wilt have a Wife, and father Heirs ;  
 (The product of concurring Theatres.)  
 Perhaps a Fencer did thy Brows adorn,  
 And a young Sword-man to thy Lands is  
 born.  
 Thus *Hippia* loath'd her old Patrician  
 Lord,  
 And left him for a Brother of the Sword :  
 To wondring *Pharos* with her, Love she  
 fled,  
 To show one Monster more than *Africk* bred :  
 Forgetting House and Husband, left  
 behind, 120  
 Ev'n Children too ; she sails before the  
 wind ;  
 False to 'em all, but constant to her Kind.  
 But, stranger yet, and harder to conceive,  
 She cou'd the Play-house and the Players  
 leave.  
 Born of rich Parentage, and nicely bred,  
 She lodg'd on Down, and in a Damask Bed ;  
 Yet, daring now the Dangers of the Deep,  
 On a hard Mattress is content to sleep.  
 E're this, 'tis true, she did her Fame expose :  
 But that, great Ladies with great Ease can  
 lose. 130  
 The tender Nymph cou'd the rude Ocean  
 bear.  
 So much her Lust was stronger than her  
 Fear.  
 But, had some honest Cause her Passage  
 prest,  
 The smallest hardship had disturb'd her  
 brest :  
 Each Inconvenience makes their Virtue cold ;  
 But Womankind, in Ills, is ever bold.  
 Were she to follow her own Lord to Sea,  
 What doubts and scruples wou'd she raise  
 to stay ?

Her Stomach sick, and her head giddy  
 grows ;  
 The Tar and Pitch are nauseous to her  
 Nose. 140  
 But in Love's Voyage nothing can offend ;  
 Women are never Sea-sick with a Friend.  
 Amidst the Crew, she walks upon the board ;  
 She eats, she drinks, she handles every Cord :  
 And, if she spews, 'tis thinking of her Lord.  
 Now ask, for whom her Friends and Fame  
 she lost ?  
 What Youth, what Beauty cou'd th' Adul-  
 t'rer boast ?  
 What was the Face, for which she cou'd  
 sustain  
 To be call'd Mistress to so base a Man ?  
 The Gallant, of his days had known the  
 best : 150  
 Deep Scars were seen indented on his  
 breast ;  
 And all his batter'd Limbs requir'd their  
 needful rest.  
 A Promontory Wen, with griesly grace,  
 Stood high, upon the Handle of his Face :  
 His blear Eyes ran in gutters to his Chin :  
 His Beard was Stubble, and his Cheeks  
 were thin.  
 But 'twas his Fencing did her Fancy move :  
 'Tis Arms and Blood and Cruelty they love.  
 But should he quit his Trade, and sheath his  
 Sword,  
 Her Lover wou'd begin to be her Lord. 160  
 This was a private Crime ; but you shall  
 hear  
 What Fruits the Sacred Brows of Monarchs  
 bear :  
 The good old Sluggard but began to snore,  
 When from his side up rose th' Imperial  
 Whore :  
 She who preferr'd the Pleasures of the  
 Night  
 To Pomps, that are but impotent delight ;  
 Strode from the Palace, with an eager pace,  
 To cope with a more Masculine Embrace ;  
 Muffled she march'd, like *Juno* in a Cloud,  
 Of all her Train but one poor Wench  
 allow'd, 170  
 One whom in Secret Service she cou'd trust ;  
 The Rival and Companion of her Lust.  
 To the known Brothel-house she takes her  
 way ;  
 And for a nasty Room gives double pay ;  
 That Room in which the rankest Harlot lay.)  
 Prepar'd for fight, expectingly she lies,  
 With heaving Breasts, and with desir'g  
 Eyes :  
 Still as one drops, another takes his place,  
 And baffled still succeeds to like disgrace.  
 At length, when friendly darkness is ex-  
 pir'd, 180  
 And every Strumpet from her Cell retir'd,  
 She lags behind, and lingering at the Gate,  
 With a repining Sigh, submits to Fate :  
 All Filth without, and all a Fire within,  
 Tir'd with the Toyl, unsated with the Sin,  
 Old *Cæsar's* Bed the modest Matron seeks ;  
 The steam of Lamps still hanging on her  
 Checks,  
 In Ropy Smut : thus foul, and thus bedight.  
 She brings him back the Product of the  
 Night.  
 Now should I sing what Poisons they  
 provide ; 190  
 With all their Trumpery of Charms beside ;  
 And all their Arts of Death : it would be  
 known  
 Lust is the smallest Sin the Sex can own.  
*Cæsinia*, still, they say, is guiltless found  
 Of ev'ry Vice, by her own Lord Renown'd :  
 And well she may, she brought ten thousand  
 Pound.  
 She brought him wherewithal to be call'd  
 chaste ;  
 His Tongue is ty'd in Golden Fetters fast  
 He Sighs, Adores, and Courts her every  
 Hour ;  
 Who wou'd not do as much for such a  
 Dower ? 200  
 She writes Love-Letters to the Youth in  
 Grace ;  
 Nay tips the wink before the Cuckold's Face ;  
 And might do more ; Her Portion makes it  
 good ;  
 Wealth has the Privilege of Widow-hood.  
 These Truths with his Example you dis-  
 prove,  
 Who with his Wife is monstrously in Love :  
 But know him better ; for I heard him swear,  
 'Tis not that She's his Wife, but that She's  
 Fair. 208  
 Let her but have three wrinkles in her Face,  
 Let her Eyes Lessen, and her Skin unbrace,  
 Soon you will hear the Saucy Steward say,  
 Pack up with all your Trinkets, and away ;  
 You grow Offensive both at Bed and Board :  
 Your Betters must be had to please my Lord.

Meantime She's absolute upon the Throne;  
And knowing time is Precious, loses none :  
She must have Flocks of Sheep, with Wool  
more Fine

Than Silk, and Vinyards of the Noblest  
Wine :

Whole Drowes of Pages for her Train she  
Craves :

And sweeps the Prisons for attending  
Slaves. 220

In short, whatever in her Eyes can come,  
Or others have abroad, she wants at home.  
When Winter shuts the Seas, and fleecy  
Snows

Make Houses white, she to the Merchant goes ;  
Rich Crystals of the Rock She takes up there,

Huge *Agal* Vases, and old *China* Ware :  
Then *Berenice's* Ring her Finger proves,

More Precious made by her incestuous Loves :  
And infamously Dear : A Brother's Bribe,

Ev'n God's Anointed, and of *Judah's* Tribe:  
Where barefoot they approach the Sacred

Shrine, 231  
And think it only Sin, to feed on Swine.

But is none worthy to be made a Wife  
In all this Town ? Suppose her free from

strife,  
Rich, Fair, and Fruitful, of Unblemish'd  
Life ;

Chast as the *Sabines*, whose prevailing  
Charms

Dismiss'd their Husbands, and their Brothers  
Arms.

Grant her, besides, of Noble Blood, that ran  
In Ancient Veins, e're Heraldry began :

Suppose all these, and take a Poet's word,  
A Black Swan is not half so Rare a Bird. 241

A Wife, so hung with Virtues, such a freight,  
What Mortal Shoulders cou'd support the

weight !  
Some *Country* Girl, scarce to a Curtsey

bred,  
Wou'd I much rather than *Cornelia* Wed:

If Supercilious, Haughty, Proud, and Vain,  
She brought her Father's Triumphs in her

Train.  
Away with all your *Carthaginian* State,

Let vanquish'd *Hannibal* without Doors  
wait,

Too burly and too big to pass my narrow  
Gate. 250

Oh *Pæan*, cries *Amphion*, bend thy Bow  
Against my Wife, and let my Children go

But sullen *Pæan* shoots at Sons and Mothers  
too.

His *Niobe* and all his Boys he lost ;  
Ev'n her who did her num'rous Offspring

boast,  
As Fair and Fruitful as the Sow that carry'd  
The "Thirty Pigs at one large Litter

Farrow'd.

What Beauty or what Chastity can bear  
So great a Price, if stately and severe

She still insults, and you must still adore ?  
Grant that the Honey's much, the Gall is

more. 261  
Upbraided with the Virtues she displays,  
Sev'n Hours in Twelve, you loath the Wife

you Praise :  
Some Faults, tho small, intolerable grow ;  
For what so Nauseous and Affected too,

As those that think they due Perfection want,  
Who have not learnt to Lasp the "*Grecian*

Cant ?  
In *Greece*, their whole Accomplishments  
they seek :

Their Fashion, Breeding, Language, must  
be *Greek* :

But Raw in all that does to *Rome* belong,  
They scorn to cultivate their Mother

Tongue. 271  
In *Greek* they flatter, all their Fears they

speak,  
Tell all their Secrets ; nay, they Scold in  
*Greek* :

Ev'n in the Feat of Love, they use that  
Tongue.

Such Affectations may become the Young ;  
But thou, Old Hag, of Threescore Years and

Three,  
Is shewing of thy Parts in *Greek* for thee ?  
*Ζωή και ψυχή!* All those tender words

The Momentary trembling Bliss affords,  
The kind soft Murmurs of the private

Sheets, 280  
Are Bawdy, while thou speak'st in publick  
Streets.

Those words have Fingers ; and their force  
is such,

They raise the Dead, and mount him with  
a touch.

But all Provocatives from thee are vain :  
No blandishment the slacken'd Nerve can

strain.

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If then thy Lawful Spouse thou canst not love,  
 What reason shou'd thy Mind to Marriage move?  
 Why all the Charges of the Nuptial Feast,  
 Wine and Deserts and Sweet-meats to digest?  
 Th' indow'ing Gold that buys the dear Delight, 290  
 Giv'n for thy first and only happy Night?  
 If thou art thus Usoriously inclin'd,  
 To bear thy Bondage with a willing mind,  
 Prepare thy Neck, and put it in the Yoke:  
 But for no mercy from thy Woman look.  
 For tho, perhaps, she loves with equal Fires,  
 To Absolute Dominion she aspires;  
 Joys in the Spoils, and Triumphs o'er thy Purse;  
 The better Husband makes the Wife the worse.  
 Nothing is thine to give, or sell, or buy, 300  
 All Offices of Ancient Friendship dye;  
 Nor hast thou leave to make a Legacy.  
 By "thy Imperious Wife thou art bereft  
 A Privilege, to Pimps and Panders left;  
 Thy Testament's her Will; Where she prefers  
 Her Ruffians, Drudges, and Adulterers,  
 Adopting all thy Rivals for thy Heirs.  
 Go "drag that Slave to Death; "your Reason, why  
 Shou'd the poor Innocent be doom'd to Dye?  
 What proofs? for, when Man's Life is in debate, 310  
 The Judge can ne're too long deliberate.  
 Call'st "thou that Slave a Man? the Wife replies:  
 Prov'd, or unprov'd, the Crime, the Villain Dies.  
 I have the Sovereign Pow'r to save or kill;  
 And give no other Reason but my Will.  
 Thus the She-Tyrant Reigns, till pleas'd with change,  
 Her wild Affections to New Empires Range:  
 Another Subject-Husband she desires;  
 Divorc'd from him, she to the first retires,  
 While the last Wedding-Feast is scarcely o're, 320  
 And Garlands hang yet green upon the Door.  
 So still the Reck'ning rises; and appears  
 In total Sum, Eight Husbands in Five Years.  
 The Title for a Tomb-Stone might be fit;  
 But that't it wou'd too commonly be writ.  
 Her Mother Living, hope no quiet Day;  
 She sharpens her, instructs her 'how to Flea'  
 Her Husband bare, and then divides the Prey.  
 She takes Love-Letters, with a Crafty smile,  
 And, in her Daughter's Answer, mends the style. 330  
 In'vain the Husband sets his watchful Spies;  
 She Cheats their cunning, or she bribes their Eyes.  
 The Doctor's call'd; the Daughter, taught the Trick,  
 Pretends to faint: and in full Health is Sick.  
 The Panting Stallion, at the Closet-Door,  
 Hears the Consult, and wishes it were o're.  
 Can'st thou, in Reason, hope, a Band so known  
 Shou'd teach her other Manners than her own?  
 Her Int'rest is in all th' Advice she gives:  
 'Tis on the Daughter's Rents the Mother lives. 340  
 No Cause is try'd at the Litigious Bar,  
 But Women Plaintiffs or Defendants are,  
 They form the Process, all the Briefs they write,  
 The Topics furnish, and the Pleas indite;  
 And teach the Toothless Lawyer how to Bite.  
 They turn Virago's too; the Wrastler's toy!  
 They try, and Smear their Naked Limbs with Oyl:  
 Against the Post, their wicker Shields they crush,  
 Flourish the Sword, and at the Plastron push  
 Of every Exercise the Mannish Crew 350  
 Fulfils the Parts, and oft Excels us too;  
 Prepar'd not only in feign'd Fights t' engage  
 But royt the Gladiators on the Stage.  
 What sence of shame in such a Breach can lye,  
 Inur'd to Arms, and her own Sex to fly?  
 Yet to be wholly Man she wou'd disclaim;  
 To quit her tenfold Pleasure at the Game.  
 For frothy Praises, and an Empty Name.  
 Oh what a decent Sight 'tis to behold  
 All thy Wife's Magazine by Auction sold!

291 thy] Some editors give their  
 308 your] Some editors give you

The Belt, the crested Plume, the several  
Suits 361

Of Armour, and the Spanish Leather Boots !  
Yet these are they, that cannot bear the heat  
Of figur'd Silks, and under Sarcenet sweat.  
Behold the strutting *Amazonian* Whore,  
She stands in Guard with her right Foot  
before :

Her Coats Tuck'd up ; and all her Motions  
just,  
She stamps, and then Cries, hah at ev'ry  
thrust :

But laugh to see her, tyr'd with many a bout,  
Call for the Pot, and like a Man Piss out. 370  
The Ghosts of *Ancient Romans*, shou'd they  
rise,

Wou'd grin to see their Daughters play  
a Prize.

Besides, what endless Brawls by Wives  
are bred :

The Curtain-Lecture makes a Mournful Bed.  
Then, when she has thee sure within the  
Sheets,

Her Cry begins, and the whole Day repeats.  
Conscious of Crimes her self, she teyzes first ;  
Thy Servants are accus'd ; thy Whore is  
curst ;

She Acts the jealous, and at Will she cries ;  
For Womens Tears are but the sweat of  
Eyes. 380

Poor Cuckold-Fool, thou think'st that Love  
sincere,  
And suck'st between her Lips, the falling  
Tear :

But search her Cabinet, and thou shalt find  
Each Tiller there with Love Epistles lin'd.  
Suppose her taken in a close embrace,  
This you wou'd think so manifest a Case,  
No Rhetorick could defend, no Impudence  
outface :

And yet even then she Cries the Marriage  
Vow

A mental Reservation must allow ;  
And there's a silent bargain still imply'd,  
The Parties shou'd be pleas'd on either  
side : 391

And both may for their private needs  
provide.

Tho Men your selves, and Women us you  
call,

Yet *Homo* is a Common Name for all.

There's nothing bolder than a Woman  
Caught ;  
Guilt gives 'em Courage to maintain their  
Fault.

You ask from whence proceed these  
monstrous Crimes ?  
Once Poor, and therefore Chast, in former  
times,

Our Matrons were : No Luxury found room  
In low-roof'd Houses, and bare Walls of Lome ;  
Their Hands with Labour hard'ned while  
'twas Light, 401  
And Frugal sleep supply'd the quiet Night,  
While pinch't with want, their Hunger held  
'em straight ;

When *Hannibal* was Hov'ring at the Gate:  
But wanton now, and lolling at our Ease,  
We suffer all th' invet'rate ills of Peace,  
And wastful Riot ; whose Destructive  
Charms

Revenge the vanquish'd World, of our Vic-  
torious Arms

No Crime, no Lustful Postures are unknown ;  
Since Poverty, our Guardian-God, is gone :  
Pride, Laziness, and all Luxurious Arts, 411  
Pour like a Deluge in, from Foreign Parts :  
Since Gold Obscene, and Silver found the  
way,

Strange Fashions with strange Bullion to  
convey,  
And our plain simple Manners to betray.

What care our Drunken Dames to whom  
they spread ?

Wine no distinction makes of Tail or Head.  
Who lewdly Dancing at a Midnight-Ball,  
For hot Eringoes, and Fat Oysters call ;  
Full Brimmers to their Fuddled Noses  
thrust ; 420

Brimmers the last Provocatives of Lust,  
When Vapours to their swimming Brains  
advance,

And double Tapers on the Tables dance.  
Now think what Bawdy Dialogues they  
have,

What *Tullia* talks to her confiding Slave,  
At Modesty's old Statue : when by Night  
They make a stand, and from their Litters  
light ;

The Good Man early to the Lavee goes,  
And treads the Nasty Paddle of his Spouse.

The Secrets of the *2<sup>d</sup>* Goddess nam'd the  
Good, 430

Are even by Boys and Barbers understood :



Where the Rank Matrons, Dancing to the  
Pipe,  
Gig with their Bums, and are for Action  
ripe,  
With Musick rais'd, they spread abroad their  
Hair;  
And toss their Heads like an enamour'd  
Mare:

*Laufella* lays her Garland by, and proves  
The mimic Leachery of Manly Loves.

Rank'd with the Lady, the cheap Sinner  
lies;

For here not Blood, but Virtue gives the  
prize. 439

Nothing is feign'd in this Venereal Strife;  
'Tis downright Lust, and Acted to the  
Life.

So full, so fierce, so vigorous, and so strong,  
That, looking on, wou'd make old *Nestor*  
Young.

Impatient of delay, a general sound,  
An universal Groan of Lust goes round;  
For then, and only then, the Sex sincere  
is found. }

Now is the time of Action; now begin,  
They cry, and let the lusty Lovers in.

The Whoresons are asleep; Then bring the  
Slaves

And Watermen, a Race of strong-back'd  
Knives. 450

I wish, at least, our Sacred Rites were free  
From those Pollutions of Obscenity:

But 'tis well known <sup>22</sup> what Singer, how  
disguis'd,

A lewd audacious Action enterpriz'd:  
Into the Fair with Women mixt, he went,

Arm'd with a huge two-handed Instrument;  
A grateful Present to those holy Quires,

Where the Mouse guilty of his Sex retires:  
And even Male-Pictures modestly are vail'd;

Yet no Profaneness on that Age pre-  
vail'd; 460

No Scoffers at Religious Rites were found:  
The now, at every Altar they abound.

I hear your cautious Counsel, you wou'd  
say,

Keep close your Women under Lock and Key:  
But, who shall keep those Keepers? Women,

nurst  
In Craft, begin with those, and Bribe 'em  
first.

The Sex is turn'd all Whore; they Love the  
Game:

And Mistresses, and Maids, are both the  
same.

The poor *Ogulnia*, on the Poet's day,  
Will borrow Cloaths, and Chair, to see the

Play: 470  
She, who before had Mortgag'd her Estate,  
And Pawn'd the last remaining piece of

Plate.  
Some are reduc'd their utmost Shifts to try:

But Women have no shame of Poverty.  
They live beyond their stint; as if their

store  
The more exhausted, wou'd increase the

more:  
Some Men, instructed by the Lab'ring Ant,

Provide against th' Extremities of want;  
But Womankind, that never knows a mean,

Down to the Dregs their sinking Fortune  
drain: 480

Hourly they give, and spend, and wast, and  
wear:

And think no Pleasure can be bought too  
dear.

There are, who in soft Eunuchs place  
their Bliss;

To shun the scrubbing of a Bearded Kiss;  
And scape Abortion; but their solid joy-

ls <sup>23</sup> when the Page, already past a Boy,  
Is Capon'd late; and to the Guelder shown

With his two Pounders to Perfection grown.  
When all the Navel-string cou'd give,

appears;  
All but the Beard; and that's the Barber's

loss, not theirs. 490  
Seen from afar, and famous for his ware,

He struts into the Bath, among the Fair:  
Th' admiring Crew to their Devotions fall;

And, kneeling, on their <sup>24</sup> new *Pytapius* call.  
Kerv'd for his Lady's use, and with her lies;

And let him drudge for her, if thou art wise,  
Rather than trust him with thy Fav'rite

Boy;  
He proffers Death in proffering to enjoy.

If Songs they love, the Singer's Voice they  
force

Beyond his Compass till his Quail-Pipe's  
hoarse; 500

His Lute and Lyre with their embrace is  
worn;

With Knots they trim it, and with Gems  
adorn:

461 were] Some editors nonsensically give are

Run over all the Strings, and Kiss the Case ;  
And make Love to it, in the Master's place.

A certain Lady once, of high Degree,  
To *Janus* Vow'd, and *Vesta's* Denty,  
That <sup>22</sup> *Pollio* might, in Singing, win the  
Prize ;

*Pollio* the Dear, the Darling of her Eyes :  
She Pray'd, and Brib'd ; what cou'd she  
more have done

For a Sick Husband, or an onely Son ? 510  
With her Face veil'd, and heaving up her  
hands,

The shameless Supplait at the Altar  
stands ;

The Forms of Pray'r she solemnly pursues ;  
And, pale with Fear, the offer'd Entrails  
views.

Answer, ye Pow'rs: For, if you heard her Vow,  
Your Godships, sure, had little else to do.

This is not all ; for <sup>23</sup> Actors they implore :  
An Impudence unknown to Heav'n before.

Th' <sup>24</sup> *Atruspe*, tir'd with this Religious Rout,  
Is forc'd to stand so long, he gets the Gout.  
But suffer not thy Wife abroad to roam, 521

If she loves Singing, let her Sing at home ;  
Not strut in Streets, with *Amazonian* pace ;  
For that's to Cuckold thee, before thy Face.

Their endless Itch of News comes next in  
play ;

They vent their own ; and hear what others  
say.

Know what in *Thrace*, or what in *France* is  
done ;

Th' Intrigues betwixt the Stepdam and the  
Son.

Tell who Loves who, what Favours some  
partake :

And who is Jilted for another's sake. 530  
What pregnant Widow, in what morth was  
made ;

How oft she did, and doing, what she said.  
She, first, beholds the raging Comet rise :

Knows whom it threatens, and what Lands  
destroys.

Still for the newest News she lies in wait ;  
And takes Reports, just ent'ring at the Gate.

Wrecks, Floods, and Fires ; what-ever she  
can meet,

She spreads ; and is the *Fame* of every  
Street.

This is a Grievance ; but the next is worse ;  
A very Judgment, and her Neighbours  
Curse : 540

For, if their barking Dog disturb her ease,  
No Pray'r can bind her, no Excuse appease.  
Th' unmanner'd Malefactor is Arraign'd ;  
But first the Master, who the Curr Main-  
tain'd,

Must feel the scourge : By Night she leaves  
her Bed ;

By Night her Bathing Equipage is led,  
That Marching Armies a less noise create ;  
She moves in Tumult, and she Sweats in  
State.

Mean while, her Guests their Appetites must  
keep ;

Some gape for Hunger, and some gasp for  
Sleep.

At length she comes, all flush'd, but e're  
she sup, 550

Swallows a swinging Preparation-Cup ;  
And then, to clear her Stomach, spews it up.

The Deluge-Vomit all the Floor o'reflows,  
And the sour savour nauseates every Nose.

She Drinks again ; again she spews a Lake ;  
Her wretched Husband sees, and dares not  
speak :

But mutters many a Curse, against his Wife ;  
And Damns himself, for chusing such a Life.

But of all Plagues, the greatest is untold ;  
The Book-Learn'd Wife in *Greek* and *Latin*  
bold. 561

The Critick-Dame, who at her Table sits ;  
*Homer* and *Virgil* quotes, and weighs their  
Wits ;

And pities *Didoes* Agonizing Fits.  
She has so far th' ascendant of the Board,

The Prating Pedant puts not in one Word ;  
The Man of Law is Non-plust, in his Sute ;

Nay every other Female Tongue is mute.  
Hammers, and beating Anvils, you wou'd

swear,  
And <sup>25</sup> *Vulcan* with his whole Militia there.

Tabours <sup>26</sup> and Trumpets cease ; for she  
alone 571

Is able to Redeem the lab'ring Moon.  
Ev'n Wit's a burthen, when it talks too long :

But she, who has no Continance of Tongue,  
Should walk in Breeches, and shou'd wear

a Beard ;  
And mix among the Philosophick Herd.

O what a midnight Curse has he, whose side  
Is pester'd with a <sup>27</sup> Mood and Figure Bride !

Let mine, ye Gods, (if such must be my  
Fate)

No Logick Learn, nor History Translate ;

But rather be a quiet, humble Fool: 581  
I hate a Wife, to whom I go to School,  
Who climbs the Grammar-Tree, distinctly  
knows

Where Noun, and Verb, and Participle  
grows

Corrects her Country Neighbour; and, a Bed,  
For breaking <sup>Priscian's</sup>, breaks her Hus-  
band's Head.

The Gawdy Gossip, when she's set agog,  
In Jewels drest, and at each Ear a Bob,  
Goes flaunting out, and, in her trim of  
Pride,

Thinks all she says or does, is justifi'd. 590  
When Poor, she's scarce a tolerable Evil;  
But Rich, and Fine, a Wife's a very Devil.

She duly, once a Month, renews her Face;  
Mean time, it lies in Dawb, and hid in  
Grease;

Those are the Husband's Nights; she craves  
her due,

He takes fat Kisses, and is stuck in Glue.  
But, to the Lov'd Adult'rer when she  
steers,

Fresh from the Bath, in brightness she  
appears:

For him the Rich *Arabia* sweats her Gum;  
And precious Oyls from distant *Indies*  
come: 600

How Haggardly so e're she looks at home,  
Th' Eclipse then vanishes; and all her Face  
Is open'd, and restor'd to ev'ry Grace,  
The Crust remov'd, her Cheeks as smooth  
as Silk,

Are polish'd with a wash of Asses Milk;  
And, shou'd she to the farthest *North* be  
sent,

A train <sup>of</sup> these attend her Banishment.  
But, hadst thou seen her Plaistred up before,  
'Twas so unlike a Face, it seem'd a Sore.

'Tis worth our while to know what all  
the day 610

They do, and how they pass their time  
away,

For, if o're-night the Husband has been  
slack,

Or counterfeited Sleep, and turn'd his  
Back,

Next day, be sure, the Servants go to  
wrack.

The Chamber-Maid and Dresser, are call'd  
Whores;

The Page is stript, and beaten out of Doors

The whole House suffers for the Master's  
Crime:

And he himself is warn'd to wake another  
time.

She hires Tormentors, by the Year; she  
Treats

Her Visitours, and talks; but still she beats,  
Beats while she Paints her Face, surveys  
her Gown, 621

Casts up the days Account, and still beats  
on:

Tir'd olit, at length, with an outrageous  
Tone,

She bids 'em, in the Devil's Name, begone.  
Compar'd with such a Proud, Insulting  
Dame,

*Sicilian* <sup>tyrants</sup> may renounce their  
Name.

For, if she hasts abroad to take the Ay.  
Or goes to *Isis* Church (the Bawdy-House  
of Pray'r)

She hurries all her Handmaids to the Task;  
Her Head, alone, will twenty Dressers ask.  
*Psecas*, the chief, with Breast and Shoulders  
bare. 631

Trembling, considers every Sacred Hair;  
If any Stragler from his Rank be found,  
A pinch must, for the Mortal Sin, compound.

*Psecas* is not in Fault: But, in the Glass,  
The Dame's Offended at her own ill Face.

That Maid is Banish'd; and another Girl  
More dextrous, manages the Comb, and Curl;

The rest are summon'd, on a point so nice;  
And first, the Grave Old Woman gives

Advice. 640

The next is call'd, and so the turn goes  
round,

As each for Age, or Wisdom, is Renown'd:  
Such Counsel, such delib'rate care they take,

As if her Life and Honour lay at stake:  
With Curls on Curls, they build her Head

before

And mount it with a Formidable Tow'r <sup>of</sup>.  
A Gyantess she seems; but, look behind,

And the she dwindles to the Pigmy kind.  
Duck-leg'd, short-wasted, such a Dwarf

she is,

That she must rise on Tip-toes for a Kiss.  
Mean while, her Husband's whole Estate

is spent; 651

He may go bare, while she receives his Rent.

She minds him not ; she lives not as a Wife,  
 But like a Bawling Neighbour, full of Strife :  
 Near him, in this alone, that she extends  
 Her Hate to all his Servants and his Friends  
*Bellona's* Priests, an Eunuch at their  
 Head,  
 About the Streets a mad Procession lead ;  
 The <sup>as</sup> Venerable Guelding, large, and high,  
 O'relooks the Herd of his inferiour Fry. 660  
 His awkward Clergy-Men about him prance ;  
 And beat the Timbrels to their Mystick  
 Dance.  
 Guiltless of Testicles, they tear their Throats,  
 And squeak, in Treble, their Unmanly Notes.  
 Mean while, his Cheeks the Myter'd Prophet  
 swells,  
 And Dire Presages of the Year foretels  
 Unless with Eggs (his Priestly hire) they  
 hast  
 To Expiate, and avert th' Autumnal blast.  
 And <sup>as</sup> add beside a murrey-colour'd Vest,  
 Which, in their places, may receive the  
 Pest : 670  
 And, thrown into the Flood, their Crimes  
 may bear,  
 To purge th' unlucky Omens of the Year.  
 Th' Astonisht Matrons pay, before the rest ;  
 That Sex is still obnoxious to the Priest.  
 Through yce they beat, and plunge into  
 the Stream,  
 If so the God has warn'd 'em in a Dream.  
 Weak in their Limbs, but in Devotion  
 strong,  
 On their bare Hands and Feet they crawl  
 along  
 A whole Fields length, the Laughter of the  
 Throng.  
 Should *Io's* Priest I mean) Command 680  
 A Pilgrimage to *Meroe's* burning Sand,  
 Through Desarts they wou'd seek the secret  
 Spring ;  
 And Holy Water, for Lustration, bring.  
 How can they pay their Priests too much  
 respect,  
 Who Trade with Heav'n, and Earthly Gains  
 neglect ?  
 With him, Domestick Gods Discourse by  
 Night ;  
 By Day, attended by his Quire in white,  
 The Bald-pate Tribe runs madding through  
 the Street,  
 And Smile to see with how much ease they  
 Cheat.  
 The Ghostly Syre forgives the Wife's De-  
 lights, 690  
 Who Sins, through Frailty, on forbidden  
 Nights ;  
 And Tempts her Husband in the Holy  
 Time,  
 When Carnal Pleasure is a Mortal Crime.  
 The Sweating Image shakes its Head ; but he  
 With Mumbled Pray'rs Attones the Deity.  
 The Pious Priesthood the Fat Goose receive,  
 And they once Brib'd the Godhead must  
 forgive  
 No sooner these remove, but full of Fear,  
 A Gypsie Jewess whispers in your Ear,  
 And begs an Alms : An High-priest's  
 Daughter she, 700  
 Vers'd in their *Talmud*, and Divinity ;  
 And Prophecies beneath a shady Tree.  
 Her Goods a Basket, and old Hay her Bed,  
 She strouls, and, Telling Fortunes, gains her  
 Bread :  
 Farthings and some small Monys, are her  
 Fees ;  
 Yet she Interprets all your Dreams for  
 these.  
 Foretels th' Estate, when the Rich Uackle  
 Dies,  
 And sees a Sweet-heart in the Sacrifice. 708  
 Such Toys, a Pidgeons Entrails can disclose :  
 Which yet th' *Armenian Augur* far outgoes :  
 In Dogs, a Victim more obscene, he rakes ;  
 And Murder'd Infants, for Inspection, takes :  
 For Gain, his Impious Practice he pursues ;  
 For Gain, will his Accomplices accuse.  
 More Credit, yet, is to <sup>as</sup> *Chaldeans* giv'n ;  
 What they foretell, is deem'd the Voice of  
 Heav'n.  
 Their Answers, as from *Hammon's* Altar,  
 come ;  
 Since now the *Delphian* Oracles are dumb.  
 And Mankind, ignorant of future Fate,  
 Believes what fond Astrologers relate. 720  
 Of these the most in vogue is he, who sent  
 Beyond Seas, is return'd from Banishment,  
 His Art who to <sup>as</sup> *Aspiring Olla* sold ;  
 And sure Succession to the Crown foretold.  
 For his Esteem is in his Exile plac'd ;  
 The more Believ'd, the more, he was Dis-  
 grac'd.  
 No Astrologick Wizard Honour gains,  
 Who has not oft been Banisht, or in Chains.  
 He gets Renown, who, to the Halter near,  
 But narrowly escapes, and buys it dear. 730

From him your Wife enquires the Planets  
Will,  
When the black *Jaundies* shall her Mother  
Kill:  
Her Sister's and her Uncle's end, wou'd  
know:  
But, first, consults his Art, when you shall go.  
And, what's the greatest Gift that Heav'n  
can give,  
If, after her, th' Adulterer shall live.  
She neither knows nor cares to know the  
rest;  
If *Mars* and *Saturn* shall the World infest;  
Or *Jove* and *Venus* with their Friendly Rays,  
Will interpose, and bring us better days. 740  
Beware the Woman, too, and shun her  
Sight,  
Who in these Studies does her self Delight.  
By whom a greasie Almanack is born,  
With often handling, like chaft Amber, worn:  
Not now consulting, but consulted, she  
Of the Twelve Houses, and their Lords, is  
free.  
She, if the Scheme a fatal Journey show,  
Stays safe at Home, but lets her Husband go.  
If but a Mile she Travel out of Town,  
The Planetary Hour must first be known, 750  
And lucky moment; if her Eye but akes  
Or itches, its Decumbiture she takes.  
No Nourishment receives in her Disease,  
But what the Stars and *Ptolomy* shall  
please.  
The middle sort, who have not much  
to spare,  
To Chiromancers cheaper Art repair,  
Who clap the pretty Palm, to make the  
Lines more fair.  
But the Rich Matron, who has more to give,  
Her Answers from the *Brachman* will  
receive:  
Skill'd in the Globe and Sphere, he Gravely  
stands, 760  
And, with his Compass, measures Seas and  
Lands.  
The Poorest of the Sex have still an Itch  
To know their Fortunes, equal to the Rich.  
The Dairy-Maid enquires, if she shall take  
The trusty Taylor, and the Cook forsake.  
Yet these, tho Poor, the Pain of Child-bed  
bear;  
And, without Nurses, their own Infants rear:  
You seldom hear of the Rich Mantle spread  
For the Babe born in the great Lady's Bed.

Such is the Pow'r of Herbs; such Arts  
they use 770  
To make them Barren, or their Fruit to lose.  
But thou, whatever Slops she will have  
bought,  
Be thankful, and supply the deadly Draught:  
Help her to make Manslaughter; let her  
bleed,  
And never want for Savin at her need.  
For, if she holds till her nine Months be run,  
Thou may'st be Father to an *Æthiop's* Son.  
A Boy, who ready gotten to thy hands,  
By Law is to Inherit all thy Lands:  
One of that hue, that should he cross the  
way, 780  
His *Omen* wou'd discolour all the day.  
I pass the Foundling by, a Race unknown,  
At Doors expos'd, whom Matrons make  
their own:  
And into Noble Families advance  
A Nameless Issue, the blind work of Chance.  
Indulgent Fortune does her Care employ,  
And, smiling, broods upon the Naked Boy:  
Her Garment spreads, and laps him in the  
Fold,  
And covers, with her Wings, from nightly  
Cold:  
Gives him her Blessing; puts him in a way;  
Sets up the Farce, and laughs at her own  
Play. 791  
Him she promotes; she favours him alone,  
And makes Provision for him, as her own.  
The craving Wife the force of Magick  
tries,  
And Philters for th' unable Husband buys:  
The Potion works not on the part design'd;  
But turns his Brain, and stupifies his Mind.  
The sotted Moon-Calf gapes, and staring on,  
Sees his own Business by another done:  
A long Oblivion, a benumbing Frost. So  
Constrains his Head; and Yesterday is lost:  
Some nimbler Juice would make him foam.  
and rave,  
Like that *Casonia* to her *Caius* gave:  
Who, plucking from the Forehead of the Fole  
His Mother's Love, infus'd it in the Bowl:  
The boiling Blood ran hissing in his Veins,  
Till the mad Vapour mounted to his Brains.  
The *Thund'r*er was not half so much on  
Fire,  
When *Juno's* Girdle kindled his Desire.

What Woman will not use the Poys'ning  
Trade, 810  
When *Cesar's* Wife the Precedent has  
made?

Let *Agrippina's* Mushroom be forgot,  
Giv'n to a Slav'ring, Old, unuseful Sot;  
That only clos'd the driveling Dotard's  
Eyes,

And sent his Godhead downward to the  
Skies.

But this fierce Potion calls for Fire and  
Sword;

Nor spares the Commons, when it strikes  
the Lord.

So many Mischiefs were in one combin'd;  
So much one single Poys'ner cost Mankind.

If Stopdames seek their Sons in Law to  
kill, 820

'Tis Venial Trespass; let them have their  
Will:

But let the Child, entrusted to the Care  
Of his own Mother, of her Bread beware:  
Beware the Food she reaches with her  
Hand;

The Morsel is intended for thy Land.  
Thy Tutour be thy Taster, e're thou Eat;  
There's Poyson in thy Drink, and in thy  
Meat.

You think this feign'd; the Satyr in  
a Rage

Struts in the Buskins of the Tragick Stage,  
Forgets his Bus'ness is to Laugh and Bite;  
And will, of Deaths, and dire Revenges  
Write. 831

Wou'd it were all a Fable, that you Read;  
But *Drymon's* Wife pleads Guilty to the  
Deed.

I (she confesses,) in the Fact was caught;  
Two Sons dispatching, at one, deadly  
Draught.

What Two, Two Sons, thou Viper, in one  
day?

Yes, sev'n, she cries, if sev'n were in my way.  
*Medea's* <sup>48</sup> Legend is no more a Lye;

Our Age adds Credit to Antiquity  
Great Ills, we grant, in former times did  
Reign, 840

And Murthers then were done: but not  
for Gain.

Less Admiration to great Crimes is due,  
Which they Through Wrath, or through  
Revenge pursue.

For, weak of Reason, impotent of Will,  
The Sex is hurri'd headlong into Ill:

And, like a Cliff from its foundations torn,  
By raging Earthquakes, into Seas is born.

But those are Fiends, who Crimes from  
thought begin,

And, cool in Mischief, meditate the Sin.  
They Read th' Example of a Pious Wife, 850

Redeeming, with her own, her Husband's  
Life;

Yet, if the Laws did that Exchange afford,  
Would save their Lapdog sooner than their  
Lord.

Where e're you walk, the <sup>49</sup> *Behdes* you  
meet;

And <sup>50</sup> *Clytemnestra's* grow in ev'ry Street:  
But here's the difference; *Agamemnon's*  
Wife

Was a gross Butcher, with a bloody Knife;  
But Murther, now, is to perfection grown,

And subtle Poysons are employ'd alone:  
Unless some Antidote prevents their  
Arts, 860

And lines with Balsom all the Noble parts:  
In such a case, reserv'd for such a need,

Rather than fail, the Dagger does the Deed.

861 Noble] *The editors wrongly give Nobler*

*The End of the Sixth Satyr.*

## NOTES TO THE SIXTH SATYR.

<sup>1</sup> In the Golden Age, when *Saturn* Reign'd.

<sup>2</sup> *Fat with Acorns*. Acorns were the Bread of  
Mankind, before Corn was found

<sup>3</sup> *Under Jove*. When *Jove* had driven his Father  
into Banishment, the Silver Age began, according  
to the Poets

<sup>4</sup> *Uneasie Justice, &c* The Poet makes Justice  
and Chastity Sisters; and says that they fled to  
Heaven together, and left Earth for ever.

<sup>5</sup> *Ceres Feast* When the *Roman* Women were  
forbidden to bed with their Husbands

<sup>6</sup> *Jove and Mars* Of whom more Fornicating  
Stories are told, than any of the other Gods.

<sup>7</sup> *Wondring Pharo* She fled to Egypt, which  
wonder'd at the Enormity of her Crime

<sup>8</sup> He tells the Famous Story of *Messalina*, Wife  
to the Emperor *Claudius*.

<sup>9</sup> *Wealth has the Privilege, &c* His meaning

is, that a Wife who brings a large Dowry may do what she pleases, and has all the Privileges of a Widow.

<sup>10</sup> *Berenice's Ring.* A Ring of great Price, which *Herod Agrippa* gave to his Sister *Berenice*. He was King of the *Jews*, but Tributary to the *Romans*.

<sup>11</sup> *Cornelia.* Mother to the *Gracchi*, of the Family of the *Cornelii*; from whence *Scipio the African* was descended, who Triumph'd over *Hannibal*.

<sup>12</sup> *O Pean &c.* He alludes to the known Fable of *Niobe* in *Orid.* *Amphion* was her Husband: *Pean* is *Apollo*, who with his Arrows killed her Children, because she boasted that she was more fruitful than *Latona*, *Apollo's* Mother.

<sup>13</sup> *The thirty Pigs, &c.* He alludes to the white Sow in *Virgil*, who farrow'd thirty Pigs.

<sup>14</sup> *The Grecian Cant:* Women then learnt Greek, as ours speak *French*.

<sup>15</sup> All the *Romans*, even the most Inferiour, and most Infamous Sort of them, had the Power of making Wills.

<sup>16</sup> *Go drag that Slave, &c.* These are the words of the Wife.

<sup>17</sup> *Your Reason why, &c.* The Answer of the Husband.

<sup>18</sup> *Callst thou that Slave a Man?* The Wife again.

<sup>19</sup> *Hannibal* A Famous *Carthaginian* Captain; who was upon the point of Conquering the *Romans*.

<sup>20</sup> *The good Goddess.* At whose Feasts no Men were to be present.

<sup>21</sup> *Nestor.* Who lived three hundred Years.

<sup>22</sup> *What Singer, &c.* He alludes to the Story of *P. Clodius*, who, disguis'd in the Habit of a Singing Woman, went into the House of *Caesar*, where the Feast of the Good Goddess was Celebrated; to find an opportunity with *Caesar's* Wife *Pompeia*.

<sup>23</sup> He taxes Women with their loving Eunuchs, who can get no Children; but adds, that they only love such Eunuchs, as are guelled when they are already at the Age of Manhood.

<sup>24</sup> *Priapus.* The God of Lust.

<sup>25</sup> *Pollio.* A Famous Singing Boy.

<sup>26</sup> That such an Actor whom they love might obtain the Prize.

<sup>27</sup> *Th' Aruspex.* He who inspects the Entrails of the Sacrifice, and from thence, foretels the Successor.

<sup>28</sup> *Vulcan.* The God of Smiths.

<sup>29</sup> *Tabours and Trumpets, &c.* The Ancients thought that with such sounds they could bring the Moon out of her Eclipse.

<sup>30</sup> *A mood and figure bride.* A Woman who has learn'd Logick.

<sup>31</sup> A Woman-Grammarian, who corrects her

Husband for speaking false Latin, which is call'd breaking *Priscian's* Head.

<sup>32</sup> *A Train of these.* That is, of the Asses.  
<sup>33</sup> *Stialist Tyrants.* Are grown to a Power in Latin, for their Cruelty.

<sup>34</sup> This dressing up the Head so high, which we call a Tow'r, was an Ancient way amongst the *Romans*.

<sup>35</sup> *Bellona's* Priests were a sort of Fortune-tellers; and the High Priest an Eunuch.

<sup>36</sup> *And add beside, &c.* A Garment was given to the Priest, which he threw into the River; and that, they thought, bore all the Sins of the People, which were drown'd with it.

<sup>37</sup> *Chaldeans* are thought to have been the first Astrôlogers.

<sup>38</sup> *Osro* succeeded *Galba* in the Empire; which was foretold him by an Astrologer.

<sup>39</sup> *Mars* and *Saturn* are the two Unfortunate Planets; *Jupiter* and *Jenus*, the two Fortunate.

<sup>40</sup> *Ptolemy.* A Famous Astrologer, an *Egyptian*.

<sup>41</sup> The *Brachmans* are *Indian* Philosophers, who remain to this day; and hold, after *Ptolemy*, the Translation of Souls from one body to another.

<sup>42</sup> *To an Ethiop's son.* His meaning is, help her to any kind of Slops, which may cause her to miscarry; for fear she may be brought to Bed of a black-moor, which thou, being her Husband, art bound to Father; and that Bastard may by Law, Inherit thy Estate.

<sup>43</sup> *His Omen, &c.* The *Romans* thought it ominous to see a Black-moor in the Morning, if he were the first Man they met.

<sup>44</sup> *Cassius's* Wife to *Cæsar's* Caligula, the great Tyrant: This said she gave him a Love-Poison, which flying up into his Head, distracted him; and was the occasion of his committing so many Acts of Cruelty.

<sup>45</sup> *The Thunderer, &c.* The Story is in *Homer*; where *Juno* borrow'd the Girdle of *Venus*, call'd *Cætes*; to make *Jupiter* in love with her, while the *Grecians* and *Trojans* were fighting, that he might not help the latter.

<sup>46</sup> *Agrippina* was the Mother of the Tyrant *Nero*, who Poison'd her Husband *Claudius*; that *Nero* might Succeed, who was her Son, and not *Britannicus*, who was the Son of *Claudius*, by a former Wife.

<sup>47</sup> The Widow of *Drymon* Poison'd her Son, that she might Succeed to their Estate: This was done either in the Poet's time, or just before it.

<sup>48</sup> *Medea*, out of Revenge to *Jason*, who had forsaken her, kill'd the Children which she had by him.

<sup>49</sup> *The Belices.* Who were fifty Sisters, Marry'd to fifty young Men, their Cousin-Germans; and kill'd them all on their Wedding-Night, excepting *Hifermnestra*, who sav'd her Husband *Linas*.

<sup>50</sup> *Cytemnestra.* The Wife of *Agamemnon*, who, in favour to her adulterer *Egysthus*, was consenting to his Murder.

## THE TENTH SATYR.

## ARGUMENT | of the | Tenth Satyr.

*The Poet's Design, in this Divine Satyr, is to represent the various Wishes and Desires of Mankind; and to set out the Folly of 'em. He runs through all the several Heads of Riches, Honours, Eloquence, Fame for Martial Achievements, Long-Life, and Beauty; and gives Instances, in Each, how frequently they have prov'd the Ruin of those that Own'd them. He concludes therefore, that since we generally chuse so ill for our selves, we shou'd do better to leave it to the Gods, to make the choice for us. All we can safely ask of Heaven lies within a very small Compass. 'Tis but Health of Body and Mind.—And if we have these, 'tis not much matter what we want besides: For we have already enough to make us Happy.*

## THE | TENTH SATYR.

LOOK round the Habitable World, how few  
Know their own Good; or knowing it,  
pursue.

How void of Reason are our Hopes and  
Fears!

What in the Conduct of our Life appears  
So well design'd, so luckily begun,  
But, when we have our wish, we wish un-  
done?

Whole Houses, of their whole Desires  
possest,  
Are often Ruin'd, at their own Request.

In Wars, and Peace, things hurtful we  
require,

When made Obnoxious to our own Desire. 10  
With Laurels some have fatally been  
Crown'd;

Some who the depths of Eloquence have  
fou'd,

In that unnavigable Stream were Drown'd  
The ' Brawny Fool, who did his Vigour  
boast,

In that Presumeing Confidence was lost:  
But more have been by Avarice oppress,  
And Heaps of Money crouded in the Chest:  
Unwieldy Sums of Wealth, which higher  
mount  
Than Files of Marshall'd Figures can account.

To which the Stores of Cræsus, in the Scale,  
Wou'd look like little Dolphins, when they  
sail

In the vast Shadow of the British Whale. 21

For this, in Nero's Arbitrary time,  
When Virtue was a Guilt, and Wealth a  
Crime,

A Troop of Cut-Throat Guards were sent,  
to seize

The Rich Mens Goods, and gut their Palaces:  
The Mob, Commission'd by the Government,  
Are seldom to an Empty Garret sent.

The Fearful Passenger, who Travels late,  
Charg'd with the Carriage of a Paltry  
Plate,

Shakes at the Moonshine shadow of a Rush; 30  
And sees a Red-Coat rise from every Bush:  
The Beggar Sings, ev'n when he sees the  
place

Beset with Thieves, and never mends his pace.

Of all the Vows, the first and chief Request  
Of each, is to be Richer than the rest:

And yet no doubts the Poor Man's Draught  
controul,

He dreads no Poison in his homely Bowl,  
Then fear the deadly Drug, when Gems  
Divine

Enchasethe Cup, and sparkle in the Wine. 40

Will you not now, the pair of Sages praise,  
Who the same End pursu'd, by several  
Ways?

One pity'd, one condemn'd the Woful  
Times:

One laugh'd at Follies, one lamented Crimes:  
Laughter is easie; but the Wonder lies,  
What stores of Brine supply'd the Weepers  
Eyes.

Democritus cou'd feed his Spleen, and shake  
His sides and shoulders till he felt 'em ake;  
Tho in his Country Town no Lictors were,  
Nor Rods nor Ax nor Tribune did appear; 50  
Nor all the Foppish Gravity of show.  
Which cunning Magistrates on Crowds be-  
stow:

What had he done, had he beheld, on high  
Our *Pætor* seated, in Mock Majesty;  
His Chariot rowling o're the Dusty place  
While, with dumb Pride, and a set formal  
Face,



He moves, in the dull Ceremonial track,  
With *Jove's* Embroyder'd Coat upon his  
back :

A Sute of Hangings had not more opprest  
His Shoulders, than that long, Laborious  
Vest. 60

A heavy Gugaw, (call'd a Crown) that spread  
About his Temples, drown'd his narrow  
Head :

And wou'd have crush'd it, with the Massy  
Freight,

But that a sweating Slave sustain'd the  
weight :

A Slave in the same Chariot seen to ride,  
To mortifie the mighty Madman's Pride.

Add now th' Imperial Eagle, rais'd on high,  
With Golden Beak (the Mark of Majesty)

Trumpets before, and on the Left and Right,  
A Cavalcade of Nobles, all in White : 70

In their own Natures false, and flatt'ring  
Tribes,

But made his Friends, by Places and by  
Bribes,

In his own Age, *Democritus* cou'd find  
Sufficient cause to laugh at Humane kind :

Learn from so great a Wit ; a Land of Bogs  
With Ditches fenc'd, a Heaven Fat with Fogs,

May form a Spirit to sway the State ;  
And make the Neighb'ring Monarchs fear  
their Fate.

Helaughs at all the Vulgar Cares and Fears ;  
At their vain Triumphs, and their vainer  
Tears : 80

An equal Temper in his Mind he found,  
When Fortune flatter'd him, and when she  
frown'd.

'Tis plain from hence that what our Vows  
request,

Are hurtful things, or Useless at the best.  
Some ask for Envy'd Pow'r ; which  
publick Hate

Pursues, and hurries headlong to their Fate:  
Down go the Titles ; and the Statue  
Crown'd,

Is by base Hands in the next River Drown'd.  
The Guiltless Horses, and the Chariot Wheel,

The same Effects of Vulgar Fury feel : 90  
The Smith prepares his Hammer for the  
Stroke,

While the Lung'd Bellows hissing Fire  
provoke ;

*Sejanus*,<sup>2</sup> almost first of *Roman* Names,  
The great *Sejanus* crackles in the Flames ;  
Form'd in the Forge, the Pliant Brass is  
laid

On Anvils ; and of Head and Limbs are  
made

Pans, Cans, and Pispots, a whole Kitchin  
Trade.

Adorn your Doors with Laurels ; and  
a Bull

Milk white, and large, lead to the Capitol ;  
*Sejanus* with a Rope is drag'd along, 100

The Sport and Laughter of the giddy Throng!  
Good Lord, they Cry, what *Ethiop* Lips

he has,

How foul a Snout, and what a hanging Face!  
By Heav'n, I never cou'd endure his sight ;

But say, how came his Monstrous Crimes  
to Light ?

What is the Charge, and who the Evidence  
(The Saviour of the Nation and the Prince ?)

Nothing of this ; but our Old *Cæsar* sent  
A Noisie Letter to his Parliament :

Nay, Sirs, if *Cæsar* writ, I ask no more, 110  
He's Guilty: and the Question's out of Door.

How goes the Mob ? (for that's a Mighty  
thing.)

When the King's Trump, the Mob are for  
the King :

They follow Fortune, and the Common Cry  
Is still against the Rogue Condemn'd to Dye.

But the same very Mob, that Rascal crowd,  
Had cry'd *Sejanus*, with a Shout as loud ;

Had his Designs (by Fortune's favour Blest)  
Succeeded, and the Prince's Age opprest,

But long, long since, the Times have chang'd  
their Face, 120

The People grown Degenerate and base ;  
Not suffer'd now the Freedom of their choice,

To make their Magistrates, and sell their  
Voice.

Our Wise Fore-Fathers, Great by Sea and  
Land,

Had once the Pow'r and absolute Command ;  
All Officers of Trust, themselves dispos'd ;

Rais'd whom they pleas'd, and whom they  
pleas'd, Depos'd.

But we, who give our Native Rights away,  
And our Inslav'd Posterity betray,

Are now reduc'd to beg an Alms, and go 130  
On Holidays to see a Puppet show.

There was a Damn'd Design, crys one, no doubt ;  
 For Warrants are already Issued out :  
 I met *Brutidius* in a Mortal fright\* ;  
 He's dipt for certain, and plays least in sight :  
 I fear the Rage of our offended Prince,  
 Who thinks the Senate slack in his defence !  
 Come let us haste, our Loyal Zeal to show,  
 And spurn the Wretched Corps of *Cesar's*  
 Foe : 139  
 But let our Slaves be present there, lest they  
 Accuse their Masters, and for Gain betray.  
 Such were the Whispers of those jealous  
 Times,  
 About *Sejanus* Punishment, and Crimes.  
 Now tell me truly, wou'dst thou change  
 thy Fate  
 To be, like him, first Minister of State ?  
 To have thy Levees Crowded with resort  
 Of a depending, gaping, servile Court :  
 Dispose all Honours of the Sword and Gown,  
 Grace with a Nod, and Ruin with a Frown :  
 To hold thy Prince in Pupill-Age, and sway  
 That Monarch, whom the Master'd World  
 obey ? 151  
 While he, intent on secret Lusts alone,  
 Lives to himself, abandoning the Throne ;  
 Coopt<sup>d</sup> in a narrow Isle, observing Dreams  
 With flattering Wisards, and erecting  
 Schemes !  
 I well believe, thou wou'd'st be Great as he,  
 For every Man's a Fool to that Degree ;  
 All wish the dire Prerogative to kill ;  
 Ev'n they wou'd have the Pow'r, who want  
 the Will :  
 But wou'dst thou have thy Wishes under-  
 stood, 160  
 To take the Bad together with the Good ?  
 Wou'dst thou not rather choose a small  
 Renown,  
 To be the May'r of some poor Paltry Town,  
 Bigly to Look, and Barb'rously to speak ;  
 To pound false Weights, and scanty Measures  
 break ?  
 Then, grant we that *Sejanus* went astray,  
 In ev'ry Wish, and knew not how to pray :  
 For he who grasp'd the World's exhausted  
 Store,  
 Yet never had enough, but wish'd for more,  
 Rais'd a Top-heavy Tower, of monst'rous  
 height, 170  
 Which Mouldr'ing, crush'd him underneath  
 the Weight.

What did the mighty *Pompey's* Fall beget ?  
 And ruin'd 'him, who Greater than the  
 Great,  
 The stubborn Pride of *Roman* Nobles broke ;  
 And bent their Haughty Necks beneath  
 his Yoke ?  
 What else but his immoderate Lust of  
 Pow'r,  
 Pray'rs made, and granted in a Luckless  
 Hour ?  
 For few Usurpers to the Shades descend  
 By a dry Death, or with a quiet End  
 The Boy, who scarce has paid his Entrance  
 down 180  
 To his proud Pedant, or declin'd a Noun,  
 (So small an Elf, that when the days are  
 foul,  
 He and his Satchel must be born to School.)  
 Yet prays, and hopes, and aims at nothing  
 less,  
 To prove a *Tully*, or *Demosthenes* :  
 But both those Orators, so much renown'd,  
 In their own Depths of Eloquence were  
 Drown'd :  
 The Hand and Head were never lost, of  
 those 188  
 Who dealt in Dogrel, or who punn'd in Prose :  
*Fortune* \* foretun'd the dying Notes of Rome :  
 Till I, thy Consul sole, consol'd thy doom  
 His Fate had crept below the lifted Swords,  
 Had all his Malice been to Murder words,  
 I rather would be *Maevius*, Thrash for  
 Rhimes  
 Like his, the scorn and scandal of the Times,  
 Than 'that *Philippique*, fatally Divine,  
 Which is inscrib'd the Second, should be  
 Mine.  
 Nor he, the Wonder of the *Grecian* throng,  
 Who drove them with the Torrent of his  
 Tongue,  
 Who shook the Theaters, and sway'd the  
 State 200  
 Of *Athens*, found a more Propitious Fate.  
 Whom, born beneath a boding Horoscope,  
 His Sire, the Blear-Ey'd *Vulcan* of a Shop,  
 From *Mars* his Forge, sent to *Minerva's*  
 Schools,  
 To learn th' unlucky Art of wheedling Fools.  
 With Itch of Honour, and Opinion, Vain,  
 All things beyond their Native worth we  
 strain :  
 The Spoils of War, brought to *Feretrjan Jove*  
 An empty Coat of Armour hung above

The Conquerors Chariot, and in Triumph  
born, 210

A Streamer from a boarded Gally torn,  
A Chap-faln Beaver loosely hanging by  
The cloven Helm, an Arch of Victory,  
On whose high Convex sits a Captive Foe,  
And sighing casts a Mournful Look below ;  
Of ev'ry Nation, each Illustrious Name,  
Such Toys as these have cheated into Fame :  
Exchanging solid Quiet, to obtain  
The Windy satisfaction of the Brain.

So much the Thirst of Honour Fires the  
Blood ; 220

So many wou'd be Great, so few be Good.  
For who wou'd Virtue for her self regard,  
Or Wed, without the Portion of Reward ?  
Yet this Mad Chace of Fame, by few pursu'd,  
Has drawn Destruction on the Multitude :  
This Avarice of Praise in Times to come,  
Those long Inscriptions, crowded on the  
Tomb,

Shou'd some Wild Fig-Tree take her Native  
bent,

And heave below the gaudy Monument,  
Wou'd crack the Marble Titles, and dis-  
perse 230

The Characters of all the lying Verse.  
For Sepulchres themselves must crumbling  
fall

In Times Abyss, the common Grave of all.  
Great *Hannibal* within the Ballance lay ;  
And tell how many Pounds his Ashes weigh ;  
Whom *Africk* was not able to contain,  
Whose length runs Level with th' *Atlantick*  
main,

And wearies fruitful *Nilus*, to convey  
His Sun-beat Waters by so long a way ;  
Which *Ethiopia's* double Clime divides, 240  
And Elephants in other Mountains hides.

*Spain* first he won, the *Pyreneans* past,  
And steepy *Alps*, the Mounds that Nature cast:  
And with Corroding Juices, as he went,  
A passage through the living Rocks he rent.  
Then, like a Torrent, rowling from on high,  
He pours his head-long Rage on *Italy* ;  
In three Victorious Battels overrun ;  
Yet still uneasy, Cries, There's nothing done,  
Till, level with the Ground, their Gates are  
laid ; 250

And *Punick* Flags on *Roman* Tow'rs displaid.

Ask what a Face belong'd to this high  
Fame ;

His Picture scarcely wou'd deserve a Frame.  
A Sign-Post Dawber wou'd disdain to paint  
The one-Ey'd Heroe on his Elephant.

Now what's his End, O Charming Glory, say  
What rare fifth Act, to Crown this huffing  
Play ?

In one deciding Battel overcome,  
He flies, is banisht from his Native home :  
Begg refuge in a Foreign Court, and there 260  
Attends, his mean Petition to prefer ;  
Repr'd by surly Grooms, who wait before  
The sleeping Tyrant's interdicted Door.

What wondrous sort of Death has  
Heav'n design'd,  
Distinguish'd from the Herd of Humane  
Kind,

For so untam'd, so turbulent a Mind !  
Nor Swords at hand, nor hissing Darts afar,  
Are doom'd t' Avenge the tedious bloody  
War,

But Poyson, drawn through a Rings hollow  
plate, 269

Must finish him ; a sucking Infant's Fate.  
Go, climb the rugged *Alps*, Ambitious fool,  
To please the Boys, and be a Theme at  
School.

One World suffis'd not *Alexander's* Mind ;  
Coop't up, he seem'd in Earth and Seas con-  
fin'd :

And, struggling, stretch'd his restless Limbs  
about

The narrow Globe, to find a passage out.  
Yet, enter'd in the *Brick-built* Town, he  
try'd

The Tomb, and found the strait dimensions  
wide :

"Death only this Mysterious Truth unfolds,  
"The mighty Soul, how small a Body holds.  
Old *Greece*" a Tale of *Athos* wou'd  
make out, 281

Cut from the Continent, and Sail'd about ;  
Seas hid with Navies, Chariots passing o're  
The Channel, on a Bridge from shore to  
shore.

Rivers, whose depth no sharp beholder sees,  
Drunk at an Armies Dinner, to the Lees ;  
With a long Legend of Romantick things,  
Which, in his Cups, the Bowsy Poet sings.  
But how did he return, this haughty Brave  
Who whipt the Winds, and made the Sea  
his Slave ? 290

233 Times | times 2693.

249 Cries, There's | Cries there's 2693.

(Tho' Neptune took unkindly to be bound,  
And Eurus never such hard usage found  
In his Eolian Prisons under ground;) }  
What God so mean, ev'n<sup>11</sup> he who points  
the way,

So Merciless a Tyrant to Obey!  
But how return'd he, let us ask again? }  
In a poor Skiff he pass'd the bloody Main,  
Choak'd with the slaughter'd Bodies of  
his Train,

For Fame he pray'd, but let th' Event  
declare

He had no mighty penn'worth of his Pray'r  
Jove, grant me length of Life, and Years  
good store 301

Heap on my bending Back, I ask no more.  
Both Sick and Healthful, Old and Young,  
conspire

In this one silly, mischievous desire.  
Mistaken Blessing, which Old Age they call,  
'Tis a long, nasty, darksom Hospital,  
A ropy Chain of Rhumes; a Visage rough,  
Deform'd, Unfeatur'd, and a Skin of Buff.  
A stich-fal'n Cheek, that hangs below the  
Jaw;

Such Wrinkles, as a skillful Hand wou'd  
draw 310

For an old Grandam Ape, when, with a  
Grace,

She sits at squat, and scrubs her Leathern  
Face.

In Youth, distinctions infinite abound;  
No Shape, or Feature, just alike are found;  
The Fair, the Black, the Feeble, and the  
Strong;

But the same foulness does to Age belong,  
The self same Palsie, both in Limbs, and  
Tongue.

The Skull and Forehead one Bald Barren  
plain;

And Gums unarm'd to Mumble Meat in  
vain:

Besides th' Eternal Drivel, that supplies 320  
The dropping Beard, from Nostrils, Mouth,  
and Eyes.

His Wife and Children loath him, and,  
what's worse,

Himself does his offensive Carrion Curse!  
Flatt'ners forsake him too; for who would  
kill

Himself, to be Remembred in a Will?  
His taste, not only pall'd to Wine and Meat,  
But to the Relish of a Nobler Treat.

The limber Nerve, in vain provok'd to rise,  
Inglorious from the Field of Battel flies:  
Poor Feeble Dotard, how cou'd he advance  
With his Blew head-piece, and his broken  
Lance?

Add, that endeavouring still without effect  
A Lust more sordid justly we suspect.

Those Senses lost, behold a new defeat,  
The Soul, dislodging from another seat  
What Musick, or Enchanting Voice, can clear  
A Stupid, Old, Impenetrable Ear?

No matter in what Place, or what Degree  
Of the full Theater he sits to see;  
Cornets and Trumpets cannot reach his Ear:  
Under an Actor's Nose he's never near. 341  
His Boy must bawl, to make him under-  
stand

The Hour o' th' Day, or such a Lord's at  
hand:

The little Blood that creeps within his Veins,  
Is but just warm'd in a hot Fever's pains.  
In fine, he wears no Limb about him sound:  
With Sores and Sicknesses beleagu'rd  
round:

Ask me their Names, I sooner cou'd relate  
How many Drudges on Salt Hippia wait;  
What Crowds of Patients the Town Doctor  
kills, 350

Or how, last fall, he rais'd the Weekly Bills.  
What Provinces by Basilus were spoil'd,  
What Herds of Heirs by Guardians are  
beguil'd:

How many bouts a Day that Bitch has tri'd;  
How many Boys that Pedagogue can ride!  
What Lands and Lordships for their Owners  
know

My Quondam Barber, but his worship now.  
This Dotard of his broken Back complains,  
One his Legs fail, and one his Shoulder  
pains:

Another is of both his Eyes bereft; 360  
And Envy who has one for Aiming left.  
A Fifth with trembling Lips expecting stands;  
As in his Child-hood, cram'd by others hands;  
One, who at sight of Supper open'd wide  
His Jaws before, and Whetted Grinders  
try'd:

Now only Yawns, and waits to be supply'd:  
Like a young Swallow, when with weary  
Wings

Expected Food her fasting Mother brings.

His loss of Members is a heavy Curse,  
But all his Faculties decay'd, a worse ! 370  
His Servants Names he has forgotten quite ;  
Knows not his Friend who supp'd with him  
last Night.

Not ev'n the Children, he Begot and Bred ;  
Or his Will knows 'em not : For, in their  
stead,

In Form of Law, a common Hackney Jade,  
Sole Heir, for secret Services, is made :  
So lewd, and such a batter'd Brothel Whore,  
That she defies all Commers, at her Door.  
Well, yet suppose his Senses are his own ;  
He lives to be chief Mourner for his Son : 380  
Before his Face his Wife and Brother burns ;  
He Numbers all his Kindred in their Urns.  
These are the Fines he pays for living long ;  
And dragging tedious Age, in his own  
wrong :

Griefs always Green, a House-hold still in  
Tears,

Sad Poms, a Threshold throng'd with  
daily Biers ;

And Liveries of Black for Length of Years.

Next to the Raven's Age, the *Pylar*<sup>38</sup> King  
Was longest liv'd of any two leg'd thing ;  
Blest, to Defraud the Grave so long, to  
Mount 390

His <sup>39</sup> Numbred Years, and on his Right Hand  
Count ;

Three Hundred Seasons, guzling Must of  
Wine :

But, hold a while, and hear himself Repine  
At Fates Unequal Laws ; and at the Clue  
Which, <sup>40</sup> Merciless in length, the midmost  
Sister drew.

When his Brave Son upon the Fun'ral Pyre  
He saw extended, and his Beard on Fire ;  
He turn'd, and Weeping, ask'd his Friends,  
what Crime

Had curs'd his Age to this unhappy Time ?

Thus Mourn'd old *Peleus* for *Achilles*  
slain, 400

And thus *Ulysses's* Father did complain.

How Fortunate an End had *Priam* made,  
Among his Ancestors a mighty shade,  
While *Tray* yet stood ; When *Hector* with  
the Race

Of Royal Bastards, might his Funeral Grace:  
Amidst the Tears of *Trojan* Dames inurn'd,  
And by his Loyal Daughters truly mourn'd.

Had Heaven so Blest him, he had Dy'd before  
The fatal Fleet to *Sparta Paris* bore.

But mark what Age produc'd ; he liv'd  
to see 410

His Town in Flames, his falling Monarchy :  
In fine, the feeble Syre, reduc'd by Fate,  
To change his Scepter for a Sword, too late,  
His <sup>42</sup> last Effort before *Jove's* Altar tries  
A Souldier half, and half a Sacrifice :

Falls like an Oxe, that waits the coming  
blow ;

Old and unprofitable to the Plough.

At <sup>43</sup> least, he Dy'd a Man, his Queen  
surviv'd,

To Howl, and in a barking Bdy liv'd.

I hasten to our own ; Nor will relate 420  
Great <sup>44</sup> *Mithridates*, and Rich <sup>45</sup> *Crassus* Fate ;  
Whom *Solon* wisely Counsell'd to attend  
The Name of Happy, till he knew his End.

That *Marius* was an Exile, that he fled,  
Was ta'ne, in Ruin'd *Carthage* beg'd his  
Bread,

All these were owing to a Life too long :  
For whom had *Rome* beheld so Happy,  
Young !

High in his Chariot and with Laurel Crown'd,  
When he had led the *Cimbrian* Captives  
round

The *Roman* Streets ; descending from his  
State, 430

In that Blest Hour he should have beg'd  
his Fate ;

Then, then, he might have dy'd of all admir'd,  
And his Triumphant Soul with Shouts  
expir'd.

*Campania*,<sup>46</sup> Fortunes Malice to prevent,  
To *Pompey* an indulgent Feavour sent ;

But publick Pray'rs impos'd on Heav'n,  
to give

Their such Lov'd Leader an unkind Re-  
prieve.

The Cities Fate and his, conspir'd to save  
The Head, reserv'd for an *Egyptian* Slave.

*Cethegus*,<sup>47</sup> tho a Traytor to the State. 440  
And Tortur'd, scap'd this Ignominious Fate :  
And *Sergius*,<sup>48</sup> who a bad Cause bravely  
try'd,

All of a Piece, and undiminish'd Dy'd.

To *Venus*, the fond Mother makes a Pray'r,  
That all her Sons and Daughters may be  
Fair :

True, for the Boys a Mumbling Vow she sends ;

But, for the Girls, the Vaulted Temple rends :  
They must be finish'd Pieces : 'Tis allow'd  
*Diana's Beauty made Latona Proud ;*  
And pleas'd, to see the Wond'ring People  
Pray 450

To the New-rising Sister of the Day.

And yet *Lucretia's* Fate wou'd bar that  
Vow :

And fair *Virginia* wou'd her Fate bestow  
On *Rukla* ; and change her Faultless Make  
For the foul rumple of *Iler Camel* back .

But, for his Mother's Boy, the Beau,  
what frights

His Parents slave by Day, what Anxious  
Nights !

Form join'd with Virtue is a sight too rare .  
Chast is no Epithete to sute with Fair.

Suppose the same Traditionary strain 460  
Of Rigid Manners in the House remain ;  
Inveterate Truth, an Old plain *Sabine's*  
Heart ;

Suppose that Nature, too, has done her part ;  
Infus'd into his Soul a sober Grace,  
And blusht a Modest Blood into his Face,  
(For Nature is a better Guardian far,  
Than Sawcy Pedants, or dull Tutors are .)  
Yet still the Youth must ne're arrive at  
Man ;

(So much Almighty Bribes and Presents can :)  
Ev'n with a Parent, where Perswasions fail,  
Mony is impudent, and will prevail. 471

We never Read of such a Tyrant King,  
Who guelt a boy deform'd, to hear him Sing.  
Nor *Nero*, in his more Luxurious Rage,  
E're made a Mistress of an ugly Page :  
*Sporus*, his Spouse, nor Crooked was, nor

Lame,  
With Mountain Back, and Belly, from the  
Game

Cross-barr'd : But both his Sexes well  
became.

Go, boast your *Springal*, by his Beauty Curs'd  
To Ills ; nor think I have declar'd the worst :  
His Form procures him Journey-Work ;  
a strife 481

Betwixt Town-Madams and the Merchant's  
Wife :

Guess, when he undertakes this publick War,  
What furious Beasts offended Cuckolds are.

Adul'rers are with Dangers round beset ;  
Born under *Mars*, they cannot scape the Net ;

And from Revengeful Husbands oft have  
try'd

Worse handling, than severest Laws pro-  
vide :

One stabs ; one slashes ; one, with Cruel Art,  
Makes *Colon* suffer for the Peccant part. 490

But your *Endymion*, your smooth, Smock-  
fac'd boy,

Unrivall'd, shall a Beauteous Dame enjoy :  
Not so : One more Salacious, Rich, and Old,  
Out-bids, and buys her Pleasure for her  
Gold :

Now he must Moil, and Drudge, for one he  
loaths,

She keeps him High, in Equipage, and  
Cloaths :

She Pawns her Jewels, and her Rich Attire,  
And thanks the Workman worthy of his  
Hire :

In all things else immoral, stungy, mean ;  
But, in her Lusts, a Conscionable Quean 500

She may be handsom, yet be Chast, you  
say ;

Good Observator, not so fast away :  
Did it not cost the *Modest* Youth his Life,

Who shun'd th' embraces of his Father's  
Wife ?

And was not *t'other* Stripling forc'd  
to fly,

Who, coldly, did his Patron's Queen deny,  
And pleaded Laws of Hospitality ?

The Ladies charg'd 'em home, and turn'd  
the Tail :

With shame they redn'd, and with spight  
grew Pale.

'Tis Dang'rous to deny the longing Dame ;  
She loses Pity, who has lost her Shame. 511

Now *Silius* wants thy Counsel, give  
Advice ;

Wed *Cæsar's* Wife, or Dye ; the Choice is  
nice.

Her Comet-Eyes she darts on ev'ry Grace ;  
And takes a fatal liking to his Face.

Adorn'd with Bridal Pomp she sits in  
State ;

The Publick Notaries and *Auspex* wait :  
The Genial Bed is in the Garden drest :

The Portion paid, and ev'ry Rite express'd,  
Which in a Roman Marriage is profest. 520

508 Tail i.e. Tale

517 *Auspex*] The editors ignoring Juvenal  
as well as Dryden's text, give Haruspex

'Tis no stol'n Wedding, this ; rejecting awe,  
She scorns to Marry, but in Form of Law :  
In this moot case, your Judgment : To  
refuse

Is present Death, besides the Night you lose.  
If you consent, 'tis hardly worth your pain ;  
A day or two of Anxious Life you gain :  
Till loud Reports through all the Town  
have past,

And reach the Prince : For Cuckolds hear  
the last.

Indulge thy Pleasure, Youth, and take thy  
swing ;

For not to take, is but the self same thing ;  
Inevitable Death before thee lies ; 531  
But looks more kindly through a Ladies  
Eyes.

What then remains ? Are we depriv'd  
of Will,

Must we not Wish, for fear of wishing Ill ?  
Receive my Counsel, and securely move ;  
Intrust thy Fortune to the Pow'rs above.

Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant  
What their unerring Wisdom sees thee want :

In Goodness as in Greatness they excel ;  
Ah that we lov'd our selves but half so  
well ! 540

We, blindly by our headstrong Passions led,  
Are hot for Action, and desire to Wed ;  
Then wish for Heirs : But to the Gods  
alone

Our future Offspring, and our Wives are  
known ;

Th' audacious Strumpet, and ungracious  
Son.

Yet not to rob the Priests of pious Gain,  
That Altars be not wholly built in vain ;

Forgive the Gods the rest, and stand confin'd  
To Health of Body, and Content of Mind :

A Soul, that can securely Death defie, 550  
And count it Nature's Priviledge, to Dye ;

Serene and Manly, harden'd, to sustain  
The load of Life, and Exercis'd in Pain :

Guiltless of Hate, and Proof against Desire ;  
That all things weighs, and nothing can  
admire :

That dares prefer the Toils of *Hercules*  
To Dalliance, Banquet, and Ignoble ease.

The Path to Peace is Virtue : What I  
show,

Thy Self may freely on Thy Self bestow :  
Fortune was never Worship'd by the

Wise ; 560

But, set aloft by Fools, Usurps the Skies.

*The End of the Tenth Satyr.*

## NOTES TO THE TENTH SATYR.

<sup>1</sup> *Milo*, of *Crotone*, who, for a Trial of his strength, going to rend an Oak, perish'd in the Attempt : For his Arms were caught in the Trunk of it, and he was devour'd by Wild Beasts.

<sup>2</sup> *Sejanus* was *Tiberius's* first Favourite, and while he continu'd so had the highest Marks of Honour bestow'd on him : Statues and Triumphal Chariots were every where erected to him ; but as soon as he fell into Disgrace with the Emperor, these were all immediately dismantled, and the Senate and Common People insulted over him as meanly, as they had sav'd on him before.

<sup>3</sup> The island of *Caprez*, which lies about a League out at Sea from the *Campanian* Shore, was the Scene of *Tiberius's* Pleasures in the latter part of his Reign. There he liv'd for some Years with Diviners, Soothsayers, and worse Company—And from thence dispatch'd all his Orders to the Senate.

<sup>4</sup> *Julius Cæsar*, who got the better of *Pompey*, that was still'd the Great.

<sup>5</sup> *Demosthenes* and *Tully* both dyed for their Oratory. *Demosthenes* gave himself Poyson to avoid being carried to *Antipater*, one of *Alexander's* Captains, who had then made himself Master of *Athens*. *Tully* was Marter'd by

*M. Antony's* Order, in Return for those Invectives he had made against him.

<sup>6</sup> The Latin of this Couplet is a Famous Verse of *Tully's*, in which he sets out the Happiness of his own Consulship ; Famous for the Vanity, and the ill Poetry of it. For *Tully* as he had a good deal of the one, so he had no great share of the other.

<sup>7</sup> The Orations of *Tully* against *M. Antony* were stil'd by him *Philippics*, in imitation of *Demosthenes*, who had given that name before to those he made against *Philip of Macedon*.

<sup>8</sup> This is a Mock-account of a Roman Triumph.

<sup>9</sup> *Babylon*, where *Alexander* dy'd.

<sup>10</sup> *Xerxes* is represented in History after a very Romantick Manner, affecting Fame beyond Measure, and doing the most Extravagant things to compass it. Mount *Athos* made a Prodigious Promontory in the *Ægean* Sea : He is said to have cut a Channel through it, and to have Sail'd round it. He made a Bridge of Boats over the *Hellespont* where it was three Miles broad : And order'd a Whipping for the Winds and Seas, because they had once cross'd his Designs, as we have a very solemn account of it in *Herodotus*. But, after all these vain Boasts, he was shamefully

beaten by *Themistocles* at *Salamis*; and return'd home, leaving most of his Fleet behind him.

<sup>9</sup> *Mercury*, who was a God of the lowest size, and employ'd always in Errands between Heaven and Hell. And Mortals us'd him accordingly: For his statues were anciently plac'd, where Roads met, with Directions on the Fingers of 'em, pointing out the several ways to Travellers.

<sup>10</sup> *Nestor*, King of *Pylos*, who was 300 Years old, according to *Homer's* account; at least, as he is understood by his Expositors.

<sup>11</sup> The Ancients counted by their Fingers. Their Left Hands serv'd 'em till they came up to an Hundred, after that they us'd their Right, to express all greater Numbers.

<sup>12</sup> The *Fates* were three Sisters, which had all some peculiar business assign'd 'em by the Poets in relation to the Lives of Men. The First held the Distaff; the Second spun the Thread; and the Third cut it.

<sup>13</sup> Whilst *Troy* was Sacking by the *Greeks*, Old King *Pryam* is said to have Buckled on his Armour to oppose 'em; which he had no sooner done, but he was met by *Pyrhus*, and slain, before the Altar of *Jupiter*, in his own Palace, as we have the Story finely told in *Virgil's 2d Æneid*.

<sup>14</sup> *Hecuba*, his Queen, escap'd the Swords of the *Grecians*, and outliv'd him. It seems she behav'd her self so fiercely and uneasily to her Husband's Murderers while she liv'd, that the Poets thought fit to turn her into a *Beast*, when she dy'd.

<sup>15</sup> *Mithridates*, after he had disputed the empire of the world, for forty years together, with the Romans, was at last deprived of life and empire by *Pompey* the Great.

<sup>16</sup> *Crasus*, in the midst of his Prosperity, making his Boast to *Saton* how Happy he was, receiv'd

this Answer from the Wise Man. That no One could pronounce himself Happy till he saw what his End should be. The truth of this *Crasus* found, when he was put in Chains by *Cyrus*, and condemn'd to die.

<sup>17</sup> *Pompey*, in the midst of his Glory, fell into a Dangerous Fit of Sickness at *Naples*. A great many Cities then made Publick Supplications for him. He Recover'd, was beaten at *Pharsalia*, fled to *Phlomy*, King of *Egypt*, and, instead of receiving Protection at his Court, had his Head struck off by his Order, to please *Cesar*.

<sup>18</sup> *Cethegus* was one that conspir'd with *Catiline*, and was put to Death by the Senate.

<sup>19</sup> *Catiline* dy'd fighting.

<sup>20</sup> *Virginia* was kill'd by her own Father, to prevent her being expos'd to the Lust of *Appius Claudius*, who had ill Designs upon her. The Story at large is in *Livy's* Third Book; and 'tis a remarkable one, as it gave occasion to the putting down the Power of the *Decemviri*, of whom *Appius* was one.

<sup>21</sup> *Hippolytus*, the Son of *Theseus*, was lov'd by his Mother in Law *Phadria*. But he not complying with her, she procur'd his Death.

<sup>22</sup> *Bellerophon*, the Son of King *Glaucus*, residing some time at the Court of *Petius*, King of the *Argives*, the Queen, *Sthenobea*, fell in Love with him. But he refusing her, she turn'd the Accusation upon Him, and he narrowly escap'd *Petius's* Vengeance.

<sup>23</sup> *Messalina*, Wife to the Emperor *Claudius*, infamous for her Lewdness. She set her Eyes upon *C. Silius*, a fine Youth; forc'd him to quit his own Wife, and Marry her with all the Formalities of a Wedding, whilst *Claudius Caesar* was Sacrificing at *Hadria*. Upon his Return, he put both *Silius* and her to Death.

## THE SIXTEENTH SATYR.

## ARGUMENT | of the | Sixteenth Satyr.

The Poet in this Satyr proves, that the Condition of a Souldier is much better than that of a Countryman. First, because a Countryman, however Affronted, Provok'd, and Struck himself, dares not strike a Souldier: Who is only to be judg'd by a Court-Martial: And by the Law of *Camillus*, which obliges him not to Quarrel without the Trenches, he is also assur'd to have a speedy hearing, and quick dispatch: Whereas, the Townsman or Peasant is delay'd in his suit by frivolous Pretences, and not sure of Justice when he is heard in the Court. The Souldier is also privildg'd to make a Will, and to give away his Estate, which he got in War, to whom he pleases,

without Consideration of Parentage or Relations, which is deny'd to all other Romans. This Satyr was written by Juvenal when he was a Commander in Egypt: 'tis certainly his, tho I think it not finish'd. And if it be well observ'd, you will find he intended an Invective against a standing Army.

## THE | SIXTEENTH SATYR.

WHAT vast Prerogatives, my *Gallus*, are Accrewing to the mighty Man of War! For, if into a lucky Camp I light,  
Tho raw in Arms, and yet afraid to Fight,  
Befriend me, my good Stars, and all goes right.)



Can these be thought securely lodg'd below,  
When I my self, who no Superior know,  
I, who have Heav'n and Earth at my command,

Have been attempted by *Lycaon's* Hand ?

At this a Murmur thro' the Synod went,  
And with one Voice they vote his Punishment.

Thus, when Conspiring Traytors dar'd to doom 260

The fall of *Cæsar*, and in him of *Rome*,  
The Nations trembled, with a pious Fear ;  
All anxious for their Earthly Thunderer :  
Nor was their care, O *Cæsar* ! less esteem'd  
By thee, than that of Heav'n for *Jove* was deem'd ;

Who with his Hand and Voice, did first restrain

Their Murmurs, then resum'd his Speech again.

The Gods to Silence were compos'd, and sate  
With Reverence, due to his Superior State.

Cancel your pious Cares ; already he 270  
Has paid his Debt to Justice, and to me.

Yet what his Crimes, and what my Judgments were,

Remains for me thus briefly to declare.

The Clamours of this vile degenerate Age,  
The Cries of Orphans, and th' Oppressor's Rage,

Had reach'd the Stars ; I will descend, said I,  
In hope to prove this loud Complaint a Lye.  
Disguis'd in Humane Shape, I Travell'd round

The World, and more than what I hear'd I found.

O're *Mænalus* I took my steepy way, 280  
By Caverns infamous for Beasts of Prey.

Then cross'd *Cyllene*, and the piny shade,  
More infamous by *Curst Lycaon* made :  
Dark Night had cover'd Heaven and Earth, before

I enter'd his Unhospitable Door.

Just at my entrance, I display'd the Sign  
That somewhat was approaching of Divine.

The prostrate People pray : the Tyrant grins,  
And, adding Prophanation to his Sins,

I'll try, said he, and if a God appear, 290  
To prove his Deity, shall cost him dear.

'Twas late ; the Graceless Wretch my Death prepares,

When I shou'd soundly Sleep, oppress with Cares ;

This dire Experiment he chose, to prove  
If I were Mortal, or undoubted *Jove* ;

But first he had resolv'd to taste my Pow'r :  
Not long before, but in a luckless hour

Some Legates sent from the *Molossian* State,

Were on a peaceful Errand come to Treat :  
Of these he Murders one, he boils the Flesh,

And lays the mangl'd Morsels in a Dish : 300  
Some part he Roasts ; then serves it up, so drest,

And bids me welcome to this Humane Feast.

Mov'd with Disdain, the Table I o're-turn'd ;  
And with avenging Flames, the Palace burn'd.

The Tyrant in a fright, for shelter, gains  
The Neighb'ring Fields, and scours along the Plains.

Howling he fled, and fain he would have spoke,

But Humane Voice his Brutal Tongue forsook.

About his lips, the gather'd Foam he clurns, 310

And breathing slaughters, still with Rage he burns,

But on the bleating Flock his fury turns.

His Mantle, now his Hide, with rugged hairs  
Cleaves to his back ; a famish'd face he bears ;

His arms descend, his shoulders sink away,  
To multiply his legs for chace of Prey.

He grows a Wolf, his hoariness remains,  
And the same rage in other Members reigns.

His eyes still sparkle in a narr'wer space,  
His jaws retain the grin, and violence of his face. 320

This was a single ruine, but not one  
Deserves so just a punishment alone.

Mankind's a Monster, and th' Ungodly times,

Confed'rate into guilt, are sworn to Crimes.  
All are alike involv'd in ill, and all

Must by the same relentless Fury fall.

Thus ended he ; the greater Gods assent,  
By Clamours urging his severe intent ;

The less fill up the cry for punishment.

Yet still with pity they remember Man ; 330  
And mourn as much as Heav'nly Spirits can.

For, what their Prowess Gain'd, the Law  
declares  
Is<sup>1</sup> to themselves alone, and to their  
Heirs :  
No share of that goes back to the begetter,  
But if the Son fights well, and Plunders  
better,  
Like stout *Coranus*, his old shaking Sire  
Does a Remembrance in his Will desire :  
Inquisitive of Fights, and longs in vain  
To find him in the Number of the slain :  
But still he lives, and rising by the War, go  
Enjoys his Gains, and has enough to spare :  
For 'tis a Noble General's prudent part  
To cherish Valour, and reward Desert :  
Let him be dawl'd with Lace, live High,  
and Whore ;  
Sometimes be Lowzy, but be never Poor.

*The End of the Sixteenth Satyr.*

### NOTES TO THE SIXTEENTH SATYR.

<sup>1</sup> *Juno* was Mother to *Mars* the God of War  
*Venus* was his Mistress

<sup>2</sup> *Camillus* (who being first Banish'd by his  
ungrateful Countrymen the *Romans*, afterwards  
return'd, and freed them from the *Gauls*,) made  
a Law, which prohibited the Souldiers from  
Quarrelling without the Camp, lest upon that  
pretence they might happen to be absent when  
they ought to be on Duty.

<sup>3</sup> *This Cause is worthy him*, &c. The Poet  
Names a *Modenes* Lawyer, whom he calls  
*Vagellius* ; who was so Impudent that he would  
Plead any Cause, right or wrong, without Shame  
or Fear.

<sup>4</sup> *Hob-naul'd Shoes*. The *Roman* Souldiers wore  
Plates of Iron under their Shoes, or stuck them  
with Nails ; as Countrymen do now.

<sup>5</sup> Land Marks were us'd by the *Romans*,

almost in the same manner as now. And as we  
go once a Year in Procession, about the Bounds  
of Parishes, and renew them, so they offer'd Cakes  
upon the Stone or Land-Mark.

<sup>6</sup> The Courts of Judicature were hang and  
spread, as with us. But spread only before the  
Hundred Judges were to sit and judge Publick  
Causes, which were call'd by *Let*.

<sup>7</sup> The *Roman* Souldiers had the Priviledge of  
making a Will, in their Father's Lifetime, Of  
what they had purchas'd in the Wars, as being no  
part of their Patrimony. By this Will they had  
Power of excluding their own Parents, and giving  
the Estate so gotten to whom they pleas'd.  
Therefore, says the Poet, *Coranus* (a Souldier  
Contemporary with *Jupiter*, who had rais'd his  
Fortune by the Wars) was Court'd by his own  
Father, to make him his Heir.

THE  
SATIRES  
OF  
Aulus Persifus  
Flaccus  
Made ENGLISH  
BY  
MR DRYDEN.

*Sæpius in Libro memoratur Persius uno  
Quam levis in tota Marsus Amazonide. MART.*

ARGUMENT | OF THE | PROLOGUE |  
TO THE | FIRST SATYR

*The Design of the Authour was to conceal his Name and Quality. He liv'd in the dangerous Times of the Tyrant Nero; and aims particularly at him, in most of his Satyrs. For which Reason, though he was a Roman Knight, and of a plentiful Fortune, he would appear in this Prologue but a Beggary Poet, who Writes for Bread. After this, he breaks into the Business of the first Satyr; which is chiefly to decry the Poetry then in Fashion, and the Impudence of those who were endeavouring to pass their Stuff upon the World.*

PROLOGUE | TO THE | FIRST SATYR.

I NEVER did on cleft <sup>1</sup> *Parnassus* dream,  
Nor taste the sacred *Heliconian* Stream:  
Nor can remember when my Brain inspir'd,  
Was, by the Muses, into madness fir'd.  
My share in Pale <sup>2</sup> *Pyrene* I resign;  
And claim no part in all the Mighty Nine.  
Statues, <sup>3</sup> with winding Ivy crown'd, belong  
To nobler Poets, for a nobler Song:  
Heedless of Verse, and hopeless of the  
Crown,  
Scarce half a Wit, and more than half  
a Clown.  
Before the <sup>4</sup> Shrine I lay my rugged Num-  
bers down.  
Who taught the Parrot Human Notes to try,  
Or with a Voice endu'd the chatt'ring Pye?

PERSIUS. Text from the original edition, 1693. The current texts have divers errors, the worst in V. 11.

'Twas witty Want, fierce Hunger to appease:  
Want taught their Masters, and their  
Masters these.

Let Gain, that gilded Bait, be hung on high,  
The hungry Wittings have it in their Eye;  
Pies, Crows, and Daws, Poetick Presents  
bring:  
You say they squeak; but they will swear  
they Sing.

ARGUMENT | OF THE | FIRST SATYR.

*I need not repeat, that the chief aim of the Authour is against bad Poets, in this Satyr. But I must add, that he includes also bad Orators, who began at that Time (as Petronius in the beginning of his Book tells us) to enervate Manly Eloquence, by Tropes and Figures, ill plac'd, and worse apply'd. Amongst the Poets, Persius covertly strikes at Nero; some of whose Verses he recites with Scorn and Indignation. He also takes notice of the Noblemen and their abominable Poetry, who, in the Luxury of their Fortune, set up for Wits, and Judges. The Satyr is in Dialogue, betwixt the Authour and his Friend or Monitor; who dissuades him from this dangerous attempt of exposing Great Men. But Persius, who is of a free Spirit, and has not forgotten that Rome was once a Commonwealth, breaks through all those difficulties, and boldly Arraigns the false Judgment of the Age in which he Lives. The Reader may observe that our Poet was once a Stoick Philosopher; and that all his Moral Sentences, both here and in all the rest of his Satyrs, are drawn from the Dogma's of that Sect.*

THE  
FIRST SATYR.

*In Dialogue betwixt the Poet  
and his friend or Monitor.*

PERSIUS.

How anxious are our Cares, and yet how  
vain  
The bent of our desires !

FRIEND.

Thy Spleen contain :  
For none will read thy Satyrs.

PERSIUS.

This to me ?

FRIEND.

None ; or what's next to none, but two  
or three.  
Tis hard, I grant.

PERSIUS.

'Tis nothing ; I can bear  
That paltry Scriblers have the Publick Ear :  
That this vast universal Fool, the Town,  
Shou'd cry up *'Labeo's* Stuff, and cry me  
down, 10  
They damn themselves ; nor will my Muse  
descend  
To clap with such, who Fools and Knaves  
commend :  
Their Smiles and Censures are to me the  
same :  
I care not what they praise, or what they  
blame.

In full Assemblies let the Crowd prevail :  
I weigh no Merit by the common Scale.  
The Conscience is the Test of ev'ry Mind ;  
Seek not thy self, without thy self, to find.  
But where's that *Roman* ?—Somewhat I  
wou'd say,  
But Fear ;—let Fear, for once, to Truth  
give way. 20

Truth lends the Stoick Courage : when I look  
On Humane Acts, and read in Nature's Book,  
From the first Pastimes of our Infant Age,  
To elder Cares, and Man's severer Page ;  
When stern as Tutors, and as Uncles hard,  
We lash the Pupil, and defraud the Ward :  
Then, then I say,—or wou'd say, if I durst—  
But thus provok'd, I must speak out, or  
burst.

FRIEND.

Once more forbear.

PERSIUS.

I cannot rule my Spleen ; 30  
My scorn Rebels, and tickles me within.  
First, to begin at Home, our Authors write  
In lonely Rooms, secur'd from publick sight ;  
Whether in Prose, or Verse, 'tis all the same :  
The Prose is Fustian, and the Numbers lame.  
All Noise, and empty Pomp, a storm of  
words,

Lab'ring with sound, that little Sense affords.  
They ' Comb, and then they order ev'ry

Hair :

A Gown, or White, or Scour'd to whiteness,  
wear :

A Birth-day Jewel bobbing at their Ear.  
Next, gargle well their Throats ; and thus  
prepar'd, 41

They mount, a God's Name, to be seen and  
heard,

From their high Scaffold, with a Trumpet  
Cheek,

And Ogling all their Audience e're they  
speak.

The nauseous Nobles, ev'n the Chief of Rome,  
With gaping Mouths to these Rehearsals

come,

And pant with Pleasure, when some lusty  
lure

The Marrow pierces, and invades the Chine.  
At open fulsom Bawdry they rejoice, 49

And slimy Jests applaud with broken Voice.  
Base Prostitute, thus dost thou gain thy

Bread ?

Thus dost thou feed their Ears, and thus art  
fed ?

At his own filthy stuff he grins and brays :  
And gives the sign where he expects their  
praise.

Why have I Learn'd, say'st thou, if thus  
confin'd,

I choak the Noble Vigour of my Mmd ?

Know, my wild ' Fig-Tree, which in Rocks  
is bred,

Will split the Quarry, and shoot out the  
Head.

Fine Fruits of Learning ! Old Ambitious  
Fool, 59

Dar'st thou apply that Adage of the School ;  
As if 'tis nothing worth that lies conceal'd,

And Science is not Science till Reveal'd ?

Oh, but 'tis Brave to be Admir'd, to see  
The Crowd, with pointing Fingers, cry,  
That's he :

That's he, whose wondrous Poem is become  
A Lecture for the Noble Youth of *Rome* !  
Who, by their Fathers, is at Feasts Re-  
nown'd ;

And often quoted, when the Bowls go round.  
Full gorg'd and flush'd, they wantonly  
Rehearse ;

And add to Wine the Luxury of Verse. 70  
One, clad in Purple, not to lose his time,  
Eats, and recites some lamentable Rhime :  
Some Senceless *Phyllis*, in a broken Note,  
Snuffling at Nose, or croaking in his Throat :  
Then Graciously the mellow Audience Nod :  
Is not th' Immortal Authour made a God ?  
Are not his Manes blest, such Praise to have ?  
Lies not the Turf more lightly on his Grave ?  
And Roses (while his lowd Applause they Sing)  
Stand ready from his Sepulcher to spring ?

All these, you cry, but light Objections  
are ;

Meer Malice, and you drive the Jest too far.  
For does there Breathe a Man, who can reject  
A general Fame, and his own Lines neglect ?  
In ' Cedar Tablets worthy to appear,  
That need not Fish, or Franckincense to  
fear ?

Thou, whom I make the adverse part to  
bear,

Be answer'd thus : If I, by chance, succeed  
In what I Write, (and that's a chance indeed ;)   
Know, I am not so stupid, or so hard, 90  
Not to feel Praise, or Fame's deserv'd Reward :  
But this I cannot grant, that thy Applause  
Is my Works ultimate, or only Cause.

Prudence can ne're propose so mean a prize ;  
For mark what Vanity within it lies.  
Like *Labeo's* Iliads, in whose Verse is found  
Nothing but trifling care, and empty sound :  
Such little Elegies as Nobles Write,  
Who wou'd be poets, in *Apollo's* sight.  
Them and their woful Works the Muse defies :  
Products of Citron ' Beds and Golden  
Canopies. 101

To give thee all thy due, thou hast the  
Heart

To make a Supper, with a fine dessert ;  
And to thy thread-bare Friend, a cast old  
Sute impart.

Thus Brib'd, thou thus bespeak'st him,  
Tell me Friend  
(For I love Truth, nor can plain Speech  
offend,)

What says the World of me and of my Muse ?  
The Poor dare nothing tell but flatt'ring  
News :

But shall I speak ? thy Verse is wretched  
Rhyme ;

And all thy Labours are but loss of time. 110  
Thy strutting Bellies swells, thy Paunch is high ;  
Thou Writ'st not, but thou Pissest Poetry.

All Authours to their own defects are blind ;  
Hadst thou but, *Janus* ' like, a Face behind,  
To see the people, what splay-Mouths they  
make ;

To mark their Fingers, pointed at thy back :  
Their Tongues loll'd out, a foot beyond the  
pitch,

When most athirst, of an *Apulian* Bitch :  
But Noble Scriblers are with Flatt'ry fed ;  
For none dare find their faults, who Eat  
their Bread. 120

To pass the Poets of Patrician Blood,  
What is't the common Reader takes for good ?  
The Verse in fashion is, when Numbers flow,  
Soft without Sence, and without Spirit slow :  
So smooth and equal, that no sight can find  
The Rivet, where the polish'd piece was join'd.  
So even all, with such a steady view,  
As if he shut one Eye to level true.

Whether the Vulgar Vice his Satyr stings,  
The Peoples Riots, or the Rage of Kings, 130  
The gentle Poet is alike in all ;  
His Reader hopes no rise, and fears no fall.

#### FRIEND.

Hourly we see some Raw Pin-feather'd  
thing

Attempt to mount, and Fights, and Heroes  
sing ;

Who, for false quantities, was whipt at School  
Butt' other day, and breaking Grammar Rule,  
Whose trivial Art was never try'd, above  
The bare description of a Native Grove :  
Who knows not how to praise the Country  
store,

The Feasts, the Baskets, nor the fatted  
Bore ; 140

Nor paint the flowry Fields, that paint  
themselves before.

Where *Romulus* was Bred, and *Quintus* Born,  
Whose shining Plough-share was in Furrows  
worn,

Met by his trembling Wife, returning Home,  
And Rustically Joy'd, as Chief of *Rome* :  
She wip'd the Sweat from the Dictator's

Brow ;  
And o're his Back, his Robe did rudely  
throw ;  
The Lictors bore, in State, their Lord's  
Triumphant Plough.

Some love to hear the Fustian Post roar ;  
And some on Antiquated Authours pore :  
Rummage for Sense ; and think those only  
good

Who labour most, and least are understood.  
When thou shalt see the Blear-Ey'd Fathers  
teach

Their Sons, this harsh and mouldy sort of  
Speech ;

Or others new affected ways to try,  
Of wanton smoothness, Female Poetry ;  
One would enquire, from whence this motley  
Stile

Did first our *Roman* Purity defile :  
For our Old Dotards cannot keep their Seat ;  
But leap and catch at all that's obsolete. 160

Others, by Foolish Ostentation led,  
When call'd before the Bar, to save their  
Head,

Bring trifling Tropes, instead of solid Sence :  
And mind their Figures more than their  
Defence,

Are pleas'd to hear their thick-scul'd  
Judges cry,

Well mov'd, oh finely said, and decently !  
Theft (says th' Accuser) to thy Charge I lay,  
O *Pedius* ! What does gentle *Pedius* say ?

Studious to please the Genius of the Times,  
With Periods,\* Points, and Tropes, he slurs  
his Crimes : 170

" He Robb'd not, but he Borrow'd from the  
Poor ;

" And took but with intention to restore.  
He lards with flourishes his long Harangue ;  
'Tis fine, say'st thou ; What, to be Prais'd  
and Hang ?

Effeminate *Roman*, shall such Stuff prevail  
To tickle thee, and make thee wag thy Tail ?  
Say, shou'd a Shipwrack'd Sailor sing his woe,  
Wou'dst thou be mov'd to pity, or bestow

An Alms ? What's more prepost'rous than  
to see

A Merry Beggar ? Mirth in misery ? 180

PERSIUS.

He seems a Trap, for Charity, to lay :  
And cons, by Night, his Lesson for the day.

FRIEND.

But to raw Numbers, and unfinished Verse,  
Sweet sound is added now, to make it Terse :  
" 'Tis tagg'd with Rhyme, like *Berecynthian*  
*Alys*,

" The mid part chimes with Art, which never  
flat is.

" The Dolphin brave, that cut the liquid  
Wave,

" Or He who in his line, can chine the long-  
rib'd *Apennine*.

PERSIUS.

All this is Dogrel Stuff :

FRIEND.

What if I bring 190  
A Nobler Verse ? *Arms and the Man* <sup>10</sup> I sing.

PERSIUS.

Why name you *Virgil* with such Fops as  
these ?

He's truly great, and must for ever please.  
Not fierce, but awful is his Manly Page ;  
Bold is his Strength, but sober is his Rage.

FRIEND.

What Poems think you soft ? and to be  
read

With languishing regards, and bending Head ?

PERSIUS.

" Their crooked Horns " the *Mimallontan*  
Crew

" With Blasts inspir'd ; and *Bassaris* who  
slew

" The scornful Calf, with Sword advanc'd on  
high, 200

" Made from his Neck his haughty Head to  
fly.

" And *Manas*, when with Ivy-bndles  
bound,

" She led the spotted Lynx, then *Evion*  
rung around ;

" *Evion* from Woods and Floods repeat.  
ing *Ecchos* sound. 210

174 What, to] what to 1697.

187 cut] Editors give cuts

Cou'd such rude Lines a *Roman* Mouth  
become,  
Were any Manly Greatness left in *Rome*?  
*Manas*<sup>12</sup> and *Alys* in the Mouth were bred;  
And never hatch'd within the lab'ring Head:  
No Blood, from bitten Nails, those Poems  
drew:  
But churn'd, like Spettle, from the Lips  
they flew. 210

## FRIEND.

'Tis Fustian all; 'tis execrably bad:  
But if they will be Fools, must you be mad?  
Your Satyrs, let me tell you, are too fierce;  
The Great will never bear so blunt a Verse.  
Their Doors are barr'd against a bitter flout:  
Snarl, if you please, but you shall snarl  
without.  
Expect such Pay as railing Rhymes deserve,  
Y're in a very hopeful way to sterve.

## PERSIUS.

Rather than so, uncensur'd let 'em be  
All, all is admirably well, for me. 220  
My harmless Rhyme shall scape the dire  
disgrace  
Of Common-shores, and ev'ry pissing-place.  
Two<sup>13</sup> painted Serpents shall, on high,  
appear;  
'Tis Holy Ground; you must not Urine here.  
This shall be writ to fright the Fry away,  
Who draw their little Bawbles, when they  
play.  
<sup>14</sup> Yet old *Lucilius* never fear'd the times,  
But lash'd the City, and dissected Crimes.  
*Mutius* and *Lupus* both by Name he brought;  
He mouth'd em, and betwixt his Grinders  
caught. 230  
Unlike in method, with conceal'd design,  
Did crafty *Horace* his low Numbers joyn:  
And, with a sly insinuating Grace,  
Laugh'd at his Friend, and look'd him in  
the Face:  
Would raise a Blush, where secret Vice he  
found;  
And tickle, while he gently prob'd the  
Wound.  
With seeming Innocence the Crowd beguil'd;  
But made the desperate Passes, when he  
smil'd.  
- Could he do this, and is my Muse con-  
troll'd

By Servile Awe? Born free, and not be  
bold? 240

At least, I'll dig a hole within the Ground;  
And to the trusty Earth commit the sound:  
The Reeds shall tell you what the poet Fears,  
*King*<sup>15</sup> *Midas* has a *Snopt*, and *Asses Ears*.  
This mean conceit, this darling Mystery,  
Which thou think'st nothing, Friend, thou  
shalt not buy,

Nor will I change, for all the flashy Wit,  
That flatt'ring *Labeo* in his *Iliads* writ.

Thou, if these be a thou, in this base Town,  
Who dares, with angry *Eupolis*,<sup>16</sup> to frown;  
He, who, with bold *Cratinus*, is inspir'd 251  
With Zeal, and equal Indignation fir'd;  
Who, at enormous Villany, turns pale,  
And steers against it with a full-blown Sail,  
Like *Aristophanes*; let him but smile  
On this my honest Work, tho writ in  
homely Stile:

And if two Lines or three in all the Vein  
Appear less drossy, read those Lines again.  
May they perform their Author's just Intent,  
Glow in thy Ears, and in thy Breast fer-  
ment. 260

But from the reading of my Book and me,  
Be far ye Foes of Virtuous Poverty:  
Who<sup>17</sup> Fortune's fault upon the Poor can  
throw;

Point at the tatter'd Coat, and ragged Shooe:  
Lay Nature's failings to their Charge, and  
jeer

The dim weak Eye-sight, when the Mind  
is clear.

When thou thy self, thus insolent in State,  
Art but, perhaps, some Country Magistrate;  
Whose Pow'r extends no farther than to  
speak

Big on the Bench, and scanty Weights to  
break. 270

Him, also, for my Censor I disdain,  
Who thinks all Science, as all Virtue vain;  
Who counts Geometry, and Numbers, Toys;  
And<sup>18</sup> with his Foot the Sacred Dust  
destroys:

Whose Pleasure is to see a Strumpet tear  
A Cynicks Beard, and lug him by the Hair.  
Such, all the Morning, to the Pleadings run;  
But when the Bus'ness of the Day is done,  
On Dice, and Drink, and Drabs, they spend  
their Afternoon.

## EXPLANATORY NOTES.

## PROLOGUE.

<sup>1</sup> *Præneste*, and *Helicon*, were Hills Consecrated to the Muses; and the suppos'd place of their abode. *Parnassus* was forked on the top; and from *Helicon* ran a Stream, the Spring of which was call'd the Muses Well.

<sup>2</sup> *Pyrene*, a Fountain in Corinth; Consecrated also to the Muses.

<sup>3</sup> Statues, &c. The Statues of the Poets were Crown'd with Ivy about their Brows.

<sup>4</sup> Before the Shrine; that is, before the Shrine of *Apollo*, in his Temple at *Rome*, call'd the *Palatine*.

## THE FIRST SATYR

<sup>1</sup> *Labe's* Stuff, Nothing is remaining of *Atticus* *Labe* (so he is call'd by the Learned *Casaubon*) Nor is he mention'd by any other Poet besides *Persius*: *Casaubon* from an old Commentator on *Persius* says that he made a very Foolish Translation of *Homers* *Iliads*.

<sup>2</sup> *They Comb*, &c. He describes a Poet preparing himself to Rehearse his Works in Publick which was commonly perform'd in August. A Room was hir'd or lent by some Friend. A Scaffold was rais'd and a Pulpit plac'd for him, who was to hold forth; who borrow'd a new Gown or scour'd his old one, and Adorn'd his Ears with Jewels, &c.

<sup>3</sup> *My wild Fig-Tree*. Trees of that kind grow wild in many parts of *Italy*, and make their way through Rocks. Sometimes splitting the Tomb-stones.

<sup>4</sup> The *Romans* wrote on Cedar, and Cypress Tables, in regard of the duration of the Wood. Verses might justly be afraid of Frankincense, for the Papers in which they were Written were fit for nothing but to wrap it up.

<sup>5</sup> *Products of Citron Beds*, &c. Writings of Noblemen, whose Bedsteads were of the Wood of Citron.

<sup>6</sup> *Janus* like, &c. *Janus* was the first King of *Italy*; who refus'd *Saturn*, when he was expell'd by his Son *Jupiter* from *Cree*; (or as we now call it *Candia*) From his Name the first Month of the Year was call'd *January*. He was pictur'd with two Faces, one before, and one behind; as regarding the past time and the future. Some of the Mythologists think he was *Noah*, for the Reason given above.

<sup>7</sup> *Where Romulus*, &c. He speaks of the Country in the foregoing Verses, the Praises of which are the most easie Theme for Poets, but

which a bad Poet cannot Naturally describe. Then he makes a digression to *Romulus*, the first King of *Rome*, who had a Rustical Education, and enlarges upon *Quintus Cincinnatus*, a Roman Senator, who was call'd from the Plough to be Dictator of *Rome*.

<sup>8</sup> *In Periods*, &c. *Persius* here names Antitheses, or seeming Contradictions, which in this place are meant for Rhetorical Flourishes, as I think, with *Casaubon*.

<sup>9</sup> *Beregnthan Atys*; or *Atin*, &c. Foolish Verses of *Nero*, which the Poet repeats; and which cannot be Translated properly into English.

<sup>10</sup> *Arms and the Man*, &c. The first line of *Virgil's* *Æneids*.

<sup>11</sup> *Their Crooked Horns*, &c. Other Verses of *Nero* that were meer bombast. I only Note that the Repetition of these and the former Verses of *Nero* might justly give the Poet a caution to conceal his Name.

<sup>12</sup> *Manas and Atys*. Poems on the *Manades*, who were Priestesses of *Beahus*; and of *Atys*, who made himself an Eunuch, to attend on the Sacrifices of *Cybele*, call'd *Beregnthia* by the Poets. she was Mother of the Gods.

<sup>13</sup> *Two Painted Serpents*, &c. Two Soakes twin'd with each other were painted on the Walls by the Ancients, to shew the place was Holy.

<sup>14</sup> *Yet old Lucius*, &c. *Lucilius* wrote long before *Horace*, who imitates his manner of Satyr, but far excels him, in the design.

<sup>15</sup> *King Midas*, &c. The Story is vulgar, that *Midas*, King of *Phrygia*, was made judge betwixt *Apollo* and *Pan*, who was the best Musician, he gave the Prize to *Pan*, and *Apollo* in revenge gave him Asses Ears. He wore his Hair long to hide them, but his Barber discovering them, and not daring to divulge the secret, dug a hole in the ground, and whisper'd into it: the place was marshy, and when the Reeds grew up, they repeated the words which were spoken by the Barber. By *Midas* the Poet meant *Nero*.

<sup>16</sup> *Eupolis* and *Cratichus*, as also *Aristophanes*, mention'd afterwards, were all *Athenian* Poets, who wrote that sort of Comedy, which was call'd the old Comedy, where the People were Nam'd, who were Satyriz'd by those Authors.

<sup>17</sup> *Who Fortunes fail*, &c. The People of *Rome* in the time of *Persius* were apt to scorn the *Grecian* Philosophers particularly the *Cynicks* and *Stoicks*, who were the poorest of them.

<sup>18</sup> *And with his foot*, &c. *Arithmetick* and *Geometry* were Taught on floors which were strewn'd with dust or sand, in which the Numbers and Diagrams were made and drawn, which they might strike out again at Pleasure.



THE  
SECOND SATYR,

*Dedicated to his Friend PLOTIUS | MACRINUS, on his Birth-day.*

THE ARGUMENT.

*This Satyr contains a most Grave, and Philosophical Argument, concerning Prayers and Wishes. Undoubtedly it gave occasion to Juvenal's Tenth Satyr; And both of them had their Original from one of Plato's dialogues, called the second Alcibiades. Our Author has induc'd it with great mastery of Art, by taking his rise from the Birth-day of his Friend; on which occasions, Prayers were made, and sacrifices offer'd by the Natives. Persius commending the Purity of his Friend's Vows, descends to the Impious and Immoral Requests of others. The Satyr is divided into three parts. The first is the Exordium to Macrinus, which the Poet confines within the compass of four Verses. The second relates to the matter of the Prayers and Vows, and an enumeration of those things, wherein Men commonly Sinn'd against right Reason, and Offended in their Requests. The Third part consists in shewing the repugnances of those Prayers and Wishes, to those of other Men, and inconsistencies, with themselves. He shews the Original of these Vows, and sharply inveighs against them: and Lastly, not only corrects the false Opinion of Mankind concerning them, but gives the True Doctrine of all Addresses made to Heav'n, and how they may be made acceptable to the Pow'rs above, in excellent Precepts, and more worthy of a Christian than a Heathen.*

LET this auspicious Morning be express  
With a white 'Stone, distinguish'd from the  
rest:

White as thy Fame, and as thy Honour  
clear;  
And let new Joys attend on thy new added  
year.

Indulge thy Genius, and o'reflow thy Soul,  
Till thy Wit sparkle, like the chearful Bowl.  
Pray; for thy Pray'rs the Test of Heav'n  
will bear;

Nor need'st thou take the Gods aside, to  
hear:

While others, ev'n the Mighty Men of Rome,  
Big swell'd with Mischief, to the Temples  
come;

And in low Murmurs, and with costly Smoak,  
Heav'n's Help, to prosper their black Vows,  
inveke.

So boldly to the Gods Mankind reveal,  
What from each other they, for shame, conceal.

Give me Good Fame, ye Pow'rs, and make  
me Just:

Thus much the Rogue to Publick Ears will  
trust:

In private then:—When wilt thou, mighty  
Jove,

My Wealthy Uncle from this World remove?  
Or—O thou Thund'rer's son, great <sup>2</sup>Hercules.

That once thy bounteous Deity wou'd  
please

To guide my Rake, upon the chinking sound  
Of some vast Treasure, hidden underground!

O were my Pupil fairly knock'd o' th'  
head:

I should possess th' Estate, if he were dead!  
He's so far gone with Rickets, and with th'  
Evil.

That one small Dose wou'd send him to  
the Devil.

This is my Neighbour Neri<sup>us</sup> his third  
Spouse,

Of whom in happy time he rids his House.  
But my Eternal Wife!—Grant Heav'n I may

Survive to see the Fellow of his Day! 30  
Thus, that thou may'st the better bring  
about

Thy Wishes, thou art wickedly devout:  
In Tiber ducking thrice, by break of day,

To wash th' Obscenities of <sup>2</sup>Night away.  
But prithee tell me, ('tis a small Request)

With what ill thoughts of Jove art thou  
possest?

Wou'dst thou prefer him to some Man?  
Suppose

I dip'd among the worst, and Statius chose?

30 115] Some editors strangely give th's

Which of the two wou'd thy wise Head  
declare ?

The trustier Tutor to an Orphan Heir ? 40  
Or, put it thus :—Unfold to *Status*, straight,  
What to *Jove's* Ear thou didst impart of late :  
He'll stare, and, O Good *Jupiter* ! will cry ;  
Can'st thou indulge him in this Villany ?  
And think'st thou, *Jove* himself, with  
patience, then,  
Can hear a Pray'r condemn'd by wicked  
men ?

That, void of Care, he lolls supine in stote,  
And leaves his Bus'ness to be done by Fate ?  
Because his Thunder splits some burly Tree,  
And is not dext'ry at thy House and Thee ?  
Or that his Vengeance falls not at the  
time ? 51

Just at the Perpetration of thy Crime ;  
And makes Thee a sad Object of our Eyes,  
Fit for *Ergenna's* Pray'r and Sacrifice ?  
What well-fed Off'ring to appease the God,  
What pow'ful Present to procure a Nod,  
Hast thou in store ? What Bribe hast thou  
prepar'd,

To pull him, thus unpunish'd, by the Beard ?  
Our Superstitions with our life begin :  
Th' Obscene old Grandam, or the next of  
Kin, 60

The New-born Infant from the Cradle takes,  
And first of Spettle a *Lustration* makes :  
Then in the Spawl her Middle Finger dips,  
Anoints the Temples, Forehead, and the  
Lips,

Pretending force of Witchcraft to prevent,  
By virtue of her nasty Excrement.

Then dandles him with many a mutter'd  
Pray'r,

That Heav'n wou'd make him some rich  
Miser's Heir, 70

Lucky to Ladies, and, in time, a King,  
Which to insure, she adds a length of Navel-  
string.

But no fond Nurse is fit to make a Pray'r :  
And *Jowl*, if *Jove* be wise, will never hear ;  
Not tho' she prays in white, with lifted  
hands :

A Body made of Brass the Crone demands  
For her lov'd Nurseling, strung with Nerves  
of Wire,

Tough to the last, and with no toil to tire :

65 Witchcraft] *The editors strangely give*  
Magic

Unconscionable Vows ! which when we use,  
We teach the Gods, in Reason, to refuse. .  
Suppose They were indulgent to thy Wish :  
Yet the fat Entrails, in the spacious Dish, 80  
Wou'd stop the Grant : The very overcare,  
And nauseous pomp, wou'd hinder half the  
Pray'r.

Thou hop'st with Sacrifice of Oxen slain  
To compass Wealth, and bribe the God of  
Gain,

To give thee Flocks and Herds, with large  
increase ;

Fool ! to expect 'em from a Bullock's  
Grease !

And think'st, that when the fatten'd Flames  
aspire,

Thou seest th' accomplishment of thy desire !  
Now, now, my bearded Harvest gilds the  
plain,

The scanty Folds can scarce my Sheep  
contain, 90

And show'rs of Gold come pouring in  
again !

Thus dreams the Wretch, and vainly thus  
dreams on,

Till his lank Purse declares his Money gone.  
Shou'd I present thee with rare figur'd  
Plate,

Or Gold as rich in Workmanship as Weight ;  
O how thy rising heart wou'd throb and beat,

And thy left side, with trembling pleasure,  
sweat !

Thou measur'st by thy self the Pow'rs  
Divine ;

Thy Gods are burnish'd Gold, and Silver is  
their Shrine.

Thy puny Godlings of inferior Race, 100  
Whose humble Statues are content with  
Brass,

Should some of These, in *Visions* purg'd  
from fleam,

Foretel Events, or in a Morning Dream ;  
Ev'n those thou wou'dst in Veneration hold ;

And, if not Faces, give 'em Beards of Gold.  
The Priests, in Temples, now no longer care

For *Saturni's* Brass, or *Numa's* Earthen-  
ware ;

Or Vestal Urns, in each Religious Rite :  
This wicked Gold has put 'em all to flight.

O Souls, in whom no heav'nly Fire is  
found, 110

Fat Minds, and ever groveling on the ground !  
We bring our Manners to the blest Abodes,

And think what pleases us, must please the Gods.

Of Oyl and *Casia* one th' Ingredients takes,  
And, of the Mixture, a rich Ointment makes :  
Another finds the way to dye in Grain :  
And make <sup>9</sup> *Calabrian* Wool receive the  
*Tyrian* Stain :

Or from the Shells their Orient Treasure takes,  
Or, for their golden Ore, in Rivers rakes ;  
Then melts the Mass : All these are Vanities ! 120

Yet still some Profit from their Pains may rise :

But tell me, Priest, if I may be so bold,  
What are the Gods the better for this Gold ?

The Wretch that offers from his wealthy Store  
These Presents, bribes the Pow'rs to give <sup>10</sup>  
him more :

As maids <sup>11</sup> to *Venus* offer Baby-Toys,  
To bless the Marriage-Bed with Girls and Boys.  
But let us for the Gods a Gift prepare,  
Which the Great Man's great Chargers  
cannot bear :

A Soul, where Laws both Humane and  
Divine, 130

In Practice more than Speculation shine :  
A genuine Virtue, of a vigorous kind,  
Pure in the last recesses of the Mind :

When with such Off'rings to the Gods I come,  
A <sup>12</sup> Cake, thus giv'n, is worth a Hecatomb.

*The End of the Second Satyr.*

#### NOTES TO THE SECOND SATYR.

<sup>1</sup> *White Stone*. The *Romans* were us'd to mark their Fortunate Days, or any thing that luckily befell 'em, with a White Stone which they had from the Island *Creta* ; and their Unfortunate with a Coal.

<sup>2</sup> *Hercules* was thought to have the Key and Power of bestowing all hidden Treasure.

<sup>3</sup> The Antients thought themselves tainted and polluted by Night it self, as well as bad Dreams in the Night, and therefore purifi'd themselves by washing their Heads and Hands every Morning ; which Custom the *Turks* observe to this day.

<sup>4</sup> When any one was Thunderstruck, the Sooth-sayer (who is here call'd *Ergenna*) immediately repair'd to the place to expiate the displeasure of the Gods, by sacrificing two Sheep.

<sup>5</sup> The Poet laughs at the superstitious Ceremonies, which the Old Women made use of in their Lustration or Purification Days, when they nam'd their Children, which was done on the Eighth day to Females and on the Ninth to Males.

<sup>6</sup> *In Visions purg'd from Fleam*, &c. It was the Opinion both of *Greeks* and *Romans* that the Gods, in Visions or Dreams, often reveal'd to their Favourites a Cure for their Diseases, and sometimes those of others. Thus *Alexander* dreamt of an Herb which cur'd *Ptolemy*. These Gods were principally *Apollo* and *Esculapius* ; but, in after times, the same Virtue and Good-will was attributed to *Isis* and *Osiris*. Which brings to my remembrance an odd passage in *Sir Tho. Brown's Religio Medici*, or in his vulgar Errours ; the sense whereof is, *That we are beholding, for many of our Discoveries in Physick, to the curious Revelation of Spirits*. By the Expression of *Visions purg'd from Phlegm* our Author means such Dreams or Visions as proceed not from Natural Causes, or Humours of the Body ; but such as are sent from Heaven, and are therefore certain Remedies.

<sup>7</sup> For *Saturn's Brass*, &c. *Brizen Vessels*, in

which the Publick Treasure of the *Romans* was kept. It may be the Poet means only old Vessels which were all call'd *Kpōia*, from the Greek Name of *Saturn*. Note also that the *Roman* Treasury was in the Temple of *Saturn*.

<sup>8</sup> *Numa's Earthen-ware*. Under *Numa*, the second King of *Rome*, and for a long time after him, the Holy Vessels for Sacrifice were of Earthen Ware : according to the Superstitious Rites, which were introduc'd by the same *Numa* : Tho' afterwards, when *Memmius* had taken *Corinth*, and *Paulus Emilius* had conquer'd *Macedonia*, Luxury began amongst the *Romans*, and then their Utensils of Devotion were of Gold and Silver, &c.

<sup>9</sup> *And make Calabrian Wool*, &c. The Wool of *Calabria* was of the finest sort in *Italy*, as *Juvenal* also tells us. The *Tyrian Stain* is the Purple Colour dy'd at *Tyris*, and I suppose, but dare not positively affirm, that the richest of that Dye was nearest our Crimson, and not Scarlet, or that other Colour more approaching to the Blue. I have not room to justify my Conjecture.

<sup>10</sup> *As maids to Venus*, &c. Those Baby-Toys were hyl'e Babies, or Poppets, as we call them ; in Latin *Pupæ* ; which the girls, when they came to the Age of puberty, or Child-bearing, offer'd to *Venus* ; as the Boys at Fourteen or Fifteen years of age offer'd their *Bulla*, or Bosses.

<sup>11</sup> *A Cake thus given*, &c. A Cake of Barley, or coarse Wheat-meal, with the Bran in it ; The meaning is that God is pleas'd with the pure and spotless heart of the Offerer ; and not with the Riches of the offering. *Laberius* in the Fragments of his *Mimes* has a Verse like this : *Puras Deus, non flenas, aspiciat Manus*.—What I had forgotten before, in its due place, I must here tell the Reader : That the first half of this Satyr was translated by one of my Sons, now in *Italy* : But I thought so well of it, that I let it pass without any Alteration.

7 [Treasure] Treasures 1700.

## THE THIRD SATYR.

ARGUMENT | OF THE | THIRD  
SATYR.

*Our Author has made two Satyrs concerning Study; the First and the Third: the First related to Men; This to Young Students, whom he desir'd to be educated in the Stoick Philosophy: He himself sustains the Person of the Master, or Præceptor, in this admirable Satyr. Where he upbraids the Youth of Sloth, and Negligence in learning. Yet he begins with one Scholar reproaching his Fellow Students with late rising to their Books. After which he takes upon him the other part, of the Teacher. And addressing himself particularly to Young Noblemen, tells them, That, by reason of their High Birth, and the Great Possessions of their Fathers, they are careless of adorning their Minds with Precepts of Moral Philosophy: And withall, inculcates to them the Miseries which will attend them in the whole Course of their Life, if they do not apply themselves betimes to the Knowledge of Virtue, and the End of their Creation, which he pathetically insinuates to them. The Title of this satyr, in some Ancient Manuscripts, was The Reproach of Idleness; tho in others of the Scholiasts 'tis inscribed, Against the Luxury and Vices of the Rich. In both of which the Intention of the Poet is pursued; but principally in the former.*

I remember I translated this Satyr, when I was a Kings-Scholar at Westminster School, for a Thursday Nights Exercise; and believe that it, and many other of my Exercises of this nature, in English Verse, are still in the hands of my Learned Master, the Reverend Doctor Busby.

## THE THIRD SATYR

Is this thy daily course? The glaring Sun  
Breaks in at ev'ry Chink: The Cattle run  
To Shades, and Noon-tide Rays of Summer  
shun.

Yet plung'd in Sloth we lye; and snoresupine,  
As fill'd with Fumes of undigested Wine.

This grave Advice some sober Student  
bears;  
And loudly rings it in his Fellows Ears.

Theyawning Youth, scarce half awake, essays  
His lazy Limbs and dozy Head to raise:  
Then rubs his gummy Eyes, and scrubs his  
Pate;

And cries I thought it had not been so late:  
My Cloaths; make haste: why when! if  
none be near,

He mutters first, and then begins to swear:  
And brays aloud, with a more clam'rous note,  
Than an Arcadian Ass can stretch his throat.

With much ado, his Book before him laid,  
And ' Parchment with the smoother side  
display'd;

He takes the Papers; lays 'em down agen;  
And, with unwilling Fingers, tries the Pen:  
Some peevish quarrel straight he strives to  
pick,

His Quill writes double, or his Ink's too  
thick;

Infuse more water; now 'tis grown so thin  
It sinks, nor can the Character be seen.

O Wretch, and still more wretched ev'ry  
day!

Are Mortals born to sleep their lives away?  
Go back to what thy Infancy began,  
Thou who wert never meant to be a Man:  
Eat Pap and Spoon-meat; for thy Guwgangs  
cry:

Be sullen, and refuse the Lullaby.

No more accuse thy Pen: but charge the  
Crime

On Native Sloth, and negligence of time.  
Think'st thou thy Master, or thy Friends,  
to cheat?

Fool, 'tis thy self, and that's a worse deceit.  
Beware the publick Laughter of the Town;  
Thou spring'st a Leak already in thy Crown.  
A flaw is in thy ill-bak'd Vessel found;  
'Tis hollow, and returns a jarring sound.

Yet, thy moist Clay is pliant to Command;  
Unwrought, and easie to the Potter's hand:  
Now take the Mold; now bend thy Mind  
to feel

The first sharp Motions of the Forming  
Wheel.

But thou hast Land; a Country Seat,  
secure

By a just Title; costly Furniture;  
A ' Fuming-Pan thy Lares to appease;  
What need of Learning when a Man's at ease?

If this be not enough to swell thy Soul,  
Then please thy Pride, and search the  
Herald's Roll,

Where thou shalt find thy famous Pedigree  
Drawn ' from the Root of some old *Thus-*  
*can* Tree ;

And thou, a Thousand off, a Fool of long  
Degree ;

Who, clad in 'Purple, canst thy Censor greet ;  
And, loudly, call him Cousin, in the Street.

Such Pageantry be to the People shown ;  
There boast thy Horse's Trappings, and thy  
own :

I know thee to thy Bottom ; from within  
Thy shallow Centre, to thy outmost Skin :  
Dost thou not blush to live so like a Beast,  
So trim, so dissolute, so loosely drest ?

But 'tis in vain : The Wretch is drench'd  
too deep ;

His Soul is stupid, and his Heart asleep ; 60  
Fatten'd in Vice ; so callous, and so gross,  
He sins, and sees not ; senseless of his Loss.  
Down goes the Wretch at once, unskill'd to  
swim,

Hopeless to bubble up, and reach the Water's  
Brim.

Great Father of the Gods, when, for our  
Crimes,

Thou send'st some heavy Judgment on the  
Times ;

Some Tyrant-King, the Terrour of his Age,  
The Type, and true Vicegerent of thy Rage ;  
Thus punish him : Set Virtue in his Sight,  
With all her Charms adorn'd ; with all her  
Graces bright :

But set her distant, make him pale to see  
His Gains out-weigh'd by lost Felicity !

*Sicilian* ' Tortures and the Brazen Bull,  
Are Emblems, rather than express the Full  
Of what he feels : Yet what he fears, is more :  
The ' Wretch, who sitting at his plenteous  
Board,

Look'd up, and view'd on high the pointed  
Sword

Hang o'er his Head, and hanging by a Twine,  
Did with less Dread, and more securely Dine.  
Ev'n in his Sleep he starts, and fears the  
Knife,

And, trembling, in his Arms, takes his  
Accomplice Wife :

Down, down he goes ; and from his Darling-  
Friend

Conceals the Woeshis guilty Dreams portend.

When I was young, I, like a lazy Fool,  
Wou'd blear my Eyes with Oyl to stay from  
School :

Averse from Pains, and loath to learn the Part  
Of *Cato*, dying with a dauntless Heart :

Though much my Master that stern Virtue  
prais'd,

Which, o'er the Vanquisher, the Vanquish'd  
rais'd ;

And my pleas'd Father came, with Pride,  
to see

His Boy defend the *Roman* Liberty. ' 90

But then my Study was to Cog the Dice,  
And dext'rously to throw the lucky Sice :

To shun Ames-Ace, that swept my Stakes  
away ;

And watch the Box, for fear they shou'd  
convey

False Bones, and put upon me in the Play.  
Careful, besides, the Whirling Top to whip,

And drive her giddy, till she fell asleep.

Thy Years are ripe, nor art thou yet to  
learn

What's Good or Ill, and both their Ends  
discern :

Thou, ' in the Stoick Porch, severely bred,  
Hast heard the *Dogma's* of great *Zeno* read :

Where on the Walls, by ' *Polignotus* Hand,  
The Conquer'd *Medians* in Trunk-Breeches  
stand :

Where the Shorn Youth to Midnight-  
Lectures rise,

Rous'd from their Slumbers, to be early wise:  
Where the coarse Cake, and homely Husks

of Beans,  
From pamp'ring Riot the young Stomach  
weans :

And ' where the *Santian* Y directs thy Steps  
to run

To Virtue's Narrow Steep, and Broad-way  
Vice to shun.

And yet thou snor'st ; thou draw'st thy  
Drunken Breath,

Sour with Debauch ; and sleep'st the Sleep  
of Death.

Thy Chaps are fallen, and thy Frame dis-  
joynd :

Thy Body as dissolv'd as is thy Mind.

Hast thou not, yet, propos'd some certain  
End,

To which thy Life, thy ev'ry Act may tend ?

103 Where] Some editors wrongly give There

Hast thou no Mark, at which to bend thy Bow?  
Or like a Boy pers'ust the Carrion Crow  
With Pellets, and with Stones from Tree to  
Tree :

A fruitless Toil, and livest *Extempore*? 120  
Watch the Disease in time: For, when  
within

The Dropsy rages, and extends the Skin,  
In vain for *Hellebore* the patient Cries,  
And Fees the Doctor; but too late is wise:  
Too late, for Cure, he proffers half his  
Wealth:

*Conquest* and *Gubbons* cannot give him  
Health.

Learn Wretches; learn the Motions of  
the Mind,  
Why you were made, for what you were  
design'd;

And the great Moral End of Humane Kind.  
Study thy self, What Rank, or what degree  
The wise Creator has ordain'd for thee: 131  
And all the Offices of that Estate  
Perform; and with thy Prudence guide thy  
Fate.

Pray justly, to be heard: Nor more desire  
Than what the Decencies of Life require.  
Learn what thou ow'st thy Country, and thy  
Friend;

What's requisite to spare, and what to spend:  
Learn this; and after, envy not the store  
Of the Greaz'd Advocate, that Grinds the  
Poor:

Fat <sup>10</sup> Fees from the defended *Umbrian*  
draws; 140

And only gains the wealthy Clients Cause;  
To whom the *Marsians* more Provisions send,  
Than he and all his Family can spend.

Gammons, that give a relish to the taste,  
And potted Fowl, and Fish come in so fast,  
That, e're, the first is out, the second stinks:  
And mouldy Mother gathers on the brinks.

But, here, some Captain of the Land, or  
Fleet,

Stout of his hands, but of a Souldiers Wit;  
Cries, I have sense to serve my turn, in store;  
And he's a Rascal who pretends to more.

Dammee, what-e're those Book-learn'd  
Blockheads say, 152

*Solan's* the veriest Fool in all the Play.  
Top-heavy Drones, and always looking down  
(As over-Ballasted within the Crown!)

Mutt'ring, betwixt their Lips, some Mystick  
thing,

Which, well examin'd, is flat Conjuring,  
Mere Madmen's Dreams: For, what the  
Schools have taught

Is only this, that nothing can be brought  
From nothing; and what is, can ne're  
be turn'd to nought. 160

Is it for this they study? to grow pale,  
And miss the Pleasures of a Glorious Meal?  
For this, in Rags accouter'd, they are seen,  
And made the May-game of the publick  
spleen?

Proceed, my Friend, and rail: But hear  
me tell

A story, which is just thy Parallel.

A Spark, like thee, of the Man-killing Trade,  
Fell sick; and thus to his Physician said:  
Methinks I am not right in ev'ry part;

I feel a kind of trembling at my Heart: 170  
My Pulse unequal, and my Breath is strong:  
Besides, a filthy Fur upon my Tongue.

The Doctor heard him, exercis'd his skill:  
And, after, bad him for four Days be still.

Three Days he took good Counsel, and began  
To mend, and look like a recover'ing Man:  
The fourth he cou'd not hold from Drink;  
but sends

His Boy to one of his old trusty Friends:  
Adjuring him, by all the Pow'rs Divine,  
To pity his Distress, who cou'd not Dine }

Without a Flaggon of his healing Wine.  
He drinks a swilling Draught: And, lin'd  
within, 182

Will supple, in the Bath, his outward skin:  
Whom shou'd he find, but his Physician there,  
Who, wisely, bad him once again beware.

Sir, you look Wan, you hardly draw your  
Breath;

Drinking is Dangerous, and the Bath is Death:  
'Tis Nothing, says the Fool: But, says the  
friend,

This Nothing, Sir, will bring you to your end.  
Do I not see your Dropsy-Belly swell? 190  
Your yellow Skin?—No more of that; I'm  
well.

I have already Buried two or three  
That stood betwixt a fair Estate and me, }

And, Doctor, I may live to Bury thee.  
Thou tell'st me, I look ill; and thou look'st  
worse.

I've done, says the Physician; take your  
Course.

188 But | but 1693.

But stranger Virtues yet in Streams we find,  
Some change not only Bodies, but the Mind : 480

Who has not heard of *Salmacis* obscene,  
Whose Waters into Women soften Men ?  
Of *Æthiopian* Lakes, which turn the Brain  
To Madness, or in heavy Sleep constrain ?  
*Clytorian* Streams the Love of Wine expel,  
(Such is the Virtue of th' abstemious Well :)  
Whether the colder Nymph that rules the Flood

Extinguishes, and balks the drunken God ;  
Or that *Melanpus* (so have some assur'd)  
When the mad *Proetides* with Charms he cur'd, 490

And pow'rful Herbs, both Charms and Simples cast

Into the sober Spring, where still their Virtues last.

Unlike Effects *Lyncestis* will produce ;  
Who drinks his Waters, tho' with moderate use,

Réels as with Wine, and sees with double Sight :

His Heels too heavy, and his Head too light.  
*Ladon*, once *Pheneos*, an *Arcadian* Stream,  
(Ambiguous in th' Effects, as in the Name)  
By Day is wholesom Bev'rage ; but is thought

By Night infected, and a deadly Draught.  
Thus running Rivers, and the standing Lake 501

Now of these virtues, now of those partake :  
Time was (and all Things Time and Fate obey)

When fast *Ortygia* floated on the Sea ;  
Such were *Cyanean* Isles, when *Tiphys* steer'd

Betwixt their Streights, and their Collision fear'd ;

They swam where now they sit ; and firmly join'd

Secure of rooting up, resist the Wind.  
Nor *Ælina* vomiting sulphureous Fire  
Will ever belch ; for Sulphur will expire, 510  
(The Veins exhausted of the liquid Store :)  
Time was she cast no Flames ; in time will cast no more.

For whether Earth's an Animal, and Air  
Imbibes, her Lungs with Coolness to repair.  
And what she sucks remits ; she still requires  
Inlets for Air, and Outlets for her Fires ;

When tortur'd with convulsive Fits she shakes,

That Motion chokes the vent, till other veit she shakes : 1

Or when the Winds in hollow Caves are clos'd,

And subtil Spirits find that way oppos'd,  
They toss up Flints in Air ; the Flints that hide 521

The Seeds of Fire, thus toss'd in Air, collide,  
Kindling the Sulphur, till the Fewel spent  
The Cave is cool'd, and the fierce Winds relent.

Or whether Sulphur, catching Fire, feeds on  
Its unctuous Parts, till all the Matter gone,  
The Flames no more ascend ; for Earth supplies

The Fat that feeds them ; and when Earth denies

That Food, by length of Time consum'd, the Fire

Famish'd for want of Fewel must expire.

A Race of Men there are, as Fame has told, 531

Who shiv'ring suffer *Hyperborean* Cold,  
Till nine times bathing in *Minerva's* Lake,  
Soft Feathers, to defend their naked Sides, they take.

'Tis said, the *Scythian* Wives (believe who will)

Transform themselves to Birds by Magick Skill ;

Smear'd over with an Oil of wond'rous Might,

That adds new Pinions to their airy Flight.  
But this by sure Experiment we know.

That living Creatures from Corruption grow : 540

Hide in a hollow Pit a slaughter'd Steer,  
Bees from his putrid Bowels will appear ;  
Who like their Parents haunt the Fields, and bring

Their Honey-Harvest home, and hope another Spring.

The Warlike-Steed is multiply'd we find,  
To Wasps and Hornets of the Warrior Kind.  
Cut from a Crab his crooked Claws, and hide  
The rest in Earth, a Scorpion's venom will glide

And shoot his Sting, his Tail in Circles toss'd  
Refers the Limbs his backward Father lost.

Purple; But canst d a Sword with the point downward, to be hangt over his Head, by a Silken Twine, which when he perceiv'd, he cou'd Eat nothing of the Delicates that were set before him

<sup>7</sup> *Thou, in the Stouck Porch, &c* The Stoucks taught their Philosophy under a *Porticus*, to secure their Scholars from the Weather. *Zeno* was the Chief of that Sect.

<sup>8</sup> *Polygnotus*. A famous painter, who drew the Pictures of the *Medes* and *Persians*, Conquer'd by *Miltiades*, *Themistocles*, and other *Athenian* Captains, on the Walls of the *Portico*, in their Natural Habits

<sup>9</sup> *And where the Samian Y, &c.* *Pythagoras* of *Samos* made the allusion of the *Y*, or Greek *Upsilon*, to Vice and Virtue. One side of the Letter, being broad, Characters Vice, to which the ascent is wide and ease. The other side represents Virtue; to which the Passage is strait

and difficult: And perhaps our Saviour might also allude to this, in those Noted words of the Evangelist, *The Way to Heaven, &c*

<sup>10</sup> *Fat Fees, &c.* *Casaubon* here Notes, that among all the *Romans* who were brought up to Learning, few besides the Orators, or Lawyers, grew Rich

<sup>11</sup> The *Martians* and *Umbrians* were the most Plentiful of all the Provinces in *Italy*

<sup>12</sup> *His Heels stretch'd out, &c* The *Romans* were Buried without the City, for which Reason the Poet says, that the Dead man's heels were stretch'd out towards the Gate

<sup>13</sup> *That Mad Orestes* *Orestes* was son to *Agamemnon* and *Chlœmnestra* *Orestes* to revenge his Fathers Death slew both *Egisthus* and his Mother: For which he was punish'd with Madness by the *Erinnydes*, or Furies, who continually haunted him.

## THE FOURTH SATYR.

## ARGUMENT | OF THE | FOURTH SATYR.

Our Author, living in the time of Nero, was Contemporary and Friend to the Noble Poet Lucan; both of them were sufficiently sensible, with all Good Men, how Unskilfully he manag'd the Commonwealth: And perhaps might guess at his future Tyranny, by some Passages, during the latter part of his first five years; tho he broke not out, into his great Excesses, while he was restrain'd by the Counsels and Authority of Seneca. Lucan has not spar'd him in the Poem of his Pharsalia: for his very Complement look'd askant, as well as Nero. Persius has been bolder, but with Caution likewise. For here, in the Person of young Alcibiades, he arraigns his Ambition of meddling with State Affairs, without Judgment or Experience. 'Tis probable that he makes Seneca, in this Satyr, sustain the part of Socrates, under a borrow'd Name. And, withal, discovers some secret Vices of Nero, concerning his Lust, his Drunkenness, and his Effeminacy, which had not yet arriv'd to publick Notice. He also reprehends the Flattery of his Courtiers, who endeavour'd to make all his Vices pass for Virtues. Covetousness was undoubtedly none of his Faults; but it is here described as a Veil cast over the True Meaning of the Poet, which was to Satyrise his Prodigality and Voluptuousness: to which he makes a transition. I find no Instance in History of that Emperor's

being a Pathique, though Persius seems to brand him with it. From the two dialogues of Plato, both call'd Alcibiades, the Poet took the Arguments of the Second and Third Satyr, but he inverted the order of them: For the Third Satyr is taken from the first of those Dialogues.

The Commentatours before *Casaubon* were ignorant of our Author's secret meaning; and thought he had only written against Young Noblemen in General, who were too forward in aspiring to publick Magistracy: But this Excellent Scholiast has unravell'd the whole Mystery: And made it apparent, that the Sting of this Satyr was particularly aim'd at Nero.

THE  
FOURTH SATYR.

WHO-E'RE thou art, whose forward ears are bent

On State-Affairs, to guide the Government;  
Hear, first, what *Socrates* of old has said  
To the lov'd Youth, whom he, at *Athens* bred.

Tell me, thou Pupil to great *Pericles*,  
Our second hope, my *Alcibiades*,  
What are the grounds, from whence thou dost prepare

To undertake so young, so vast a Care?  
Perhaps thy Wit: (A Chance not often heard,  
That Parts and Prudence shou'd prevent  
the Beard:)

'Tis seldom seen that Senators so young  
Know when to speak, and when to hold  
their Tongue.



Sure thou art born to some peculiar Fate;  
When the mad People rise against the State,  
To look them into Duty: and command  
An awful Silence with thy lifted hand.

Then to bespeak 'em thus: *Athenians*, know  
Against right Reason all your Counsels go;  
This is not Fair: nor Profitable that;  
Nor t'other Question Proper for Debate. 20  
But thou, no doubt, can'st set the business  
right,

And give each Argument its proper weight:  
Know'st, with an equal hand, to hold the  
Scale:

See'st where the Reasons pinch, and where  
they fail,  
And where Exceptions, o're the general  
Rule, prevail.

And, taught by Inspiration, in a trice.  
Can'st 'punish Crimes, and brand offending  
Vice. [as these.

Leave; leave to fathom such high points  
Nor be ambitious, e're thy time, to please:  
Unseasonably Wise, till Age, and Cares. 30  
Have form'd thy Soul, to manage Great  
Affairs.

Thy Face, thy Shape, thy Outside, are but  
vain;

Thou hast not strength such Labours to  
sustain:

Drink *'Hellebore*, my Boy, drink deep, and  
purge thy brain.

What aim'st thou at, and whither tends  
thy Care,

In what thy utmost Good? Delicious Fare:  
And, then, to Sun thy self in open air.

Hold, hold; are all thy empty Wishes such?  
A good old Woman wou'd have said as much.  
But thou art nobly born; 'tis true; go boast  
Thy Pedigree, the thing thou valu'st most:  
Besides thou art a Beau: What's that, my  
Child? 42

A Fop, well drest, extravagant, and wild:  
She that cries Herbs, has less impertinence;  
And, in her Calling, more of common sense.

None, none descends into himself, to find  
The secret Imperfections of his Mind:

But ev'ry one is Eagle-ey'd, to see  
Another's Faults, and his Deformity. 49

Say, do'st thou know *'Vecidius*? Who,  
the Wretch [stretch;

Whose Lands beyond the *Sabines* largely

Cover the Country, that a sailing Kite  
Can scarce o'reflye 'em in: day and night;  
Him, do'st thou mean, who, spight of all  
his store,

Is ever Craving, and will still be Poor?  
Who cheats for Half-pence, and who do's  
his Coat,

To save a Farthing in a Ferry-Boat?  
Ever a Glutton, at another's Cost,  
But in whose Kitchin dwells perpetual Frost?  
Who eats and drinks with his Domestick  
Slaves; 50

A verier Hind than any of his Knaves?  
Born with the Curse and Anger of the Gods,  
And that indulgent Genius he defrands?  
At Harvest-home, and on the Sheering-Day,  
When he shou'd 'Thanks to *Pan* and *Pales*  
pay,

And better *Cares*; trembling to approach  
The little Barrel, which he fears to broach:  
He 'says the Wimple, often draws it back.  
And deals to thirsty Servants but a smack.  
To a short Meal, he makes a tedious Grace. 70  
Before the Barly Pudding comes in place:  
Then, bids fall on; himself, for saving  
charges,

A peel'd slic'd Onyon eats, and tipples  
Verjuice.

Thus fares the Drudge: But thou, whose  
life's a Dream

Of lazy Pleasures, tak'st a worse Extream.  
'Tis all thy bus'ness, bus'ness how to shun:  
To bask thy naked Body in the Sun;  
Suppling thy stiffen'd Joints with fragrant  
Oyl:

Then, in thy spacious Garden, walk a while,  
To suck the Moisture up, and soak it in: 80  
And this, thou think'st, but vainly think'st,  
unsan.

But, know, thou art observ'd: And there  
are those [sins expose.

Who, if they durst, would all thy secret  
The 'depilation of thy modest part:  
Thy *Calamite*, the Darling of thy Heart,  
His Engin'-hand, and ev'ry leuder Art. }

When prone to bear, and patient to receive.  
Thou tak'st the pleasure which thou canst  
not give.

With odorous Oyl thy head and hair are sleek;  
And then thou kemb'st the Tuzzes on thy  
Cheek: 90

Of these thy Barbers take a costly care,  
While thy salt T<sup>u</sup>l is overgrown with hair.  
Not all thy Pincers, nor unmanly Arts,  
Can smooth the roughness of thy shameful parts.

Not <sup>1</sup>five, the strongest that the Circus breeds,  
From the rank Soil can root those wicked Weeds:

Though suppl'd first with Soap, to ease thy pain,  
The stubborn Fern springs up, and sprouts again.

Thus others we with Defamations wound,  
While they stab us; and so the Jest goes round.

Vain are thy Hopes, to scape censorious Eyes;

Truth will appear, through all the thin Disguise:

Thou hast an Ulcer which no Leach can heal,  
Though thy broad Shoulder-belt the Wound conceal.

Say thou art sound and hale in ev'ry part,  
We know, we know thee rotten at thy heart.  
We know thee sullen, impotent, and proud:  
Nor canst thou cheat thy <sup>2</sup>Nerve, who cheat'st the Croud.

But when they praise me, in the Neighbourhood,

When the pleas'd People take me for a God,  
Shall I refuse their Incense? Not receive  
The loud Applauses which the Vulgar give?

If thou do'st Wealth, with longing Eyes, behold;

And, greedily, art gaping after Gold;  
If some alluring Girl, in gliding by,

Shall tip the wink, with a lascivious Eye,  
And thou, with a consenting glance, reply;

If thou, thy own Solicitor become,  
And bid'st arise the lumpish *Pendulum*:

If thy lewd Lust provokes an empty storm,  
And prompts to more than Nature can perform;

If, with thy <sup>10</sup>Guards, thou scour'st the Streets by night,

And do'st in Murders, Rapes, and Spoils delight;

Please not thy self, the flatt'ring Crowd to hear;

'Tis fulsome stuff, to feed thy itching Ear.

Reject the nauseous Praises of the Times:  
Give thy base Poets back their cobbled Rhymes:

Survey thy <sup>11</sup>Soul, not what thou do'st appear,  
But what thou art; and find the Beggar there.

*The End of the Fourth Satyr.*

## NOTES TO THE FOURTH SATYR.

<sup>1</sup> *Socrates*, whom the Oracle of *Delphos* prais'd as the wisest Man of his Age, liv'd in the time of the *Peloponnesian War*. He, finding the Uncertainty of Natural Philosophy, appli'd himself wholly to the Moral. He was Master to *Xenophon* and *Plato*, and to many of the *Athenian* Young Noblemen; amongst the rest to *Alcibiades*, the most lovely Youth then living; Afterwards a Famous Captain, whose Life is written by *Plutarch*.

<sup>2</sup> *Pericles* was Tutor, or rather Overseer of the Will of *Clinias*, Father to *Alcibiades*. While *Pericles* liv'd, who was a wise Man, and an Excellent Orator, as well as a Great General, the *Athenians* had the better of the War.

<sup>3</sup> *Can'st punish Crimes*, &c. That is by Death. When the Judges would Condemn a Malefactor, they cast their Votes into an Urn; as according to the Modern Custom, a Ballotting-Box. If the Suffrages were mark'd with  $\Theta$  they signify'd the Sentence of Death to the Offendor, as being the first Letter of *Θάνατος*, which in English is Death.

<sup>4</sup> *Drink Hellebore*, &c. The Poet wou'd say, that such an ignorant Young Man, as he here describes, is fitter to be govern'd himself, than to

govern others. He therefore advises him to drink *Hellebore*, which purges the Brain.

<sup>5</sup> *Say, dost thou know Vectidius*, &c. The Name of *Vectidius* is here us'd Appellatively to signify any Rich Covetous Man; though perhaps there might be a Man of that Name then living. I have translated this passage paraphrastically, and loosely. And leave it to those to look on, who are not unlike the Picture.

<sup>6</sup> *When He shou'd thanks*, &c. *Pau* the God of Shepherds, and *Pales* the Goddess presiding over rural Affairs; whom *Virgil* invokes in the beginning of his Second *Georgique*. I give the Epithete of *Better* to *Ceres*, because she first taught the Use of Corn for Bread, as the Poets tell us; Men, in the first rude Ages, feeding only on Acorns or Mast instead of Bread.

<sup>7</sup> [Note suppressed.]

<sup>8</sup> *Not five the Strongest*, &c. The Learned *Holiday*, (who has made us amends for his bad Poetry in this and the rest of these Satyrs with his excellent Illustrations,) here tells us, from good Authority, that the Number Five does not allude to the *Five Fingers* of one Man, who us'd them all in taking off the Hairs before mention'd; but

to Five Strong Men, such as were skillful in the five robust Exercises then in Practice at Rome, and were perform'd in the Circus, or publick place, ordain'd for them. These five he reckons up in this manner. 1. The *Cestus*, or Whirlbarts, describ'd by *Virgil*, in his fifth Eneid. And this was the most dangerous of all the rest. The 2d was the *Foot-race*. The Third the *Discus*, like the throwing a weighty Ball, a sport now us'd in *Cornwall*, and other parts of *England*: We may see it daily practis'd in *Red-Lyon-Fields*. The Fourth was the *Sallus*, or Leaping: And the fifth *Wrestling Naked* and besmear'd with Oyl. They who were Practis'd in these five Manly Exercises were call'd *Περπαδοι*.

[Note suppressed.]

"If, with thy Guards, &c. *Persius* durst not have been so bold with *A. rō*, as I dare now & therefore there is only an intimation of that in him, which I publicly speak: I mean of *Aero's* walking the Streets by Night in disguise; and committing all sorts of Outrages: For which he was sometimes well beaten.

"Survey thy Soul, &c. That is, look into thy self, and examine thy own Conscience, there thou shalt find, that how wealthy soever thou appear'st to the World, yet thou art but a Beggar: because thou art destitute of all Virtues, which are the Riches of the Soul. This also was a Paradox of the Stoick School.

## THE FIFTH SATYR.

### ARGUMENT | OF THE | FIFTH SATYR.

The judicious *Casaubon*, in his *Proem* to this Satyr, tells us, that *Aristophanes*, the *Grammarian*, being ask'd, what poem of *Archilochus* his *Iambicks* he prefer'd before the rest; answer'd, the longest. His answer may justly be apply'd to this Fifth Satyr; which, being of a greater length than any of the rest, is also, by far, the most instructive. For this Reason I have selected it from all the others, and inscribed it to my Learned Master, Doctor Busby; to whom I am not only oblig'd myself for the best part of my own Education, and that of my two Sons, but have also receiv'd from him the first and truest Taste of *Persius*. May he be pleased to find in this Translation, the Gratitude, or at least some small Acknowledgment of his unworthy Scholar, at the distance of 42 Years, from the time when I departed from under his Tuition.

This Satyr consists of two distinct Parts: The first contains the Praises of the Stoick philosopher *Cornutus*, Master and Tutor to our *Persius*. It also declares the Love and Piety of *Persius*, to his well-deserving Master; And the Mutual Friendship which continu'd betwixt them, after *Persius* was now grown a Man. As also his Exhortation to Young Noblemen, that they would enter themselves into his Institution. From hence he makes an artful Transition into the second Part of his Subject: Wherein he first complains of the Sloath of Scholars, and afterwards persuades them to the pursuit of their true Liberty: Here our Author excellently Treats that Paradox of the Stoicks, which affirms, that the

Wise or Virtuous Man is only Free, and that all Vicious Men are Naturally Slave. And, in the Illustration of this Dogma, he takes up the remaining part of this mimtable Satyr.

### THE FIFTH SATYR.

Inscrib'd to The Reverend Dr. Busby.

The Speakers *Persius* and *Cornutus*.

PERS.

Of ancient use to Poets it belongs,  
To wish themselves an hundred Mouths and  
Tongues:  
Whether to the well-lung'd Tragedians Rage  
They recommend their Labours of the Stage,  
Or sing the *Parthian*, when transfix'd he lies,  
Wrenching the Roman Javelin from his  
thighs.

CORN.

And why wou'dst thou these mighty  
Morrels chuse,  
Of Words unchan'd, and sit to choke the  
Muse?  
Let *Fustian* Poets with their Stuff be gone,  
And suck the Mists that hang o're *Helicon*;  
When <sup>1</sup> *Progne's* or <sup>2</sup> *Thyestes's* Feast they  
write;  
And, for the mouthing Actor, Verse indite.  
Thou neither, like a Bellows, swell'st thy  
Face,  
As if thou wert to blow the burning Mass

<sup>1</sup> *Progne's* All the English editors give *Progne*. They have consulted neither *Dryden's* text nor *Persius*, hardly even *Dryden's* note which they print.

Of melting Ore ; nor can'st thou strain thy  
Throat,  
Or murmur in an undistinguish'd Note ;  
Like rowling Thunder, till it breaks the Cloud,  
And rattling Nonsense is discharg'd aloud.  
Soft Elocution does thy Stile renown,  
And the sweet Accents of the peaceful Gown :  
Gentle or sharp, according to thy choice, 21  
To laugh at Follies, or to lash at Vice.  
Hence draw thy Theme, and to the Stage  
permit  
Raw-head and Bloody-Bones, and Hands  
and Feet,  
Ragousts for *Tereus* or *Thyestes* drest ;  
'Tis Task enough for thee to expose a *Roman*  
Feast.

## PERS.

'Tis not, indeed, my Talent to engage  
In lofty Trifles, or to swell my Page  
With Wind and Noise ; but freely to impart,  
As to a Friend, the Secrets of my heart ; 30  
And, in familiar Speech, to let thee know  
How much I love thee, and how much I owe.  
Knock on my Heart : for thou hast skill  
to find  
If it sound solid, or be fill'd with Wind ;  
And, thro the veil of words, thou view'st  
the naked Mind.

For this a hundred Voices I desire,  
To tell thee what an hundred Tongues wou'd  
tire ;

Yet never cou'd be worthily exprest,  
How deeply thou art seated in my Breast.

When first my <sup>3</sup> Childish Robe resign'd  
the charge ; 40

And left me, unconfin'd, to live at large ;  
When now my golden *Bulla* (hung on high  
To Household Gods) declar'd me past  
a Boy ;

And my <sup>4</sup> white Shield proclaim'd my  
Liberty ;

When with my wild Companions, I could rowl  
From <sup>5</sup> Street to Street, and sin without  
controul ;

Just at that Age, when Manhood set me free,  
I then depos'd my self, and left the Reins to  
thee.

On thy wise Bosom I repos'd my Head ;  
And by my better <sup>6</sup> *Socrates* was bred. 50  
Then, thy streight Rule set Virtue in my  
<sup>7</sup> sight,

The crooked Line reforming by the right.

My Reason took the bent of thy Command,  
Was form'd and polish'd by thy skilful hand :  
Long Summer-days thy Precepts I reherse ;  
And Winter-nights were short in our con-  
verse :

One was our Labour, one was our Repose ;  
One frugal Supper did our Studies close.  
Sure on our Birth some friendly Planet  
shone :

And, as our <sup>8</sup> Souls, our Horoscope was one  
Whether the <sup>9</sup> mounting Twins did Heav'n  
adorn, 61

Or with the rising Ballance <sup>10</sup> we were born ;  
Both have the same Impressions from above ;  
And both have <sup>11</sup> *Saturn's* rage repell'd by  
*Jove*

What Star I know not, but some Star I find,  
Has given Thee an Ascendant o're my Mind.

## CORN.

Nature is ever various in her Frame :  
Each has a different Will ; and few the  
same :

The greedy Merchants, led by lucre, run  
To the parch'd *Indies*, and the rising Sun ; 70  
From thence hot Pepper, and rich Drugs  
they bear,

Bart'ring for Spices their *Italian* Ware ;  
The lazy Glutton safe at home will keep,  
Indulge his Sloth, and batten with his  
Sleep :

One bribes for high Preferments in the  
State ;

A second shakes the Box, and sits up late  
Another shakes the Bed ; dissolving there,  
Till knots upon his Gouty Joints appear,  
And Chalk is in his crippled Fingers found ;  
Rots like a Doddard Oke, and piecemeal  
falls to ground. 80

Then, his lewd Follies he wou'd late repent ;  
And his past years, that in a Mist were spent.

## PERS.

But thou art pale, in nightly Studies,  
grown,

To make the <sup>12</sup> *Stoick* Institutes thy own ;  
Thou, long, with studious Care, hast till'd  
our Youth,

And sown our well-purg'd Ears with whole-  
som Truth :

80 Doddard] The editor's wrongly print  
doddard

From thee both old and young, with profit,  
learn  
The bounds of Good and Evil to discern.

CORN.

Unhappy he who does this Work ad-  
journ;  
And to To Morrow would the search delay:  
His lazy Morrow will be like to day. 91

PERS.

But is one day of Ease too much to borrow?

CORN.

Yes, sure: For Yesterday was once To  
Morrow.

That Yesterday is gone, and nothing gain'd:  
And all thy fruitless days will thus be  
drain'd;

For thou hast more To Morrows yet to ask,  
And wilt be ever to begin thy Task;  
Who, like the hindmost Chariot Wheels, art  
curst;

Still to be near; but ne're to reach the first.  
O Freedom! first Delight of Humane  
Kind! 100

Not that which Bondmen from their Masters  
find,

The "Privilege of Doles; not yet t' inscribe  
Their Names "in this or t'other Roman  
Tribe:

That false Enfranchisement, with ease is  
found:

Slaves are "made Citizens, by turning round.  
How, replies one, can any be more free?

Here's *Dama*, once a Groom of low degree  
Not worth a Farthing, and a Sot beside;

So true a Rogue, for lying's sake he ly'd:  
But, with a turn, a Freeman he became: 110

Now "Marcus *Dama* is his Worship's

Name:

Good Gods! who wou'd refuse to lend a  
Sum,

If Wealthy *Marcus* Surety will become!

*Marcus* is made a Judge, and for a Proof  
Of certain Truth, *He said it*, is enough.

A Will is to be prov'd; put in your Claim;  
'Tis clear, if "Marcus has subscrib'd his  
Name.

This is "true Liberty, as I believe;  
What farther can we from our Caps  
receive,

Than as we please, without Control to  
live? 120

Not more to "Noble *Brutus* could belong.  
Hold, says the Stoick, y<sup>e</sup>r Assumption's  
wrong;

I grant true Freedom you have well defin'd:  
But living as you list, and to your mind,  
Are loosely tack'd; and must be left  
behind.

What, since the Prætor did my Fetters loose  
And left me freely at my own dispose,  
May I not live without Control or Awe,  
Excepting still the "Letter of the Law?

Hear n<sup>e</sup> with patience, while thy Mine  
I free 130

From those fond Notions of false Liberty:  
'Tis not the Prætor's Province to bestow  
True Freedom; nor to teach Mankind to  
know

What to our selves, or to our Friends we  
owe.

He cou'd not set thee free from Cares and  
Strife;

Nor give the Reins to a lewd vicious life:  
As well he for an Ass a Harp might string,  
Which is against the Reason of the thing;  
For Reason still is whisp'ring in your Ear,  
Where you are sure to fail, th' Attempt  
forbear. 140

No need of Publick Sanctions this to bind,  
Which Nature has implanted in the Mind:  
Not to pursue the Work, to which we're not  
design'd.

Unskill'd in *Hellebore*, if thou shou'd'st  
try

To mix it, and mistake the Quantity,  
The Rules of Physick wou'd against thee  
cry.

The High-shoo'd Ploughman, shou'd he  
quit the Land,

To take the Pilot's Rudder in his hand,  
Artless of Stars, and of the moving Sand,

The Gods wou'd leave him to the Wave  
and Wind, 15

And think all Shame lost in Human  
Kind.

Tell me, my Friend, from whence had'st  
thou the skill,

So nicely to distinguish Good from Ill?  
Or by the sound to judge of Gold and Brass  
What piece is Tinkers Metal, what will pass  
And what thou art to follow, what to flye,  
This to condemn, and that to ratify? 16

When to be Bountiful, and when to Spare,  
 But never Craving, or oppress'd with Care?  
 The Bards of Gifts, and Money to despise, 160  
 And look on Wealth with undesiring Eyes?  
 When thou can'st truly call these Virtues  
 thine,  
 Be Wise and Free, by Heav'n's consent  
 and mine.

But thou, who lately of the common strain,  
 Wert one of us, if still thou do'st retain  
 The same ill Habits, the same Follies too,  
 Gloss'd over only with a Saint-like show,  
 Then I resume the freedom which I gave,  
 Still thou art bound to Vice, and still a Slave.  
 Thou can'st not wag thy Finger, or begin 170  
*The least light motion, but it tends to sin.*

How's this? Not wag my Finger, he replies?  
 No, Friend; nor fuming Gums, nor Sacrifice,  
 Can ever make a Madman free, or wise.  
 "Virtue and Vice are never in one Soul:  
 "A Man is wholly Wise, or wholly is a Fool.  
 A heavy Bumpkin, taught with daily care,  
 Can never dance three steps with a becoming  
 air.

PERS.

In spite of this, my Freedom still remains.

CORN.

Free, what and fetter'd with so many  
 Chains? 180  
 Can'st thou no other Master understand  
 Than him that freed thee by the Prætor's  
 Wand?

Shou'd he, who was thy Lord, command  
 thee now,

With a harsh Voice, and supercilious Brow,  
 To servile Duties, thou wou'd'st fear no  
 more;

The Gallows and the Whip are out of door.  
 But if thy Passions lord it in thy Breast,  
 Art thou not still a Slave, and still oppress?

Whether alone, or in thy Harlot's Lap,  
 When thou wou'd'st take a lazy Morning's  
 Nap; 190

Up, up, says Avarice; thou snor'st again,  
 Stretchest thy Limbs, and yawn'st, but all  
 in vain;

The Tyrant Lucre no denial takes;  
 At his Command th' unwilling Sluggard  
 wakes.

What must I do? he cries: What? says  
 his Lord:

Why rise, make ready, and go straight aboard:

With Fish, from *Euxine* Seas, thy Vessel  
 freight;

Flax, Castor, *Coan* Wines, the precious  
 Weight

Of Pepper, and *Sabea* Incense, take  
 With thy own hands, from the tir'd Camel's  
 back: 200  
 And with Post-haste thy running Markets  
 make.

Be sure to turn the Penny: lye and swear;  
 'Tis wholesom sin: But *Jove*, thou say'st,  
 will hear:

Swear, Fool, or starve; for the Dilemma's  
 even:

A Tradesman thou! and hope to go to  
 Heav'n?

Resolv'd for Sea, the Slaves thy Baggage  
 pack,

Each saddled, with his Burden on his back;  
 Nothing retards thy Voyage, now; unless  
 Thy other Lord forbids, Voluptuousness:  
 And he may ask this civil Question: Friend,  
 What do'st thou make a Shipboard? to  
 what end? 211

Art thou of *Bethlem's* Noble College free?  
 Stark, staring mad; that thou wou'd'st  
 tempt the Sea?

Cubb'd in a Cabin, on a Mattress laid,  
 On a Brown *George*, with lowsie Swobbers,  
 fed,

Dead Wine, that stinks of the *Borrrachio*, sup  
 From a foul Jack, or greasie Maple Cup?  
 Say, wou'd'st thou bear all this, to raise  
 thy store

From Six i' th' Hundred, to Six Hundred  
 more?

Indulge, and to thy Genius freely give; 220  
 For, not to live at ease, is not to live;  
 Death stalks behind thee: and each flying  
 Hour

Does some loose Remnant of thy Life devour.  
 Live, while thou liv'st: For Death will  
 make us all

A Name, a nothing but an Old Wife's Tale.  
 Speak; wilt thou Avarice, or Pleasure  
 chuse

To be thy Lord? Take one, and one refuse.  
 But both, by turns, the Rule of thee will  
 have;

And thou, betwixt 'em both, wilt be a Slave.  
 Nor think when once thou hast resisted  
 one, 230

That all thy Marks of Servitude are gone:

The struggling Greyhound gnaws his Leash in vain ;

If, when 'tis broken, still he drags the Chain.  
Says <sup>21</sup> *Phædria* to his Man, Believe me, Friend,

To this uneasie Love I'll put an End :  
Shall I run out of all ? My Friends disgrace,  
And be the first lewd Unthrif of my Race ?  
Shall I the Neighbours Nightly rest invade  
At her deaf Doors, with some vile Serenade ?  
Well hast thou freed thy self, his Man  
replies ;

240  
Go, thank the Gods, and offer Sacrifice.  
Ah, says the Youth, if we unkindly part.  
Will not the Poor fond Creature break her Heart ?

Weak Soul ! And blindly to Destruction led !  
She break her Heart ! She'll sooner break  
your Head.

She knows her Man, and when you Rant  
and Swear,

Can draw you to her *with a single Hair*.

But shall I not return ? Now, when she  
Sues ?

Shall I my own, and her Desires refuse ?  
Sir, take your Course : But my Advice is  
plain :

250  
Once freed, 'tis Madness to resume your  
Chain.

Ay ; there's the Man, who loos'd from  
Lust and Pelf,

Less to the Prætor owes, than to himself.  
But write him down a Slave, who, humbly  
proud,

With Presents begs Preferments from the  
•Crowd ;

That early <sup>22</sup> Suppliant, who salutes the  
Tribes,  
And sets the Mob to scramble for his Bribes :  
That some old Dotard, sitting in the Sun,  
On Holydays may tell, that such a Feat  
was done :

In future times this will be counted rare. 260  
Thy Superstition too may claim a share :  
When Flow'rs are strew'd, and Lamps in  
order plac'd,

And Windows with Illuminations grac'd,  
On <sup>23</sup> *Hærod's* Day ; when sparkling Bools  
go round,  
And *Tunny's* Tails in savoury Sauce are  
drown'd,

Thou mutter'st Prayers obscene ; nor do'st  
refuse

The Fasts and Sabbaths of the curtail'd *Jews*.  
Then a crack'd <sup>24</sup> Eggshell thy sick Fancy  
frights,

Besides the Childish Fear of Walking Sprights.  
Of o'regrown Guelding Priests thou art afraid :  
The Timbrel, and the Squintifego Maid 271  
Of *Isis*, awe thee : lest the Gods, for sin,  
Shou'd, with a swelling Dropsie, stuff thy  
skin :

Unless three Garlick Heads the Curse avert,  
Eaten each Morn, devoutly, next thy heart.

Preach this among the brawny Guards,  
say'st thou,

And see if they thy Doctrine will allow :  
The dull fat Captain, with a Hound's deep  
throat,

Wou'd bellow out a Laugh, in a Base Note ;  
And prize a hundred *Zeno's* just as much 280  
As a clipt Sixpence, or a Schilling *Dutch*.

### *The End of the Fifth Satyr.*

### NOTES TO THE FIFTH SATYR.

<sup>1</sup> *Progne* was Wife to *Tereus*, King of *Thracia* :  
*Tereus* fell in Love with *Philomela*, Sister to  
*Progne*, ravish'd her, and cut out her Tongue : In  
Revenge of which, *Progne* kill'd *Hys*, her own  
Son by *Tereus*, and serv'd him up at a Feast, to  
be eaten by his Father.

<sup>2</sup> *Thyestes* and *Atræus* were Brothers, both  
Kings : *Atræus*, to Revenge himself of his un-  
natural Brother, kill'd the Sons of *Thyestes*, and  
invited him to eat them.

<sup>3</sup> By the Childish Robe is meant the *Prætexta*,  
or first Gowns which the *Roman* Children of  
Quality wore : These were Weltd with Purple :  
And on those Welts were fasten'd the *Bulla*, or  
little Bells, which when they came to the Age of

*Puberty* were hung up and consecrated to the  
*Lares*, or Household Gods

<sup>4</sup> The first Shields which the *Roman* Youths  
wore, were white, and without any Impress or  
Device on Them, to shew they had yet Achiev'd  
nothing in the Wars.

<sup>5</sup> *Socrates* by the Oracle was declar'd to be the  
wisest of Mankind : He instructed many of the  
*Athenian* Young Noblemen in Morality, and  
amongst the rest *Alcibiades*

<sup>6</sup> Astrologers divide the Heaven into Twelve  
parts, according to the Number of the 12 Signs of  
the Zodiac : The Sign or Constellation which  
rises in the East, at the Birth of any Man,  
is call'd the Ascendant : *Persius*, therefore,

judges that and he *Cornutus* had the same or a like Nativity.

<sup>7</sup> The Sign of *Geminii*.

<sup>8</sup> The Sign of *Libra*.

<sup>9</sup> Astrologers have an Axiome, that whatsoever *Saturn* lies is loos'd by *Jupiter*: They account *Saturn* to be a Planet of a Malevolent Nature, and *Jupiter* of a Propitious Influence.

<sup>10</sup> *Zeno* was the great Master of the Stoick Philosophy: And *Cleanthes* was second to him in Reputation: *Cornutus*, who was Master or Tutor to *Persius*, was of the same School.

<sup>11</sup> When a Slave was made free, he had the Privilege of a *Roman* Born, which was to have a share in the Donatives or Doles of Bread, &c. which were Distributed by the Magistrates amongst the People.

<sup>12</sup> The *Roman* People was Distributed into several Tribes: He who was made free was enroll'd into some one of them, and thereupon enjoy'd the common Privileges of a *Roman* Citizen.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>13</sup> The Master, who intended to infranchise a Slave, carried him before the City *Prætor*, and turn'd him round, using these words, *I will that this Man be free*.

<sup>14</sup> Slaves had only one Name before their Freedom: After it they were admitted to a *Prænomen*, like our Christen'd Names; so *Dama* is now call'd *Marcus Dama*.

<sup>15</sup> At the Proof of a Testament, the Magistrates were to subscribe their Names, as allowing the Legality of the Will.

<sup>16</sup> Slaves, when they were set free, had a Cap given them, in Sign of their Liberty.

<sup>17</sup> *Brutus* freed the *Roman* People from the Tyranny of the *Tarquins*, and chang'd the Form of the Government into a glorious Common-wealth.

<sup>18</sup> The Text of the *Roman* Laws was written in Red Letters; which was call'd the *Rubrick*; Translated here, in more general words, *The Letter of the Law*.

<sup>19</sup> The Stoicks held this Paradox, That any one Vice, or Notorious Folly, which they call'd Madness, hinder'd a Man from being Virtuous: That

a Man was of a Piece, without a Mixture, either wholly Vicious or Good; one Virtue or Vice, according to them, including all the rest.

<sup>20</sup> The *Prætor* held a Wand in his hand, with which he softly struck the Slave on the Head when he declar'd him free.

<sup>21</sup> This alludes to the Play of *Terence*, call'd the *Eunuch*, which was excellently imitated of late in *English* by Sir *Charles Sedley*: In the first Scene of that Comedy, *Phadria* was introduc'd with his Man *Pamphilus*, Discoursing, whether he shou'd leave his Mistress *Thais*, or return to her, now that she had invited him.

<sup>22</sup> He who sued for any Office amongst the *Romans* was called a Candidate, because he wore a white Gown: And sometimes Chalk'd it to make it appear whiter. He rose early, and went to the *Leves* of those who headed the People: Saluted also the Tribes severally, when they were gather'd together to chuse their Magistrates; and Distributed a Largess amongst them, to engage them for their Voices: Much resembling our Elections of Parliament-Men.

<sup>23</sup> The Commentators are divided, what *Herod* this was, whom our Author mentions: Whether *Herod* the Great, whose Birth-day might possibly be celebrated, after his Death, by the *Heradians*, a Sect amongst the Jews, who thought him their Messiah; or *Herod Agrippa*, living in the Author's time and after it. The latter seems the more probable opinion.

<sup>24</sup> The Ancients had a Superstition, contrary to ours concerning Egg-shells: They thought that if an Egg-shell were crack'd, or a Hole bor'd in the bottom of it, they were Subject to the Power of Sorcery. We as vainly break the Bottom of an Egg shell, and cross it when we have eaten the Egg, lest some Hag shou'd make use of it in bewitching us, or sailing over the sea in it, if it were whole.

The rest of the Priests of *Isis*, and her one-eyed or squinting Priestess is more largely treated in the Sixth Satyr of *Juvenal*, where the Superstitions of Women are related.

## THE SIXTH SATYR.

## ARGUMENT | OF THE | SIXTH SATYR.

This Sixth Satyr Treats an admirable Common-place of Moral Philosophy; Of the true Use of Riches. They are certainly intended, by the Power who bestows them, as Instruments and Helps of living Commodiously our selves, and of Administering to the Wants of others who are oppress'd by Fortune. There are two Extreams in the Opinions of Men concerning them. One Error, though on the right hand, yet a great one, is, That they are no Helps to a Virtuous Life; The other places all our Happiness in the Acquisi-

tion and Possession of them: and his is undoubtedly, the worse Extream. The Mean betwixt these, is the Opinion of the Stoicks: Which is, That Riches may be Useful to the leading a Virtuous Life; in case we rightly understand how to Give according to right Reason; and how to receive what is given us by others. The Virtue of Giving Well, is call'd Liberality; and 'tis of this Virtue that *Persius* writes in this Satyr: Wherein he not only shows the lawful Use of Riches, but also sharply inveighs against the Vices which are oppos'd to it: And especially of those, which consist in the Defects of Giving



or Spending, or in the Abuse of Riches. He writes to Cæsius Bassus, his Friend, and a Poet also. Enquires first of his Health and Studies; and afterwards informs him of his own, and where he is now resident. He gives an account of himself, that he is endeavouring by little and little to wear off his Vices; and particularly, that he is combating Ambition and the Desire of Wealth. He dwells upon the latter Vice; And being sensible that few Men either Desire, or Use Riches as they ought, he endeavours to convince them of their Folly; which is the main Design of the whole Satyr.

### THE SIXTH SATYR.

To Cæsius Bassus, a Lyrick Poet.

Has Winter caus'd thee, Friend, to change thy Seat,  
And seek, in <sup>1</sup> Sabine Air, a warm retreat?  
Say, dost thou yet the Roman Harp command?<sup>7</sup>

Do the Strings Answer to thy Noble hand?  
Great Master of the Muse, inspir'd to Sing  
The Beauties of the first Created Spring;  
The Pedigree of Nature to rehearse;  
And sound the Maker's Work, in equal Verse.  
Now,<sup>2</sup> sporting on thy Lyre the Loves of Youth,

Now Virtuous Age, and venerable Truth; 10  
Expressing justly Sapho's wanton Art  
Of Odes, and Pindar's more Majestick part.

For me, my warmer Constitution wants  
More cold, than our Ligurian Winter grants;  
And, therefore, to my Native Shores retir'd,  
I view the Coast old Ennius once admir'd;  
Where Cliffs on either side their points display;

And, after, opening in an ampler way, 18  
Afford the pleasing Prospect of the Bay.  
'Tis worth your while, O Romans, to regard  
The Port of Luna, says our Learned Bard:  
Who, in <sup>3</sup> a Drunken Dream, beheld his Soul  
The Fifth within the Transmigrating roul;  
Which first a Peacock, then Euphorbus was,  
Then Homer next, and next Pythagoras;  
And last of all the Line did into Ennius pass.

<sup>18</sup> after.] The editors wrongly omit the comma.

Secure and free from <sup>4</sup> Business of the State;  
And more secure of what the vulgar Prate,  
Here I enjoy my private Thoughts; nor care  
What Rots for Sheep the Southern Winds prepare: 30  
Survey the Neighb'ring Fields, and not repine,  
When I behold a larger Crop than mine:  
To see a Beggar's Brat in Riches flow,  
Adds not a Wrinkle to my even Brow;  
Nor, envious at the sight, will I forbear  
My plentious Bowl, nor bate my bounteous Cheer;

Nor yet unscal the Dregs of Wine that stink  
Of Cask; nor in a nasty Flaggon Drink;  
Let others stuff their Guts with homely fare:  
For Men of diff'rent Inclinations are; 40  
Tho born, perhaps, beneath one common Star.

In minds and manners Twins oppos'd we see  
In the same Sign, almost the same Degree:  
One, Frugal, on his Birth-Day fears to dine,  
Does at a Penny's cost in Herbs repine,  
And hardly dares to dip his Fingers in the Brine.

Prepar'd as Priest of his own Rites to stand,  
He sprinkles Pepper with a sparing hand.  
His Jolly Brother, opposite in sence,  
Laughs at his Thrift; and, lavish of  
Expence, 50  
Quaffs, Crams, and Guttles, in his own defence.

For me, I'll use my own; and take my share;  
Yet will not Turbots for my Slaves prepare:  
Nor be so nice in taste my self to know  
If what I swallow be a Thrush; or no.<sup>6</sup>  
Live on thy Annual Income! Spend thy store;  
And freely grind, from thy full Threshing-Floor;

Next Harvest promises as much, or more.  
Thus I wou'd live: But Friendship's holy Band,  
And Offices of kindness hold my hand: 60  
My <sup>4</sup> Friend is Shipwreck'd on the Brutian Strand,  
His Riches in th' Ionian Main are lost;  
And he himself stands shiv'ring on the Coast;

61 Brutian] The editors correct the spelling.

Where, destitute of help, forlorn, and bare,  
He wears the Deaf Gods with Fruitless  
Pray'r.

Their Images, the Relicks of the Wrack,  
Torn from the Naked Poop, are tided back,  
By the Wild Waves, and rudely thrown  
ashore,

Lye impotent: Nor can themselves restore.  
The Vessel sticks, and shows her open'd  
side,

And on her shatter'd Mast the Mews in  
Triumph ride.

From thy new hope, and from thy growing  
store,

Now lend Assistance, and relieve the Poor.  
Come; do a Noble Act of Charity;

A Pittance of thy Land will set him free.

Let him not bear the Badges of a Wrack

Nor beg with a blue Table on his back.

Nor tell me that thy frowning Heir will say,  
'Tis mine that Wealth thou squander'st thus  
away:

What is't to thee, if he neglect thy Urn, So  
Or without Spices lets thy Body burn?

If Odours to thy Ashes he refuse,

Or buys Corrupted *Cassia* from the *Jews*?

All these, the wiser *Bestius* will reply,

Are empty Pomp, and Deadmen's Luxury:

We never knew this vain Expence, before

Th' effeminated *Grecians* brought it o're:

Now Toys and Trifles from their *Athens*  
come;

And Dates and Pepper have unsinnew'd  
*Rome*.

Our sweating Hinds their Gallads, now,  
defile,

Infecting homely Herbs with fragrant Oyl.

But, to thy Fortune be not thou a Slave;

For what hast thou to fear beyond the  
Grave?

And thou who gap'st for my Estate, draw  
near;

For I wou'd whisper somewhat in thy Ear.  
Hear'st thou the News, my Friend? th'

Express is come

With Laurell'd Letters from the Camp to  
*Rome*;

*Cæsar* salutes the Queen and Senate thus:

My Arms are, on the *Rhine*, victorious.

From Mourning Altars sweep the Dust  
away:

Cease Fasting, and proclaim a Fat Thanks-  
giving Day.

The goodly Empress, Jolly inclin'd,  
Is, to the welcome Bearer, wond'rous kind:  
And, setting her Goodhousewifry aside,  
Prepares for all the Pageantry of Pride.

The <sup>10</sup> Captive *Germans*, of Gygantick size,  
Are ranck'd in order, and are clad in frize:  
The Spoils of Kings, and Conquer'd Camps  
we boast,

Their Arms in Trophies hang, on the  
Triumphal post.

Now, for so many Glorious Actions done

In Foreign parts, and mighty Barrels won;

For Peace at Home, and for the publick

Wealth,

I mean to Crown a Bowl to *Cæsar's* Health:

Besides, in Gratitude for such high matters,

Know I have vow'd two hundred Gladiators.

Say, wou'dst thou hinder me from this

Expence?

I Disinherit thee, if thou dar'st take Offence.

Yet more a publick Largess I design

Of Oyl and Pyes to make the People dine:

Controul me not, for fear I change my

Will;

And yet methinks I hear thee grumbling

still,

You give as if you were the *Persian* King;

Your Land does no such large Revenues

bring.

Well; on my Terms thou wilt not be my

Heir;

If thou car'st little, less shall be my care:

Were none of all my Father's Sisters left

Nay, were I of my Mother's Kin bereft;

None by an Uncle's or a Grandam's side

Yet I cou'd some adopted Heir provide.

I need but take my Journey half a day

From haughty *Rome*, and at *Aricea* stay,

Where Fortune throws poor *Manius* in my

way.

Him will I chuse: What him, of humble

Birth,

Obscure, a Foundling, and a Son of Earth?

Obscure! Why prithee what am I? I know

My Father, Grandsire, and great Grandsire

too:

If farther I derive my Pedigree,

I can but guess beyond the fourth degree.

The rest of my forgotten Ancestors

Were Sons of Earth, like him, or Sons of

Whores.

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Yet why shou'd'st thou, old covetous  
Wretch, aspire  
To be my Heir, who might'st have been  
my Sire?  
In Nature's Race, shou'd'st thou demand  
of me  
My <sup>12</sup> Torch, when I in course run after thee?  
Think I approach thee like the God of Gain,  
With Wings on Head, and Heels, as Poets  
feign:  
Thy mod'rate Fortune from my Gift  
receive;  
Now fairly take it, or as fairly leave.  
But take it as it is, and ask no more.  
What, when thou hast embezel'd all thy  
store?  
Where's all thy Father left? 'Tis true,  
I grant,  
Some I have mortgag'd, to supply my want:  
The Legacies of *Tadius* too are flown:  
All spent, and on the selfsame Errand gone.  
How little then to my poor share will fall?  
Little indeed; but yet that little's all.  
Nor tell me, in a dying Father's tone.  
Be careful still of the main chance, my Son;  
Put out the Principal, in trusty hands:  
Live of the Use; and never dip thy Lands:  
But yet what's left for me? What's left,  
my Friend! 161  
Ask that again, and all the rest I spend.  
Is not my Fortune at my own Command?  
Pour Oyl; and pour it with a plenteous hand,

Upon my Sallads, Boy: Shall I be fed  
With sodden Nettles, and a sing'd Sow's  
head?  
'Tis Holyday; provide me better Cheer;  
'Tis Holyday, and shall be round the Year.  
Shall I my Household Gods, and Genius,  
cheat,  
To make him rich, who grudges me my  
Meat, 170  
That he may loll at ease; and pamper'd high,  
When I am laid, may feed on Gibley Pye?  
And what his throbbing Lust extends the  
Vein,  
Have wherewithall his Whores to entertain?  
Shall I in homespun Cloath be clad, that he  
His Paunch in triumph may before him see?  
Go Miser, go; for Lucre sell thy Soul;  
Truck Wares for Wares, and trudge from  
Pole to Pole:  
That Men may say, when thou art dead and  
gone,  
See what a vast Estate he left his Son! 180  
How large a Family of Brawny Knaves,  
Well fed, and fat as <sup>12</sup> *Capadocian* Slaves!  
Increase thy Wealth, and double all thy  
Store:  
'Tis done: Now double that, and swell the  
score:  
To ev'ry thousand add ten thousand more.  
Then say, <sup>14</sup> *Chrysippus*, thou who wou'd'st  
conline  
Thy Heap, where I shall put an end to mine.

*The End of the Sixth Satyr.*

## NOTES TO THE SIXTH SATYR.

<sup>1</sup> *A v<sup>o</sup> seek in Sabine Air*, &c. All the Studios, and particularly the Poets, about the end of *August*, began to set themselves on Work; Refraining from Writing during the Heats of the Summer. They wrote by Night, and sate up the greatest part of it. For which Reason the Product of their Studies was call'd their *Elucubrations*, or Nightly Labours. They who had Country Seats retir'd to them, while they Studied: As *Persius* did to his, which was near the Port of the Moon in *Etruria*; and *Bassus* to his, which was in the Country of the *Sabines*, nearer *Rome*.

<sup>2</sup> *Now Sporting on thy Lyre*, &c. This proves *Cassius Bassus* to have been a Lyrick Poet: 'Tis said of him, that by an Eruption of the Flameing Mountain *Vesuvius*, near which the greatest part of his Fortune lay, he was Burnt himself together with all his Writings.

<sup>3</sup> *Who, in a Drunken Dream*, &c. I call it a Drunken Dream of *Ennius*; not that my Author

in this place gives me any encouragement for the Epithete; but because *Horace*, and all who mention *Ennius*, say he was an Excessive Drinker of Wine. In a Dream, or Vision, call it which you please, he thought it was reveal'd to him, that the Soul of *Pithagoras* was Transmigrated into him: As *Pithagoras* before him believ'd that himself had been *Euphorbus* in the Wars of *Troy*. Commentators differ in placing the order of this Soul, and who had it first. I have here given it to the Peacock, because it looks more according to the Order of Nature that it shou'd lodge in a Creature of an Inferiour Species, and so by Gradation rise to the informing of a Man. And *Persius* favours me, by saying that *Ennius* was the Fifth from the *Pithagorean* Peacock.

<sup>4</sup> *My Friend is Shipwreck'd on*, &c. Perhaps this is only a fine Transition of the Poet to introduce the business of the Satyr, and not that any such Accident had happen'd to one of the Friends of

*Persius.* But, however, this is the most Poetical Description of any of our Author: And since he and *Lucan* were so great Friends, I know not but *Lucan* might help him in two or three of these Verses, which seem to be written in his stile; certain it is that besides this Description of a Shipwreck, and two Lines more, which are at the End of the Second Satyr, our Poet has written nothing Elegantly. I will therefore Transcribe both the passages, to justify my Opinion. The following are the last Verses saving one of the Second Satyr.

*Compositum ius, fasque animi; sanctosque recessus*

*Mentis, & incodum generoso fecit honesto:*

The others are those in this present Satyr, which are subjoin'd

— *trabe ruptâ, Brutlia Saxa*

*Frondi Amicu inops Remque omnem, surdaque rota*

*Candidi, Ionio: Jacet ipse in Littore; & una Ingentes de puppe Dei: Jamque obrita Mergis Costa ratis lacera.*

<sup>1</sup> *From thy new hope, &c.* The Latin is, *Nunc & de Cespite vivo, frange aliquid.* *Casaubon* only opposes the *Cespes vivus*, which word for word is the living Turf, to the Harvest or Annual Income; I suppose the Poet rather means, sell a piece of Land already Sown, and give the Money of it to my Friend who has lost all by Shipwreck; That is, do not stay till thou hast Reap'd, but help him immediately, as his Wants require.

<sup>2</sup> *Not Beg with a Blue Table, &c.* *Ho'tiday* translates it a Green Table: The sence is, the same, for the Table was painted of the Sea Colour; which the Shipwrecked Person carried on his back, expressing his Losses thereby, to excite the Charity of the Spectators.

<sup>3</sup> *Or without Spices, &c.* The Bodies of the Rich, before they were burnt, were imbalm'd with Spices, or rather Spices were put into the Urn, with the Relicks of the Ashes. Our Author here Names *Cinnamon* and *Cassia*, which *Cassia* was sophisticated with *Cherry Gum*: And probably enough by the *Jews*, who Adulterate all things which they sell. But whether the Ancients were acquainted with the Spices of the *Molucca* Islands, *Ceylon*, and other parts of the *Indies*; or whether their *Pepper* and *Cinnamon* &c. were the same with ours, is another Question. As for *Nutmegs* and *Mace*, 'tis plain that the Latin Names of them are Modern.

<sup>4</sup> *Casus salutes, &c.* The *Casus* here mention'd is *Caius Caligula*, who affected to Triumph over the *Germans*, whom he never Conquer'd, as he did over the *Britains*; and accordingly sent Letters, wrapt about with Laurels, to the Senate, and the Empress *Cassonia*, whom I here call Queen, though I know that name was not us'd amongst the *Romans*; but the word Empress wou'd not stand in that Verse: For which reason I Adjourn'd it to another. The Dust which was to be swept away from the Altars, was either the Ashes which were left there, after the last Sacrifice for Victory, or might perhaps mean the Dust or Ashes which were left on the Altars since some former Defeat of the *Romans* by the *Germans*: After which overthrow, the Altars had been neglected.

<sup>5</sup> *Cassonia*, Wife to *Caius Caligula*, who afterwards, in the Reign of *Claudius*, was propos'd, but ineffectually, to be Marry'd to him, after he had Executed *Messalina* for Adultery.

<sup>6</sup> *The Captive Germans, &c.* He means only such as were to pass for *Germans* in the Triumph; Large-Body'd Men, as they are still, whom the Empress Cloath'd new, with Course Garments, for the greater Ostentation of the Victory.

<sup>7</sup> *Know, I have vow'd Two Hundred Gladiators.* A hundred pair of Gladiators were beyond the Purse of a private Man to give; therefore this is only a threatening to his Heir, that he cou'd do what he pleas'd with his Estate.

<sup>8</sup> *Shouldst thou demand of me my Torch, &c.* Why shouldst thou, who art an Old Fellow, hope to outlive me, and be my Heir, who am much Younger. He who was first in the Course, or Race, delivered the Torch, which he carried, to him who was Second.

<sup>9</sup> *Well Fed, and Fat as Cappadecian Slaves* Who were Famous for their Lustiness, and being, as we call it, in good likeing. They were set on a Stall when they were expos'd to Sale, to show the good Habit of their Body, and made to play Tricks before the Buyers, to shon their Activity and Strength.

<sup>10</sup> *Then say, Chrysiffus, &c.* *Chrysiffus*, the Stoick, invented a kind of Argument, consisting of more than three Propositions, which is called *Sorites*, or a heap. But as *Chrysiffus* cou'd never bring his propositions to a certain stint, so neither can a Covetous Man bring his Craving Desires to any certain Measure of Riches, beyond which he cou'd not wish for any more.

## SOME PECULIAR SPELLINGS OF DRYDEN'S.

Built = Build (substantive).

But = Butt.

Casme = Chasm.

Cent'ry = Sentry.

Course = Coarse.

Eugh = Yew.

Ghess = Guess.

Helter = Hilter.

Lest = Least.

Loose = Lose.

Main = Mane.

Oar = Ore.

Oph = Oaf.

Pheretrian = Feretrian.

President = Precedent.

Salvage = Savage.

Satyr and Satyre = Satire.

Throws = Throes.

Wex = Wax.

Whether = Whither.

The others are not likely to mislead. Many of his proper names are eccentric. Greek and Roman names may sometimes owe their forms to misprints, but even Ben Jonson regularly appears as Johnson.

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